All Over the Place

Refractions. Some in verse even. Often political.

2005–2022

By Frank B. Ford

This is the archive of a poetry blog, published at https://motleycrisp.blogspot.com from 2005 until 2022.

Frank B. Ford (1932–2023) was an experimental playwright, poet, and novelist. This manuscript was extracted from his website by his son Paul and placed online, per his father's wishes.

The small photo of Frank that appeared on the blog is from 2007, on the Carroll Street Bridge in Brooklyn, NY.

Monday, September 12, 2005

Minstrel Show

Bunch stole milk truck, fled
anarchy & deluge in New Orleans.

Halted by good ole boys enforcin'
true law at gunpoint, put down on

their bellies and terrorized just
a bit. Hey for CRI-sakes! Let folks

have a little fun with
comic negros, poke

a rifle up one old ass & ask
"So what's your story, Uncle?"

But fetch respectable ones
to step up & hug
the president.

& make damn sure you crowd
plenty coy black ministers

into that picture, group
hereinafter called

THE FORTY PIECES OF
SILVER BANJO BAND!

Mr Bones? How'd we
deliver the nation
into the hands of such shits?

"Don't bother me w'that jive!
Ize jus' tryin'

t'keep m'head above
de water & gots more
t'worry 'bout den dat. Like

from out de corn field a mighty voice!
Sayin' our friend Renquist's gone!"

Who chased us from the polls?

"Dats before he put on de robe.
You don' hafta use your feets no more."

Just as good.

"O where be dem golden chevrons now?"

In heaven, Mr Bones?

"Yeah, de Republican one."

You heading for the Democratic?

"I don' want neither!"

Then you'll be without none, fool!

"Hell better than lies."

Tuesday, September 13, 2005

One Minute of the Hearing

Leahy lectures Roberts on the Constitution. Sounds like yelling.

Roberts looks like trying to pass a hard stool.

Seriously, what a long time to sit, at 50 the prostate strangling.

Patience! his ideologues inhale.

--Cue sucking sound--

I'm against him because he slights the constituencies where I have friends. Women and gays and plants and animals.

Plus he'll find the judicious philosophy to pump the dangerously distended blimp of privilege. The massive shadow over the American landscape.

(I'm pretty sure it's time that the nation started all over.)

And boy oh boy oh boy did he polish up the handle of the big brass door! Whew! And polishing, he listened. So carefully.

And now he's poised to close the circle on the dictatorship, having like so many, Uriah Heaped his way. Fulfilling the original intent of the
country club porch.

--Cut to sound and fury, shlock and awe. The mall--

Looks like a revival meeting as many Democrats roll over and play dead, the corporate Holy Ghost having descended.

--Cue "Let's All Gather by the Treasury"--
(earmarked in your hymnal)

I'm using roll over etc as a figure of speech. I've never seen a Democrat literally do it.

GE, as an example, could tempt with a biscuit large enough, and the trick could be performed in a small TV studio, say.

I'm not asking for humiliation on any large scale. Only that the literal catch up to the figurative.

With Roberts, the opposite process.

--Bring up Chorus, big--

"Your Mother would want you to say something nice!"

Okay, Roberts is able at a time when most of the Executive Department of this country couldn't make it through the 7-11 Training Program.

(Let's not take this easy snideness too far. George Bush would have become a personable manager indeed. You'd look forward to seeing him as you caffeined up of a snappy morning.)

Ah what the hell. I'm practicing my Heil. Fake it when they come with their clean court order.

Only a citizen, they can lock me up and throw away the key right now. The Fascists don't even need Roberts up on the perch for that.

Wednesday, September 14, 2005

Well, First a Bit of Force

For when in Christ
they dwell, en-

powered by Faith,
and secure in joy-

ous Good News,
they will thank
God and us, be-

coming soldier-
models to keep us

at our task, where-
in we jettison lying

"tolerance," living
in His Eyes as

The True Christian
Nation He intends.

Thursday, September 15, 2005

Winter 05-6 Free To Freeze

OLD MAN But the houses by the country club are getting subsidies!

POL Hey, they're awfully big. Takes a lot of fuel.

OLD MAN And we're left with nothing!

POL Let me assure you that you're on the list. That's why I'm here.

OLD MAN I think the lady next door is long dead. Her cat meowed all last night.

POL Didn't smell anything in the hall.

OLD MAN She'd harden up too fast for that.

POL Hell, you look like you're in your eighties. Ever think that maybe it's maybe your time too? Good Christ it's cold in here! I can't stay! How can you stand it?

OLD MAN Please! Can't you do something for me? I'm beg...

POL I'll tell you what. Whip out your wizened dick and I'll light a match under it. And don't forget to vote Republican if you get through this.

Friday, September 16, 2005

Southern Accent So Thick

Spoon'd stick straight up in it.
Another racist Republican, think I,

in lockstep w/the more Neanderthal a-
gendas of the Fascists. Thus, phoning
in approved script over CSPAN. Wrong!

Hearing that accent with Left Fire. Wow!
The South will rise again, Baby. Yeah!

Saturday, September 17, 2005

Under God

We owe Ike for that rhythm-tripper and parenthetical bump. He knew about halting speech.

Unconstitutional? In any non-political reading. But...not where the Supremes live.

My compromise: *Under Gods.* The plural will encompass

1-Mammon, to respect the actual corporate state running things, aka Wondrous Grease
Machine.

2-Allah, for Saudis who flew back some few month after 9-11, and will
be thus inspired to apply for dual citizenship.

3-Atheists, who can proclaim their god is no god. Okay, bit of a linguistic contortion.

For examples of prior somersaults, see Bush v Gore.

4-Christians, marching off to K Streeet. Also, note Attorney General's monograph "Torture,
Duty and Delight."

Meanwhile ponder *Liberty and Justice for All* in the Pledge.

Then, gather up the ass you laughed off.

"Unfair!" rolls the scream over the level court. "Everybody can play!"

How many dwarfs make the Lakers?

Sunday, September 18, 2005

Blitzkrieg&Shock&Awe

All the same,
turn it over
to these new

Polacks & just
guard the oil.

Let them kill
each other, win-

ner take all
heroic names.

Monday, September 19, 2005

Classic American Fable

Tony happily bang-
ing out hex nuts in

a department celebrating
birthdays with cakes
& kidding. New bosses

send his job to Asian
slaves, & beg him not

to fret in his overt Eye-
talian way! When the entire
economy inevitably explodes,

he'll have a tremendous-
ly better job! It does, after

a raw year or so, he gets
to dress in suit & tie
for less money. Along with

this illusion, morphs
into Republican, giv-
en to chance statements

like "Those people down
there don't wanna work!"

Anyone critical gets invited
to live in France, where they
savor multitudinous cheeses,

but won't eat shit.

Tuesday, September 20, 2005

City of Misery

Gasping in the shame they call New Orleans.*
Living in shit you think that we deserve.
So we beg for water in the sun
to learn our place in the longer run.
And can only pray a kingfish swims somewhere.

Hello America how be you?
Don't you know us? We're your native blacks.
We're the rape they call the City of New Orleans
starvin' here by the slave port on the gulf of rigs.

Oh we'll slap our feets on the levee there,
the one what ain't got broken yet,
for the quarters that you please to throw,
praising our natch-rul rhythm in your report.
But only wish you be tossin' instead some food.

Buck up America it's just us
We're here to show you we're your simmerin' blacks,
and regret to tell you we're true citizens too.

Though the Fed ass-suckers fake,
haven't told us to eat cake.

Cuz the righties sneer that we's obese
while they dig into the stolen feast.
And they'll gouge us for the garbage when that time comes.

Fess up America and get sane.
We're here to tell you we're your poverty.
And we's tricked to thinkin' heaven is minimum wage
with God's an overseer who'll spare the lash
and spit defunct white words with a little cash.

So right now we're your ravenous drones
while the Queens in ole DC throw back champagne
and the Kings board private jets to get away.

Strugglin' in the lake that is New Orleans

and lots of us is drownin' for the GOP,
but don't miss your tee time or your church
as the old among us puke and lurch
'mongst trash you sold us for your usury dream.

While the infant's diaper fills with political words
and bloated bodies float by turds,
it's all a corporate paradise reversed.

Preachers hawking chapter-verse
that holds them in their own vise of disgrace.

Hi there America what's shakin'?
Will the promises someday come a-tricklin' down?
Cuz it's a total bitch everything goin' to Mr Rich
and a prescription for blood to clog our streets.

Yeah the young ones gotta fix their minds
to die here in the war of class
or kill the babies in Iraq.
That's the choice of those who wanna please The Man.

Hello America how goes it? We're forced to tell you
we're your dogs.
.
*based on the song The City of New Orleans
by Steve Goodman

Wednesday, September 21, 2005

The Fifth Avenue Apartment

First, get me Old-Country cook.
I'm sick of eating crap
when I'm here.

Then...?
No no no! Not a new broad! Call
the senator tell him send

the old one. She got fuckin
tricks even I ain't seen already,
you can bet your ass!

Like what? Mind your business!
Like Radio. She sits on your lap
and your antenna goes up. Assholes!

And yellow roses every day--try t'get
one fuckin thing right. The wife too.

Thursday, September 22, 2005

A Republican Congressman Appreciates

Oh dustups & popoffs!
Usual political strife,
but nice dems on-

board. For a laugh
or to have

your ass
wiped.

Friday, September 23, 2005

Fingers

Black ones in
New Orleans

stuffing plastic
bags with drek

not long ago
assembled by brown
and yellow fingers. So,

the true shame lingers.
Had only they'd been
patient! For whitest digits

can adjust the Trick-
le Down Device, cre-

ating such utopian news
that Fox and Clean Channel

might cease saluting
to report.

Saturday, September 24, 2005

Email for the ear only

Really really drag your feet on claims! "Have to check with my boss etc." You know the drill. Like the car dealers fuck the rest of us?

Hey! Be unpatriotic to stand in the president's way, no? Wants to rebuild the whole shithole.

Helping us by helping them. Made this country great!

We'll just keep cutting checks to the RNC.
An investment so brilliant it reaches a form of art.

Man are these spectacular times to live!

Sunday, September 25, 2005

Email For the Ear

Really really drag your feet on claims! "Have to check with my boss etc." You know the drill. Like the car dealers fuck the rest of us?

Hey! It'd be unpatriotic to stand in the president's way, no? Wants to rebuild the whole shithole.

Helping us by helping others made this country great!

In turn, we must do our bit.

So, we'll just keep cutting checks in various ways to the GOP. It's a form of what we know best: insurance.

And an investment so brilliant it reaches a form of art.

Man are these spectacular times to live!

As a footnote, this conversation never occurred. You said nothing and will think the same. Less people know, more our ad slogans work.

The latest warm and fuzzy-focus puppy-pee ones are bringing love. Love! Do they still smear vasoline on the lens, or is it merely high tech manipulation now?

Anyway, Barnum was right, just got the timeframe wrong. One born ever SECOND!

Footnote two, see footnote one. That's a joke. You're allowed to laugh.

Monday, September 26, 2005

Feet of Love Dialog

Well, takes a bit of coordination, but the action is simplicity itself. The only problem is logistical, getting the stuff to warehouses, then distributed for a good price. It's still Capitalism, Baby!

Okay, say I buy mine. What's next? And, excuse me, but as a male I don't think I'd feel comfortable wearing the damn things.

That's a parenthetical. Not germane--always a problem when you talk to poor or overeducated persons. Let's cut to the core. Of action! Put these on. Just a loaner.

...

Comfortable?

As I predicted, no.

Never mind. Here's the first proposition: We're bringing democracy to Iraq. Now jump up and click those ruby red slippers together! Show you believe in the magic!

Like this?

Great job! Number two...

That sounds right.

Tax cuts for the rich spells magnificence for the rest of us. Magnificence! Jump! Click! Become pretty and flashing! And magnificent!

All right! Wow! Much higher this time. I'm putting too much into this, though I like the clicking sound..

Lazy! Work!

I'm already tiring, but mostly feel like a fool. Is there an end of it?

We hold many propositions, all self-evidentially true. Among these are...but I'm stopping here because some folks have died in tests. In a hoppin', dancin' ruby-red frenzy.

Patriotism?

Not the early ones. Those poor Bangladesh-ers didn't understand a word. And were they piss-poor dancers!--just no natural rhythm among muds.
At a dollar a day you'd think one or two jumpin 'jivers'd turn up. But give me back them slippers. Ain't Socialism yet, Shitbrain.

The lunatics run the asylum.

Point of view. It's all point of view! If we get the bucks you can say anything you want. Impotence never fucked Mama.

Tuesday, September 27, 2005

Ear

And since I worked hard on both campaigns, and haven't come forth till now...?

The president appreciates it. I've even heard him speak of you.

You have? What'd...?

Let it slide. Mostly good. Anyway, we got a berth in Agriculture.

Ag...!?

You'll be Corn Man. Know anything about corn?

I've eaten it.

Close enough.

Wednesday, September 28, 2005

Suet

Gas protests block roads in Europe. None here.

Diverse folks march against the war. And that's something!

But why are most Americans so docile? A dictator's dream-mass?

I asked my high-minded idol, Professor N.

"It's the continuous fucking by the rich and their slimy Washington courtiers.
No time to breathe, gaze into the middle distance, be sad, and, finally, think."

Revolution? Blood in the street? Takeover of the capital by junior officers?
Congress told to go home and steal there?

"All overdue."

I don't think I have the courage or energy to...

"No matter. It's inexorable."

An FDR will materialize, save his class by saving others!

"FDR types will be arrested. Any American can be detained indefinitely and not even charged.
Our Bill of Rights is the joke of the world. "

Wow! Could get scary for the rich.

"Their Praetorian Guard will steal away one by one, and they'll be murdered. Bet the house."

"What's your advice to them now?

"Join your companies in Bermuda. Form organizations there with other traitors."

Thursday, September 29, 2005

The Contest, Sort Of

I like the modern sort of melodrama where someone gives his soul alway to some black-hearted prick of global industry.

Ah hah, but another resists and we love that person! Who'll triumph after suitable cinematographic trials. Such outcome promises
a degree of redemption even for the cowardly. Or at the least a reduction of pressure when the spitting Captain of Industry
is led off in handcuffs.

All of it like professional wrestling, with a villain clearly defined opposite Purity.

Trouble is we normally give half our soul away under the influence of those like us.

In a plotless series of uneventful scenes.

Where we learn to be grown-up, and realistic. Avoiding such pronouncements such as Life is shit! Asking rather, Now what we
can work out here.?

Experience will show, too, that chiding the passionate aids success. Prior to running them over.

Actually, we simply have others to break in. This is called responsibility.

Okay, not much of a film, but the actors try, half-sick at heart.

A few colleagues avoid most everything by anaesthetizing, and you count them happy.

In the lovely aromas of summer while kids or grandkids play in the woods, they're alone with ever distant sounds of life.

Friday, September 30, 2005

Generational Tale

When I took over
my Father's bakery,
old hands turned

iron. And bread
takes art. Much

staled, product
brandished like
a club presently.

Saturday, October 01, 2005

BBC long ago feared

shriekers if women fois-
ted as news readers.

Borne out on American TV.
But, usual female voice
fishes some baritone coves un-

less snagged by nerves. Please
row home to a belt of

Seagrams &
the sooner the better.

Sunday, October 02, 2005

The Education

Corpses still stink but Jay Alldough is on the ground securing construction contracts for GOP donors.

"Making hay while the shines go," he explains.

I understand the president has made sure most workers will get minimum wage only. I wonder what the Department of Labor has to say.

"The what? I needed a laugh. Thanks."

Nonetheless, your clients may not get labor peace.

"Remember the picture off all those submerged school buses in New Orleans? Well,we'll shake 'em out and send 'em to Mexico. They'll come back as one continuous yellow spick- train. One look at it and the workers will zip their mouths all right!"

I'm speechless. It's our axis of evil!

"Hey! You do what you have to do to maximize profit. Such a simple idea even a liberal should understand it."

You'll make millions,won't you? On misery.

"One man's meat. I have no idea what I'll take in. It's a dynamic. I grind the organ and let the monkey shift for himself."

Sounds like you lucked into the bank.

"Virtue is its own reward. And luck is for idiots. Many admire what I do. Your job is to live with that. And don't blame me because you have no connections. Most Americans become slaves by choice. And most of the others waste their time. Politics is the highest good!"

I thought religion was.

"Good to be seen because Church advantages in who you meet there, not faggot ministers or angels in cloudy bleachers singing chords of asshole tolerance."

Ever read Sinclair Lewis? Never thought the George Babbitts would take over the world.

"Well we did while you just so weakly scoffed. This administration finally FINALLY put the absurd eggheads in their place. Hat in hand. Begging. Beneath contempt. Sounds like I'm describing Democrats, doesn't it?"

We finally had a point of agreement.

Monday, October 03, 2005

The Good News

from grad school
was God Is Dead.

Triumphal,us! Not
really much fun
after all

was said & done,
& said again.

Stranded
by the floe,
the act turns

orgiastic &
then hung over
poses harden

to dogma, com-
forting theologians
knowing that course

shows more green
than rough. We stroke
listlessly, after

landing in sexual traps &
rehabs. Till grief scallops
the circuit. God has

reprised his standup,
tighter than ever,flock-

ing us with the most
deadly,meretricious

shepherds the world
has yet stomached.

But hey, be cool. All's
a cycle & we'll come
back. Already planning

to be robbed
of our jewels

in the seediest
Vegas room.

Tuesday, October 04, 2005

Attitude

This way & that, okay
till now. But, barred
friends gel eyes. When

your phase dessicates,
try parsing acidity un-

der table talk. But how,
when all found hurt?

Wednesday, October 05, 2005

The senator's wife pees a lot.

Make sure you got pot at the ready.
Then get there and clamp it on 'er!

And President's misbuttoned shirt
for millions to see! Where were you?
We want rugged, not retarded!

Handing her the pot off camera?
That's not good enough! We're
dealing with disaster here and lots

'd kill for your opportunity
I don't care how much
Daddy gives!

Thursday, October 06, 2005

Story of guy raped

in concentration camp,
a kid really & struggling,
till bread got thrust

round into his face
& he ate.

Germany shot you if
you lost your cap
& the rapist yearned

to insure silence
by taking his. Thus,

he stole another.
Hearing the Luger
at rollcall yet,

victim of ideology
& sex.

Friday, October 07, 2005

Aesthetically One

with The Culture
of Sucking,
you,

until we say "Job
is yours! Lead us!"

Heroically you try,
but, Old Dog

can't find any-
one to kick it.

Some joke...
their own awful
tragedy

of attachment
awaits.

Saturday, October 08, 2005

The Great Flu

decimated New Haven. If
you want to comprehend

real terror,not today's
bushwah.

Nothing availed,though
black doc

whipped up a compound which
helped. His

reputation even reached
as high

as Prospect Street where
plutocrats, too, wished to
survive.

They scheduled visits
through the servants' entrance.

Sunday, October 09, 2005

A Judge Is a Joke

seeing eye to eye with me,
or much worse you, since

Justice can be hustled
by political wind from
out the Great Anus

the Founders knew,
but couldn't imagine

Bush v Gore,aka "Gas
of Putrid Doctrine"
eroding ramparts still.

Monday, October 10, 2005

Mr R's Capital Story

Buck a day wasn't that bad in the Depression. Be a long one, but we'd get five at the end!

Bus left Church and Chapel six am on the button.

Slept the first part,through the crappy neighborhoods.

When I woke up,pretty hills,then foothills in the fog.
Sun getting through. Nice! Guys warmed up too, joking. Innocent stuff.

Well we got there to a mob. Smashed into the bus and beat the living shit out of all of us! Mostly fists. Baseball bats came apart. Strike.

So we get back to New Haven, bloody and moaning. No money of course. Have to work for that.

Memo to Dr Y breaking in Dr G from Rangoon. Don't hit him. Goons of Globalism sweep in too fast.

Join the Teamsters. Won't be the only PhD.

Tuesday, October 11, 2005

Allusive Executive Office

We call him Lopy, from Lopakhin,former peasant who buys and cuts down the cherry orchard. Anyway,he gets hit on the head with a billiard cue or something and babbles some nonsense at his triumph of destruction.

Our own Lopy overflows with inappropriate proverbs. The president lends an ear,nodding sagely.

Additionally, we have Osric,flitty courtier from Hamlet who'd ask the tit's permission. But you can't really tell what our Osric is saying since it's always in his mouth!

Many! But since this is off the record I'll give you the most toxic. Uriah Heap. And you know who I'm talking about! He passes you a danish and you wonder if he's washed his hands. And the icing glints in his greedy eyes. Anyway,he's humble,and can't wait to grease your exit ramp.

Of course,they're all honorable men.

Willy Lomans and George Babbitts? You need a scorecard.

Yeah,you can have affection for these last. They're hammered,not monsters of motive.

Any more doormats? Only the women.

Wednesday, October 12, 2005

A Face to Meet the Faces

It’s Mask Day and those in Finance sport the malevolent. In the hallway you nearly have a heart attack when some accountant
leaps from his cubicle.

Lucille “I know where the bodies are buried” of Purchasing puts on a glamour number which is breathtaking.

Hairy Al of Receiving dons an almost identical one. (No questions, please, on those two.)

Our CEO meticulously adjusts one crafted from his original face.

The new hires are, of course, hot on actors or athletes. They feel such are clever--everybody has to learn.

Naturally those humorless “intellectuals” pretending to work among us spout their endless theories, but the rest of us
have looked forward to Mask Day.

And we’re certainly not about to let the likes of them wet-blanket it!

Thursday, October 13, 2005

Roles At Work

It’s Cross-Dressing Day and Finance males flaunt the trashy. In the hallway you nearly go blind from sequins. And miniskirts more like belts are so shocking that they threaten the continuance of this special event.

Additionally, florescent panties can't help.

Lucille “I know where the bodies are buried” of Purchasing is Romeo. She gives him an intellectual flip by repeating Hamlet's to be or not to be speech.

Hairy Al of Receiving, in a matronly coordination from Talbot's, pretends to be Juliet,but hair curls from under his starched dickey.

The kind of Juliet who has escaped directionless passion and serves on committees of blunt,plus-sized women swathed in scarves.

Anyway,these two cooked up their act at Maxie-O's, a chaotic blue-collar establishment. Which might explain a certain lack of polish?

Our CEO will be a May West knockout with the aid of a wig being fitted by Carlos of The Paris Salon.

The new hires, of course, demonstrate confusion. Many depict punk rockers of no apparent sexuality. And they mouth impromptu hip hop lyrics demeaning senior staff. They'll finally ruin everything for everybody.

Naturally those humorless “intellectuals” pretending to work among us pronounce more theories, quoting Freud's depraved nonsense. Swishing noises ultimately drown all their stuff out.

I wanted to wear a blocky mumu and pig's nose,like those raucous football fans,but my wife threatened divorce. How about some famous slut then?
"You? A slut? You don't have the balls for it!"

So, Puritan Maid. Goody Two-Shoes. Can't fool her.

Friday, October 14, 2005

Classical Gas

God created the Industrial Revolution
and it was good,for the rich to be

aped by the bourgeoisie--in turn,work-
ers got castoffs,or shoddy geegaws
assembled by other wretches. Many

forgot dark jobs by drinking.
Some forged labor unions,a few

of which prospered before
being methodically destroyed:
which God saw as positive

retribution for drunks;annoying
others above their station. Splendid

opportunities to outsource ensued
then,busying tubercular children.

Governments organized better
to take bribes more efficiently,
& War became obligatory in

the search for a workforce
too poor to booze. God thought
how it is good that heathens

be apprised of Him. All in
all,He sees the Truth but waits--

yet another proverb ladder-
ing the Mission Statement. Such
delay engenders Faith as Money

piles up, right &...right
that a true Christian Nation is just

a matter of time. Look in your books for

Hymn Forty-Nine, "A Joyful Noise." Now!

Saturday, October 15, 2005

The Gladness of the River and the Bright Flow

Walt.
Word.

Sunday, October 16, 2005

Montage

The calendar leafs as
Fred and Ginger fling by

lesser cities,finally
to New York’s Palace! I've

seen days like old men
inching up eroded stairs.

Monday, October 17, 2005

Halloween at The Office

Hairy Al is Raggedy Ann,with Purchasing's Lucille as Andy. And for once they didn't slobbo it up, meticulous makeup for one thing. Actually,formed
a sweet couple.

That atmosphere failed at lunch. It started when Bo Peep announced, "Most men in this office have hollow weiners all right!" Her masquerade was tough to pull off when you looked like an NFL linebacker.

Next to her Paul Bunyan swiped a plywood ax at passing men. Bo Peep took the cue and snagged a few legs with her shepherd's crook.

A sort of wallish object in gray sheets plumped down, explaining at their puzzlement, "I'm the dike the little Dutch boy put a finger in." To raw hilarity.

Which didn't know when to stop.

Obviously, more stevedores than women.

Brunson Weatherby, second banana in Accounting, minced by with his health salad. "There's fun and then there's menace." They hissed and booed him, a dinner roll passing an ear.

And yet when the CEO as bemedaled General Patton dropped in, the rough girls couldn't be more seductive.

"Miraculous transformations every day hereabouts!" scoffed Lucille,after depositing dishes at the jammed window nearby.

"What's the surprise?" snapped Hairy Al. "Every day is Halloween around here!"

"Nah, you mean Kissy-Ass! Like this! Smooch smooch smooch!" This action proved too wet for Hairy Al, not to mention how ill it looked for Andy to leap on Raggedy Ann.

Al exited, the tomboys giving him the finger. Lucille seemed leaving also, until Wall shot at her, "Tell us where your famous bodies are buried!"

"Yeah we'll dig 'em up and bring 'em to life!" shouted Bo Peep."

Still shaking her head, Lucille removed herself to the counter,was soon pouring a coffee. Leaning forward to drink it so as not to stain her Andy outfit, still pristine even after jumping on Hairy Al.

"That Al got hair in his eyeballs but can he fuck?" Paul Bunyan asked.

"You strayin' off the reservation?"--from The Wall.

"You know,I have felt stupid lately."

Tuesday, October 18, 2005

Members of the Wedding

When George and Cynthia announced their marriage,the media rush overwhelmed them. With over a million channels,TV took its news
where it could get it.

In one interview George said they didn’t want children, but a VP from the wedding sponsor flew in,and George informed reporters God
would decide. Thereafter,he drove around in a new Hyundai.

"You come cheap," I told him.

"We're all whores. My integrity is being one of lesser degree."

I responded by farting. "Now let Fox Ten Thousand cover that!"

Wednesday, October 19, 2005

The Boss

uses his babe
in commercials.
She's too full

frontal and tough
talking,but moves
sure enough,

Mercurys. They marry in
all the hammering

mix as she soldiers through
kids,delivery smoother,body
thicker. The new girl at

the service desk bubbles,
naturally,clues no one
respecting her ambition.

Thursday, October 20, 2005

Blond at Cocoa Beach Pier

honeymooning with hubby
mid fisherman: a charm-

ing mosaic in flashes
of sun, till she
discovers it.

Friday, October 21, 2005

Upside Down Day

Know-it-all Ramsey from Advertising spouts, "Hardly a new thing. Numerous European precedents. Even in Russia, they had days where nobles served the peasants. And they all ended up in a democracy of inebration!"

As a middle manager, he shifts neither up or down, but floats with the rest of them like suet.

Anyway, Malcolm the mail boy becomes CEO and yells and shakes so much in his nerves that he totally pisses the real CEO, who maintains coldly, "That's too much of an exaggeration. I don't scream like that!"

Hairy Al admonishes the great man about knowing his place, if only for the day, and sends him for coffee.

As to Malcolm, he has burst into tears, and is being comforted by Lucille, vice president as is Al, now breaking into the liquor cabinet.

After pouring a half tumbler of single malt Scotch into Malcolm, Al shakes him roughly. "Buck up! You're our boss! We depend on you!"

Lucille says they should really do something, and Al finds a big deal on the computer. She has to take his chair, his fingers too large for the keyboard. "Looks like they closed on this one," she chortles, "Trans-Allied Industries! Oh mama!"

With their coaching, half drunken Malcolm phones to cancel the contract. "He's in Japan? Well you reach him, lady! And tell him we don't do no business with with with..."

"Cut-throats!" Al offers.

"Yeah, cut-throats no more!"

When the CEO gets back with coffee, Malcolm dispatches him to take sandwich orders on
the factory floor. "And don't take so long about everything!"

He thereupon falls asleep as the other conspirators finish the Scotch. "Are we in trouble
over this?" asks Lucille.

"Nah, they'll just schmooze and bribe their way out!"

Saturday, October 22, 2005

& For the Gander

10 Commandments in-
scribed by finger
of God. Free-

ing it for
dire use
thereafter.

Or just
a thrust
to boost

you on
your way.

Sunday, October 23, 2005

Literature

as a sort of social math
trying to add people up,
but knowing another theory

must be better. So you ask
am I like so and so in
such and such a work?

No,you're too sickly devious
ever to be captured thus.

Monday, October 24, 2005

The breakdown of the actress

shows chutzpah
can take you so far:

she can’t, simp-
ly, act, and

the nasty swish
of a drama coach
helped her,

not.

Tuesday, October 25, 2005

Tragedy On The Take

Cruel dawn explodes
on flashpan thieves
and praying miscreants.

But what is the payoff
for honor? Digging
in for beliefs

which glitter
in their good

common sense?
Solid thought
it really is

doth prosper,its
succoring the rich

an accident just.
What profits a man

or woman to sur-
render a soul thus?

Plenty. Therefore
God will aid
this holy fight

against indictments.
(His ministers, and
treasonous prosecutors,
take heed!)

And shower currency
upon the Right-
eous.

O that Christian Gas!
You can dance to it

over dollar bills!

Meantime, reform
our prisons!

Hire more tennis pros.

Wednesday, October 26, 2005

I'm Lot's Wife

Forbid doing one
thing & what-
cha think, Fool?

Nobody turned
anybody into anything,

White light sears
a salt lake. Fantasy
accomplishes the rest.

Fantasy upon
shimmering fantasy.

Those called theologians
& priests & ministers &
prophets,pillars themselves,

rabbis & mullahs
feel entitled to
threaten also& can

glom onto nitwits to
kill you for bullshit.

Thursday, October 27, 2005

Debating Hurricane Wilma Food

10 hours without power
when it kicks in precisely
for Monday Night Football!

And stuff in freezer com-
partment still mostly
hard to touch. Safe?

Probably cook up
mushy,some. Waste to
toss for mere aesthetics.

And if any taint creeps in? I've
had annoying upsets,but friends laugh

at past descriptions of poisoning.
"Nope. You get that you wanna die!"

Even so,apparent risk being tiny
at the moment...?

It all goes!
Frig compartment too.

Nice small potato salad there in
sealed container,and,cool feel...? Hey!

If germs had a magazine
every issue'd feature an
Ode To Mayonnaise.

Friday, October 28, 2005

Time's Plot

What'll we do with them?
Not a thing. They'll take care
of us. Prior to neighborhood

softball game,the young
vs the old, stand with

the young as I have always. They
manhandle to the other side.

Beholding the dust cloud. Inside,
choking. From here,my hover-
ing brain an angel with dun wings.

Saturday, October 29, 2005

The Hamlet Dialog

Absent thee from felicity awhile,and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,for 'tis not a white house but a black one rather. All besotted, friend so good and true.

What means my Lord?

Treason.

Sunday, October 30, 2005

The Conference

This kid's a beast! He flies down on kickoffs and rips off arms and legs before giving the ballcarrier a wall to run at. Stretchers come onto the field!

What do you need me for? Sounds like he's ready for Washington Redskins already,without you or me.

Me he needs, and vice versa. I'm Special Teams Coach,and without him I'm fired. And fired means no Masters.

What's that in anyway? Booze has always blocked the question.

Nobody knows. But find the right guy to blow,degree is mine.

Ah the cynical young! How would Jesus watch?

Anyway,got his English composition before he turns it in, and I thought I could read it to you,and...?

Sounds like cheating.

No! You tell me and I'll help him! You be editor and I'm tutor! Hey you teach the shit. You must know something about it.
I can't let this monster flunk out! I'm begging you!

Read the first line.

"I come down road."

Couldn't we cut the top off this fucker? Blobs out like syrup. Horsehead Brand. Caber Neigh Savage Son. It's a shoddy joke!
Who sold you this?

So I don't know wine and all that shit like you do! It tastes nice. So it comes in a box! So,Big Deal!

I can feel it rotting my socks. Okay, wine's crap. Don't stretch the farce with the gag composition. Now read the first line again. Really!

"I come down road."

You know,I've compromised by passing morons around here. Pushing submorons through takes the last shred of dignity.

Maybe we could,like,wrap the sentence into something funny or creative or some such shit?--I mean while keeping the thrust of the kid's personality.

His what?

Well,you're right. We don't want it to look like cheating.

"I come down road!" exclaimed my illiterate grandfather.

That's it! That's it! That's it!

Monday, October 31, 2005

White House Primer

Let me get this straight The White House runs
a perpetual political campaign. That's why all the
sliming,and image. As opposed to actually getting
things done.

Bingo! You've grown up. The Ace is how things LOOK.
What they really ARE is,like,the Two of Spades.
I'll go further. Image IS reality. IS!

Man,it's seeping in. And they're criminals because
they appear to be so.

Tuesday, November 01, 2005

Fuel Prices

GOP

Hey! Don't apply here. We're for the screwers. You knew that when you came onboard. Complain to the wandering opposition if you have nothing better to do.

Or pray,Asshole.

DEMS

I see. And,yes,it does seem unfair. Ah...perhaps a commission to look into things?

You don't need one to see how roundly you are being fucked?

Well,wouldn't put it quite that way,but we understand the point.

Have you read Erskine on monopoly pricing? Benpaw on...?

Wednesday, November 02, 2005

They Were Funny

together,Professors D & G. In language and in act-out ways!

After our California picnic, D rushed up the tower's
stairs. "I'm Kim Novak in Vertigo and you're
poor,deluded,and dizzy Jimmy Stewart chasing me!"

Then he shrieked C over C,hit a weakly-barred window and left.

The priest helps us phone the few local friends,and we all inch out to the roof with the nun and Officer Alcott,taking the ladder to hold onto.

At the body, Wingo screams "No!"and faints. We have to grab him sliding down the chattering tiles.

"Had a larger brain,all right," opines Prof G after the excitement.

Thursday, November 03, 2005

A Different History

My parents' time,
with the cars so
black and square,

like huge stoves.
Did Mother wear
a flapper dress? I

think not,but nearly.
Coy Father got her somehow
into speaks.

They danced to ragtime,drank
and smoked. At parties,gin

is made in bathtubs
and everybody chips in

to pay someone's rent.
Crooners crack

their voices and
hearts fill more
than now.

Friday, November 04, 2005

MR AMBASSADOR

Okay,once more. Benbow gave you the check on May 12?

Absolutely right!

It came from Luffington in his capacity of CEO,or whatever,of Consortium For Moral Government?

Yes. Good. You're getting it straightened out!

I am? Don't think so. Benbow and his gombahs were in Corfu for the entire period, enforcing his contractual share in a Mafia vineyard.

Maybe direct from Luffington? I remember his face acutely.

Better forget it. Up on child molestation rap in West Virginia.

I never trusted him. Never!

Look! I am passing you on. You've lied about ten times,but regarding crap. Get together
with your attorneys,and at least tighten timelines. And,of course,you don't personally know
anything about any check. Don't worry.Your senator is right now trading for softball questions.

Got through hearings before. And unanimously!

Yeah? Well wave a furious flag in your opening statement.

I'm a patriot. I am,really.

Trading one flyshit Asian country for another shouldn't be this big a deal.

Saturday, November 05, 2005

Intrigues

A mega fog traps us
in Budapest. It's

probably in the depths
of the Cold War. Spies

abound & ravenous
women coax secrets
where none exist.

They know their stuff
when no one else does.

The Hungarians refuse
to accept our goodness
on its face. After

bitching,we're free
to go,warily. Where's

the catch? Simply,
a dirty business--All

Americans await
transport.

Sunday, November 06, 2005

MR COUNSEL

Static says you don't like blacks.

This country went to hell when we give the dinge
the bicycle,and the women the vote.

All I got left is counsel posts in Africa.

I be overcomin'!

Monday, November 07, 2005

The Hazards of Scholarship

Jerome Shucktice moved to Ludge, Iowa, expressly to flee the city's jealousies and backstabbing. Most of his trouble came from mastery of the Galladine, a stringed instrument from the Hittite civilization.

Deceived others attempted to advertise similar knowledge, flaunting, too, pitiful musicianship. He refrained from comment, and they, therefore, savaged him.

He planned--another reason for rusticating in Ludge--a satirical novel in response.

And, though he wouldn’t pander to let it be known, he smiled inwardly about being the leading intellect there.

A few weeks after settlement on his quaint fisherman's cottage on the river, Galladine on Lower Pea-Bosk he named it, a notice on the library bulletin board stopped his breath.

LUDGE'S OWN AMY DRESH NETTLES WILL PERFORM ON THE GALLADINE AND DISCUSS HER NOVEL FEATURING THAT ANCIENT INSTRUMENT

He noted the date, and since no one knew him, went. To what end? Laugh inwardly? Pile scorn when he later developed friends? Perhaps even to “praise” a local with an A-minus for effort.

The audience proved to be a collection of retired farmers and their wives, plus two bookish fabric store clerks who shared an apartment, and had requested the day off to attend.

An outsized buzz as the lady entered, for she wasn't a person, really. Well not by most definitions.

But rather, a life-form. Sort of a green, Jello-ish amoeba flowing under Jerome’s chair and raised feet, and finally bending onto a platform-- looking at that point like something from a Dali painting. One farmer cleared his throat.

The librarian rested the stringed instrument on this shapelessness, and some kind of protuberances rose to strum bizarre chords.

Since he fainted along in here, Jerome never did find out how she read, but he did revive after Amy Dresh Nettles slid her departure. The fabric store fellows lingered on their way out, playfully introducing themselves as Don, and R. Gay Apparel, but then breathlessly imploring him not to reveal outside the town what he had witnessed.

Tuesday, November 08, 2005

It's like the Jew-Ghetto thing,but positive

and most will wear it because it sends a clear message,and people,especially in the service sector,will know how to act.

How about the middle class? Could we wear this "E" also? Smaller of course.

Well,that's by way of a bit of fantasy,yes? No law against it,but knowing one's place is really a predicate for happiness.

We're not "Entitled?"

Not by facts. Been up your ass so long,your voices squeak. Sorry to be so brutally frank,
but I'm no politician,and thus don't have to lie to you.

But how about mobility, Middle to Upper,Lower to...?

Please! Locked into their lascivious world of intemperate screwing,booze,and drugs? They wish to go nowhere! And not sinking to them constitutes your only triumph. We applaud it!

Well...still might wear it,my E. Haven't made up my mind.

That's the attitude,that mushy truculence,we count on.

Thank you anyway.

Of course.

Wednesday, November 09, 2005

High Art In Low Places

2 Fat Guys cavort
in commercials,bump-

ing cars they're
selling,& each other.

Fat is funny;one's bald,
even more funny. Mega

hilarious things wind
the honest t'God core
US of A.

Thursday, November 10, 2005

Short Dialog with Logical Conclusion

The reform was corrupt? I thought you reformed something because it WAS corrupt.

Good Christ you're a dope!

Friday, November 11, 2005

Oil Dialog,w/Gratuity

Of course the issues are complex! We in the Senate have faced similar issues,do every day. Could I just get you to close your briefing book,with its multitudinous arguments justifying such unbelievable prices and profits,and give the American people a simple conclusion they can hang their hat on?

We will fuck you till your eyes smoke.

Thank you!

Saturday, November 12, 2005

The Parties Chat

Look! We both know you stole Ohio. The statistical anomalies have the math boys babbling!

Next they'll be choking on it. Love that sound!

But,someday your master programmer might suffer a fit of conscience?

Then we'll just paint him as another scatty porno Lefty asshole-academic. Plus throw queer into the bargain. If it's not already there.

Kick the slime machine into higher gear?

Sell you the manual when the cycle switches.

Could be sooner than you think.

Hey! Waging the outside war, or the inside war. Both are great! Our lead agenda is the same. How do we expose the intellectuals? Answer,by leaving them alone.

Despicable! Why do we like each other?

There's a solidarity of all those who trash souls,especially their own.

Now...and forever?

Gold Dust Twins of Burlesque.

Sunday, November 13, 2005

Duty

So Righties infiltrate
poor Moderates,form-
ing,both,a line of

hopping,screwing
toads. Principle

can be like this,un-
attractive operation

and compromising so
you close your eyes,

since cues are physical,
& pray for its cessation.
God notes everything but

can't spare the time
for small-time slime.

Monday, November 14, 2005

Little American Ways

I liked Merits when I was at USC.

When your testimony has merit...?

Well,anyway,thanks for this generic one. It's good.

Anything else you want?...to trade for that is.

USC football scores? When I'm to be released from this stupidity?

The scores for a bit of intelligence. If I get the smallest jigsaw piece my superiors will let me soften things a bit more.

Loved Tastycakes when I did grad work at Penn.

We don't have Penn on your record. Thank you.

Welcome. But another example of ineptitude,if I may be allowed to say so.

Anyway, less attitude, more information will eventually drop you in that same block in Rome we borrowed you from.
Or even your home country if that's your wish.

I don't know. I'm getting used to this orange suit.

Uh huh. Well,I'll have to pass the baton soon.

To the bad cop,of course. I suppose he'll have a creative use for it.

Is your Arabic as good?

Your little American ways might get me to speak it. From a nightmare, I suppose. Better find a translator.

Tuesday, November 15, 2005

So it goes

that “for the 1st quarter of
a mile he'll only charge
a pretty girl a smile.”

(Reference: Rickshaw Man)
While elsewhere,pretty
remains a currency

some women par-
lay. With men,
coyly soft vest-

al interns get smacked macho
on the ass,like foot-
ball players. Homo-

sexuality? In American
Business,that latency
much the least.

Wednesday, November 16, 2005

Sam,You've Made The Right Punks Long

Our Guy,
Our way.

End of
Rag.

Other guy,
Activist

Fag.

Thursday, November 17, 2005

No use when friend’s entrapped

by double-playing slut of either sex.
Intervene,you’ll get informed as to

feelings uncorrupted that you lack.
So catch a breath & wait. The bottom
thrusts up fast to meet the falling.

Then,no seminars with you! More like
let’s split & get a brew. Just

listen while the victim spews.
Don’t even nod.

For the spongeformed &
future scoop could prove
“We’re trying it again!”

In seamanship, there’s
The Cape of Good Hope,

& (in baseball, too, oddly)
Around the Horn.

Friday, November 18, 2005

President of Neighborhood Association

Well, he's jerking off up there with a difference. They find God that way.

Oh come on, Assistant Chief Talbot! Kids smoking pot. A pervert shits on a freezing day and then admires the steam…?

Him we'll take in, and then we have people to call.

But Assistant Chief Talbot!

Again, that’s Assistant to the Chief Talbot, and we’re not looking for a civil rights suit.

What am I supposed to do? Open a room in my house for him to pull it?

No good. Has to be outdoors. Their gods are up there. Lots of environmental crapola blended in.

Gods? A self-respecting dog wouldn't scratch his ass. Weeds and beercans and rubbers.
We go up every week to rake it out. Oh well, Assistant Ch…To!-– nothing as important

as getting your title right.

Little things are big things.

Association might have to vote to pave it over.

If you do, their legal team comes in. They did in Lower Fairmont. Freedom of Religion Clause.

They knew what to pitch there, where faded hippies play government.

Whatever. In Upper Fairmont lawyers said Endangered Species. Some super roach or something.
Oldest thing in world.

That's not correct. The oldest thing in the world is bullshit.

Saturday, November 19, 2005

The Better Angel

Look! We’re under orders from the leadership.
Shoot the fuckin thing!

How can I be sure?

What the hell are you talking about?
It looks just like the holy picture.
You can’t fuckin miss! Even you!

And it’s in the chamber.

Stalking, the feathered prick.

But the noise!

Get in there now! They’re all screaming!

I..never killed a holy thing before.

Do your duty, asshole!

Sunday, November 20, 2005

The Better Angel

Look! We’re under orders from Leadership. Shoot
the fuckin thing!

How can I be sure?

What the hell are you talking about?
It looks just like the holy picture.
You can’t fuckin miss! Even you!

And it’s in the chamber?

Stalking, the feathered prick.

But the noise!

Get in there now! They’re all screaming!

I...never killed a holy thing before.

Do your duty, asshole!

Monday, November 21, 2005

Procession

Ah Right proves Majesty,striding
the high road in robes,dispensing

Wisdom's Proverbs and clipped
judicious tips to those below,
plus warnings to behave

for Libertine and Moor.
It's Dr Johnson scold-

ing Boswell. And Boswell
scolding whores. As Royal

Train proceeds to pasts en-
wrapped in dusts of gold!

Tuesday, November 22, 2005

Iraq Dialog

This is a literal madhouse!

Only if you're reality based.

You promised to improve conditions and
have made them infinitely worse.

Have a gin and tonic. Have twenty!

Why? Is the party making gin now?

Cynicism is so cheap! Whereas we're
all heart.

Excuse the my shiver at that. I like
feeling my limbs while they're still here.

Shut up a fuckin minute, will you? Whew!
I just had, I guess, an idea! So that's
what it feels like? Sex! No wonder
you guys have so many.

Wednesday, November 23, 2005

Say what you want

but pulling up
your pants can-

not be done
with grace as

both think had
again.

Thursday, November 24, 2005

Marrying a Nice Jewish (or whatever)...

Many do,
in that parallel u-

niverse of good
boys & girls.

Friday, November 25, 2005

The History Channel Too

protects me. Little boy
runs naked into northern
lake. Family picnic for-

getting murder-
ous Stalingrad. His
little gherkin has been

newly,coyly,pixilated.
I'm aided morally on

lower channels from any
possibility of breasts.

Or plumbers' cracks plus
only somewhat more attractive

regions. What have we become
under these fuckin Republicans?

Saturday, November 26, 2005

At Cross Purposes

Like Love Idiot A, total-
ly frustrated trying
to get Love Idiot B

understanding anything!
Hey,leaving C--whom

you certainly don't--& you at
6s & 7s. In such agitation

your promise holds promise.
Shove the exchange down
until you can think about it.

& eventually...?
Won't work. You've lost

& don't even know what.
Move on?

On? Up? Down? No use asking
Life what force field it's
working.

Sunday, November 27, 2005

What the Future Holds

Max Tresham Glaxo, serial philanderer, has agreed to be shot by his wife on Fox Television.

“She nabbed me again, on DVD yet, and I can’t go through another gang of lawyers or rehabs. I’m sexed out and rehabbed out and lawyered out and finished! Been hell of a slide!” a sleep-deprived Mr Glaxo exclaimed from his new west side bachelor apartment, looking more ruin than Romeo.

“We’re talking class here,” stated Fox VP, Randall Nucker, at yesterday’s press conference, “physician in attendance, and I’m lining up Albany Philharmonic.”

Wronged wife, Ruth, intimated that she has just taken delivery of a custom Glock handgun, silver-filagreed with a spiral of crosses after her favorite charity, The American Red Cross. “I wanted Salvation Army too, but they sign off on anything to do with firearms.”

When the live show will air remains somewhat uncertain. “After the kiddies go beddie-bye for the night, that’s for sure,” remarked Nucker off camera. If you have to pixilate everything,
what’s the use?”

Target Max proves remarkably cool to his place in television history. “Hey! Give the old broad her shot,
and Fox its ratings. Who gives a crap about anything?”

Monday, November 28, 2005

Trio

ME
I don't know why we’re meeting here.
A dump! Weeds and beercans and rubbers, yuk!

P
Because we want you to join us up there!

ME
Why me? I've got a readership of seven or so.

VP
You're the last on the list. Working towards the top.

P
See how pretty it is up there?

VP
The high ground!

ME
Even prettier now! Clouds scalloped gold, with interiors
like boiling purples and pinks. And all those gorgeous
homes in shafts of buttery light!

P
Well, never mind all that language stuff! Whatuhyuhsay?

ME
Only that many there condone murder and grind the poor.

VP
Put F next to his name. For faggot.

Tuesday, November 29, 2005

The Age of Faith

Acquaintance tells me
not to worry. She, anent

this scenario of breath,
has impressed Jesus

into her life.(O there you are!
Moping about the beatitudes

again. Get in here!) Coiffed
prophets via heavensent TV
proclaim. Themselves. Huck

Finn's daddy saw the light, later
scratched awake with the hogs.

Wednesday, November 30, 2005

Bureaucrats Confer

These fuckin Americans!
Our job is to completely
fuck them before they finally,
finally leave and we can settle
the old scores in the old way.

Did you say Revenge?

I said Democracy

I thought I heard Freedom.

That three!

How do they love us?

Let me oil the ways.

Thursday, December 01, 2005

Take To the Streets!

But in discrete pockets,and
counseling behavior therein
for annoyed authorities

have microwave cannons
at the ready.Quick siz-

zle to moisty you,who'll lam
your roaring skin fast

away in the rout. Change,
incidentally,in pants,makes hot

spots. If you haven't filled out
your dance program.

Friday, December 02, 2005

Politician Argue Art

DEMOCRAT
As a famous Abscammer famously said, "Democrats steal the tickets and Republicans steal the train."

REPUBLICAN
We think big, of course. In everything. Legitimate too.

DEMOCRAT
Like the Mafia?

REPUBLICAN
Walking mid piles of money, we'll suck technique from anyone.

DEMOCRAT
When does an open mind become an open sewer?

REPUBLICAN
Democracy, Freedom, Family. Guns! Stop abortion and Hollywood smut! That's our standard answer to rhetorical questions.
So, ask no more, Lefty Asshole.

DEMOCRAT
In ten plus years you've far far surpassed our record of corruption in forty!

REPUBLICAN
Discipline!

Saturday, December 03, 2005

THE NEOCONSERVATIVE CONSORTIUM
(supported by those who matter)

Dear Mr Aldan Locknutter:

The sacrifice of your son, Roy Aldan Locknutter on the Altar of Freedom will never be forgotten by this organization.

That is our sacred vow to you.

Aldan, it is a violent and dangerous world, I'm sure you'll agree.

[plug in 9-11 module of impressionistic Bush quotes in italics, spiral pattern, + thumbnails, also spiral, of Bush in yellow construction hat]

But also a world we are reforming!--as our higher duty commands us. We cannot sit in Washington, DC, or Trainwreck, West Virginia and do nothing against Islamofascists.

[plug in Wilsonian claptrap]

Roy Aldan's life was short but beautiful, Mr Locknutter.

[Plug in lines from TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG which a hillbilly might understand]

To turn to happier news, young persons on our staff have monitored the Valley Citizen's stories concerning exploits of your Renton on the gridiron and Steffie on the volleyball court.

This grateful letter is a first step in pointing out that both are eligible to become special "Roy Aldan Locknutter Soldiers." With a substantial signing bonus for each, and for you as parent.

The youngsters can download an application at school from our website.

Rest assured we are committed, as I'm sure the Locknutters are, to memorizing your heroic son!

Sincerly etc etc etc

ps Please excuse us for not including Mrs Locknutter at this time, but our research tells us that, despite the urgency, Moms require a greater cushion of time. God willing, she'll eventually favor your decision.

[plug in Lincoln thumbnail + italics “…shall not perish from the face of the earth!”]

Sunday, December 04, 2005

Senator

Jesus H. Christ! How many more of these meetings did you schedule? We're practically down to dogcatchers. All these petty officials on the take! Always a mistake to leave DC. Big Time...there.

So, instead of extorting fancy travel, like my colleagues, I’m mending fences.

Why they gotta sesaw onto the Lear, pockets so stuffed! Let me tell you, Sonny, I’ll be canonized someday.

Even the scotch tastes better at the office...and, by the way, never never allow me to be photographed with a cigarette!

Man, how can anybody give these things up? They just expand you!

Give me that cell phone. I think I've unwound enough to read memo line there.

This sonofabitch! Wants favors but...in a traditional sentiment that’s very nearly Shakespearian: Money talks, bullshit walks.

He did? How m...?

Quarter mil? The automobile industry of this country must be protected! It built America!

But how it's to be protected depends on a trip on that little red float plane to their lodge in the Upper Peninsula.

Phone him back and tell him that he has caught the train awfully late, and that I require, besides the lodge thing, a regular schedule of giving at the office. Like United Fund.

Hey! Bible says he can’t get to heaven anyway, but he can purchase a measure of paradise here.

Now get the fuck out of here and send in--you already sent in the grasping clowns--the whores.

Monday, December 05, 2005

The Homeless One & The Republican

H
They stole my bike. Can you beat it? Homeless stealing from homeless!

R
Contemporary life is replete with crushing ironies.

H
Was gonna ask for a buck, but let's say two if I hafta hear such way-high talk.

R
I'd go for as much as three. But not for the guilty pleasure Democrats might feel watching you waste it on booze...

H
Might inhale a sawdust hotdog in there too.

R
but rather the Republican way. I'll teach you to fish!

H
Know anything about fishing?

R
Not a thing.

H
I'm onboard. It's my life among the assholes. You ain't one of those Jesus Republicans too, I hope.

R
Somewhat.

H
Make it five bucks.

Tuesday, December 06, 2005

Hail to Power

Steering. Can turn
hard right while

jerking off. Un-
able to wave with

usual grace,
to the people on

the curb,who none-
theless defer, re-

maining the salt
of the earth.

Wednesday, December 07, 2005

Though You Often Trained

The Truth Definite
-ly didn’t set you free,
dribbling, the last bead of

the final particular squeez-
ing out long past your
exit. Some reprise

your trip then,
merely to condemn, de-
servedly for bilge.

Thursday, December 08, 2005

Celebrity Birthdays

on morning news, 2
milkfed nonmovers.

Great giggling se-
ducers, not athletic

girl nextdoor
but one the drug-

gist ran away with,
from menacing wife
and teens.

Shouldn't broadbrush
druggists, since many

return. Then take
to sighs
while measuring.

Friday, December 09, 2005

My Bus Configures

out of mist, header
blazing. Flat-

ly widening to push
aside corpulent shark

sedans, SUVs resembling
‘38 Fords delivering eggs.

Saturday, December 10, 2005

A Good Time

We had a lovely picnic. Really cold chicken and icy beer,
and potato salad to die for.

But then they came pretty close. As instructed, I pressed
the panic button on my cell.

And Force-X read the coordinates.

They did lightning work, but we didn’t allow the children to see
the blood. I don’t agree with today’s philosophy. Let them grow up later.

Colonel Beller introduced himself and accepted some chicken only.
He was lovely. Upright and crisply spoken.

“God you’re awfully decent!” I told him.

“All my boys and girls are. Messy job, but they’re beyond sweet.”

Sunday, December 11, 2005

The Chorus Girls

are reindeer w/
shaky head-
racks &

glitter-
y briefs
& tops.

It’s family so
their tits

threaten
to pop out.

Monday, December 12, 2005

Honey

You like how
waitresses flip it.

Forget motive. But
now everybody
does. Time

closer to cash
in, quick
blond

behind the flutes
asking "That
the whole pile,

is it,
Honey?"

Tuesday, December 13, 2005

The Idea

You had an idea. And the more you thought of it the more excited you became.

You tested your idea, stretching it over the rack of your brain, and it remained whole.

You informed your friends, who were shocked at your transcending them. And then so respectful, you asked them
please to lighten up.

You must give a speech! they insist. And though shy, you
do eventually soldier though one.

When you finish, a huge wave of applause laps the auditorium.

You’re mobbed afterwards by some who say they had the same idea but lacked your skill in saying it, and many others
who feel you’re Savior.

The person who stays till the end asks you to join a crusade based on your idea.
“But...we can't regain power unless
we whittle things a bit for now. Once in office, rest assured, we'll employ your idea to fuck our opponents till their ears fly off...
and there'll be a job for you.”

You have a job, though not one in which genius gets recognized.

And though you don’t care for vulgarity, you go along when asked to orate their version of your idea to groups.

Mostly, the groups are well-chosen and roar approval, but once in a while a heckler emerges, screaming Sellout! Hypocrite!

You return to the political individual to express your pain.

"Hypocrisy? Baby! That’s the Golden Mean!”

Wednesday, December 14, 2005

The Temple of Fear

is larger than the world.
Assassins guard our room.

Contemptuous of all big ideas,
they have a job to do.

Some few escort the coffins
of babies. Though parents weep
ashes, they're consoled by

flags and holy books courtesy
of Wealth. What they sacrificed
for fades in and out.

Thursday, December 15, 2005

What You’re Buying

That you hit Mr Y
with a crowbar in

the freight elevator
of The Z Building

has become lost
in niceties. Con-

ference at bar pro-
duces arm-waving.
Each juror blanks.

Advocate returns.
His wink you relay
to the wife, who

flashes her okay
to the mistress.

Friday, December 16, 2005

Presidential

Bitterly oppose A.
Ridicule A’s supporters.
Lose disgracefully.
Claim A your idea.

Saturday, December 17, 2005

What You’re Buying

That you hit Mr Y
with a crowbar in

the freight elevator
of The Z Building

has become lost
in niceties. Con-

ference at bar pro-
duces arm-waving.
Each juror blanks.

Advocate returns.
His wink you relay
to the wife. Flash-

then her own okay
to the mistress.

Sunday, December 18, 2005

Dividends Confessed

Then profits chimed in
that they too were
full of shit.

Costs threatened
to ruin everybody.

People rushed to gold,
much of which was
painted bricks.

Economists said everything
was adjusting to everything

else. A good sign
and possibly not,
at any rate,

felons requested more
optimistic cellmates.

Monday, December 19, 2005

Celebrity Birthdays

this TV morning: 2
anorexics from

show business
I’ve not heard of.

Perhaps a list?
Excluding

Buffalo
optometrists,

most dependable
Republicans.

Wednesday, December 21, 2005

He ran on overload

countless years. Re-
habs, lawsuits, divorces,
arrests. Legal fees &

psychiatric transport-
ed him near to

breaking. Rivals tabbed
him “thief” in there. But

business prospered & he
commenced sprinting miles

ahead. Then his present wife ab-
sconded with his mistress.

Patrolman Melvin Nutter
collared him in Central
Park offering to show

girl scouts visiting
from Paramus
his “peepee.”

Saturday, January 07, 2006

Setting Up the Martyrdom

Desire it here, blasted
ground with light
shaft, thus, on me.

Finally, unrighteous anger,
with God’s grace triggered,
has seized, forces them

forth, wrapped in their
Satanic words and sec-
ular raiments. I have

in hand
RSVPs.

Sunday, January 08, 2006

My atheist prays

with a friend
checking out.
Paradox is human

beauty. We hold
ideas, but love

dreams, as we must, a-
mid corruption’s rout.

Monday, January 09, 2006

2, believe it or not, related

Doldrums

The man who defrags
is a bit of a nag,

having watched tails wag
the Microsoft dog.

The Horse Latitudes

proved bad
for the horses.

Keep an eye clear,
for we’re looking

to lighten
the firm.

Tuesday, January 10, 2006

Next-generation Parental Controls

Arrest
the breast!

Unprovoke
horny brats!

But Mohammed's
beheading in portal
A is okay, or his

disembowelment in
Portal B. Best of all
possible games, he

becomes Christian
in Portal C, be-

heading therein
Mohammed 2.

Wednesday, January 11, 2006

When the Personal Is Political*

In sweating fury
you “clean” your
place! An hour be-

fore,phone as-
serted drop-
in! Christ!

Last 5 minutes
you indemnify

w/deodorant etc.
Not,thus,stinking.
No further worry,

of course, as
we all store
the smile for
opening doors.

---

*Ethicists: Past time for [government] cleanup--
US New & World Report

Thursday, January 12, 2006

The Temple of Fear

is larger than the world.
Assassins guard our room.

Contemptuous of ideas,
they have a job to do.

Some few escort coffins of
babies. Though parents weep
ashes, they're consoled by

flags and holy books courtesy
of Wealth. Reasons for sacrifice

fade in and out. Victims have
to ask of patriots the latest.

Friday, January 13, 2006

Advice

A Press’d make something of this meeting.

B Irrelevant--as they are, have been, will be.

A Your supreme court guy?

B In your place, would’ve hammered him so thin by now, slid him under the hearing door and gone forever.

A We can’t get...!

B Ghinny, ain’t he? Mafia!

A No connection.

B Invention is the mother of necessity. Meantime, take my wife! Please! Well, this check anyway.

A Grilled cheese and root beer? Hardly sinister.

B Hey! Even a traitorous whore needs a bit of comfort food.

Saturday, January 14, 2006

Blind Dates

Mine spoke extensively of hair and nails. When I suggested impeaching this sonofabitch of a president, she gushed “Oh I love him!”

Well mine resembled the horses that formed her special madness. Lectured thereupon. I’ll tell you, you really can’t speak of their morals, but if you could…!

They’re pigs!

Nah. Lousy comparison. Most of those are smarter than people. Just need to be organized.

No more denial. I’m finished! Interested in a suicide pact, statement, manifesto?

Whatever. I’m onboard.

Start a draft now?

Nah. That’s just a step towards giving it meaning.

Method? Nosedive? Gun? Searing cocktail?

What the fuck’s the difference?

Class. Background. Science.

Why we’ve lost our minds.

Sunday, January 15, 2006

Blitzkrieg&Shock&Awe

Turn it over to these
new Polacks &
just guard the oil.

Let them kill
each other,

winner taking all
heroic names.

Monday, January 16, 2006

Eye to Eye

Chief/ Maybe set something up like Truman had in Key West. At any rate I'm sick of this place! Sun didn't even break through yesterday.

Official/ It did three blocks away. Picnic at Commerce. Had a few beers and forgot baseball cap.
So this fishbelly-white face now is...

Chief/ Never made it through! You must've gone to tanning salon.

.....

Mentor/ Leaked! Daily News ready with BIGGIES' SUN TIFF! Your apology to him more interesting, so they'll hold story.

Official/ No way! Too silly even for dealing with him.

.....

Senator/ Look! You want this bill as much as I do. He'll veto if you don't...

.....

Owner/ Hi! Maxie of Gold Standard Tan? Girls mixed up. We know you were in yesterday. But was it at ten,
or at twelve-ten?

Official/ Twelve-ten. My lunch hour.

Owner/ Great! Writing it in! I can't tell you how important it is to straighten that out!

Official/I have some idea.

.....

Secretary/ Just the one message. From Chief. "Don't forget you're expected at Friday late supper. Now that you're back onboard." Whatever he means by that.

Tuesday, January 17, 2006

Rule Dialog

Kit Carson yelled, “Grab the barber!” And two tough marines dressed as arabs did just that.

The barber? A total innocent! With the little house and the little wife and the new baby. Talks about nothing but the baby.

Well, we had one vacant seat in the minibus. And Kit Carson laughed afterwards, “Hey! Barbers know a lot. They listen!”

Nonsense. He’s the comedian of the marketplace. Released him after a couple of hours, no?

Well, Kit Carson was sent to Afghanistan, and then Buffalo Bill labeled barber a resource, claiming he felt a sixth sense about him.

They still hold him?

Did. In Gitmo.

There! So far! Ridiculous!

Touring congressmen saw blood on his orange coverall, so they screamed to get him a new one.

Does it get worse?

Much. New, bitty brown guys guarded clothing process.
One said barber lunged, so shot him in the mouth.
Big inquiry because these were trainees, from mountainous Guatemala or somewhere. Not supposed to have live ammo.

So, the poor barber is dead?

14-E in the paperwork. Shot escaping.

In the mouth?

Hey! Was probably screaming some Moslem shit!

Little house with the little wife and tiny…

You breaking my heart or my balls?

What’s the difference? You rule. At this time.

Wednesday, January 18, 2006

He was an animal!

exclaims Beverly.
I see, comments
Mrs Prescott-Brown.
But she doesn’t.

Thursday, January 19, 2006

The Art of the Deal

Repub/ Employing the unfortunate cliche: One hand will
wash the other. Our deal is you can have yours if you don’t immediately phone your pansy reporters when we drag ours in.

Dem/ Okay, but the custodians are already screaming.

Repub/ Not a problem. We’ll pre-deodorize and so should you.

Dem/ Our nuts wanted the stink, but we overruled ‘em.

Repub/ As party in power we choose West Portal, so you’re stuck with East if you want to synchronize.

Dem/ We absolutely do! We’re using old rugs, by the way.

Repub/ More than I want to know. We’ll do it, as in Frank’s immortal song, our way.

Dem/ If no leaks, cameras will open the morning on the two dead horses with senators beating them.

Repub/ Decorum. We go first.

Dem/ No way! Bi-partisan for five minutes.
Then the Chair can gavel order and pretend disgust.

Repub/ We knew you wouldn’t go along this one time, so we agree. But five minutes, minimum.

Dem/ A frenzy!

Repub/ Democracy isn’t much if it isn’t a show.

Friday, January 20, 2006

Prophecy

Chief giving up,his
assistant,slick as

owlshit,usurps,pend-
ing a "search."

Saturday, January 21, 2006

When to Stop

When young you are convinced
(a) all adults are full of shit.

An elder takes aside &
patiently vindicates
what you thought stupid.

Proves it complex, often
quite profound. Grow up

attending institutions,
marking, too, a life where

Zelda’s Fitzy states
the usual horses get shot

out from under. Soon enough
a youth will hove in view

with face eager-
ly bitter. Chuck the lethal
fairy tale this time & go to (a).

Include yourself & give out
supermarket coupons as
a gesture of fear.

Confess complicity.
They can’t hang everybody.

Sunday, January 22, 2006

Last Meal

a special one at
Humane Society?

Maybe a mini Reece’s
peanut butter cup
thrown in before…

(No hovering chaplain,as
in the Christian charade.)

Expiring next: Ralph,one-
eyed (fight) cat brushed
past by adopting families.

Made no effort, of course,
and you know what he
would’ve said

had he our language.
Great great grandpop,
Bucky,kept the freight

yard free of rats for
fifteen years. Brake-

man “Irish” Cullen dis-
covered him stiff,and
cried an hour. However,

The Kid,nasty as they come,
covered for him. When some-

one remarked surprise,
Kid said, “He never did
me wrong,did old Buck.”

Monday, January 23, 2006

The Graves

a/ Looks like some Executive Department daisy chain or something!

b/ Do tell?

a/ Let’s get the facts out! Nail ‘em!

b/ Let’s not. They kill their young.

a/ But their high pontificating against gays and then…? The hypocrisy!

b/ That last’s a huge greenhouse. Sure you wanna pitch
anything out?

a/ But how they gallingly milked…!

b/ To totally burlesque proportions. He continued rendering them fools. Now even they–some--laugh at their daily lies. As do we. Differently. I feel mostly sadness. You may be missing a profoundly tragic dimension.

a/ Bullshit! It’s payback time! And all you allegedly wise old men won’t dissuade…the die is gonna be fuckin cast!

b/ Uh huh. What’s that Spanish proverb? He who is bent on revenge should dig two graves.

Tuesday, January 24, 2006

Meeting of Minds

President appointed me,and you’ve worked up the
ladder here. Bound to be some conflicts,yes? So this little talk is a good idea.

Needn’t be others, since we can straighten out literally everything right now.

DO WHAT THE FUCK YOU’RE TOLD!

Thank you for coming in.

Wednesday, January 25, 2006

Chums

a/ Can we get him through?

b/ Candy from a baby!

a/ Our own moderates are steaming!

b/ We call them Democrats.

a/ Then I shouldn’t worry?

b/ Yeah worry! Some infants’ll cry too loudly
and hafta be strangled at the last minute.

a/ Whew! Do we have the will to sustain this one till
the bitter end?

b/ Come into the bathroom.

…

b/ Flush, and turn on all the taps. Good!
Your question again?

a/ Sustain…bitter end?

b/ We stole two elections.

Thursday, January 26, 2006

Olden Days,Purest Gold, in Coconut Grove

Your duffles back Mr Gonzales. Count is sixty-seven dollars short of eight million. Please allow the bank to supply that small difference in the name of simplicity.

Answering your first question: This transaction is none of the government’s business!

But if you have additional cash laying about, get it in here quickly. Misguided legislation,unfortunately, is beginning to heat up.

Ask for me or any other officer whenever you come in. I see you have the calendar.

That sunset-sailboats thing is a knockout!

Friday, January 27, 2006

Yeah the mayor is an asshole

in Jaws. Exhibits true
political behavior.
I’ve been him.
You?

Saturday, January 28, 2006

Patty McGinty, an Irishman of note
fell into a fortune and bought himself a goat -old song

Patty’s Goat

Others of note finally wrest-
ed Northeast City machines

through wit and blarney,
some work, even. Long
scarred by hard

Yankee Masters, what they
learned thereby is Beauty
of the American Dream lies

in its power
to exclude.

Sunday, January 29, 2006

We hear again how someone sidestepped Reaper

by missing plane that, in the name of
God, ploughed the building.

How many times, do you suppose,
when you returned for change,

or cigarettes, or the damn car
finally caught
on its terminal gasp...?

And your small space was
taken, therefore, by another

who was embarrassed, or injured,
or incinerated? Kismet?

God? Luck? Appointment
in Samara missed? Really,
what the fuck’s the difference?

Your slot’s out there,as
is the person you’ll step in for,

wondering presently
about nothing.

You’ll pass? Sorry,
So punched, no
ticket left.

Monday, January 30, 2006

White-Black Dialog, Suddenly Important

W/ Look at that! Whole rafts of people with bad haircuts and housedresses being swept up into the sky!

B/ That’s just the Earlybird. Richer folks sortin’ out their property right now. They paid for nicer flight later on. First Class in everything!

W/ But what...?

B/ You is so slow, Baby. This here’s Rapture they’s been threatenin’ us wif!

W/ It’s awful! You can smell leftover fire and brimstone. I used to laugh at these clowns!

B/ They gets the last laugh,excuse some more Black English. We makes fun of ourselves as we goes along. Called sanity.

W/ I’ve got some money. Who should I see?

B/ Nobody now,if you haven’t done it. Righteous Preachers busy gettin’ their own shit together.
Can maybe scrape up a ticket for the whore-on-the-side, but not you.

W/ Why are you so calm?

B/ ‘Cuz I done already decided not to try for the last flight, the separate but equal one? But my what a sight that’ll be! Darkies darkenin’ the dark sky! White eyeballs a-flashin’! Damn shame there’s a banjo shortage.

W/ Well,I’m not giving up! Maybe...?

B/ I really hope so. Like it to be an Afro world down here.

W/ But it’ll be hell!

B/ We’ll work on it. We know better ‘bout love, Honey.

Tuesday, January 31, 2006

Girl on a Skateboard

Fuck-you glare
I square.

Our space,
our face.

Wednesday, February 01, 2006

Conversation

I jog past the honeymooners on the beach. They remain entwined over their picnic lunch spread on a white cloth. Only the bottle of dark wine resists the glare.

A chance to talk to the ocean. So how’s it goin?

Not good. It’s too hot. I’m too hot all the time.

Yeah, global warming. We burn so much, gases clamp the heat in.

Well stop it! It’s unhealthy.

Blockheads in charge say scientists weave a daydream.

Well, they obviously don’t!

They’re yelled at, have gotten even more timid. Bullies rule.

Then do something! You do something!

I try. I’m a writer and...

Whereupon, a mini-tsunami! I rush away, but end on my knees. Picnic floating away, the churned honeymooners scowl in my direction.

Thursday, February 02, 2006

Yale

You? French Major? How…?

Junior Year Abroad beckoned. Ten months of fucking my brains out.

Short process. You’re a football player. How come the coach let you go?

Truth is I’m a pretty shitty football player. And Coach said don’t let my door hit you in the ass on your way to Paris!

Where you, of course, fulfilled your high objective?

Tried. But met Gaby and she clamped that crap. She’s coming here to live with me when I begin the doctorate in French Lit.

My God!

Sorry not to remain the ignoramus, but when you swim in another culture…

And find a good woman?

Yeah. You’re starting to notice my growing up. It’s shocking the hell out of me too.

Friday, February 03, 2006

slacker rock

Heard, like, this ancient record in the thrift,
Herman Woody or Woody Herman, either way
some kind of sharp Jew could toot-tootle

that fuckin clarinet, like whole streets
of nerdy little Odessa fiddlers kike

great grandfather of mine bores on about, you know?
What a laugh! Everybody workin so fuckin hard, max-
ing out so terrifically fuckin uncool.

Saturday, February 04, 2006

Ruins are useless

if just for tour-
ist trudge But

let a local
fix a lean-to
awning to a wall

for an impromptu
coffee shop. While

there with gossipers
on homemade chairs,

the dogs scratching or
begging in dusk, drink

in the massive orange disc
slicing the wine dark sea.

Sunday, February 05, 2006

Gave Thanksgiving

when 16-screener
made debut near me.

Thought one’d be
dedicated to adults.

True at first. Flick
about Cole Porter tack-
ling not just wit

but his bi-
cycling to exhaustion.

(The old film on him in-
volved the lady only.) That

arty-queer shit ceased
pretty much, and they
went all adolescent

with a vengeance. Exploding
cars just the half of it.

In hope, keep checking
their website for links
to latest. Found

their branding key,
so completely American!
How to dress a turkey.

Monday, February 06, 2006

The Bachelor

I tried but
she possessed

one blue and
one brown eye.

Dropped a hint.
She got special
contacts. Her

wit: a switch
of colors, so

brown now blue,
and blue etc. Throw-

ing down some
feminist gauntlet and

retaining there-
by the weirdness,
I suppose

that’s what they want,
but I’ve had enough.

Tuesday, February 07, 2006

The Trees

In Athens the great connoisseurs
of female loveliness weigh in

sparsely at sidewalk tables o-
ver potent coffee. They gaze

judiciously before
considered comment.

German and French women
pass this rigorous test.
As do Danes and Swedes.

Americans get dis-
missed as “trees.”

I doubt heroin chic’s
defunct in The Apple. Even

so, you’d think the cops
on rag trade beat’d date
a model or two. Some do.

Others ride bikes
on Ragbrai, across,
of all places, Iowa.

And after a while, marry corn-
fed daughters of farmers, no
joke. These are beautiful.

Repeat, beautiful!

Wednesday, February 08, 2006

The Revolution

Collared the hallucinator
whose window gave out
to the railroad station.

A revolution of 1,his
arsenal’d equip
a battalion.

Of note,rocket
launcher which
could’ve zapped

us straining to see
the train coming.

He sighted us in
more than once.

Didn’t require pawns
in world dominion
just then. His torch

upthrusts in left and right
hands at this very moment.

Thursday, February 09, 2006

Avoiding Colonoscopy

As most do. 1st
that gown. Well,

would’ve covered
Mick Jagger, but
not your fat ass.

Bomb scare,
you’re in
parking lot.

Adults care not,
but a schoolbus
flinging by

dopplers waves
of hilarity. Help!

Technology here
for a camera

probing as you
stroll supermarket.

Can broadcast to doc
or be taped for his
recreational viewing.

Friday, February 10, 2006

Universals

A very long wait
and some of us
getting rowdy

when the lowest
thief from our place,
scarlet and smirking,

gets rushed past.
The last view is of his
back,and that of the angel,

subsumed by the glow.
Jesus Christ! I must ex-
claim, Fix is in even here!

Some of us,hissed St Peter,
watch what we say.
And how we say it!

Saturday, February 11, 2006

I lied

and realized it
at the time, not

completely. WMDs
probably spirited
to Syria or Disney.

We’re there now
and hafta stick

for democracy,
or fighting terrorists...
something. Uneasy lies

the crown...
Shakespeare

said that,
dummies!

Sunday, February 12, 2006

The “Terrible Beauty" War Clique

craves tasteful emblem.
Droplets in sweet-
est hush of

blood spritzing an
ivory rose, ah! As

soldiers get dispatched
like rabid dogs.

Monday, February 13, 2006

JoJo & Chum

JJ/ Beat the rush and got me one of those health savings accounts. Really amounted up. I felt rich.

Ch/ How about now?

JJ/ Two days in hospital took it all.

Ch/ Probably some mistake. Some of your other coverages should’ve kicked in. Check the bill.

JJ/ They don’t give you a bill anymore. Just a statement as to how far they’ve put it up your ass.

Ch/ Didn’t know you was there for hemorrhoids.

JJ/ You’re very literal.

Ch/ So are they.

Tuesday, February 14, 2006

John Q lost his job, & then

his unemployment pay,
his wife, car, &
medical insurance.

No hope now, though
the children visit, exit

sneering. Terminal-
ly bitter, he consults

the Anti-Giru, who crashes
in a hole, no snowy peak.

How can I be even
MORE abjectly screwed
to death? J. Q. begs.

"Why, just proclaim this Yankee-
Doodle Mantra!” ex-

horts prophet: “PRIVATIZATION!
GLOBALIZATION!” & John Q does

witness, thereupon, angels
in a circle jerk-

ing wings & melding sweet-
est chords to consecrate
the rapturous words.

Wednesday, February 15, 2006

Questioning Art

What if Michaelangelo had proclaimed from
way far up there on the Sistine scaffolding?

"I'm beginning to see color,and the human
form,all forms really,as planes and cubes and

surfaces transmuting and revolving as does
everything in nature. You can actually look

at the woods in the rain and glimpse
not woods nor rain but purest essence

closer yet to God." Then,
patron Cardinal fatly snapping

"Fuck this visionary ghinny! Bring me
somebody whose head isn't up his ass!"

We’d have surely gotten Sal,
and lost thereof a certain flavor.

Thursday, February 16, 2006

Reflecting on the month I got culture

and the marvelous applicability and
ecstatically mixed-media thrust
of the phrase artsy-fartsy.

Friday, February 17, 2006

Cheney, Instead, in the Big City

9-1-1, what is the nature of the emergency?

I just shot a man. Please send an officer in
fourteen hours.

Saturday, February 18, 2006

Ah the Personal Retrospective

You hero, villain
or some wretch-

ed degree between?
What went right?
Wrong? & how?

Still slippery
after all these years?

Kvetch if you must,
a style for others, but
you’re not too good.

Could be problem
thinking. As now.

Sunday, February 19, 2006

A Mighty Fortress Is Our Gelt

VP shoots man.
Rendition as full
of dry holes as Texas.

Another paradox,since
a few holes filled

with slime &
some with booze.

Forget such fancy.
"Story over.
Cheney wins.

Again." Concludes
Bill. Real stinks
linger,I answer.

Visitors long after
nauseated.

Tuesday, February 21, 2006

In one Godfather film, Al Neri takes Fredo,
turncoat brother, for a terminal boat ride.

Thugs Need a Thug

responds to wink
or nod,or word

that overheard
means nothing.

Then,bill carried,
game fixed,pigeon,
water-boarded,passes.

Best performances
exhibit little

breath at
the end.

Wednesday, February 22, 2006

Meeting His Folks

Dad good &
pliant, like
the asshole prom-

ised by situa-
tion comedies,
that American Tem-

plate. “But your
Mother! Jesus!”

she waves her arms,
a wild thing

upon escaping.
He’s at a loss

with women
once again.

Nobody knows why
Dads behave and
Moms stay Moms.

Thursday, February 23, 2006

The Promise of War–an Interlude

Let’s meet
when all of
this is over,

and strangle some
whores.

Friday, February 24, 2006

The Georgie Porgie Questions

Why, finally, run
away? Unclear.
Did teary girls

concert in-
side a proper

mortification for
him, or more? Ah!

Therefore refreshed as
women, radiate by sex
the snarky troglodyte?

Feminism seeded
thus by Mother Goose?

Saturday, February 25, 2006

The Master Programmer

Operative/ We’re in trouble big time!

MP/ As we were in the two large ones. They–somehow–turned out.

O/ But we’ll lose a lot of seats!

MP/ Will, and then won’t.

O/ Are you saying…?

MP/ A little retail influence. Just enough.

O/ But…too many bases on too many fields!

MP/ I can do it from my car.

Sunday, February 26, 2006

The Universe Is Random

Some say.
It may be

so random
it’s ordered.

Like baseball,
once you hit
the homerun

your team loses
in chaos yet
again. God

is the moving
of the fence
as you celebrate.

Well, call it
what you will.
Fence moves.

Count the planks.
Analyze the composition
of the wood. Important
to have something to do

which moves the fence,
also, as it moves itself.

Monday, February 27, 2006

The Left Libertarian

Hey, help us out
when a category 5
put the Impala

on the rooftop!
And with Grandma
shitting her pants

and thinking the mail-
man is Jesus. Plus

Dad’s bills after enough
cancer to rot The Titantic.

Tuition breaks
the rich don’t need,

nor their infinite
other thieveries

aided by boughten
officials. Keep out

of wars and bedrooms.
Come off in your own space!

Let’s take it back from
the smug ones

who plunder the nation
and steal elections
in our name.

Home of the brave
just words
if we watch piracy.

Tuesday, February 28, 2006

A Poor Thing But Mine Own*

Something I just like
and hope others will.

What does it mean?
I couldn’t be bothered.

So play with it a smidge.
See if you’ll catch

yourself smile--
or spit--

years later
during a stroll,

or graduation,
angled in-

terludes of
passion. Sprees

with truth,
maybe.

*The Theoretical Goose

dasen’t honk.
Behavior dis

-sembles,
-assembles.

The building,
is leaving
Elvis for

a storm of
category.

Wednesday, March 01, 2006

The Left Libertarian

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when a category 5
put the Impala

on the rooftop!
And with Grandma
shitting her pants

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the smug ones

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just words
if we watch piracy.

Thursday, March 02, 2006

Twilight Zone

rebroadcast on sci-fi channel
and how good, with tight

direction & rich bw
photography.

Rod Serling in his smoky
voice tying it up. Okay,
could be little

bushwah & camp, but ser-
ious in contrast to today’s

breathless “news” &
endless self-

referential fuckaround,
meriting, would you be-

lieve, awards? Sheer
chutzpa‘d shame Barnum.

Friday, March 03, 2006

Urinating Advice: Young Men, Crowded Venues

Never at stadiums and the like
wait behind old men. Their
dribbles and drips after

barely denting the water
with streams endlessly weak’ll burn

you to the balls
of your feet, horribly
damming Niagra.

Saturday, March 04, 2006

Young Japanese Men

fix camera phones to
sticks, forward-

ing, thus, the delicate
undercarriages of girls
across the world.

Well, it’s better than
The Bataan Death March.

Sunday, March 05, 2006

Another Moe Dies

who trusted the words
in soaring documents,
acted thus.

& one day of many threw
everything he could in
a plastic bag,hitting

a murderous neighborhood.
Some food, some toys...hey

what the hell I've been without!
I don't know your slang & guess
I'm just a square, or worse,

but I need babies 'round & will
forever. A man laughed
I should give YOU a shirt!

Hey! This one's me & I'm it.
He was often God-Blessed,

answering I don't know...
I'm a more Eastern fool.

To know God is to be God.
Hell of an aim. We're all
God anyways. Informed

his contradictions bosh,he thought
scholars hilarious & loved them
the more that they struck

out. If,to his surprise,before
the fabled gate: Angels

hafta stand around like this?
No chairs? Nice nosh?

Monday, March 06, 2006

“Fifteen Minutes of Glory!”

screamed Commander, and the men repeated it in a crescendo shaking the very stones. Then the quiet descended like a hammer.

Second then spoke. “I’m sorry the ammunition will run out fifteen minutes after their attack begins tomorrow–spy claims eight sharp. Unfortunately, our enemies won the despicable arms auction. At any rate, my responsibility and I failed.”

Some of the men yelled NO! but others just stared. Second was nowhere as popular. Swagger deficit.
“Retreat is for pussies!” soon grew among them, and fizzled.

“Let me make up a little by getting the largest order McDonald’s has even seen!” Everyone cheered and hoo-hahed. “I’ll take the virgin along for the heavy lifting.” They laughed at the reference to their most junior.

…

“Well young man, fifteen minutes of glory?”

“I’ll do my duty!”

“But your sad face says ‘I’m seventeen!’ My God to be seventeen!”

“Sir! You just passed McDonald’s!”

“Live and learn.”

Tuesday, March 07, 2006

Academies

a/ CRASH won.

b/ What’s that? NASCAR?

a/ The other race.

b/ Ah the endless one! How about cowboy suckface mid the dreck little antelopes?

a/ Best Direction.

b/ Right word, wrong time.

a/ Pretty much skipped politics for this one.

b/ Oh? Double-Dutch? Anyone throw nickels?

a/ Too dressed to pick ‘em up.

b/ Corporations won’t disdain.

a/ Do I hear that creaking Fall of the Roman Empire frame starting to…?

b/ That’s Romaine, with double latte. Now, send the rednecks to church. Satan the Shepherd awaits.

a/ Too too bitter!

b/ Hey, watch it! Your tap shows violations! Like to appear before Water Board?

Wednesday, March 08, 2006

All Over the Place

Passage to Iraq

The native military band in
the ordered Baghdad garden

wheezes a standard of Bing’s
from High Society. Too

soon to cast Ali as him,Hasan
as Frank,clicking eggnogs with
some masked Grace. The White

Man’s Burden meantime shreds our
shoulders,but these pink,most-
ly Yankee faces won’t kvetch

to freshly civil wogs peppering
such democratic fetes. Makes

no difference what we say or
do to them,it’ll end the same.

Thursday, March 09, 2006

Plan For Dual Presidency

1,steeped in Godshit
who choreographs tragic
ceremony by informing
the Almighty

is not questioned,for
none can understand,thus

what is remains
what should be. Total-

ly marvelous scheme long
advocated by wealth,and
illuminating loss

of wife,husband,friend,
lover,testicle or breast.

Executive 2? Thorough-
ly pragmatic politician
surrounded by competents.

Sans God,since that toxicity
proves enough tonic re
1 and pious geese.

Friday, March 10, 2006

I Saw the Harbor Lights: A Tragedy

a/ Got to know Emir at the camel races . God brick of a guy.

b/ You bet on those things?

a/ Is the Cardinal a Catholic?

a/ Which one?

b/ Always the question. In the larger context, who do I give the check to when lobbyists drop by for coffee after the meal. I never avoided moral problems,though. Why I’m reelected.

a/ Well the ports deal’s in the toilet. Should you give back...?

b/ I’m sorry. Not familiar with the term.

a/ Lose-lose for them.

b/ Win-win for us.

a/ How do you figure?

b/ Incessantly! Anyway, Republicans got to prove we’re not the megalomaniac’s rubber stamps one percent of the time. And the money, as always, is nice.

a/ How ‘bout Democrats?

b/ I’m sorry. Not familiar with that term either.

Saturday, March 11, 2006

Nut

Picketed during Clinton years.

EVERYTHING FOR SALE

One of his guys sat down with me on the grass of the mall, brought Starbucks coffee.

I thanked him, and listened as he explained they were working on some programs might actually help people.

That could be, I told him, but I don’t have much space
on my sign.

Hey! Cure disease, gotta root out germ.

I took sabbatical when Republicans came in.

Still bewildering how, but never mind. Anyway, couldn’t steal it all no matter what anybody says.

Well, I’m baa-aaack! With slight revision.

EVERYTHING FOR SALE REALLY

Sunday, March 12, 2006

POLITICAL CLOSET DRAMA, MERCIFULLY SHORT

Bare stage except for table containing box.

Enter stage right, REPUBLICAN.

Stuffs pockets from money in box.

Offstage: (basso) Morality, Abortion, Patriotism! Squeeze the fairies's bitty balls till they cry uncle! Guns! Nuke the Ay-rabs back to the Stone Age!

REPUBLICAN (a little dance)

Amen, Mothers! But-ttt
all of it ain't worth a fuck
if it don't fetch a buck.

(While exiting Far Right.)
So long, Suckers. (waving fistful of bills) I thank God every day for you! And on my knees, no shit! Now I'm going to get laid. Boy, girl? What's the difference as long as you get off? Can't believe pressure serving the people!

Voice (more basso) A/C D/C for you and me.

Enter stage left, DEMOCRAT. Shakes box.

DEMOCRAT

My keys are somewhere. I've looked and looked. Oh this is so disturbing, confusing! And I do wish the preachers would stop trying to run things. It's hard enough!

(comes downstage to apron and pleads to audience)

Is there anyone out there who can help? Anyone?

Curtain falls behind him. He starts to flee left, then right. Finally crawls under curtain.

Effort loses pants, exposing panties.

Voice: (shrill) Butch is a bitch!

Immediate murmur behind Curtain. Grows. Someone is coming.

Or some thing.

Monday, March 13, 2006

Welcome to America

They were all dwarfs. It was a gang of dwarfs. Why the cops took so long to catch--hard to see them at night.

So I spent sixteen years in…?

Ohgo, their leader, actually murdered your wife when she arrived in the middle. Mogatch, second in command, supervised the burglary.

A terrific job too. Much better than the state’s version of my faking it.

Swiss Cheese when we finished with them in court. Jury was asleep! Anyway, your settlement based on a hundred for each incarcerated day. Peanuts. They should have started with a flat million. Started! But I took it…and my third.

Ouch! Oh well, you had to breathe that prison air when you visited.

And while your endless paperwork was still going forth, we lost
half in the stock market. Welcome to America!

Never left.

Tuesday, March 14, 2006

Poem, With Attorney

Christ bowls Lubbock,
his shirt a coiling

dragon. “Boy! That’s
some mouth you got on

you!” rags Lily Fowler
from opposing club.

---

a/ Was there more?

p/ That’s it.

a/ Doesn’t tie much up. Well, anyway, State says hate crime.

p/ Cut it out!

a/ Times they are a-sensitive. Anyway, just worried twenty percent on that one. Civil case also.

p/ Now you’re definitely kidding.

a/ Well, he’s not. Judd Crofter of Ledge, Nevada contends you stole his Christ bowling idea.

p/ Lubbock too?

a/ No, Aberdeen.

p/ Which one? Maryland? South Dakota?

a/ The original, Scotland. And lawn bowling. Everybody in white.

p/ There y’go! Almost no resemblance!

a/ His attorney gleeful!

p/ Well if you can’t fight this absurd one…?

a/ Settle.

p/ What for?

a/ Few thousand

p/ No, I mean…!

a/ Not much. Thank God it’s only a lousy poem. Not respected on all the Wall Streets to put it mildly.
Had uncle sold crooked life insurance door to door. At family parties, he had a nice way of talking.
We called him the poet.

p/ Did he peek under the little girls’ pinafores also?

a/ Take out checkbook while I make the call. Dealing with peanuts like this, important to work fast.

Wednesday, March 15, 2006

Definition "Privatization"

Privatization exchanges public thieves for private ones.

Macro, it’s Mafia and national chamber of commerce, corporate execs giving mendacity a bad name.

Micro, retarded Elmo, retained by the private trash company, gets half his former salary and no benefits.

There’s more. Still has to kick back to his uncle, the mayor, just like always.

Moral: If you find a genuinely little man, he must be fucked raw. Distasteful to some, but necessary in the course of human events.

Thursday, March 16, 2006

Impeach!...or...?

Old Hand/ Impeach? A fog. By the time you cut into the bags of these evil feather merchants, guy is back home being worshiped by other Executive and Corporate miscreants.

Idealist/ Sounds Mafia.

OH/ More exactly than any of us'll ever know.

I/ Censure?

OH/ A game. Did it to Jackson. Later expunged. Want that same endless loop wasting billions?

I/ Like the war? Okay then arrest! Throw the cards down!

OH/ His defense: just politics. If it's not, then try legislature first. The retailers. You want Sicily?
All in cages while lawyers and judges scream?

I/ I'd like to see that. Their despicable act on view!

OH/ Not entirely. Many Dems as dazed as rape victims.
Their case: Tried being nice.

And might as well add Old-Line Republicans babbling
an insanity strategy.

I/ None of that flies. Patsies got rewarded too.

OH/ Anyway, Modern Repubs'd get the whole deal catered.
Plus ask for ministers and strippers.

I/ Even I think that dichotomy's a stretch.

OH/ Not so. Dem's convention like Methodist picnic;
GOP ran pimps into nervous exhaustion

I/ And their trial defense when this grand day comes?

OH/ The finger.

I/ As always, then?

OH/ Something to count on at least.

Friday, March 17, 2006

Ohio Was Stolen!

A lot of people think so, but the thieves won't investigate themselves now, will they? So, a dead letter. Someday, bit by conscience, the master programmer will come forth. Then others will talk also. But too late for anything but a footnote.

I'm sorry. Though I believe all that too, I mean literally stolen. Ohio!

You don't literally steal a state.

When you cross the Pennsylvania border, it's like desert. Nothing.

Oh come on! How about the people, cities, cars, little towns, buses, trains? Where do the airplanes fly into?

Well if it's UConn's basketball team at the end of their flight now from Hartford to Columbus, pilot is finding nowhere to set down! Tower gone, airport kaput!

Like Philadelphia Experiment? Parked in another dimension or something? Or those files you erase but don't really erase, so the cops can find out you're interested in little girls' underwear?

Your question exhibits too much information. Look, I know what has happened here and it's a perversity. Those who stole it enjoy bringing real life to a metaphor. Like, the Republicans didn't really steal Ohio, they stole the votes of Ohio. So, some who are as pissed as you are politically don't steal votes, they steal the whole shooting match. Hot Dogs!

Crazy bunch of trouble to go to! How do we get it back?

Oh it'll just reappear some day, and the people in the state won't know what anybody is talking about.

Much ado about nothing?

In the long run.

Poof?

Poof!

Some things are so dumb. I mean, smart people do them and they’re dumb.

And this is just one example.

Saturday, March 18, 2006

Widebellies

cranking out old
hits. Rise up!

Subtext: So what
fuck happened?

In smearing neon
Stretch Mercedes
ticks curbside.

I Saw the Harbor Lights: A Tragedy

a/ Got to know The Emir at the camel races . Gold brick
of a guy.

b/ You bet on those things?

a/ Is the Cardinal a Catholic?

a/ Which one?

b/ Always the question. In the larger context, who do I give the check to when two lobbyists drop by for coffee after the meal? I never avoid moral problems,though. Why I’m reelected.

a/ Well the ports deal’s in the toilet. Should you give back...?

b/ I’m sorry. Not familiar with the term.

a/ Lose-lose for them.

b/ Win-win for us.

a/ How do you figure?

b/ Incessantly! Anyway, Republicans got to prove we’re not the megalomaniac’s rubber stamp one percent of the time. And the money, as always, is nice.

a/ How ‘bout Democrats?

b/ I’m sorry. Not familiar with that term either.

Sunday, March 19, 2006

Club Notes

The fellow just lost babies to
a bomb and cradling what remains

has existed in one’s mind as
a National Geographic spread a-
mong swathed others of a glaring

desert. Plus terror-
ists at Pine & Spruce intent on
screwing Grandma–this a stretch,

but nonetheless,would you want
him on the 1st tee, even
if he lost the babies?

Monday, March 20, 2006

Talking Points Memo: by Joshua Micah Marshall

Quantum Laughter

Physicist: Gotcha!

Tuesday, March 21, 2006

Aussies Clean Up After Monster Cyclone

Well, it’s not like here.
They’ll take care
of each other.

Wednesday, March 22, 2006

Since the regime

cuts taxes and won’t pay bills,
we’ve stuck the kids with

the check for 30,000 each.
Not to panic! With acumen

stored beneath the Sun
God,the vague whelps

could be organized to start
earning,thus paying off
their debt. Even three

year olds can rinse
lemonade glasses.

Thursday, March 23, 2006

Conservatism in Dynamic Definition

Get together and seal the room.
Discuss the tribe’s increase
in gelt by damming any
rising tide.

Friday, March 24, 2006

Central Plank

GOP
War,Peace,endless loop of billions
to our buddies & back in our name.

DEM
Oh dear and oh my! We’re meeting
soon to find out where we stand.
Then we’ll act! Or react...something.

Saturday, March 25, 2006

Present Tense

CSPAN caller: God
doesn’t have a religion.

Well he better fuckin’
get one! Or “God Is Deaders”

regain their feminine pinky-hold. May
I suggest Militant Christianity? Hey!
Go with the Mega-Bombs,Baby! Hell-

uva surplus of gays & ragtops anyway.
St Tolerance In Proportion label me.

Sunday, March 26, 2006

French Connections

MONSIEUR BILL

Cherchez les bimbos.

MONSIEUR GEORGE

Cherchez les $$$$$$.

Monday, March 27, 2006

As a creative professor

made a career
of vagueness.

Sounds like stance,
but much natural

inviting students
to enter,whit-

tle some clarity,
or become themselves

fogged in a space. Cit-
izens throwing up

their hands
at all of this?
Can’t blame them.

Cogs,they grow
to love
shining.

Tuesday, March 28, 2006

Hail to the Woman

softball pitcher! She
winds,& catapults

that fuckin thing.
Like (no pun) ballsy!

Hey! She can frill up
for the stupid dance.

Tart up too--if need be.
If your bat’s high

watch it! Might
just knock it limp.

Wednesday, March 29, 2006

the god thing

Someone gets cancer
and will die soon-

er. Get the best!
you prompt. No

matter. All
answers in-

complete. If
the god thing

wasn’t darkest
fraud perpetuated
by scumbags...

well, not all of them.
Those others, if thrown
willy-nilly on labor

market‘d starve. So, pro-
moting full employment, might
just fake alongside, me.

Thursday, March 30, 2006

Dance Recital

opens with Apache number,
like from 1930s film
musical. I know it's

stylized,from Paris
slums originally,but

he's quite brutal,she
overpassive...or

"Democrat," cracked
my glum companion.

Friday, March 31, 2006

Pursuing Happiness

Reporter/ Surveys show more people watching your version of the trial.

Producer/ PIZZAZZ!

Reporter/ Yes, but a different, tenuous truth, hardly fair. Nearly fiction. Meanwhile, the real jury trial goes on. With awful consequences possible.

Producer/ Do you get up in the morning and look at the mirror to affirm your grave credentials? We're play-ing!

Reporter/ Some news reports are even ignoring the actual trial and featuring your bushwah!

Producer/ I'm hardly surprised.

Reporter/ And your virtual victim is swaying the people in the actual courtroom, and probably the jury too. Crazy! And much of it is fabricated. Or unknowable since she's dead.

Producer/ Oh a fact or two in there. But for her kind of soliloquy to have impact; well, you fashion it, of course. From focus groups. That's the art of today. You know…it's dawning on me that I'm merely saying what everybody knows. Except you.

Reporter/ You've already showed the accused as murderer! Replay after replay from every
conceivable angle.

Producer/ Well, you must stand for something in this life! And in the virtual version also. We're going for conviction! Pounding and pounding that idea home!
Why not? And we got our own forensics from our own inventive labs. Death sentence for sure! Wake up! He's a sonofabitch.

Reporter/ But what if…innocent?

Producer/ What does that word mean, really? I wouldn't apply it to you and me.

Reporter/ And your investigators! Rosa and David!
What they don't know they invent!

Producer/ They’re vulgar. Truth is vulgar. And they’re in cutthroat competition with each other, but they’ll be fucking before trials end. Hey! That’s five, ten extra basis points right there.

Reporter/ Christ! You’re creating you own world! Insane!

Producer/ Then everybody is.

Reporter/ We've got to…find a core…something! Before it’s too late.

Producer/ We have! Take the Super Bowl. Last freaky play, ball bounces off Jet Helmet, Eagle grabs it, runs the other way. Touchdown! And Philly drinks Champagne.

Reporter/ Tremendous game!

Producer/ Still is! But in our DVD, it smacks helmet and falls to turf. Jets win! We've sold millions through that gorgeous New York Jet site, and Professor Telranon of Duke says our version will become the historical record.

Reporter/ But it’s lying. It’s all lying. Everything is lying! We can't go on like this!

Producer/ Nonsense. People get what they want. It’s the definition of happiness. Guaranteed in the Constitution—the good part, not the one politicians wipe their ass with.

Saturday, April 01, 2006

Doris has a door-wide dress

& David,kissy-huggy.
Breakfast & so,time
for “discussion.” His

resolve vs her wiles.
I stop there,but
vignette of asshole

behavior then & we're
signing as extras now.

Sunday, April 02, 2006

The New Deal

Whoa! Let's have some relative calm. Now come on! Mostly good news,so listen!

Your jobs have been outsourced to us,but we intend to keep you all. We've researched each and every one of you. Impressive!

So,nothing changes! You even report to work in the same place. And we're going to get into some aggressive hiring soon. Big future here,believe me!

So,nothing to worry about. Now,questions?

Please! I couldn't hear! Oh! Okay. I got it. Do you get to keep your same pay and benefits?

You're the one they call the comedian, right?

Monday, April 03, 2006

Played By the Rules,Always

But a monster screw
has proved too much,

and he speaks up
to the Big Guy at

a chance meeting.
"Don't worry. I'll
take care of it." Too

simple,and our hero
queasies. Sensing that:

"Hey! Just doing my job. If
you kick in to the party,
fine. If you don't,fine.

"And stop worrying about everything!
Not a black-white world. Adjusments
can be negotiated. Politics is not
the pits,but the highest good!"

Fleeing to his car while migrant
clouds of sulphur dog him.

Tuesday, April 04, 2006

Join a corrupt organization

becoming,thus,corrupted.
No! Change,inevitable,&

institutionalized soon
by you! Starting,
just starting!

with the type
of paperclips!

Wednesday, April 05, 2006

Female Triumvirate

When I hear
“nails-hair-shoes”

I’m bailing!
Sports easy topic

or small talk,but
Jesus H. Christ!

Race stunts some
achieving,but no
one chooses it.

Bright little girls
are not free either.

Pushed to con-
sumer ghettos,Sex

of Shopping
Acolytes.

Thursday, April 06, 2006

A Republican Congressman Appreciates

Oh dustups & popoffs!
Usual political strife,
but nice dems on-

board. For a laugh
or to have

your ass
wiped.

Friday, April 07, 2006

There once was a girl from MaDRAS!

who had a magnificent…
way of speaking. Thus did we
Soda Fountain Lotharios

of Ames, Iowa hop past
the limits of heartland sin,

teasing the old limerick as
girl-circles giggled.

Any verbal-further and
MOTHERS! ’d be apprised.
That was very then.

One halcyon day an Egyptian
‘ll drop by, exploding himself
all over the chrome fixtures.

Saturday, April 08, 2006

The Meeting

In a former life I ran the political desk, empty when I wasn't there, of a string of shoppers published by a wealthy plumber. As silly as it sounds, I garnered a lot of readers and almost as many angry phone calls.

My comments were unabashedly Left, and I was frequently scolded by Max, the editor. For not being enough of a fire-breather! His own liberal passion had earned him a set of corroded and leaking pipes.

That's the background. Imagine my surprise...well don't then...when I was invited by a prominent Republican to a meeting to set out priorities and explain the movement that would shortly take over the government lock, stock, and barrel-ass. That sophomoric last, lame jab shows I can't help myself.

“But what do you want me for?”

“We want you to try to understand. Everything will take on our cast and soon! Come and listen. We have our professors too.
I want you to see an intellectual fiber under this change of power. An actual idealism.”

“I sincerely doubt that, but I'll come.”

And became completely surprised at thoughtful speeches and discussions.

My eventual copy for the papers? Even-handed. But Max's headline asserted GREED FINDS ITS PHILOSOPHERS.

Back to the confab, and my finally being asked to leave.
“At the end, however gratifying your presence has been,
there's always nuts and bolts. I'm sure you understand.”

I departed to a universal smile. Reminded me of an especially friendly church.

Down the stairs to the exit, deafened by one screaming man who was answered again and again by the whole assembly. That urinous stairway rang and shook with this cheerleading. Nothing wrong with rallying the troops.

Years later I met my host and asked him about it.

“Well one guy stood up and shrieked repeatedly “What'll we fuckin' do NOW?”

“The response?”

“Steal, Baby, steal!”

“That's been the mantra all right.”

“Out of power a long time, so a lot got pent up.
Therefore, we party theoreticians have been overwhelmed. But we're coming back. Returning things to a moral basis.”

“I don't buy that. My old editor wouldn't give you guys a millimeter! And God, or Marx, rest his soul, he's been vindicated.”

“That's a short-term word.”

“You're losing this next time. Could be a nadir
for Republicans!”

“We'll be back. Without the zealots and thieves.”

“How can you tell them apart?”

“Academic. We're planning strategy now and you'd be a fool not to feel the menace!”

“Impotence, you mean.“

“We accept that as starting point. Won't run around like you guys did for so long. Fire in the convent!”

“Hey! Experts say cycles. Invite me again when you have your next triumphalist meeting. But I'll need help getting up the stairs with my walker.”

“Gloating helped to do us in. Good luck.” Though Max would never have, I gave him the last word.

Sunday, April 09, 2006

Turf Wars

We are dead be-
cause A
wouldn't talk

to B, in order
to thwart any

elevation of
pushy C.

Monday, April 10, 2006

Cheated

After the Cocaine
& DUIs, the sitting

bruised & soiled in
tanktown jails,

the judge can always find
paths to community service,

which you show once or twice for.
(Boys will, again, be etc.)

He avoids, thereby, embarrassment
when meeting you or parents
at the Club. Thus, in Tragic

America, The Rich remain bereft
of cleansing shame.

Tuesday, April 11, 2006

Cable Co Ditches Directory Channel

for The Word. Preacher froth-
mouths down…finally,
choir spreads celestial butter.

Next,Preacher 2,of awful-
ly sweet faith. All of

it,passion-butter-sugar,aimed
at stanching queers & snuf-
fing ragtops & abortion sluts.

What would Jesus do? Why,act Re-
publican,usher moneychangers back
into the temple. Actually,

much of New Testament needs
revision: reason for 2d Coming.

New-infused scribes’ll get it
Right: Christianity is Capitalism.

Wednesday, April 12, 2006

Terrorism

/Hey, Baby! This is a horse we can fuckin’ ride!

//And it could be true, the danger. Real.

/Whatever.

//No, I mean it.

/I know. And that’s the beauty part! Bullshit? Truth? Win-win. John Q gets the livin’shit scared outa him either way.

//Something could still whack us.

/Nah. Fuckin’ heaven on earth!

Thursday, April 13, 2006

Building America On #8 Green

/Listen and don’t be a fool. I can get a gang of spicks to do the work for half.

//Then somebody’ll move to unionize the project.

/Hey! Done in two weeks! Guaranteed. Union can’t get traction that fast.

//Well, I do have some sympathy. My ancestors were humiliated by “No Irish Need Apply” signs.

/There you go! Be a real patriot! Pay the gouging Yankees back!

//To the spicks, I’m the gouging Yankee.

/Not so! Believe me, they’re smart enough to shut their mouths--except to sing in Spanish.

//And what if immigration agents come round?

/Totally remote. But I’ll be there all the time to take care of anything that comes up.

//Ah hah! Your fee on top of...

/All-inclusive. One-stop shopping.

//Let’s hurry and putt out. Some foursome of drunks coming to the tee. Hear them?

/Captains of Industry in the loose mode.

//You have a sense of humor. I’m amazed.

/We don’t have time. I can have full component onsite tomorrow. Work till they drop.

//I don’t know...still worried about morality of...

/Hey! That’s what you got confession for. I’m pushing the button.

//Okay.

Friday, April 14, 2006

The man exposed himself

verbally to another
man, who, knowing Truth,
led him to renounce all

previous & get whole
hog for God. Went there-

after ‘round with benign
¼ smiles, once belt-

ing his wife for her
interest. She fell back

into the ranks, a soldier
for Christ. The Good News
bears propagation as a form

exalting the Female
as conscientious
diplomat.

Saturday, April 15, 2006

Chronicles of Vegas

Arrest Hitler
quotes. Nasty shit
& then the slug

line -Adolf Hitler. Re-
sembling OUR leaders'
words: That's the joker.

Big deal! Let's be-
lay the HISTORY
schtick. A bag in
an abandoned station.

Who needs old hat in
comic, if murderous,

assholes? We got
among us state
of the art!

For Nuremberg I propose
Las Vegas. T&A sleaze.

Perfumed crotches
& poisonous buffets,

plus "shows" headlined
by zombie hasbeens.

& what's easier to
fathom than everything

for sale? Air a shaking
foil of dollar signs.

& so hot the dump-
sters really stink.
Immediate & American.

Monday, April 17, 2006

The Universe Is Random

Some say.
It may be so

random, it’s ordered.
Like baseball, after

you hit the winning
homerun, team loses
in chaos yet

again. God retro-
actively moving
the fence

as you celebrate
victory, opposite

outfielder snags
your drive, they win.

Well, call it what
you will. Fence moves.

Count the planks and
check for warp. An-
alyze composition of
the wood. Important to

have something to do which
also moves the fence
as it moves itself.

Tuesday, April 18, 2006

“Jackson’s Bare Breast Lights Up CBS Switchboard”*

Well, that’s an image, actual-
ly I skip halftime spectacles.
They’re trash, especially

Super Bowls. A local kid, liked
the ones at Yale games. Parody,
the band guys crashing

into cheesy sets and mang-
ling dumb props. They
were drunk, of course.

*GOPUSA

Wednesday, April 19, 2006

In Truly Perfect Service

When wealth,only,
drives,rest of us,

curbside,wave or
salute. Not hard

to stomach for
they deserve it,be-
sides it’s the law.

Some numbnuts kick a-
gainst the pricks so we

have a ticket to ride
and break some heads!

Thursday, April 20, 2006

Location

Well we got some red-ass rubes! I mean they'd whack off in public if they could. And some have tried.

We're still rural, and many have scratched awake with the hogs after wild nights.

Scandals and love triangles? Like anybody else, Park Avenue or Pig Hollow. But no fancy divorce trials or lawyers here.
It's handled, period. Two-thirds of participants turn around and catch a bullet.

And the shooter not brought to justice...since he got it on his own. Economy.

Yeah it's racial too! Most black people just shake their heads and move on. Good luck to them somewhere else!

Hell we got good people too! Churchy old folks. So, don't get me wrong!

And even the lowest good ole boy can often do a shockingly moral thing. Makes you really wonder how-all God works!
Majority still have pretty spotty record, of course.

But, I'll tell you in confidence, only one among all of them'd truly screw a snake. And he's in Congress.

Friday, April 21, 2006

Annals of Capitalism, Chapter 1,000,027

/Man I don't know why I didn't get me a website before this. You can fuck people triple-raw all over this great land.

//My son showed it to me. Lying in a thousand colors.

/Let's not get too realistic. We also deliver a service. Expensive, but a service nonetheless.

//Uh huh. And how are you planning to give it to me?

/Well, you're the only mover on my list down there and...

//Hey! last guy was pain in the ass. College Professor. And he had a shitload of stuff! Paintings and rocks he called sculpture. I told him eleven hundred gas surcharge. He said what? To go seven blocks? I said do I come into your classroom and tell you how to teach?

/Hey! I like that. Try to do that to a plumber and he'd drop a rusty water heater on your head.

//Professor got nothing but talk! He paid up.

/Bingo! In Sucker's Hall of Fame, those guys get a golden room. Anyway, this job is pretty small. 3 thou flat for you. That's as high as I can go. But they got antiques, so 2 thou for special handing on your end, plus the gas. You should end up with 6 thousand.

//What you end up with?

/That's a little secret. You wanna get your own web site?

//I guess I'll probably take the job. Tell me more.

/Just a bungalow, move fifteen miles to new condo overlooking dump. Old lady and pansy son. Get on his good side and you can put it up his ass literally.

//We leave the fancy fucking to city people.

/By the way, you represent Certified Estimate Movers now. They prepaid, and not a

penny more! Guaranteed! Until you refuse to unload, of course.

/The professor says he's gonna write a letter.

//Let him. Usually a bluff. But if some official comes to see me, I send him away happy.

//Boy! You're a big crook! I'm just a little...

/Never forget that, and money will fall from the skies.

//A miracle! Thank you Jesus!

/Ain't it? Makes me feel like warm pee all over!

Saturday, April 22, 2006

Classic Explanation

of high prices, gas.
The Invisible Hand
goes right up your...

Sunday, April 23, 2006

Understanding Gasoline Prices. A Dialog.

EXECUTIVE
You’re talking about a business of multitudinous complexities and staggering uncertainties. “Gouging” accusations, therefore, are too off-base and too simple-minded to even begin to answer.

CITIZEN
God it feels cold back there! You've not only lifted my wallet but sliced off the rear pocket! And while you’ve talked!

EXECUTIVE
Efficiency.

Monday, April 24, 2006

System Works

You murder your wife and the nasty-minded cops know it. Nonetheless you help with searching, and drive boy scouts around to put up posters.

Add crying on TV, interviewer Wendy Wertz leading you tenderly.

You inwardly muse, while looking with Rotarians, how this dogshit area really does resemble the one where you deposited her under trash and rusty, corrugated tin.

Never found, but you're tried anyway.

Prosecution stages a bimbo parade.

Your lawyer counters that you're not on trial for being a bad altar boy, but for murder. Beyond a reasonable doubt! he hammers. You grow to love the phrase.

Her parents think you did it, but they're snivelers anyway. Since they can’t speak a word without sobbing, even talk show hosts reject them.

At any moment, a minimum of two jurors will sleep under the weight of the circumstantial evidence.

You smile at the panel or cry, depending on signals from your attorney. His behavior itself is against the law. Much breaking of the law at trials–fortunately curtailed when the rare judge rouses to pay minimal attention.

After the verdict you explode into shuddering sobs, which may even be real. Then you hug anyone not repelled.

You tell the cameras and blinding lights that your nightmare is finally over, and that everyone, however innocent, is in danger from overzealous prosecutors. Now the police, you sneer, can get after the real...

The male prosecutor won’t speak; the female sobs. Bimbos have fled, but unlimited supply.

Your mother and father are wiped out with the attorney fees, but what the fuck, they're ancient anyway.

No good comes from anything like this, you tell Lucille, barkeep at The Carousel.

She's secretly grateful that such a good tipper won't be put to death.

You put a C-note on the Lakers.

Your lawyer’s beefy face fills all the TVs there. The system works! he informs Margo Gellerham, new Channel 6 anchor.

They switch to Father Morrisey, spiritual advisor to wife’s parents: God will ultimately judge.

You scrabble up to give him the finger, starting from near the floor and ending over your head. That felt good! you tell Lucille, ask if it’s too late to double the bet.

You will get to more freely strut when, at a press conference arranged by the newly-elected district attorney one year later, a jailed drifter confesses!

In addition, he is Jesus Christ and must be bathed by virgins.

In a quiet deal with church leaders, latter pronouncement squelched by all outlets. They already had a prominent minister cited in a husband’s divorce complaint detailing a rotational game played at a choir convention.

The drifter is ultimately convicted and refuses to appeal. He is sure he’ll sit in God’s lap.

Your personal appeal (“The Christian”--Journal-Sentinel editorial anoints you) is later turned down by the governor.

Asked to join picketers outside the execution, you do, but just long enough to announce a run for Congress. Mystifying them, and embittering further, if possible, your old prosecutors.

The following night you agree with Matts Rundeist of Fox News that America is the greatest nation on the face of the earth.

Tuesday, April 25, 2006

Three farmers meet for coffee

knowing what they know. Through
hint and understatement, they
file it Iowa cold. In

more apparent tone, three
Manhattan friends convene, their

chatter terribly keen,
yet reassuring. Both

surround everything, so, ques-
tion, then, of style. Each

laughs at the other: The Comedy of
Manners historical, ongoing, always
following the turf.

Wednesday, April 26, 2006

Revenging Farce*

Insist, again, on righteousness,
eyes fastening. Next time, cowards
laugh, trusting there’s an end of it. Bide

your hallowed space & then: eviscerate mid-
dance—it’s your bounden duty. In melee,

other dancers pitch and fall, thus, collateral
benefits of lust.

*History repeats itself: first as tragedy, then as farce. –Marx, others

Thursday, April 27, 2006

Cable Co Ditches Directory Channel

for The Word. Preacher froth-
mouths down…finally,
choir spreads celestial butter.

Next,Preacher 2,of awful-
ly sweet faith. All of

it,passion-butter-sugar,aimed
at stanching queers & snuf-
fing ragtops & abortion sluts.

What would Jesus do? Why,act Re-
publican,usher moneychangers back
into the temple. Actually,

much of New Testament needs
revision: reason for 2d Coming.

New-infused scribes’ll get it
Right: Christianity is Capitalism.

Friday, April 28, 2006

Treatise

Hey! Chick Flicks are fine
but it's their shit.

If y’hafta pretend while
squirming, she’s better

off with a broad, crying to-
gether while the AWFUL con-

flict gets quadruple-milked.
We'll shoot pool.

Saturday, April 29, 2006

Force Feeding@Guantanimo

Brits did to jailed Suffragette
hunger strikers & I say

good enough for rich
old English broads then...

Sunday, April 30, 2006

The Trees

In Athens the great connoisseurs
of female loveliness weigh in

sparsely at sidewalk tables o-
ver virile coffee. They gaze

judiciously before making
considered comment.

German and French women
pass this rigorous test.
As do Danes and Swedes.

Americans get dis-
missed as “trees.”

I doubt heroin chic’s
defunct in The Apple. Even

so, you’d think the cops
on rag trade beat’d date
a model or two. Some do.

Others ride bikes
on Ragbrai, across,
of all places, Iowa.

And after a while, marry corn-
fed daughters of farmers, no
joke. These are beautiful.

Repeat, beautiful!

Monday, May 01, 2006

In Palm Beach

past the mansions facing God's
smashing blue ocean, a coy Angel
darts in front of my rental car,

lights a cigarette in a blind-
ing gazebo. Fleeing, no doubt,

some rich tableau. Despite the risk
of Cancer, we should all join her.

Tuesday, May 02, 2006

Shoes For the Twins

Little Boy and Big Boy were their nicknames, but only Jinky and Belle could tell them apart.

Jinky was laid off again and Belle started cleaning offices, wouldn't see any money for two weeks.

The twins needed new shoes for kindergarten.

"We're down to about nothing, and spigot's off at my parents'," Belle shrugged.

"Maybe was a mistake to let that counselor dude cut up the Master Card?"

"He was right," mused Belle. "All the smart people are right."

"Well, let's be smart ourselves! We have the money for one pair, right?"

"Two things. One, I'm going to the school and beg them to move Big Boy to the afternoon session. Then they can switch
the shoes."

"I know number two involves me," winced Jinky.

"Well, I might flunk. You go to the store in town, not the shopping center. The little guys'll still give penny-ante credit."

"No way!"–from Perry Saul of Boulevard Fashion Shoes. "I've been burned for the last time!" Jinky thanked him, but Saul blocked his exit. "Look! There's a rich guy. Christian. He might buy you the other pair. Here's his card."

The Good News, Belle finally persuaded the nasty faggot of a vice principal (as he even called himself) that the twins would better prosper at separate kindergarten times.

Philanthropist asked Jinky, "Are you familiar with the expression, blow-job?"

"I didn't pop him," explained Jinky over a generic beer split with Belle, "cuz he was so fuckin old."

Wednesday, May 03, 2006

All Over the Place

3,Japan

Rain swings
dark bridge
to man and woman, slashes

birches, their raw
whites like over-
lapping memories dashed

black, strikes rushing,
glistening mass:
straw cape moments back.

Thursday, May 04, 2006

Profound Dialog on Governance

I say throw out the president and congress and let Halliburton run the show.

But they're corrupt!

Yeah?

Friday, May 05, 2006

"Bush Jokes"

gets 16mil Google hits.

Such a skewering, multitudinous!

GOP worried?

In tiniest measure.

Their machine runs elections.

Under snake's belly their high ground.

Saturday, May 06, 2006

Our Tailor

PACKY/ It's Sal the Ghinny!

MICKEY-O/ That's his cover in South Philadelphia, only place it fools nobody. So, Sal, you make-a suit for bigga shot?

SAL/ Several. But I have to get back to my mother. Celebre's Egg and Pepper Sandwich...hundred other places but this the only one
for Mama! So fight the ballpark traffic like a good boy.

MICKEY-O/ How much you make off that African dude? Was in Newsweek.

SAL/ He's a nice-a fella.

MICKEY-O/ Don't revert, Fraud! Not the way you talked getting that political science degree at Penn.

PACKY/ What's a tailor need...?

SAL/ My Dark Continent accounts. You don't want to bring up strangled predecessors to the strangler. Decorum.

MICKEY-O/ I'll tell you one thing, Salvatore, Packy's sitting on you unless you answer the number one-a question!

SAL/ And what, pray tell, would that be?

MICKEY-O/ My father saw you on CNN coming out of the White House, tape measure trailing off your bony ass!

SAL/ I'm not at liberty to say anything.

MICKEY-O/ You won't get at liberty unless you do!

PACKY/ I WILL sit on you, greaseball faker! Dino Martini wannabe!

MICKEY-O/ Don't worry. His weight varies. Little below, little above. Four hundred. At three he was Mario Lanza wannabe!

SAL/ I truly understand. Everything you gentlemen so work to impart.

MICKEY-O/ Okay, then let’s have it. Truth for once, International Needle-and-Con Man!

SAL/ Well…you know, prison clothing so dowdy. So I worked up designs. One’s drawstring pants with nice shirt-jacket.
Breast pocket embroidery coming in from Indonesia. Anyway, soft fabrics with random silk threads and world-class tailoring.
What's not to like?

PACKY/ I'd give 'em nothing. Evil bastards!

MICKEY-O/ Now that's the other side, Pack! The terrorists...no style sense whatsoever there.

SAL/ Hey! Listen for once! They're nice guys at White House. Not stereotypes. And full of fun! Even you two
Neanderthals’d be surprised.

MICKEY-O/ Leavenworth'll be a barrel of laughs.

PACKY/ Evil bast...!

MICKEY-O/ That's enough, Packy. We got the point. Your father carried walking-around money for the Democrats until he collapsed
under the weight.

SAL/ Well, as politically educational as all this has been, Mama awaits. And she's the famous Mouth of Ritner Street,
so give me a break!

PACKY/ That’s during the week. Italian Market on weekends and you can’t hear down there!

MICKEY-O/ Doesn't it bother you, Sal, that most of the Executive Department of this country is probably going to prison?

SAL/ Not if they're wearing my clothes.

Sunday, May 07, 2006

Pointed exchange

-(reading) Little girls see Virgin at Lourdes...Channel Six.

-So little time, so much pathetic shit.

Monday, May 08, 2006

Medical and Political Account, Middle Tiyunkunum Island

The Canoe People Elders had to have their war. And since Ohgo the storyteller had died, the exact grievance against The Burning Patch People was unknown.

Finally decided was that an ongoing insult could be endured no longer: Their young men jumped from bushes near paths separating the areas and exposed themselves.

But they had always done that, always running away as Canoe girls taunted in song.

Baby toad penis,
no wonder you run.
Send a man next time.

Maybe you can find one
your volcano has made hot!

Only hot men will do
for Canoe Women!

In their own meeting, The Burning Patch people voted to wage battle on the basis of that insulting song. Even though they laughingly sang it in their own village. Sometimes giving Canoe men the baby toad penis, and sometimes not bothering.

The war was held and young men waded into each other with ferocity. And two minute later, mutually withdrew.

Each said the other retreated out of cowardice, and claimed victory with honor.

Triumphant, drunken orgies were performed to celebrate complete avenging.

Since most priests had expired, both tribes shared a healer. He applied a hemorrhoid cream to the Burning Patch commander who suffered a painful flare-up from the tension, the same to a Canoe brave's poked eye.

The following month a Burning Patcher exposed himself in the same old way, but was tackled by an Amazonian Canoe girl and held captive by her.

They soon announce plans to marry and both assemblies vote for war again.

The priest intervenes, inviting everyone to a party in neutral territory.

At the staggering height of chaos, he marries the couple and both sides sing out the penis song at full throat.

Despite terrific hangovers the following day, both sides affirm that a state of war still exists.

But the newly-married couple call a meeting of young people in the neutral area. They combine to overthrow both assemblies, sending the elders shrieking into the bush.

The new Canoe-Burning Patch Nation is led by The Amazon, who states "Love is the end of nonsense."

Husband proposes amnesty for elders, but she spits, "Let them wander like that Moses the missionaries blabbed on about!"

"Well…I rule in the hut," he tells the other players at the hybrid cricket-baseball game the islanders had fashioned from British and American occupations.

"That's always an illusion," Priest-Umpire declares. "Now batter up to the wicket! Three strikes you’re out! Three outs we have beer!”

Tuesday, May 09, 2006

Oval Office, 20xx

CORPORATES
We've decided on war.

PRESIDENT
Then it's up to me. Congress will bug out as usual.

CORPORATES
You can say that it's up to you.

PRESIDENT
Fiction, huh? I'm to do what I'm told?

CORPORATES
Bingo!

PRESIDENT
There's a small matter of money. We'll have to do it on plastic, with the Chinese buying the debt. Dangerous.

CORPORATES
Not at all. China is a corporate branch.
Thus we're paying ourselves, well not the country,
the corporations.

PRESIDENT
You're raping the nation and you want me to go down
in history as The Great Enabler!

CORPORATES
Savior! We'll write the history and that's what we'll say. Deniers ending up face down in various
bodies of water.

PRESIDENT
A bitter day when you talked me into this office.

CORPORATES
Freedom exists in not having choices. Your pen?

Wednesday, May 10, 2006

Girls!

-That raunchy place?

-Yeah, they want you to bring your wife. New policy.

-No chance!

-Think she might turn queer?

-That the danger?

-Hey! Women like to see some nice tits and ass too.

-Life getting too complicated for me! My grandmother cooked and knitted.

-But thought.

Thursday, May 11, 2006

The Bottom Line

ASSISTANT
People think it's filthy today.

GOP OPERATOR
Natures of beasts. But not the bad old days by any measure. Beanbag today, really.

ASSISTANT
People don't see the professionalism. Attorneys, accountants, and good, sharp, solid managers.

GOP OPERATOR
Well-run campaigns, I'll give you that. Governance though, to be frank, turns out grossly incompetent. Hacks are brutal!

ASSISTANT
Dem’ll kill us next time on that.

GOP OPERATOR
Oh I don't know. As in Vegas, you just have to control the counting room.

Friday, May 12, 2006

Choices

CARDINAL
This game show is called SO YOU WANT TO BE A BISHOP?

PRIEST
With all due respect, Your Eminence, the scotch is getting watery. Additionally, I feel that my bishop misunderstood…

CARDINAL
Your poor will wait. As if they have a choice.

PRIEST
You have choices. And you make them for The Church.

CARDINAL
Thank you for pointing that out, but not really. We have investments.

PRIEST
If the face of Church and that of Wealth remains indistinguishable, then…

CARDINAL
Thank you for coming in, and I'll personally thank the Bishop for sending you. But…the Bishop Game is not for you–as we both realize. And though you may become a saint far down the road, my vineyard differs. I pray for yours bearing abundant fruit, and God bless you, Father!

Saturday, May 13, 2006

Would you like mustard on that baloney?

My phonecalls & emails swirl
down into some government
black hole, where their
comparision with others
in a matrix of total
bullshit will guard us
all. Corporate Networks
frame it: Are you willing
to give up privacy for security?
Is that takeout? Or will you eat,
& puke, here?

Sunday, May 14, 2006

Love’s Sweet Moments

remain wonderful,
but nuclear waste
sustains. Deserv-

ing higher,severe-
ly metrical odes
for that reason.

And fuller hearts,
if rigid. True cons-

ervative views
being loaded right.

Monday, May 15, 2006

Homage to George Peppard, At Breakfast...

You managed to look human
in a tightass Ike year.
(though he smiled benignly

enough). And in those pinched-in
suits only skinny guys could wear.
Brylcreme--a little dab did you.

Making you look more, or less,
sappy? The endless fashion debate.

And a writer! Pecking at a portable.
Can't say you brought integrity there.
But you can't shine shit.

What a time! I heard some
strangled themselves
for their sins.

Only the dead
were perfect then.

Tuesday, May 16, 2006

Fun @ NSA

-Man, is this guy's some fuck-talker! The really dumb girls like the paisans. Hairy Ape Syndrome.

-Who's the broad?

-Breathy. Sexy. You recognize her!

-Shit yes! Now I do! Wow! My favorite actress! I'll take my turn when Super-Ghinny signs off. Who can’t talk at least some dirty shit?

-It's...shame we can't listen. Just a database collection thing as you know.

-Wouldn't dare without a court order. As we both understand.

-Why, we’re understanding now! Such a thing could be abused. And if something does...fall your way, you end it quickly.

-Jesus Christ! And I thought she was whorey onscreen!
Did you hear what she just said?

-No, and neither did you.

-Goddamn law prevents us from doing our job!

Wednesday, May 17, 2006

Turdblossom

-Despicable.

-How so?

-Turdblossom plants the shit he grows from.

-Wins elections.

-Verb is steals.

-That right? Well that is despicable! Like your letting us paint your guy as a pussy.

-I'm sorry. Shouldn't have said despicable. Meant Republican. Every one of you! On the hook for conduct of pigs.

-Too much morality around here! Off to Starbucks. Can I bring you back a hemlock?

Thursday, May 18, 2006

Random Fate In Time of Terror

-Eees there Mohammed Teh-feek Mohammed?

-No. I’m sorry. Wrong number.

…

Hi. Special Agents Murthah and Tresslor. May we come in?

Friday, May 19, 2006

Report: Apes shown to be able to plan ahead*

Report: Apes' News Service (ANS)

Humans use tools with increasing sophistication.
Often to blow up their fellows.

Humans employ increasingly intricate concepts.
Frequently perverted by leaders and religious persons.

*Yahoo News

Saturday, May 20, 2006

Vocation

Desired a job where-
in I could slide from
heavy lifting, spending

time required to work,
if at all, on meanest
trivialities. Oh, and I

wanted to help friends
steal, have them, grate-
ful, kick some back. While

waving flags, and short-
sheeting Jesus. And you.

Wasn't easy to do, but I
became a US Senator.

And you, and yours,
a US Sucker.

Sunday, May 21, 2006

The Beauty of So Many Professing Christians

in political office &
military is evident

in our gold standard
of torture.

Golden RULE, though, can-
not apply, lest we desire

object’s reciprocity
in kind & hypocrisy. For

not devoutly to be wished
is martyrdom
with all the parties vile.

When all this scum
is done,
God bless us everyone.

Monday, May 22, 2006

The Fraternity of Torture

It was after G got tyro A to confess his girlfriend thought his pecker small. G led a cheer. “Tiny Pee Pee! Tiny Pee Pee!”

Then, “Let’s all pull it to make it longer!” They did and A shrieked.

“More ritual than pain,” counseled Overmaster.

“You got it backwards, Prick.”

“That’s enough,” Torture Master whispered, but G gave it one more brutal yank, and then turned his attention to the buttocks of shrieking A.

"Not red enough yet!" He had brought a whip, though all instruments must come from Torture Master's locker--as G was reminded by him.

G spit “You're so full of shit! When I was Torture Master--”

“But you're not.” Overmaster intervened. “You had to be removed and not reinstated here until you blubbered your way back in, literally crawling on your belly. And the national chapter paid plenty to that judge and wife whose kid you shoved that poker up his–”

“No shove! No shove! A few burns around the hairy entrance. The back porch hah hah! Anyways, just needed whatchacallit, that Zinc and Oxide stuff. Anyways, they were ghinnies. Don't have our names.”

A couldn't stop retching now, and “Shut the fuck up!” G screamed, glad to change the subject. “You won't be a member anyway. Scholarship boy from busdriver's spawn or something. It's is all so fuckin PC-disgusting! Pretending he can ever equal us with our families.
Pigs in the administration of this university to let these little creeps in!”

Overmaster pronounced the maximum fine of a thousand dollars on G for indicating how he’d vote on
the candidate.

“I spend that on a night of skanky whores. Here! I even got the cash!”

Someone helped A back to his room as Torture Master put the implements back in

prescribed order into the
Sacred Locker. This took a half hour since each required a rhyme to go with its insertion.

Overmaster met an ashen member in front of the student bookstore. "G! He was coming over here to get a book even though the course is about over. And he just...shook and shook and fell, like, straight down in a heap. He's dead! He's fuckin dead! Ambulance just left. I just can’t get over it!”

“Stupided to death.” I've seen it once before. “Yeah, he definitely stupided to death."

“Can that be?”

“Oh it be. You won't see it in statistics, but happens everywhere. Many go on from this institution and it happens later in life. Often after political careers. Some great captains of finance, too, dumb as doorknobs.”

“It's a horrible death!”

“Oh I don't know. Inevitable, apt, appropriate. How could that be all wrong?”

“Hey! Better watch yourself! God himself--!"

“has a deck-full of jokers. Forget it.”

“God! Smell lingers, doesn’t it? Rotten eggs and body odor.”

“Stupidity has varied stinks. But this is state
of the art.”

Tuesday, May 23, 2006

Ah the Strangely Scitzy-Witzy Wall Street Journal!

Reporters dig sans fear, and write
astringent prose, no matter which fat,

plutocratic ass gets burnt, or megalo-
maniac president or ninny congress, whilst

Editorial Page misses the truth
of older, golder times with up-
pity workers whipped routinely.

Wednesday, May 24, 2006

Yet another thing you wouldn't think so, but

biggest suckers at
the most egregious baits
are salesmen. They

dance,ravished
by familiar music,in
another thief's embrace.

Thursday, May 25, 2006

The Botanist’s Life

1) exploring leaf
like a hand, skin

& under-
layer & un-
der that.

2) In pursuit of?
See 1.

3) God? Span
too narrow
and too deep.

Friday, May 26, 2006

Email To The Revolution

The defamatory-inflammatory
is like to be OBSCENE. So

we’ll flay your red ass
on that last

to preserve the Constitution
UNDER GOD.

Saturday, May 27, 2006

Political Morph
Hey! Uncle Sam wearing Birkenstocks,*
& once-gritty demonstrations gain cachet.
*photo in Philly Inquirer

Sunday, May 28, 2006

“Is it Granada
I see or only Asbury Park?”
“I saw a man he danced
with his wife.” Camp-

sophistication fancies,as
shaky Americans,
urinous Europe.

Monday, May 29, 2006

```
   The 6-toed cat pondering

the dilemma:   Form restricted
  the master;     form became his
  highest art.     Such cats know
       but can't      reveal.
                     Or      won’t.
```

Tuesday, May 30, 2006

The Courthouse

Off’d the wife
but state’s evidence
weak weak weak! Expect-

ing to walk away,
had his cousin
park the Camaro in

the courthouse garage
before work,

leaving the key with
Buzz, a guard. Dumb-

est possible jury knew
he did it and to hell

with all the language crap!
Recommended Life to judge.

So, he’s taken, first,
to be dumped into an
orange jump suit.

Buzz drives the car away,
later chats with the Sheriff,
his uncle. “Nice car, but like
to make it faster.”

“Can’t advise you to do anything
with appropriated property, but
like a ride when it’s fixed up hot!”

Another guard, Drewsy Tuckles, wears the sports
jacket and slacks and Pierre Cardin tie to
church. “Little uneasy, but what the…uh…

well, before he sees the light of a free day,
be way outa style!” he confides to Reverend Kell.

“Perhaps a social balance then?”–Reverend. Drewsy eventually gets the point, contributes to the church’s boy scout troupe.

Wednesday, May 31, 2006

Executive Office Conference

POLITICAL OPERATOR
Senator Fem has been yap-yapping.

-What about? Oh never mind. I don’t wanna know. Just marginalize him.

POLITICAL OPERATOR
Can’t quite. Five guys in his state practically support the national party. He’s their boy.

-That’s okay. As long as he’s theirs exclusively. No more branching out into what he fancies ideas.

POLITICAL OPERATOR
Call him in?

-No, call in young Jenkins.
…

-Jenkins!

JENKINS
Sir!

-You’re to take Senator Fem to lunch. It’ll be explained to you what to tell him. And watch your expense account.
If it’s free he’ll eat like a pig!”

POLITICAL OPERATOR
And don’t dance with him.

-And I thought all the lightfoots did their thing around the other gang!

POLITICAL OPERATOR
Just ninety-nine percent. Next, problems with judges, ones we appointed.

-I’m not even listening! Independent judiciary is a bulwark of freedom. Totally necessary!
Just ask them to be mindful of their constitutional duty. Now translate for Jenkins.

POLITICAL OPERATOR
The President is a militant upholder of the separation of powers among the branches of government.
And is acutely…etc etc. Certainly, conflicts can arise, and they must be intelligently discussed.

-Do you agree, Jenkins?

JENKINS
Of course, Sir.

-What a surprise! Let’s pretend that Brooks Brothers suit is a robe and you become the judge now, Jenkins, so that you can be addressed directly.

POLITICAL OPERATOR
Greetings from the President, Your Honor! NOW DO WHAT THE FUCK YOU’VE BEEN TOLD!

Thursday, June 01, 2006

"Reporter" On Reporters*

Shame, but they die
as softly,going off
like fairies while

the warrier remains
grounded,the agent
of duty and truth

ploughing down evil,a-
longside the occasional
woman and child. To

the consternation!
of those breaking
nails and teacups.

Ah,protesting
too too much!

---

*NEW YORK Karl Zinsmeister, the new chief domestic adviser to President Bush, while embedded as a reporter with the 82nd Airborne in Kuwait in 2003, declared that "many of the journalists observable in this war theater are bursting with knee-jerk suspicions and antagonisms for the warriors all around them. A significant number are whiny and appallingly soft." -E&P

Friday, June 02, 2006

Gamers

-I got poker
and congress-
men and CIA,

and all in
a nest of
whores!

-What’s not
to like?

-Can you do ten
thousand to buy in?

-Hey! Mark me
down,Baby! I’ll
bill thirty!

-There you go again!

-Yup,Looking For Wrong
In All the Love Places.

Saturday, June 03, 2006

GOP Shit-Swim

-C'mon in! It stinks but
y’get used to it,can be-

come connoisseurs in
fact. And some matter
glistens like coins!

Like melting doubloons
at gorgeous sunset. Ah!

"But we're most of us
Democrats." -Hey! More
you stand there,more scabs
you'll hafta pick off.

A few dive in,bob brownly.

-Won't regret...not completely.
And at the end,a bridge
named for you that your boys
can bring their friends to.

Turds may float by your nose,
but a grateful nation will
someday paint you pure with-

in the growth called History.
And those of you even now turn-
ing your backs,you aesthetes,

could wait interminably for
the next,fragrant wave.

Sunday, June 04, 2006

New Anteroom

-We got ten Crays running 24-7. Before we break for the weekend, we always assign Heaven or Hell.

-Purgatory?

-That’s PR.

-Then I’ve been chosen by a random program?

-That’s the short of it. The shorter is it’s Hell for you.

-God! And nothing to do with how I lived? Extent of my sins? Can’t accept that! I must be allowed to present my case! Please! Seems to me I’m minor league, compared to some I’ve known.

-That could be true, but finding the genuine scum would take too large a program. So, we went random. Hey even the lowest pedophile murderer pours his buddy a coffee. God tends to exaggerate that latter behavior, so we had to take him out of the equation too.

-But it’s not fair!

-Naive there, naive here. Excuse me! Those with red hands line up under the Hell sign!..and that means you, I’m afraid.
Join your new friends.

-Is there a procedure for last-minute appeals? Must be!

-Hurry it up!--not as bad to go in around this time. They’re banking the fires for the evening.

-Do all of you know how we got here? It’s a chance thing and totally obscene!

-No more talking! We don’t want chaos! God has given all of you the belly pack now being distributed. But carry it in your hand.
Heat will melt the buckle. Also, better eat the Hershey Kisses. And put all paper in the trash cans! We don’t want it to start looking like hell.

Monday, June 05, 2006

What Comes Around

Dem/ How can we get the rich paying more? As a start,to us.

Repub/ How can we give the rich more? They won't forget.

Tuesday, June 06, 2006

Male Blood Heaps

and her secret
just revealed:

They met to work
things out. Dutch

Hurlbert,Sheriff:
"I’ve seen such
compromises."

Wednesday, June 07, 2006

Geology of Government

-How do you explain this level of corruption so fast?

-Well, when you're out of power, forces build up to an intolerable level.

-And when you finally take over…?

-Explosion!

-Sounds sexual.

-That too. Anything for money.

-Well your leader is number one!--in worst president of all time category.

-Hey! Step back! Step back! Get, like, a grip!

-A time out required, is it? For you to marshal his defense?

-No, just a breathing space to consider how we've had guys couldn't find their ass with both hands.

Thursday, June 08, 2006

Heritage of Heart

And did the final Squaddie’s boot
(Let me sleep now) sever
the spinal chord?

(Lord God of Hosts be with us yet)
And did we Yanks enshroud in ice

a one we beat and scared
(Be with us yet)

to death?
How mine eyes

have seen the glory
of cumulus so brilliant

from my tropic strand!
(Such bursting floods
of white!) A surf-

er glides ahead of golden
wind, then folds him far
within the spirals

of the violet eye
he’s rendered dark.

Saturday, June 10, 2006

“Refuses to die”

I don’t believe that this committee has jurisdiction in any case. We’re preliminary,to decide whether a draft board is feasible at this time. However,we have received your statement and have no objection to placing it in our records.

Just as an aside,your objection to “older people playing with the lives of younger” is gross and hurtful. We don’t want anyone killed but this free nation is perpetually threatened!

All our lifetimes! And your assertion that the facts are never there to back up this threat is without merit. Clarity is not there often,of course,but that’s to be expected.

Fog of war and all that jazz.

Well,Madame Vice Chair has other duties,and I’m late for golf, but just let me add that this nation wasn’t built...

(no posts till 6/20)

Tuesday, June 20, 2006

The Harrison Ford Movie

He’s Jack Mack Zack, CIA,
& wife is being held in

an artificial anus factory
run by Nazis. All blond &
mega nasty, the Nazis. His boss,

imposingly Afro ex-linebacker in
sport jacket which could envelop
three Arabs, can’t be told of her.

Ransom? Jack’s revealing names of
Washington’s shadow-elite. But

he schemes to recapture her, thus
not show government classifieds,
a Craig’s List of teabaggers.

Subplot involves despicable-est
Germans trying to plant their virtual

assholes in an alien group deficient
in that small regard. Then clone
them, the aliens, to rule the earth,

plus sections of LA & Queens. Breathless
plots interweave dazzlingly until Jack
destroys factory, Krauts, & participants
in a nearby little league game. (Laptop
atomic device, Microsoft Program). Every body

but wife’s, which locks him in an embrace
Stone Cold Steve Austin couldn’t sunder.

Wow! Complexity & romantic seizures dignify art,
like the original novel enshrining today’s arch-
etype, blundering self-righteous American prick.

Wednesday, June 21, 2006

The Market Will Be Happy

and nation thus,when you
work for nothing and con-
sent to beatings. Trade-

off,after a bit,flayings
lose intensity,even be-
coming just ritual. Too,

shit will become available
for you to eat. Extensively,

scientifically,doctored to
taste like the real thing.

Thursday, June 22, 2006

The Pighead

-Administration's ratings in the toilet.

-They have fucked up everything!

-Do you think that's what the public perceives?

-No perceive! Reality. Fucked up everything!

-But isn't that just your opinion?

-No! Not opinion. Fact. They have--

-Uh huh. Care to cite some actual--

-No cite! No cite! Unnecessary.

-Nowhere to go with you!

-Clusterfuck. No, clusterfuck squared!

-Can you suggest anything to the administration? I mean to start on–?

-Beano. Cut down the stink.

Friday, June 23, 2006

IT’S DAMN CONVENIENT BEING RICH

IN THE GOOD OLE USA. SOME
ECONOMISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS ACT-

UALLY BELIEVE, MANY WITH RATCHET-
ING FURY, IN BESTOWING EVEN MORE.

TO ELBOW & TO INNOVATE.
UH HUH? THERE’S A RAPE.

(SENATORS ON THE TAKE
COLLABORATE.) ADD, TOO,
THE ALMIGHTY’S SYN-
ERGISTIC FRENCH KISS.

SO AMEN AMEN I SAY
TO YOU, GOD’S JUST
GAGA OVER RIGHTY RULE.

Saturday, June 24, 2006

That da Vinci's Some Brand!

When can I buy the under-
pants? More profoundly,

women say you see! We’re
not skanks, Jerkoff Priests!

Folks you'd ease from
in the Penny's line,
lunatic orators, &

stirred theologians,
get pissed, but amaze
with knowledge

many wouldn't bother with.
Life flashes all

shaken foils, but
the center is dark.

Perhaps novel & film
might serve, but I think

about Freud returning
gift of Kafka's stories.

"Too complicated
for the human mind."

Sunday, June 25, 2006

Thoughtful Exchange

-I don't understand. Are you...comparing this GOP government to Puerto Rico? I mean, that's weird!

-You misheard in the static from all the chicanery. STATUTE Rico.

Monday, June 26, 2006

International Diving Contest Now Being Held in Germany

AKA The World Cup, contestants grimace most in reacting to imagined pain.

Pretty much, only feet may be used by rule. This leaves the hands arms and elbows free for any dirty trick conceivable: white players being allowed to hold black ones, as an example, since the latter are unjustly rapid.

Still, the former are faked out of their shorts when opponents do get loose. Religious persons might ask God why whites were created to be so slow.

Generally, such a state of non-action persists on the pitch that drunks riot in the stands and elsewhere just to stir things up.

These are chauvinists and nationalists who can actually drink enough to change sides without knowing it.

Some in the United States watch grass grow, but this is an individual rather than a team sport.

Tuesday, June 27, 2006

On the Porch

-Hey I like it too, but does she hafta carry on like that? Unbelievable!

-How old is this...?"

-Thirty, forty, I don't know.

-I heard a lady could get in trouble doing it with a kid
like that.

-So could the bar serves two brats like us. Lots of people.
What the fuck's the difference? Oooops. Hi, Father Hendrickson.

-Yeah, hi, Faddah.

"I thought I heard your favorite word drifting from this porch.
Hey! CYO going to see the Giants Wednesday night. Parents
have to come up with three dollars for the bus."

-Yeah? I'll scrape mine off the floor of Curran's and see if
any's left. You get married yet?"

"I'll let you know. Show up anyway. Five-thirty. I can get some
money from altar society."

-You're a good guy for a priest.

"So I've heard. You know, I hate to tell you, but you guys are not
really tough. Sort of half-tough. Bye-dee-bye!"

-God bless you, Father!

-And, whatchalit? Save!...half-tough, hey?

-That's about right. No way we're going into the Barkley Boys
neighborhood and get our ass beat off! They're tougher.
Hands down. Like they're Whole-Tough!

-Smart! Us.

-Yeah. There’s some hope. There's some hope. I don’t know what the church or the women have to do with it but, there’s...

-Some people can eat anything they want. And anytime they want, too!

Wednesday, June 28, 2006

Some Say Always

but until this last raft of
utter Republican fools

floated in on their usual
shit-tide of electoral fraud,

Goebbels-like lies &
throttling of blacks,(When
Dems get in we must grant

amnesty to officials &
programmers--get it all
on the permanent record)

I wasn’t convinced that
government’s my enemy.

The good news: They’re giv-
ing up on library records.

That dense book you may have
sort of read by a more or less
Socialist? Whew! The good news?

Can still desecrate the same flag
they wipe their ass with daily.

Thursday, June 29, 2006

SHORTER POLITICAL DICTIONARY
Administration See Rico Statute
Bush A naer-do-well who gains the support of criminals
Capitalism See Imperialism
Congress Iniquity with pockets
Conservative See Liberal
Constitution A joke book
Democrat Confused person who has nothing to flex but fear itself. See also Coward. Or (slang) Suckass.
Democrat2 A Republican
Election See (Serially) Fixed by Party of Lincoln
Farce See Government
GOP “Greed Our Passion”
Idiot Neocon
Imperialism See Suicide or Iraq
Judge One who postures while following orders
Legislator One who by rubber-stamping The Executive gets rich in public service
Liberal A Believer in personal freedom. Therefore, unaffiliated with either party. See Conservative.
Minimum Wage Less than a pittance and yet potentially destructive of a great nation
Patriot See Nazi
People See Screwed
Policy See Bribe
President Beelzebub in a suit. An effective role,since most subjects remain scared shitless.
Press An onomatopoetic word: sound of a rectum gobbling air repeatedly;also,anything easily purchased or terrified
Religious Those who masturbate while attempting to prevent others from doing so. See Republican
Republican Thief professing values
Republican2 Entity which peeks into your bedroom for principle and pleasure
Republican3 Racist. See also Party of Lincoln
Senator A pirate who has taken a speech course;also see Empty Suit or Career Criminal
Screwed See People
Soldier A pawn,living or dead
Television Self-congratulating entertainment for morons; in the political sphere,stage for dancing farce
To Cheney Expressing an inability to be truthful;also To Revive discredited scenarios
To Rove See To Goebbels
Wealthy Denoting a class which invests in the market and in Congress.
War A game professed by the Executive Department while washing its hands of consequence

Friday, June 30, 2006

How It Went & Goes

The boardroom overwhelmed with it's smell of old polished wood and its assembly of power.
But I had a report to give!

Facts are truth, and it's no business of mine what the CEO and Board decide afterwards.

So I embarked! Didn't look up from my script too much. When I did it was wall-to-wall frowns.
Well, nobody said that telling truth to power is easy.

CEO declared a break just when I got into evidence from our LA branch. And warnings of possible indictments.

Lattes and exquisite little pastries.

He started a chat. "You didn't mention Cincinnati Experiment. Such positive force there! And we wrapped
in the community and took a mob of kids to the Reds baseball game. Great on the books and great every
which way. I'm tremendously proud of it!"

"I'll get to it, Sir. There still remain other examples of--"

"It'll be the only focus of the rest of your presentation."

Had to be fast on my feet since there wasn't all that much there to fill the time scheduled.

Gratifying, though, to be so universally congratulated upon wrapping up.

And, all in all, I think I struck a balance overall.

Saturday, July 01, 2006

2 Fireman and the Nation

FIREMAN1
Just the fellows over the drug store left. Boat’ll go right up to that bay window over the doorway there.
FIREMAN2
Fuck 'em! Let ‘em drown! Two less faggots. What the hell are you doin?

FIREMAN1
Praying for you.

FIREMAN2
Get up goddamn you!
FIREMAN1
Not finished.

FIREMAN2
That's what you think!

LIEUTENANT
Hey! Two of my firefighters tussling on the worst day of the year! Hundred year flood out there!
Get ahold of yourselves! What the hell could...? People need us! Forget the personal. Uh, I'm too
old to break up fights. You'll both have to cooperate. Thank you!

FIREMAN2
He's praying for me and won't stop!

LIEUTENANT
Thought that was a good thing.

FIREMAN2
It's not! It's a lousy unfair fuckin thing!

Sunday, July 02, 2006

Ah, Never to Lose!

As I recall some wry
American Reds losing
China in dimmest past...

Korea and Nam win-
nable,but low-
est forms called

politicians tied
warriors’ hands by

floating fetid deals
with Left-O scumballs.

Now in the midst
of a two eyes for
one sectarian blood-

trap,cock an ear! Guys
haven't been allowed

to win Iraq, and thus
can't really lose!

From those Brilliances
whose bullhead dogma has

brought so much pain to
so so many,and who think

the corpses of children
proper markers for

ideas more pure and
more,therefore,transcendent.

Monday, July 03, 2006

Changers

"Well,we wanted to avoid the mistakes of Bi,Nevada."

Speaking is Alice,formerly Albert of Service-Now!,the national A/C repair franchise.

And presently full-time mayor of Birdsong,a new lake community in central Maine.
Continuing: "Anyone is welcome to move in,but
all so far are changers."

Her husband,Otis (Odelle in the past)complains of the mayor’s time spent away from home, adding, "Roads, schools, parks, taxes--paradise still gotta be run!"

"I knew him when,"Alice laughs,"and he's as blunt as she was."

Tuesday, July 04, 2006

The Economic Debate Extends

REPUBLICAN Not much to run for. Fun’s diminished since we’ve given away all we could to our Rich Goombahs. May they remain grateful!

DEMOCRAT Given what we don’t have. So we borrow from
the Chinese.

REPUBLICAN Not really a loan. More like permission to unload...

DEMOCRAT their tons of slave-junk.

REPUBLICAN So be it. Opiate of the people.

DEMOCRAT You know? It...all of it sounds like an unstable mix.

REPUBLICAN Oh it’ll blow! In our time, just a flareup or two.

DEMOCRAT Civil War2 wouldn’t leave much if competing armies
use atomic weapons.

REPUBLICAN Look at it this way. You need the coastal cities
for commercial hubs. New York, Miami, LA, etc.
Midcountry? Just Chicago.

DEMOCRAT So we might lose an Indianapolis etc.

REPUBLICAN Be one blasted heartland! There goes our Republican values!

DEMOCRAT We’d better, especially you, take a time out.

REPUBLICAN Tragedy belongs to the gods. Let the chips fall.

Wednesday, July 05, 2006

To Live In Interesting Times

According To Ron S,it
seems we waterboarded
a crazy man. Worse

than torturing sane?
Morality today: such
heavy questions! Well
the moral person decides!

Not as bad. Dullest knife
doesn’t know it’s being
ground in order to shine.

Thursday, July 06, 2006

Upon Taking Down the Murphy Bed

in my Cocoa Beach apartment:
For whatever fame or infamy
you ache, you'll never ever

pass ole Murph. So, hoe
yr own rutabagas, Baby,
and fuck everybody.

Friday, July 07, 2006

American Males Want Depth

but,like the salesman in
“Double Indemnity” a hot come-
on derails,making them think

they too are hot. Sucker game,
like the pseudo tenderness

feminism imposes on Dopes.
The Wits,as always,lie. And

when the girls go out to flee,
they don’t need sensitivity.

But a rawness only women
fathom.

Saturday, July 08, 2006

Why It's Better to Deal with a Human Human

“Oh you poor bastard!
you got it all fucked-

up didn't you? Well,lessseee,
maybe we can...?”

As opposed TO!
“If you peruse 14E just once
more,you will clearly see...”

Sunday, July 09, 2006

The Thank-You Notes

from Afghan
and Iraqi hosts

have lost grace
in translation.

Those dead follow
niceties no longer.

A shame! For civil-
ized society marked
by soft exchange.

They’ve been cheated,
of respect,

but,more importantly,
of elegance.

Monday, July 10, 2006

Outnumbered

LIBERAL
Every government has to protect the weak person.

CONSERVATIVE1
Fuck ‘im!

CONSERVATIVE2
But only if we have time.

LIBERAL
Surely you jest?

CONSERVATIVE1
That’s all we do.

CONSERVATIVE2
Government’s a joke!

LIBERAL
Then we’re all jokers!

CONSERVATIVE1
Bingo!

CONSERVATIVE2
But for my Protestant constituents,Amen.

LIBERAL
Laugh all you want. You’ll be turned out of office!

CONSERVATIVE1
We already have been. And more than once. Hadda adjust results towards the higher good!

CONSERVATIVE2
Just gotta keep flipping those votes!

CONSERVATIVE1
Like pancakes!

CONSERVATIVE2
More like magic! Puts our haters in our column!

LIBERAL
Oy!

CONSERVATIVE1
Now don’t be a Jew in everything!

Tuesday, July 11, 2006

Lou Opinion

-Fuckin TV’s shot. Alls I get is four broads sitting around a table and shrieking.

-No baritones?

-And some men in the audience! Give 'em a skirt!

-Sexist?

-Hey my mother was a woman and equal to any man. Touch any of her cubs,just touch,and she'd rip your heart out!

-Maybe some of that instinct in your four TV ladies?

-I doubt it. ‘Oh my hair and oh my nails, oh oh oh oh oh!’
Can you imagine such fou-fou broads on the Oregon Trail?

-Show business! You're taking it too seriously.

-It's a mirror! Turning little girls into consumer whores.

-You a Communist,Lou?

-What's to the left of that? Anything that isn't as completely full of shit as Capitalism?

-Anarchy.

-We'd be better off. Fewer thieves.

-Are you through?

-Never! Hey I had business in Gunnison,Colorado once. Hadda stop the car while cattle were driven
across the road. Not by cowboys but cowgirls! Now those were fuckin women! Don’t tell me
about women! The real ones aren’t ornamental assholes.

Wednesday, July 12, 2006

Vuss Dot Lady...?

Freud analyzed humor.
If you must know.

Thursday, July 13, 2006

Modern Sam Spade Case

-You function in a highly symbolic manner. I get that. So? Where’s the specific threat you want me to...?

-Implied,but I’ve been warned.

-What did they say?

-That I had to cease being the only honest person in the recording business.

-How did you get this far? We all made these choices much earlier.

Friday, July 14, 2006

This Offer Not Available in Stores

Rolling along this 1% Doc-
trine River. Uncadick's,me-
thinks,on that scantiest

possibility of terror-
ists atomic etc,then get-

ting hands,further,on
your daughter,or more

likely,son,then etc
etc & all in the mush
of a rheumy cloud,thus,

as random preventative,
1% of globes's broken

ultimately snuffed re
bravehome fearlogic?

So? We hire more bale
lifters as they sweat
and pray. Sounds

callous to the poor,
& bleeding

enablers,but not like
wiping out MIT now,
is it,Clyde?

Saturday, July 15, 2006

Uncertain How to Vote?

But just a bit of
a left bitcher?

Understood!
Move to Florida.

We’ll likely switch you
in the computer for
the greater good. Trans-

forming thus your civic
duty to your religious.

Sunday, July 16, 2006

The Market

Dave Barry said what he learned
in 4 years of college was how to
make a milkshake in a paper bag.

At my school,prof took umbrage
on his bulletin board. Prophet,
since umbrage booms now,dark.

Monday, July 17, 2006

Seminar

SENATOR
I’m a sonofabitch! I don’t have to hear professors rant,or float their fairy theories. Even our professors!–and aren’t they a kiss-ass bunch? I’ve been in politics all my life,and yet even I can throw up. This outhouse helps.

And,listen! If I want to play Daniel Boone, I’ll camp in the woods back of my house back home.

AIDE
The rustic housing and surroundings are supposed be conducive to purer thought, Sir. Away from combat of the rancid beltway n’all?

SENATOR
Well it isn’t. It’s conducive to expansive bullshit!

AIDE
Just one more session. And it’s rumored the president might copter in!

SENATOR
Dead letter. Oh Jesus H. Christ no toilet paper! Just what you’d fuckin expect!

AIDE
I’ll get right to the Concierge!

SENATOR
Yeah,Concierge in a flannel shirt. Never mind. I always carry a copy of the Constitution.
Any port in a storm.

AIDE
Sir?

Tuesday, July 18, 2006

The Neopans

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
Listen to us! You don’t know your history. Our plan is based on special reality transformed to art.

CITIZEN
But it’s all fucked up! People get up one morning and are dead by evening. And for ever-changing reasons! We’re an occupying army,like despised Germany in France. To the world,a lower and lower variety of shit!

President rules by divine right,his party rubber stamping everything. No balls!

And if you can have fewer than none,label you Democrat.

All lie to furnish their niches,but you’re the master.

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
Uh huh? You can’t remember things being worse I suppose? Well,History is long,my friend. Read Strauss,especially the concept of the NOBLE Lie. Holy Lie it should be called!

As a footnote,we’ll soon distribute pictures of Cheney where he doesn’t scowl--contrary to stereotype,we joke all the time.

CITIZEN
You’re crazy!

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
Like a fox,my peasant friend.

CITIZEN
Peasant,huh? I guess you can’t,then,weave a circle round me thrice,and feed me honeydew, and the milk of paradise?

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
Only those in the circle who totally subscribe. The beauty part–allow me to flick a tear away--is that you don’t have to in order to fight and die for our ideals.

CITIZEN

I’ll take a pass.

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
We’re thinking of forbidding that at The Academy of Clouds.

CITIZEN
What you’ve enabled might result in terrorists rigging up atomic briefcases with Radio Shack Parts.

NEO-PANGLOSSIAN
Then do what we do. Buy Radio Shack stock.

Wednesday, July 19, 2006

Occupied with Power*

Look! We've chosen!
We're Americans! Big!

Always! Not like these
little European men
look like women!

*You cannot win an occupation. All you can do
is choose the size of your humiliation.
-attributed to Ehud Barak

Thursday, July 20, 2006

Vital Operations and the Human Mind

-Enduring Freedom had a ring. I didn’t forget it.

-But you did Operation Bunker Hill,and that’s why General Heller ordered me to speak with you.

-Had a mind-fart,Sir. I substituted whatchacallit when the General asked a question.

-Lame totally. You’re not officer material. Well,not in this case. I don’t want to be unfair.

-Worst moment of my life. I don’t blame you for saying anything.

-Some find pneumonic devices handy. Now with Bunker Hill,as an example,you just had to remember the first syllable.

Friday, July 21, 2006

Logical Outcome*

“...and so we,your caring neighbors,
must request that little Ahmed no longer
ride his bicycle through our community.”

*Civilians are killed because terrorists mix in
with them. -any number of Republican Chowderheads

Saturday, July 22, 2006

It's urban specificity

gets me. We broom
sealer onto our park-
ing lot,my co-op,

& Cadillac eases past,
broadcasting

styrofoam peanuts
over the black goop.

Sunday, July 23, 2006

The Baby Dying

from the bomb is,
breathe easy,
justified

in theory.

Officials enjoy
breakfast with

the News.

Monday, July 24, 2006

"Americans Don't Cut & Run"

So many wars terminate
politically. Murderers

conferring over lemonade
negotiate ½ loafs. Thus

does one stand & fight,&
cut and run simultaneously.

Nathan Hale & Sergeant York
peering out from sidebars.

Tuesday, July 25, 2006

It may have been the hundredth anniversary

of perpetual war and we had long ago
gotten rid of the party inventing it,
and shamelessly riding it to power,but

the concept proved forever irresistible
to their opposites. Anyway,despite

warnings we decided on a picnic.
A smashing,shaded grove,and
we had everything along.

Iced beer and sodas,potato
salad to die for. Diverse
picnickers defying authorities,

we even brought clergy! Un-
like Hollywood stereotypes,

they like a good time
and know great songs!

As we had suspected,a warrior soon
materialized among the sycamores,
ordering us to depart,not leave
home again without permission.

Sister Dorothea responded, “Shut
the fuck up! We're sick of all
your paranoid shit!” When he left we

asked about her outburst. “Vulgarity
is not a sin. Or God would’ve
destroyed this country by now.”

Wednesday, July 26, 2006

Putin At McCartney Concert

Unbends as best he can,
which isn’t much.

Everybody sings once-
verboten lyrics,raw gusto
answering ptomaine. So

Putin smiles as he
did when draw-
ing a line

through a name.
Doing same here,

if he cares
to apply.

Thursday, July 27, 2006

The Invention of the Particular Foot

Everbody,given a glum picture,
puts his best foot forward.

President,flummoxed,crip-
pled,invents one,&

forwards same. Some embrace
the foot,others even lick
it. Most refuse to see it.

Friday, July 28, 2006

Young Astor,Immaculate In

Naval Whites burned,
therefore,to fetch
his father’s briny

corpse,prising it
from out Titantic’s
classless rout.

Saturday, July 29, 2006

Shortest Dialog

-This nation has to show some good will.
Help to broker a ceasefire as a start.

-This nation has to kill or aid in the killing
of as many fuckin Arabs as possible!

Sunday, July 30, 2006

Winds

play above
loss. Sit as

you must,win-
dows awash--
nothing

required,
becoming

rainlight.

Monday, July 31, 2006

The Fresh One

SENATOR
President tried to run with it,and the ball and the game disintegrated.
Anyway,senior bloc’s a stealth bomb!

LOBBYIST
The game is on again. We’re sending you talking points.
System failing,returns too small,privatize or face ruin.
You know the mantra.

SENATOR
By heart.

LOBBYIST
We won’t be ungrateful.

SENATOR
I need an amount.

LOBBYIST
I’ll punch it up on my little calculator,which,unlike us,
has no memory.

SENATOR
Uh huh. But you left a zero off.

LOBBYIST
So I did. Voila! the corrected amount. Onboard?

SENATOR
Forever!…on this one.

LOBBYIST
More champagne?

SENATOR
Order up a fresh one.

Tuesday, August 01, 2006

Demur

-Well your policies are killing me at home!

-You just have to get your constituents to stop dwelling on negatives.

-This newest layer of war just paralyzes the brain! They’re war-weary back there.

-We’re bringing Democracy to the Middle East. Now the Jews are pitching in.

-You can try selling that,but I got a lot of farmers who work with the real thing. They know bullshit.

-We must sell it,as must you. Or we’re finished.

-I’m finished now.

-Hey! That great bridge is almost built. Carry your name forever!

-A Democrat will preside over the ribbon cutting.

-You worry too much. We’re breaking obligatory eggs now,but the omelette will be beautiful,
and even delicious,come election day!

-Only thing cracked round here is heads.

Wednesday, August 02, 2006

They've Got Rhythm

GOP SCAT

Vote Republican!
We’ll scratch up

more to give
to Plutocrats.

Screw
the rest,Baby!

Lay down,it’s
your equal opportunity!

DEM RAP

Oh for the balls
to freely dance.

They’ve seized
the floor ‘n it’s all
elbows and assholes!

In such chaos one
can’t even think!

So we’re preparing
a paper. Evidence

for the intellectual
voter.

Thursday, August 03, 2006

The Reporter

-Senator's on tape.

-But not what he meant! Please hear me out.

-Uh uh. Clarifying your clarification shoves us to the perilous border of total bullshit. Anyway,I don't decide what gets printed. But I'll slide your disclaimer into my followup because it belongs there. More or less.

-I owe you a sandwich.

-You owe me nothing. My Daddy,small-town sheriff said
“Don't even take a plastic ten-cent pocket calendar!”

-I get the point. You're incorruptible.

-Afraid so.

-You'll get nowhere on this big stage.

-So they say,and I do in part believe them.

Friday, August 04, 2006

There IS a Solidarity

among Israelis,Americans,Arabs,
Brits and seemingly all others:

the willingness to murder children
in the commission of artful battle.

Here,where hell is constant-
ly redesigned by scientists
of mayhem,millions go to services,

presumably to pray–-
to witness them after--
for more of the same.

Saturday, August 05, 2006

2020

I took the recommended posture,having gotten used to it.

Search Leader: "We'll ask the same question in the hope of a different answer."

I told him the previous tenant knew him,but didn't know his name. He only referred to him as The Colleague.

Search Leader: "Despite both of you,we'll get him."

The apartment,the usual collection of approved cubes with patriotic posters,shook from a gunshot.

The Leader and his sergeant ran out. I kept my pose in case it was a trick.

It proved to have been Grandpa,who jerked and was shot by a rookie.

Is he dead? I asked when they laughingly informed me.

"Nah. Just an extra hole. We'll take him along and patch him up. War Against Terrorism isn't heartless.”

“Not today,” came the Sergeant’s response.

“Give him a receipt."

Sunday, August 06, 2006

Evolving Question

Before she acts,modern
woman might ask how
does this square

with my Feminism?
In past behaviorial
eras,question,if artic-

ulated,might be how
does this square with
my covert feminism?

Ideas percolate up
through granites.

At any time one
can reach you. Will

you redden,lash
out,or welcome?

NIMBYs form in
response,often

among those
moving in.

Monday, August 07, 2006

Butter

-Made me look fat.

-Hey we all look fat except for Bobby O.

-And our life expectancy beats his.

-Even so,you wouldn't eat anything...read the newspaper.

-I don't. I don't like to see my name. It's fiction.

-Well your bust of butter was real. Hope the FBI got a picture.

-Hey! I'm in a good mood. I'd be doing the same stuff in
their place.

-It's your unbirthday.

-My what?

-In Alice in Wonderland. You get one birthday and the rest uns. My kids told me.

-Well my birthday was great. Thank everybody. Let them know.
Some of the guys think it's only criticism.

-Chef is Mario's brother. He's a good one. Like Italian farmhouse
cooking. No fancy-pantsy.

-Pretty good sculpture guy too.

-Thought you didn't like it.

-Didn't say that.

-I know you thirty years and I still can't read you.

-Let's leave it that way.

-We got one or two projects,now that the birthday is over.

-Patience. It's a breathe easy time. Day off. Except tell Bobby O put five C's in Mario’s brother's pocket.

-He's at the Waldorf. A pastry guy.

-Canolis to die for!

-Weren't they?

-And tell Bobby O not to get lost on his way to the kitchen.

-Those...chef's outfits don't have pockets do they?

-He's not the brightest knife in the drawer,so give him safety pin. Like for a diaper.

-They’re all paper now.

-That's not right.

Tuesday, August 08, 2006

Puppy Showers

being held here.
Logistics? Don’t

know,but would
rather imagine.

Whatever. Amusing
and touching.

Silly you
say? I’ll take it
next to killing
for peace.

Wednesday, August 09, 2006

Lieberman,an Old Program

A) The War Most of Us Despise
as an Imperialstic farce de-
molishing lives & treasure &

backed by shifty rationali-
zations,has lopped off
a senator’s coiffed head.

B) “What does it mean?” say
politicians. Goto A.

Thursday, August 10, 2006

```
             Women are hot
     in TV dramas,     driven
            to kiss    deeply
       as a prelude    to as-
   tonishing    fire
    during      **The**Big***LAY***
        Usually, others      laze
about the screen, secretaries
or such small-like.      How they
       kiss or f***        remains
       mysterious. For

      in the crass Home of the Brave-
ly Free it’s CLASS************Stupid!
```

Friday, August 11, 2006

Terror,the Echo Chamber

-Possible drama,I'll give you that.

-That's not all you'll give.

-Threats suck. And bore.

-Not in our circle.

-Anyway,you're making it an opera!

-Sing or get out!

-Who said that? Barnum or Hitler?

-Sieg or get out! I made a funny.

-Chilling.

-You never see the humor. We laugh all day around here. But who wouldn't,considering the opposition?

-Don't be surprised you're flipped out of office.

-Just as happy in the Resistance. Joy of Sabotage.

-Are you the worst officials we've ever had?

-Try worst people.

Saturday, August 12, 2006

Today & Sam Johnson

In 18th Century he said PATRIOTISM IS THE LAST REFUGE OF THE SCOUNDREL.

If we could bring him back he'd find the sentiment too kind.

Sunday, August 13, 2006

The Fat Dead

are just
as.

Monday, August 14, 2006

The Americans

AMERICAN 1
Excuse me,Officer. What’s going on?

BOBBY
History,Sir.

AMERICAN 2
Ask him where we can get a fuckin drink.

AMERICAN 1
I wonder,Officer…?

BOBBY
The vulgarity suffices. Follow me!

…

AMERICAN 2
He’s like Lance Armstrong on that thing!
I can’t breathe.

AMERICAN 1
It says Teahouse.

AMERICAN 2
A code. Everything’s a code.

AMERICAN 1
What if it isn’t?

AMERICAN 2
Then we’ll be good sports about it! Besides,rather drink any shit
than undergo HISTORY.

AMERICAN 1
We’re screwed!

AMERICAN 2
I’m betting the proprietor can be coaxed to add a potion to our Earl Grey.

AMERICAN 1
Never quit,do you?

AMERICAN 2
Like History.

Tuesday, August 15, 2006

Israeli Memo

See Cheney 1st. Total f’n maniac.

Pres goes along. (for relig reasons?)

Condi harmless except near shoes.

Pres party runs legislature for billionaires & rubber-stamps
Exec Dept.(tail,like Stalin’s Duma)

Oppos party full of sound and fury. Impotent. Signif # bought anyway.

So,wide open! Limits come from us.

Wednesday, August 16, 2006

Fishing

-Fishing sucks! Haul half the day for a net with a few flashes of silver. Not even enough for bread.

-But other days your muscles scream against the tremendous number of fish in there.

-Not often enough.

-Well,dreaming never produced a catch.

-Someday,someone will wander by and say “Follow me and be fishers of men!”

-You’ve finally lost it! No one’d ever say such a thing.

Thursday, August 17, 2006

2020

I took the recommended posture,having gotten used to it.

Search Leader: "We'll ask the same question in the hope of a different answer."

I told him the previous tenant knew him,but didn't know his name. He only referred to him as The Colleague.

Search Leader: "Despite both of you,we'll get him."

The apartment,the usual collection of approved cubes with patriotic posters,shook from a gunshot.

The Leader and his sergeant ran out. I kept my pose in case it was a trick.

It proved to have been Grandpa,who jerked and was shot by a rookie.

Is he dead? I asked when they laughingly informed me.

"Nah. Just an extra hole. We'll take him along and patch him up. War Against Terrorism isn't heartless.”

“Not today,” came the Sergeant’s response.

“Give him a receipt."

Friday, August 18, 2006

Bureau of Death

-We don’t differentiate anymore. Patriots on foreign fields or insurgents here. Efficient disposal rules out niceties.

-Families?

-You mean good ones with patriotic sons and daughters who fell in honor?

-Yeah. I guess.

-We’ve stopped notifying them. Job too tremendous to do that.

-So,pretty much,all thrown in the same hole. Here and everywhere.

-‘Twere unpoetic so to put it.

-How about the echo of that ringing shall not have die in vain…?

-Who ever believed that anyway? My job is numbers!

-Well what are they?

-Which period?

-Last month.

-Million-six. Give or take.

-Depopulating the nation!

-Lift a glass to Tommy Malthus.

Saturday, August 19, 2006

The Salesmen

-Great way to make money! Closing franchises would you believe?

-So,let’s switch to Japanese dealer.

-Nah! No more cars. Dead end. New product,that’s
the ticket.

-Well you can sell shit. You’ve proven that. You’re famous!

-Well…

-No false modesty.

-Be false all right!

-So,what’s the plan?

-For you,I don’t know. For me,divinity school.

Sunday, August 20, 2006

Bush

Senior,
smart;

Junior,
not.

Monday, August 21, 2006

My Dollar Digital

features 2 working buttons
& 2 “aesthetic” dummies.
I call it Congress.

Tuesday, August 22, 2006

Puppy Showers

being held here.
Logistics? Don’t

know,but would
rather imagine.

Whatever. Amusing
and touching.

Silly,you
say? I’ll take it
next to killing
for peace.

Wednesday, August 23, 2006

Diplomatic Memo

Both dogs stink,ours less so.

Let’s go along w/ draft,if they let us
add Wilsonian hogwash.

Thursday, August 24, 2006

Egg and Pepper Sandwich at Celebre’s with Rocco

-We got prisons everywhere and we’re beating the shit out of people. Torture.

-Price of freedom.

-Parents come to ask about sons we disappeared.

-At Home with the Brave,we say toughski-shitski.

-Something this elaborate hadda be there before. That’s the discouraging part: Democrats too.

-Let’s say this crop of chickenhawks have raise it to an art.

-Yeah but something in place before these insane pricks.

-Your point? Besides repetition?

-Got nowhere to turn.

Friday, August 25, 2006

Better than Sciavo

Not saying more until I firm it up just a little. But some state considered sterilizing a dwarf.
Seems he was fucking all the retardo wenches in the institution,so they wanted to avert pregnancies.

The other dwarfs,his relatives,found out about it and picketed. Dem governor went there and
they pissed on his shoes!

No! Not figure of speech. Actual. We’re in negotiations to buy that video.

It’ll just show stupid chaos? That’s the point! Democrats are anti-life,and when they get to rule
it’s stupid chaos. We’re party of life,party of business!

So...get ready to whip up the wackos. What? What if story doesn’t really bear up? Wackos don’t care.
Hey! We throw the dart and draw the bullseye around it.

Anyway,love that core and get loved back. Forget that at our peril.

Saturday, August 26, 2006

Christianity and Insanity

-JC was a little crazy. At least regarded as such by those with the heft.

-Look at any nice congregation...nobody looks the least bit crazy there.

-No way. Nicely dressed,for one.

-But they’re Christians.

-Who said they weren’t? But genteel. Key.

-Oh,some aren’t.

-Yeah,and a lot go crazy from the genteel pressure.

-High price to pay.

-Not worth it either.

-Follow him,really do,you’ll go crazy?

-If you’re not already. He set the bar too high and most of us know it.

-When he comes back,tell him.

-If he does,genteels‘ll hand him a notarized letter saying vamoose.

Sunday, August 27, 2006

Rocco travels from South Philadelphia

(to far Roxborough,meeting old St John Neumann HS buddy, Mickey Gee-Gee,manager of local A-1 Minimart,
at Dalessandro's. Counterman chimes in at end.)

-Rocco! Buddy! ‘sup?

-Nothin’. Except just hadda see the nun about little Rocco’s tuition. We made a schedule.

-One like the energy plan set up by the White House by the oldies but oilies, Georgie and Dickie?

-Nah,that one’s fuckin unique. State of the Art. Fuck the middle-class guy till his eyes smoke.

-What are friends for?

-Is Political Science over? I need orders! Why I stand here with a piece of paper and a pen. And YOU I see too much of!

-Hey! I work across the street!

-Not you. The other dick-head!

-I come once a year!

-That’s hell of a problem!

-Get me a cheesesteak,if it’s not too much trouble working between wisecracks.

-I’ll speed it up–need some lead in your pencil.

-We all do. Same.

-Whatever happened to please?

Monday, August 28, 2006

What They See Around Them

Kids’ sites feature Colbert.
His shtick: poker-faced
depictions of inane Right,

their Patriotism miraculous-
ly compatible with Profit.
(Would Jesus,tipped,clean up

on hot defense stocks?)
Some other stereotyped
characters lie with-

in his repertoire. Most
especially pussy re-
porters,miscellaneous

courtiers like the nervous
Osric. Flitting so to please,

Hamlet mused he begged per-
mission of the Mama’s tit.

Why do youngsters like
such vile display? Easy.

Shows adults complete-
ly full of shit. But

a meat-ax! Brutal
to the 10% who aren’t.

Tuesday, August 29, 2006

5 & The Apprentice

-The other college kids are zealots. I want realists like you.
Now,show me newest picture of unworthy opponent!

-Voila!

-We’re done done done done done!

-Hmmm. It actually has Old Masters’ composition. Nice.

-I’m not worried about that. That dog’s death is worth thousand votes!

-Crying looks genuine…and big floppy Lab in his arms almost as big as he is!

-We're dying dying dying dying dying!

-Take a time out,and then–you done it before!–pull a rabbit out of the hat.

-Can’t can’t can’t can’t can’t!

-Oh, come on!

-Okay,then. On…edge of hyperventilating. Okay okay okay okay okay,
how many kids has our guy?

-You’re kidding,right?

-Half.

Wednesday, August 30, 2006

The Ministry

-I asked him “What would Jesus do?”

-His answer?

-Get laid!

-I can see you’re terribly disturbed,but would have you consider it possibly to be not horrible sacrilige,but rather vulgar imperative,uh,directing YOU to...?

-Oh my God! His MOTHER?

-Sadly. How long has Roderick been...?

-Three years. Lucille?

-One long,hard year.

Thursday, August 31, 2006

Islamofascism

Really cottonmouthed word,
isn’t it? How difficult

to move around in there!
CSPAN caller asks how ‘bout
AMERICAN Fascism? Slightly
more euphony at least. Just

as irresponsible,no? At core,
Fascism is national government
by corporations. They merge,the 2,
thus becoming indistinguishable.

Now aren’t we far from that?
Excuse me! Didn’t quite hear you.

Speak up! Don’t be afraid.
Constitution backs us! Ah
but you don’t believe this?

Nobody believes anything anymore
in this most religious of nations.

Friday, September 01, 2006

The Latest Line on Wasting Blood and Treasure in Iraq

We are the brave.
Questioners despicable.

A science and an art,
selling flood cars.

Saturday, September 02, 2006

Shortest Federal Conversation,Post Disaster

-They want millions,to be dispersed locally.

-Fuck them! They’ll just steal it.

-And we know stealing.

Sunday, September 03, 2006

Dogmatist Insists

upon the path,brush
slicing his now far-

advancing face.
We could barely
shoot him from this

angle. But another’d
arise,worse. And now,

we’re bottlenecked,
mixed with competing
expeditions. His voice

flung back to all of us,
strident,righteous echoing
within the limitless woods

until swallowed by
a green buzz. And then
that,too,stops.

Since we can’t move,
we begin talking

Querulous,closed,and yet
a joy creeping into the quiet.

Monday, September 04, 2006

Americans Enjoy Buying

On Labor Day.
What they’ve bought

is a Plutocratic vision,
which has brought

the death of unions,re-
duction of living standards,
with the big boys directing

the bargaining. But,we’re
told,let the system really
work and all will profit!

Could put on those ruby
red slippers to click to-
gether,but they’re

plumb
wore
out.

Tuesday, September 05, 2006

Goal of Conservatives

Fellow in McDonald’s
anxious to show worker
that a raise in minimum

wage’d be a bad thing
all around. This is
a conservative,one

who proves what profits
him to victims. Prison’d

not be too good a place.
There he’d find buddies.

Wednesday, September 06, 2006

“The bright blessed day,the dark sacred night”*

Former New Orleans guy could never listen to
Louis Armstrong’s Do You Know What it Means
To Miss New Orleans? without a lump in his throat.

Now,crossing airport concourses,he sobs hearing it
while multitudinous TVs play,soundlessly,this

hobbyhorse war. “Rebuilding” of that
AMERICAN city is a moral disgrace.
Racial,probably. Well,Louisiana

people‘ll hafta handle their own shit down
there for now,but the rest of us,to put it

in most genteel terms,must,MUST
THROW THE BUMS OUT!

*from It’s a Wonderful World,another Armstrong song.

Thursday, September 07, 2006

Hope Democrats get in

and that I’ll turn both barrels
on them when they get
snarky. Be

a while cuz helluva benchmark
has been set.

Friday, September 08, 2006

GOP 1,2

Gotta do something on Iraq. Our country still looks to us. We’re still in power.

I’m so totally depressed! Why don’t we just wait for the slaughter?

Yes! I think we can run on Party of Martyrs. The cathedrals! Incense! And Fox’ll flash it in the bottom banner.

Saturday, September 09, 2006

Lies, Noble & Bald-Faced & Both At Once

R Yeah,a lie. But old stuff! Let’s move on!

D It’s only old because you blocked it before the election. When it should’ve come out.

R You politicize everything!

D We…!

R Growing up is hard to do.

D Arrogance!

R Job requirement.

D You’re in for a bloodbath this next election.
Will you have wisecracks then?

R Absolutely!

Sunday, September 10, 2006

Limo

MAN
Jesus H. Christ! Darktown Strutters' Ball!

WOMAN
Just having a good time is all.

MAN
What? Voodoo celebration or something. I thought
we were going to a farmhouse.

WOMAN
Well,this was the country once.

MAN
Turn it around,Billy.

BILLY
Slowly,Sir. Got to thread through.

MAN
Well,little faster. They're plastering their faces on my window.

BILLY
Will do!

WOMAN
You're denying our roots!

MAN
Never! But we'll remain in our Museum District Penthouse,thank you M'am. Speaking of which,Billy,I'll want the coldest
vodka-tonic you can engineer. On the deck. And then keep 'em coming!...mellow out and forget this fright!

WOMAN
But the realtor is waiting for us!

MAN
Yeah? Another sucker'll come along. Throw cell phone back,Billy, so the Missus can

inform the REALTOR we won’t be goin’ back to the plantation. Yahsuh! And I can see your rosebud smirk in the side mirror. You never heard this conversation.

BILLY
What conversation?

Monday, September 11, 2006

On the Street Where They Live--sort of a trialog
Baghdad Body Count Triples
Morgue figures contradict U.S. military claims of declining violence; facilities plan to expand.*
-Such a thing as morgue stocks there?
-That question shows we've bottomed out.
-Sell?
-It's time. Been a lovely war though—but that's between you and me.
-And the RNC?
-Amen.
*Ellen Knickmeyer,WaPo

Tuesday, September 12, 2006

Outsourcing

-Sad tale and familiar.

-Like to have her popped!

-That used to have sexual meaning.

-You know what I mean.

-Haven’t heard a thing.

-Well among the things you haven’t heard…?

-You know,all those piles of brush around your place?
Pretty unsightly. I’m sorry.

-Yeah. I haven’t had time.

-Fellow around the apartments? Used to be maintenance
but they fired him. Now he just helps on individual jobs.
Redneck junkie drunk.

-But the type might help?

-Hey! Everybody needs a hand tidying up.
…

-Any news on the brush problem?

-He’s got a more specialized friend.

-Outsourcing,huh?

-American cornerstone.

Wednesday, September 13, 2006

When I first move to Cocoa Beach

see a little guy around,a dif-
ferent color neck kerchief for
every day. (“al of the newe jet”

as Chaucer said of his Pardoner.
Or,flashily fashionable.) Amuse
myself by labeling him the Head

of Drama,retired,Port Arthur,
Texas Regional High. Dr Hobart
Berklee Delacorte,say. Do we always

become what we laugh at? Well,often
enough. So,two skin cancer surgeries
have me,King of Immediate Satire,cir-
cling a kerchief round my own red neck.

True,I’m not lisping yet,but...

Thursday, September 14, 2006

Holding All the Cards

OIL
We fuck you because we can.

INDUSTRY
Your gouging has increased our costs exponentially.

OIL
Pass it way-yyyy down to John Q. That wondrous “Salt of the earth” in the Land of the Free and the Powerless.

GOP
Amen! And don’t look to us,you powerless John Qs! We’re party of unfettered markets.
Laissez-faire,baby! And throw in a few hobbyhorse wars. Those promoting them do profit
big-time,a fortunate accident. But we remind them to kick back.

DEMOCRAT
We’ll gnash and make rude and blatant noises,but,well…being on the payroll too ties our hands. But can we produce reports! Thick bastards! Inevitably,we’ll be forced

to imprison the entire Republican Party. Restitution for what they’ve stolen will pay for Katrina.

OIL
Relax everyone. We’ll manipulate prices down a bit. Establish a new high platform for the next huge spring upwards. Sky’s no limit!

INDUSTRY,GOP,DEMOCRAT
The chaos is terror for us all!

OIL
Then give speeches! Hey,we’re almost truly sorry. We fuck you because we must. It’s fate,as if God-decreed.

Friday, September 15, 2006

The Village

-The men still tip their hats to women!

-We specialize in empty gestures.

-Be that as it may,the school is so quiet,and playground.
Not a giggle or yell. Where are the children?

-Crusade.

-Oh then they’ll come back!

-Never.

-Forget it. You’ll have others.

-What for?

Saturday, September 16, 2006

THE ANNUAL SOFTBALL GAME WILL BE PLAYED
SAT SEPT 30! THE NAME OF THE FIELD WILL BE
EMAILED TO YOU NO LATER THAN SEPT 28.

THE FIELD WILL BE NO MORE THAN TWENTY MINUTES
FROM THE FARM.

THIS YEAR’S TEAMS!

WATERBOARDERS vs PUSSIES

(WINDOW DRESSERS WILL CHANGE THOSE NAMES FOR USEFUL IDIOTS,
BUT THEY DON’T UNDERSTAND HEALTHY COMPETITION! NOR WIT.)

GOOD TIME GUARANTEED,WILD BUT NOT WET!

Sunday, September 17, 2006

Neocon Prayer

War with end,
Amen.

Monday, September 18, 2006

Woolgatherers

Friends love you as
they must,and show

patience at the eventual
discovery of the point
in your own words. But

when phoning CSPAN,or hot-
ter 1/4 wits steering
talk radio (and I include

them to join my vulgarity
to their resonance) shit
or get off the pot!

Tuesday, September 19, 2006

Letter From a Pilot

Dear Capt xxxxxxxxxxxxxx,

Good to hear from you even with your sad message.

I do recall you from Lackland Air Force Base,and cherish my time there with you and the other foreign military.

Whether I took part in the mission causing the death of your daughter–that's classified.

I will say I take responsibility. That's the warrior's burden and he must proclaim it loudly.

As to your "How many more babies,etc?"–I'll be blunt,as you would expect.

Until you do as you're told. But I'm a simple patriot,not a diplomat.

May God bless you,xxxxxxxx,Major,USAF

Wednesday, September 20, 2006

Rocco’s Friend Leroy

“See on TV ragtops
burnin’ Pope in effigy.

Squirtin’ gasoline
from plastic bottles,

everything flarin’ way up!
Fuckin’ dumb as rednecks.”

Thursday, September 21, 2006

Rocco and the Republican

-We’ve been discouraged,but now are throwing everything into this election!

-Why? Something left to steal?

-You’re a Democrat,Rocco!

-Yeah,and we’re had our thieves too. But you guys are World-Class!

-Why,thank you.

-Democrats steal the tickets and Republicans steal the train.

-All A-boarrrrrrrd!

Friday, September 22, 2006

Young in The Green Zone

-What’re we suppose to do again?

-I don’t know. Something to do with lots of money.

-Shall we steal it?

-Nah,no challenge there.

-Keep those vodka-tonics coming,Hasan!

-I’d like to fuck him if I weren’t a young Republican.

-You get this alleged job ‘cuz of your father?

-Yeah,he’s a neocon with a flaming brick up his ass.
Our family’s big in defense stocks too. Peace’d mean
fewer cars and lower-tier golf club.

-My father a loyalist too. Pervert and renowned preacher.
Hasn’t screwed the mother in years. Depends on
jerking off to Penthouse pictures. Gets sermon
thoughts that way--pubic hair tickling the route to glory.

-Never mind all the greasy human frailty. He loves God and
The President! Besides...I’m not disgust-proof! Yuk!

-Well the Party is. Anyway,we’re ‘spose to read all these reports! Christ!

-Throw ‘em in the fuckin pool.

-Sure. That’ll solve...

-No,I’m not kidding. Here!

-Christ! Down like rocks. And our Hasan laughing.

-I intend to,quite soon,boost the white man’s burden up his
hairy...! Well,it’s a duty,actually. I mustn’t be irreverent.
I apologize. Adored British ritual: Bugger the wog as he

sinks to the prayer rug.

-I prefer All American Wall Jobs. What's Iraqi-speak for Take down your pants?

-Everything's a Wall Job. Look at this place! It's one humungous Wall Job. The War's another.

-That's disloyal!–if I gave a shit. Ah but I do love summer camp! Even so,why don't we sneak out from THESE walls and find some women?

-Uh uh. This is a fuck-the-boys country. It was chosen for that.

-Is this...reality? I only just got my degree.

-There is no reality.

Saturday, September 23, 2006

Brain‘s a marvel!

How do you know,
examining it
with it?

Sunday, September 24, 2006

Celebrating Global Capitalism

My 3 begging phone calls daily
from Calcutta,where a person
whines I cannot understand.

Monday, September 25, 2006

Joe Hill and Ronald Reagan

Heroes to the Left and Right.
As do all of us,both had flaws.

Ron foresaw this Shining City
On the Hill,and Joe eviscerated

all such Capital tropes
as “pie in the sky.” Both

shot,one by a scattered nut,
and one by Utah,whose marksmen

had a sense of poetry,
leaving five nice holes
in Joe’s left side.

Tuesday, September 26, 2006

We tell you it’s the most profound job in a dangerous world
But we’re bs-ing.
Previous guy found time
for blowjobs.
Others planned burglaries,or
Frenchified interior decorating.
Presently we’re about POWER.
Every scintilla we can extract
from the lay-down Congress,and
the inaptly named Opposition.
          And YOU
          can’t DO
          a fuckin thing
          about it!

Wednesday, September 27, 2006

Joe Hill

-Will no one rid me of these mettlesome Joe Hills!

-Lit AND history,Boss! You de man! Allusion King!

-Yeah it broke my cheapskate father's ass to send me to Harvard. Too bad he's no longer around to see a payoff.

-Rookie wants to find out who Joe Hill was.

-Played at the club once. Five holes on the left before he collapsed.

-Well just put today's bland versions of him out of mind! Whatever could they do to us? We've bought the executive,legislative,and judicial...to understate.

-Yeah I remember that trio from prep school civics. What a dreamworld that was! Talk about Pie in the Sky!

-Well,Peace is wonderful–even if expensive for you,Boss.

-But you know,that really WAS some war way back then! And Joe and his buddies? Formidable warriors before we got Utah to officially off him. "Murdered by the Capitalistic Class," somebody wrote later--didn't know his Emily Post.
You don't say such things even if true. Today we deal with a super polite America, where John Q is scared shitless by Government and Church.

-Amen!...Amen Amen I say to you that...

-Anyway! It's all ancient history,this war between Capital and Labor.
Agreed? Good! Now would anyone care to guess who won?

Thursday, September 28, 2006

White With Foam
In America we speak without shame
of torturing others in God’s image,
and,to some,his name.
Rabbi,Peter said,the tree
you cursed has withered.

Friday, September 29, 2006

The Other Dakota

Thought we put a burr
up staunch old Thompson’s
ass: What y’think about
two faggots taking a room
over the drugstore?

“Used t’worry ‘bout things
like that,but now I see babies
blowin’ apart from our bombs.”

Saturday, September 30, 2006

Ohio

As we came down the ramp from the Pennsylvania Turnpike,an Ohio State Policeman ran towards us waving his arms.
“Go back!” No motels,or restaurants,or tall gasoline signs behind him. Just rubble.

Our mouths froze “Whaaaa?”

Though flustered,he was kind enough to answer. “They stole it literally this time!”

Sunday, October 01, 2006

Peacetime Army,Korea

A piece of lint drifts
onto the mirror
polish of

your boot
and it’s worse
than Iwo Jima or Verdun!

At any rate,no longer fear-
ful of death,we take up chess,

playing through the night by
hissing Coleman lantern. Some

send for literature,and in our
Sergeants’ Club (corner of
a filthy tent) beery arguments

arise over triple greats
like Paul Morphy. So,no,

ephebe,we aren’t the rubes
of your college desire.

Monday, October 02, 2006

The Possibility of Cash

Hey! Forbes' Billionaire list,huh? I'm lucky you take my call.

Well,I don't know where they get their figures.
I just don't know. It's a devilishly complex picture.

Never mind all that! Congratulations! You should sound happier!

Agree. Not exactly crying poormouth,but...

The president's tax cuts,besides being a tonic for the entire nation...

Have aided me immeasurably? Well,somewhat.

You're a conservative,all right. And a great one!

Here it comes!

If the opposition gets in...

Bye bye Christmas?

Seriously,we need you to double your contribution. At the least.

Ouch!

Little pain now,to avoid...

Okay. Okay. No more pitching! Please! I'm on the team.
But the social workers they made me add to the board
do continue to insist we're totally fucking the little guy.

Policy. When he gets sick of the continuous reaming,
he'll get off his raw ass and get to work!

I agree,but they warn of political costs.

That's our bag. We take care of that. Can I have that check sooner than later?

Done! You have no conscience. I have one and sit here wondering sometimes.

Uh huh. Well we can’t afford that luxury. By the way,regulations are brutal. Anyway that cash is possible?

Cash is always possible.

Tuesday, October 03, 2006

Darwin

You were too shy,so Tommy
Huxley took the world on.
Rather,the larger Church.

You ended by studying worms
and mold in your garden.
He was thoroughly shit on.

So,you 2 fierce in differ-
ent ways. The Dark Age fight

is always on. Do your best
according to your lights.

Wednesday, October 04, 2006

After the legal lynchings

many will say Jeez! What
got into us? Leaders’ll be
awaiting their own trials

before long. At least
a Catholic can try

confession.‘less
it’s him lynched.

Thursday, October 05, 2006

Republican A&Q

A We feel we should retain leadership.

Q Something left to steal?

Q2 More forever wars planned?

Q3 Want to turn a fresher Page?

Friday, October 06, 2006

Lamentable State of Affairs*

Rough up wifey,fine,
even Christian,

but only a prick
belts a mistress.

*In TV ad,Congressman apologizes
for affair,denies abusing mistress

Saturday, October 07, 2006

The Unavoidable Moral Universe

Highball,ace mechanic,
crawls from under
my heap. He’s one

grease spot,sag-
ging face saying
MONEY! “It’s

definitely,” wiping
hands on even filth-

ier rag, “an
Axle of Evil.”

Sunday, October 08, 2006

No Chink Left Behind

Report: Trillion!
American Dollars

held by China
in reserve.

Monday, October 09, 2006

Who Invented Bomblets?

1 muthahumpin’ clevuh lil peckuh.
Go diggin’ in yo’ flowah garden &
yuz pinballed t’kingdom come!

Tuesday, October 10, 2006

The Signifiers,a playlet resembling a bomblet

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Cheney
Vote Democrat today,cinders tomorrow.

Rummy
Strutting and fretting won’t get the job done! Tomorrow’s army will come in one Ford Explorer! Boots on the ground,my ass!

Bush
I don’t like my cue card saying IDIOT. Head’s must roll!

Rice
After all the sound and fury,will there still be pretty shoes?

Gonzales
Si. And like Geneva,quaint. Well torture ain’t! Get it?

Bush
Let’s hear it for Alberto!

All
Two four six eight,
Who do we appreciate?
Alberto Alberto Alberto!

Gonzales
No man is bigger than our Idea! So!
Two four six eight,
WHAT do we appreciate?

All
Murder!

Wednesday, October 11, 2006

Suburban John Waynes Remember

a raw time when you
walked the dog,

not fetching
poop.

So much has
ritualized,special

outfit proposed.
Kind of a something,
tutu.

Thursday, October 12, 2006

The Final Solution,Revised–a dialog of some significance

Now we can kill everyone in the world?

With the laser and microwave weapons recently added,yes.

Including ourselves?

Well…?

No! I’d like that! Gottademerungbung or what ever that German…?

Wagner. Götterdämmerung.

VOG-nurrrr. Yeah. What an asshole!

Twilight of the Gods.

Leave it there. I love poetry. Opera? Thank God we’ll finish that off too!

Friday, October 13, 2006

CNN MSNBS CBS FOX-RNC – MIDDAY SCHEDULE

The crowd held its breath,
Hoping that death
Would brighten an otherwise dull afternoon. -Tom Lehrer

Saturday, October 14, 2006

Apostrophe to Sea Cow

Back glows in the fog.
O the hue Manatee!

Sunday, October 15, 2006

Thick Blood

Your uncles are holding a farting contest.

Oh my God this family! And I’m giving my life for art!

Well don’t go out there,Missy. The fumes’ll cut your ambition short.

Monday, October 16, 2006

Operative

Looks like they’ll run a woman.

So what?

What’ll we hit them with then?

All women are asshole ditherers. The ones who aren’t are whores.

How about Mothers?

Old-fashioned Moms,only,I make an exception.

And you expect to win with…?

Of course. It’s how it’s dressed.

Tuesday, October 17, 2006

The Virtual Candidate

Stayed with me last week. The real man remained in Washington, but this robot answered questions quite effectively. On taxation he was profound,really,as opposed to the inane candidate.

I was taken aback,though,by his question to me.

“Is there a room where I can go jerk off?”

“You mean virtually jerk off?”

“Whatever. A real room where I can virtually jerk off?”

“This…is difficult culturally. Very upsetting,” I shook my head.

“Hard for me. All of us. We’re pioneers here.”

Wednesday, October 18, 2006

“Quote that to the board and no one else!”

-Chinese say labor can organize our factory there.

-Oh?

-Yeah,collective bargaining on wages,vacations and all
the rest. The whole nine yards!

-I’ll take care of it.

-The Board is nervous.

-Let me tell you something! We’ll fuck the slant-eyes
the same way we fucked the blue and brown eyes. You got it?
Now quote that to...

Thursday, October 19, 2006

Dad Was Told By Mother

I’ve watched one Congressman.
Know his district well,suburbs
and rough urban slums. Men

and women gentle as old widows,
and cutthroats and graduate

jailbirds. He came in raw,
awkward. Acquired knowledge
and polish–that is

became a pretty good
leader and legislator,quite
a plus for constituents--

as he stuffed his pockets
in the various clever ways
of many of his fellows.

Can’t we have one
without the other?

Or do you learn
from each area

what is necessary
to improve in both?

Friday, October 20, 2006

2/3 of Republicans still favor Iraq War

I guess ½ of that's...well I don't know why or how they figure, a mystery. Maybe traditionalists elbowing conscience.

Now the other ½, core constituents, aka Christian Murderers.

Saturday, October 21, 2006

Add To the No-Fly List

“Married the x girl about...
Oh God! It was when y
graduated from college.

Oh my God! Couldn’t be
that long ago. No way!”

The years do that.
Several times

I’ve spoken to them
about it.

Sunday, October 22, 2006

Art Buddies

in it for the fatal
purity,always

to that at any rate.
What the hell else?

Monday, October 23, 2006

Cold War Academic Dialog

I never interfere with your hiring decisions,but this is an odd one.

How so? Two PhDs? I guess he can handle Intro Lit.

Talks funny.

Czech. Took off when Communists seized power.

Anti-Red? Board’ll love that!

One degree in Comparative Literature. We don’t have anybody similar.

What is that exactly?

In his case,he’s expert in Modern French and German writing. And,putting the head on your Pearl Beer!—conversant in the poetry of the Arabic Mediaeval poet,Zuhayr.

Hot shit! But this is Texas. Wanna give farm boys and girls airs?

Yes!

Tuesday, October 24, 2006

Georgie,and Dick’s Neos

You have lied us,serially,
into unrelenting disaster.

Pandora’s box being truly
a minimalist image.

Trot out your newest
option of despair.

Wednesday, October 25, 2006

Brain Drain,Iraq

BA might get you professorship.
Even occupying the fleeing

old man’s office,flanked by
busts of Zuhayr and Zola. In

hospital,fellow could be
Head of Gynecology,amazed
at what he’s seeing.

Thursday, October 26, 2006

The Rafts

-What Do You Mean By Reform?

-Why we shove their raft of scoundrels out
and ours in.

-That’s what they’ll mean by it in a few years.

-So it goes.

Friday, October 27, 2006

Republican Economic Guidelines

1) Give already wealthy people money.

2) Fu...well,better,though varied physical shortcomings,of course,but do encourage middle class people in the technique of fucking themselves.

3) As to the poor? Who?

Saturday, October 28, 2006

Origin of the Free Market

Even at his age was
brutal keeping up

with Professor X,es-
pecially in the jungle. Could

barely spot ole Bandy Legs
churning the bright dapples!

But we did finally unearth
the object of our search
there in a black mud hole:

a gigantic screw carved
from Monkey-Galena wood.

“The first free market!” he
crowed. More like a torture

instrument,I countered.
But...Free...Market! Has
the resonance all right.

“Especially to the suckers,”
he laughed. Hysterically,
for an academic person.

Sunday, October 29, 2006

Among the last

to leave from Aden,
let’s call him Governor
Sir Trevor Berkley-Trevorsham,

backed up the plane ramp,
pistol in hand. Old Bunky!
did he know his Kipling?

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

Brits never learn. Americans refuse.
It’s all of it an old old endless loop.

10 Invade for gelt and glory
20 Meet disaster
30 Mouth patriotism
40 Goto 10

Monday, October 30, 2006

Laughing at Cole Porter

too clever by much more than half,arch.
Trying. Uncool. Roaring traffic’s boom …
silence of my lonely room. Uh huh. Yeah.

How ‘bout “Kansas City Star,that‘s
what I are?” Country-funny,no tux.

In computer game hangover,so deep six
the Shakespeare too,or maybe just let’s say
Fuck it,man! Key in a few words. Rest is shit.

Tuesday, October 31, 2006

Rocco’s Solution

-Grounds are there. Throw all Republicans into prison.

-You mean all Republican officials? Crooks...?

-Nah. All Republicans! They’re complicit in crimes,especially blowing up babies in Iraq. Impossible to deny.

-Practical problems. Jails already overcrowded.

-Move out the present tenants. They become the Republicans. Won’t miss a beat.

Wednesday, November 01, 2006

LATEST...

SKETCHY REPORTS FROM SALT LAKE CITY DETAIL A STRIP MALL BOMBING CARRIED OUT BY RFJ,REPUBLICAN FASCISTS FOR JESUS.

POLICE CHIEF,Z. ZEBULON SAYS AT LEAST 50 ARE DEAD AND ABOUT THAT NUMBER WOUNDED,WITH SEVERAL ANIMALS LOST FROM A PET STORE TOO. THERE WERE THREE BOMBERS,HE ADDED.

TEBBY THOMSTON (D)MARYLAND IMMEDIATELY TOOK TO THE SENATE FLOOR. “WE HAVE OUR SPLINTER TOO,DEMOCRAT BOLSHEVIKS. BUT THEY WON’T DIE. WE’LL BECOME EXTINCT AS THE DODO IF WE DON’T FIND SOME WILLING YOUNGSTERS.”

GOP’S SEN RACKER OF GEORGIA RESPONDED. “RFJ IS NOT A SPLINTER GROUP,BUT THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. ONCE THE PRESIDENT INVITES THEM INTO THE OVAL OFFICE,WE’LL HAVE PEACE THROUGH GOD!”

Thursday, November 02, 2006

Dry Knowledge

Two Photos At the Garden Show.
"The bluebirds have returned
to Militia Hill!" Fact

emphatic: "This is a BLUE bird;
but THIS is a bluebird!" Yeah,

feisty little guy
with orange breast-
splotch so

himself.

Friday, November 03, 2006

Parallels

-If you want to look nice and be considered as one of Herr Hitler's little boys,you'll keep that suit clean today!

It was Sunday after church and the Germans were due in tomorrow.

Mr Mixte,the Republican committeman had already brought the brochures to our Starr Street house in New Haven,and we learned some German.

The Japanese takeover of the Western part of the country was further along,and they had freed the camps with great fanfare. The Journal-Courier showed a six-column photo of a Mr Tagaki accepting the keys of the first Nash Automobile from a Los Angeles dealer.

My father had been warned that being a Democrat was like being a bolshevik and the Fuhrer hated them as much as Jews.

-Roosevelt! Betray your class and therefore the country,and then lose the war! But I can't approve if you were one of those boys,however.

Mixte was referrerring to breaking some shop windows on Oak Street,where the furniture stores and delis were. And painting swastikas.

I smiled and he smiled,so I breathed again.

My Dad had changed his registration to Republican. That helped me too.
-Boys will be boys! he told Mr Mixte.

-We do want some zest to them,of course. Dr Goebbels is clear on this.

We had his poster in the hall. Presses couldn't print enough Hitlers. There was a waiting list.

(This was the parallel universe. The war turned out differently in this reality, of course. One shared event was that my Dad did switch to Republican after Colonel Nickerson came back to the firm and told him he goddamn better.

Both my sister and I became Republicans and married same.
Hitler is outsized in myth. Not quite the absolute monster.

No man is. I know he smiles,though,staring over the boundary between universes. But that’s just theory.)

Saturday, November 04, 2006

Electric Republicans

-Too many of our guys are AC/DC.

-It’s a big tent,and who knows why your dick shoots up?
Blazing with love,drawing the frenzy deep into their bones.

-Our core do! Know and care. And it don’t buy no literary shit!

-I don’t either. I just like it. Well forget the sex! Just a mudbath.
DC really means Democrat Corruption.

-Yeah,that’s a sound bite extraordinaire! And AC?

-Between us,that’s our baby and bathwater. Accelerating Corruption!

-Full speed ahead?

-More like warp!

-Might John Q eventually catch on?

-I don’t think so. It’s going up his ass this very minute and he doesn’t feel a thing. It don’t mean a thing if you don’t feel that swing.
Or...trust the thrust!

-Does everybody have a filthy mind?

-Yes! And that makes it pure. (sings) “Lots of chocolate for us to eat...”
Join in! Don’t you sing?

-Only when I’m asked. Do you know Oh What a Lovely War ?

-It’s my national fuckin anthem!

Sunday, November 05, 2006

“Religious” Dumb Fuck Resigns

leadership of 30 million
other dumb fucks.

Looks like male sex
and crystal meth.

Who cares? They’ll
find another even
dumber fuck

to instruct our
imbecile president.

Monday, November 06, 2006

What else?

The price of Empire
is murder. Onboard?

Academic question.
You are already.

Tuesday, November 07, 2006

Study: 655,000 Iraqis die because of war-AP

Tommy Malthus took an AK-47
and gave the Moslems
tickets to heaven.

When he saw this Christian
arrangement,true rock
the modern Church

is built on,
he sold his Peter

Pan and Disney
and rolled over

the 401-K
to coffin stocks.

Took a breather then,
helping Mose Allison
write “Your Time Will Come.”

Wednesday, November 08, 2006

Buffalo’s Radio “Birddog” Interviews Rocco after Democrat Landside

-Good afternoon Buffalo! Well,the day after. Pick your adjecive. Stunning? Bloodbath? Anyway,Democrats sure won. I’m in front of Celebre's in my old South Philadelphia neighborhood. Just had an egg and pepper sandwich with childhood friend Rocco. We are on the edge of the stadiums here.

-Go Eagles,Flyers,Sixers,Phillies!

-They booed Santa Claus,the Philly fans!

-End that myth! We threw snowball at him!

-You are the most fire-breathing Democrat I know. But,you must realize that Republican gloating stuck in the craw of millions,and yesterday was payback.

-No gloat.

-Good! Adult. A step towards really addressing the country’s problems.

-Let’s get on with it. Together.

-In that spirit,what would you say to Republicans?

-I’d ask.

-Then what would you ask?

-Would you like crow with that shellac?

-Not clever.

-Doesn’t hafta be.

Thursday, November 09, 2006

Defeated Pol

sd he came in
w/nothing,
leaves w/same.

½ true anyway &
good for the field.

Friday, November 10, 2006

The Waterboarding Operetta

T1 He’s blacker than a you know what.

T2 Some Ay-rabs iz. (sings) It iz necessarily so.

T1 Does he (sings) hear them gentle voices callin’?

T2 Who knows? I gotta read him his rights. YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE WATERBOARDED BY THE SOVEREIGN RIGHT OF THE DOUBLE SOVEREIGN NATION OF THE UNITED FUCKIN STATES!

T1 And the Galena Convention.

T2 Don’t make jokes whilst I begin to commence.

Glub

T1 Is that an Ay-rab word?

T2 Who the fuck can tell? Translator recused himself for moral reasons.

T1 For what? (laughs)

T2 Now see what you did! Got me all giggly and I over fuckin poured.

T1 (sings) We shall over pour-or-or. No natural rhythm down there.
More like convulsing. Well,scratch another urban myth.

T2 (sings) You may call it romance…

T1 (sings) But I call it luvvvvvvvve. Man! Now he swings with absolutely nothin!

T2 How bout sea chanty?

T1 Ship sunk.

T2 No shit!

T1 He done swum with the fishes.

T2 It comes to us all.

T1 The only pain in the ass is the paperwork.

T2 The what?

Saturday, November 11, 2006

The Thunder-Down Theory Trailing the Circus Parade, far far behind and yet you see clouds glittering from the instruments,larger, more antic vibrations from the motley clowns. Music dopplers back and couldn’t be zippier. You’ll not get closer, but will obtain what the elephants left.

Sunday, November 12, 2006

Remembering Bush & Cheney on Hustings,Far-Flung

If not for the courage
of the hapless two
the Minnow would be lost.

Monday, November 13, 2006

God Is Whatchacallit
Sanctions, they say,
killed Iraqi children
slowly.
We explode babies

instantly
at present. Think I’ll go
to church. All the talk
there numbs, evidently.

Tuesday, November 14, 2006

Question Both Academic and Important

Where is thought
in the headless

chicken which
rushes & careens

while blood
fountains?

Is thought still in
the routed head a-

mid the dust?
Or in the actor?
Academy scoffs

‘Hardly enough
to begin with,
at any rate’ as

Professor Moriarity
holds such chickens
hotfoot universally,

whatever they ponder.
Whether in Iraq,Great
Britain,or back in

the more splendid barn-
yard of the USA,where
creatures,in bouts

of whimsy,are often
dressed for photo
opportunities.

Wednesday, November 15, 2006

Opening Parliament Like a Fancy Can (or Tin)

Dude in pantaloons
shoulders gold mace in,
lays it into rack. So?

Just the beginning.
28 tons of ritual-
istic horseshit follows.

The muthah
country.

Sunday, November 26, 2006

He Cool,His

calm & steady eddies.
She,burbling freshlets.

Big C rushed him &
she instead be-
came a rock

against its waves.
He dessicates
the bank,but for-

ever wildflowers march
hillward.

Monday, November 27, 2006

Forty Acres and a Mule

“Them? We’re lucky they didn’t put it back in!” From Lucas1, commenting on the failure of Republicans to institute a slavery reparations plan. “It ain’t worth crap but it’s worth something,” he says of the one recently signed by the Democratic President.

The land is torrid Arizona scrub,but many have staked claims, four-wheeling in with water and tents.

The mule? Well,that’s virtual. As has Lucas1,anyone who can prove slave ancestry can log onto mymule.gov and record a name.

Popular ones thus far are Bush,Cheney,and Rumsfeld,as well as athletes,both adored and despised.

Also,boutique and chat sites are getting underway.

Chief Matthew Walks-Before-Sunrise of the initial hot area has already offered extensive digital photography to the new grubstakers,who can leave their site with a beautiful dvd containing desert backgrounds with themselves holding up signs such as FINALLY!

The Chief speaks as if he might boost that particular one himself. “This tribe has waited for the miraculous White Buffalo and it’s black folks!”

Tuesday, November 28, 2006

Mickey and Carl

Mickey led. And now the thing was to have singalongs of old corny songs with slides.

Thus The Curse of an Aching Heart, and all the guys had bellowed

“You dragged me down
and dragged me down
till the soul within me died!”

A slide of dudes at a Victorian bar,all moustache and attitude.

Walking back to the apartment,Mickey sped ahead. Carl held the gun they had bought after a murder in their block.

Mickey and Carl - Mickey = Many Police.

Carl didn’t know how it went off. Mickey had been explicit about how to keep the safety on.

“Horrible accident,” pronounced Captain Aldo "Bucky" Adinolfi.

Wednesday, November 29, 2006

Revelation

Evangelicals form the putre-
fying core of this government.

Those who know Truth,in
its dandy divine variety,

but can’t find their ass
with both hands.

Thursday, November 30, 2006

On the Ground in Iraq

Death is a blundering,
blind camel who kills
anyone he meets.

Those who evade him live
to old age.

-after Zuhayr,poet

Friday, December 01, 2006

Prayer for Our Unworthiness

Hitler flooded the subways,
those sheltering from Hell
unworthy of him. May we al-
ways be unworthy of our pol-

iticians, most especially
today’s corporate whores
who lead where? The bank?
Boardroom? Country Club?

Saturday, December 02, 2006

The Actress

-Don’t think that term puts me off. Whore, Courtesan, Call Girl? I could care less. But I think of myself as a Western Geisha. We can speak of Brahms or the Beetles, the poetry of Wallace Stevens, the novels of Mishima or Faulkner. Anything!

-I recognize your name.

-Yes, from such Hollywood excrement as Hey! That’s My Excellent Bra, The Theology of Eggs, and Deedle Tweedle.

-The Tweedle thing had pretty clever animation.

-Robots having sex. Spare me!

-Well,I guess we should...?

-You have the whole night. Don’t worry...or rush. My Gentlemen like me to lead the first time. In subsequent appointments we experiment. Will that be Master Card?

Sunday, December 03, 2006

Moving

Maybe it’s because it’s Florida,
but one cable channel’s dedicated
to the colon. It cites the monster

coils out from little nippers,& con-
firms old boys & girls should measure up.

Thus,their miraculous product,
herbal. “Full of shit” a relative term,

not.

Monday, December 04, 2006

Process

Well,we long ago gave Republicans
one-car funeral to manage and how
they fucked it up irrevocably! None-

theless we elect opposites to do
SOMEthing! as the corpse stinks

up the hearse, & now what? Why they
seem all apprehension as to the thick-
ness and shape of the coffin. Rules

to consult have been misplaced or
chucked by GOP. Hearings promised!

A tire blows spontaneously.

Tuesday, December 05, 2006

Bible has survived

its interpreters,
remains

neck and neck
with The Devil,

who quotes it,often
from the pulpit.

Wednesday, December 06, 2006

Blogosphere

Gadzillions of blogs &
why not? Opportunities
to be silly,or affect

hauteur when
in this grave
nation the rich pry

it so far up your ass
your eyes water.

Thursday, December 07, 2006

The Authority

Times have never been better. Once, I plucked a file from a cabinet to confront your drained-of-color face. Now I scan a screen.

Occasionally peering at you. Over prop glasses…the fun part.

The upshot: you'll do what I say. No wiggle.

I'm a patriot; I don't know what you are.

At any rate, we've finally re-instilled respect for authority.

The country can never pay that debt to this administration!

Friday, December 08, 2006

Pie

-Well you've finally done it. The entire pie.

-Too long in coming.

-Are the rest of us to starve? Is that it?

-God's will.

-Besides,you'll need servants forever. They'll get a sliver.

-Malays or robots,Senators,whatever. But I suppose there's no perfection on this earth. Let's say for sake of accuracy we have 99 per cent.

-You're insuring revolution!

-We already do. We own those franchises too.

-Uh huh. Better be well defended.

-That process is a thing of art.

-One day your Praetorian Guard will plant a shiv in your back!

-Until then,the yachts bob and the girls spread their legs. Uh,would you mind taking your smell elsewhere?

Saturday, December 09, 2006

Answering Vitriol re Congressman’s Absences

Well,a few of those dates
in Paris for authoritative
conference. On my dime?

you wonder. On someone’s.

Sunday, December 10, 2006

NYTimesmode

WANTED! REPUBLICAN POPULISTS

But it won’t work if you’re a Nazi

Monday, December 11, 2006

My Sister and I

recall the day
we assed around on
the way to school and

blood poured down
the plaza steps.

Teachers herded us
into auditorium
and the principal

screamed about “the price
of freedom.’ We just shook

and the guards around
the building scared us
even more.

Daddy sneered the same
words later when shoving
us into the car with
the dogs. I wouldn't

leave without Waldo
the parakeet,whose cage
got pushed into my face.

I still feel the pattern
of the wires.

Tuesday, December 12, 2006

Newspapering Notes

rookie sent to fire in runkles apt block owned by bank

wrote of shrieking

never in paper

editor-- if it’s not here it didn’t happen

later chat w/ wit in runkles

lived a long time and lots of things
never happened here

Wednesday, December 13, 2006

```
    Our New Weapon
   A thing of tubes
   which fires not
 bullets but sided bits
 of metal. Which means?
(Well, generally not much
to those unbrown.) Only bad
luck puts you strolling rural
   track when beered-up
   boys itch to try
   the damn thing out.
Million "rounds" a minute but
after 20 seconds not trace-1
of you...save video the scold-
ing foreman burns. Ah well,

 Freedom isn't free. Thank
 you for your contribution.
```

Thursday, December 14, 2006

The Apprentice

-You’re in charge of Project 30.

-What’s that?

-Reporter used to write 30 after article. I don’t know if they do now,what with computers and everything. 30 got to mean death too.

-You mean...?

-Just recents. They haven’t been gone that long,and we depended on them. So...we know how they’d vote.

-Come on! They can’t rise up and walk to the polls!

-Let us worry about that. That’s another project.

-Hah hah. Guess we put Religious Right in charge of that one.

-Great idea!

-Jokes,right? Pull the new guy's leg?

-Jokes lose votes!

Friday, December 15, 2006

Rocco and the Bookie

-Rove’s the fuckin Satan,whispering into dope’s earpiece so he can answer questions. It’s so fuckin pitiful that people can be for that moron!

-In politics,as in literature and life,we are amazed at the choices of our friends.

-English Major from great University of Pennsylvania graduates to being a bookie. A triumph!

-It’s nice work. Clever work. Very human.

-And I’ll bet you voted for that cocks...

-What odds? But I did,my legitimate side craved those tax cuts.

-What legitimate side?

-Beauty parlors all over our lush Delaware Valley.

-Figures. Another form of illusion. Like thinking we have a president when we got a drooler who couldn’t find his ass with both hands without Rove’s handbook.

-Uh huh. Love the passion,Rocco,but it’s not commerce. I must stop elsewhere,then check my laptop and cell.

-Big shot! Self-ordained. South Philadelphia too small for him!

-Eagles giving five at Washington?

-Eagles for two hundred. They double,margin at least ten.

-I almost hope you win,you’re so upset. Best thing about being a minor criminal is you prosper under both parties! So I keep an equal temperament.

-I hope you’re very proud of yourself.

-I definitely am. I run an honest business. Not many can say the same.

-Crooked business!

-There is nothing,no no nothing,like the clashed edges of two words that kill!

-Get the fuck outa here!

-Wallace Stevens if you want to google him.

Saturday, December 16, 2006

What Would Jesus Do?

Who could fathom?
Both a revolutionary

and purveyor of
Ancient Faith.

Vacation slot pop up
in local pulpit, he’d
be down the list.

Sunday, December 17, 2006

How To Kill Someone As a State

First, it’s messy
& nervous.

You can use
chemicals or
electricity,

even lasers
& microwaves
possible.

Old-fashioned
probably still best

& most poetically
apt, Firing Squad.

Joe Hill took five
in the left side
courtesy of Utah.

Forgotten, like a dim,
restaurant on

the Highway to this
Brilliant Fascism.

Monday, December 18, 2006

Girlfriends

-I woke up with Santa Claus.

-Jesus! Was he dressed?

-Jacket. Fake fur nice to the touch.

-Who was he, reallly?

-I told you.

-Mrs Claus’ll be pissed.

-Hey! She never appreciated his hard work

-You did, right?

-Pass.

-What do you actually remember?

-What I always remember. The experience that’s the same.

-Bitter?

-No. No up, down. Living in steady-state irony.

-You need a baby.

-I need a brain.

Tuesday, December 19, 2006

His Will

Infinity of shrink-
wrapped bricks
of cash gone mis-

sing in Iraq.
God obviously
intends that

The Faithful
profiteth.

======
no posts till early Jan '07

Thursday, January 04, 2007

Tale of the Tub

Grandma, who loved her tea
and Jeopardy, spins on New
Orleans floods, her face

a mud turtle, though
they’re trying to control
the huge plastic tub.

Republican administration
tells her to jack herself up
and, if possible, stop
being black.

While we’re at it, get
those other grandmas down
to the border and push them
back over the fence. But

don’t let panties show.
That helps no one.

Friday, January 05, 2007

Hawks Bolster...President*

Their children certify
family script of bub-

ble patriotism, & sly
noblesse midst ter-
races front-

ing country clubs to
kids of untouchables

serving gin & tonics here,
blood inside The Raj.

*Washington Post

Saturday, January 06, 2007

The Bottom Line

-Who's out there in offices?

-Just Jerry, a vice president.

-Then you'll hafta do it!

-Uh uh. You hammered that I must make that meeting and
give your five points, or how many!

-Yeah, I remember.

-Besides, speaking frankly--which I have for twelve brutal years:
cash to your mistress? That's personal business.

-Be company business if she sues. Our stock will plummet.
Survey shows more than half of our shareholders go to church.

-Well...a locked attache case. He just delivers. Maybe he'll buy that.

-What's he VP of?

-Publications.

-Tell him that'll be first thing gets the ax.

-He still might not do it.

-Special favor to me?

-I don't know, he...?

-He'll do it.

-You sure? How can...?

-I know such things.

Sunday, January 07, 2007

Political Science

Back from vacation
and can’t say I’ve missed
my daily call from India.

I’m told there’s a script
if I should ask then
you’re Jill who loves

her Chevy Cobalt and
collects old Beatles
LPs. When you stepped

over a corpse, getting
to work today. Hey

Capitalism is giving
you a chance! Which
is a paradox since it

fucks everybody
everywhere.

Monday, January 08, 2007

Senators 1,2

Fercrisakes! Bipartisanship means if we need your votes we'll talk to you. Pretending to respect
those asinine high-sounding views favoring your cronies which have practically ruined the country.

Fuck you!

That's a start. We're talking already.

Tuesday, January 09, 2007

Iraq

When knotty
goes nutty
the tough jerk off.

The treacherous deplore
chaos. The dead remain

orderly,their
sacrifice for

nothing.
Nothing.

Wednesday, January 10, 2007

America the Syndrome

You, in dreaming, twitch.
Partner, Carl or Carla says
that’s enough! Restless

Leg Syndrome like on TV,
and you eventually visit

doctor for pills. Fortunate-
ly, you live in a modern house
which has a medicine room,

so things are just not stuffed
helter-skelter. Our evolving
medical complex-

ity demands such order, of course.
Religious people, which you and
Carl/Carla are decidedly NOT, pray

to be spared
new syndromes.

Thursday, January 11, 2007

In Sex and Politics

when incendiaries marry,
better link with others
to try flaming out.

Then they’ll sit, little
sly baskets in their
medicare years.

Friday, January 12, 2007

‘swhen

she sez fuck me it
makes no difference I’ve
become a tramp anyway

& both of you grind away
on powders spilt from drugs
you must feel even lower &

in this state know the savior
will come but not another man
that didn’t take

Saturday, January 13, 2007

American Actors!

Go to Iraq.
But not yet,

since an IED could truly sep-
arate you from your talent
on the road. At any rate, surfer

dude lookers will be required
to play villains in

triumphant Arab films. Click
sneeringoccupationprick.com

Sunday, January 14, 2007

Improvisers,Jazz & Other

wallow self-
referentially,
piling on

puns & obliques
& nobody's

that fuckin
interesting.

Monday, January 15, 2007

Frank B. Ford
Greene Street Artists' Building, #1
5225 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144-2927
telephone (215) 848-7385

The Place of Art in Our Time

As "Woopie-doopy-wah-WAH!" sweeps back from the audience,
his comeback is out of trouble. In fact, their hitting that last WAH! proves that the final battle has been won.

But at what cost! The divorces, the detoxes...the humiliations at the hands of young women--and, lately, young men--so so much more. Part and parcel of being an artist in these times.

Too, in the last five years the hasbeen they didn't even recognize in the 7-11: swallowing that daily ignominy while hearing about "stars" in the chatter round the magazine rack. Stars of Schmaltz he remembers hissing to his Luria that very night she o'd in their filthy apartment.

But not he to linger over hurt, however massive and deep,
as he sings out abnormally loud: woopie-doopy-wah-WAH WAH WAH WAH WAH! to top the audience, most of whom cry as orange lasers cut their collective face into slices.

And now these long suffering and faithful fans wildly cheer the orchestra's crazy, scattered, discordant fragments which fizzle, only to strike up blatantly again: like Watch! for we've all of us gone ape from all the art and love and pain.

For always it was that last, brilliant WAH! that had distinguished him from Mok-a-Rauncha, The Kentucky Carload with Whistlebank, and from Tilly and the Splits. And the Blowjobs-- let's not forget them. They came and they went. All of them.
And WHO is it at Carnege Hall? Never he, though, for cutting recriminations. If any of them are in the audience, he'll invite them onstange.

Fake punching them; then hug, and, finally. sing with them, dueling with the wahs. Playing, too, with the timing to suck in the crowd even more.

He knows in tearful, and sincere, insight as they stand to roar his name, their

swaying bodies in the so-very-slowly-panning spotlights. Knows that love has finally saved him, saved his talent and his pure art from his darker self, and from this tasteless nation.

Tuesday, January 16, 2007

Katrina was the perfect butt-fucking

by Compassionate Conservatism,
maintains one on the ground there.

Odd how many of its authors prefer
tea-bagging.

Wednesday, January 17, 2007

To British Reporters

I say, chaps, it’s well & good,
& fair game, even, you hung

our fellow up with blunt &
provocative questions, but

there IS decorum! Study
our correspondents.
Their purple tongues.

Thursday, January 18, 2007

Man to wear nametag all year in effort to meet neighbors*

What kindamerican is that?
Object is not to meet them!

*Yahoo News

Friday, January 19, 2007

The American Revolution

You take bribes
in office &
get voted out

for the worse war.
Now a lobbyist
opening the purse.

Saturday, January 20, 2007

The Battle of Waterloo was won
on the playing fields of Eton.
--Wellington

Civilization

On the playing fields of Eton
I assumed my fair turn in New

Haven, bells of Harkness
like a vise.

Through mine fields since
missing the notices

haphazardly posted a-
mong the swells

of cricketers and footballers, in
rising dust of dusk, cool-edged.

“There's a good chap!” when
you miss your middle-class leg.

Sunday, January 21, 2007

1 Iraq Shot

Among careening
chickens, soldiers.

There’s a place of
glory for you. And
chickenshit.

Monday, January 22, 2007

You can't own the past

Each visit
in tatters
you rent.

Tuesday, January 23, 2007

Lone Patriot of Central Idaho Apologizes

I have used a program for the past year which recognizes the last name of various celebrities
and automatically supplies the first from a scanning of the context.

It goofed. My attempt to identify the “USA-Israel-Neocon Cabal Intent On Exploding All Arabs”
was spot-on with Wolfowitz, Kristol, Abrams, and Feith–-but not MINNIE Pearle!

Spelled Pearl, of course, she was the wonderfully funny Grand Ole Opry performer who often had price tags hanging from her.

Wednesday, January 24, 2007

Rocco and Penn's Lone Republican

Well if it isn't the only Republican from the University of Pennsylvania!

Slight exaggeration--but I'm only here for ice cream for my mother, Rocco!
Let's straighten out the world another time.

You've always been a good boy. Growing up I remember all the old ladies saying it. Now you're a good boy for the Bush Administration. Carrying water.
Or is that piss?

I've had minor administration consultancies, yes.

How 'bout Iraq. You help beat that dead horse?

No. Just economic issues.

Like that's not one! Anyway, what’s it like to work for a dope? Upholding the policy of those who rape the country?

Intellectualism is highly overrated in a president. I'll skip the rest as vastly oversimple.

Well, one good thing. Rocco's One-Percent Solution!

Gotta go!

You hafta listen to me. I'm bigger.

Make your point if there is one in there. Mamas butter pecan'll melt.

The Republican crooks they're putting in jail now--and I applaud!--
represents about one percent of the total crop of GOP thieves. Grand Old Purloiners!

No one should steal.

Tell that to your Republican buddies.

You keep saying Republican. I'm really a Conservative! And a Libertarian!
We visit the Republican Party!

Yeah? Well you’ve gone native!

Thursday, January 25, 2007

Elemental Iraq

Anyone beset
with diarrhea

knows what
surge means

Friday, January 26, 2007

Republicans New & Old

How about the war?

Lose-lose.

But there’s gotta be something…?

We’ve done it.

to lessen the political costs?

We’re looking at total minority status for at least ten years.
It’ll take that long for the country to wash the bad taste out.

Too pessimistic! Why there are some moves we can make even now that…

At a point, all moves are bad. We’re past that point.

The economy could alleviate…

Rule by banks fucks everybody. We fucked ourselves! And the spawn
is in the White House.

That sounds like treason!

Make the best of it. It’s all that remains.

Saturday, January 27, 2007

The Day We Became Language Everybody Scoffed

But we know
now.

Sunday, January 28, 2007

15,16,17 etc

yr old girls
can have script
along their bottoms

moving in hallmark
ways, 20-40 some-

things better
forget it. Men?

Only the hardest
up gray swish’d
get enthralled.

Monday, January 29, 2007

Running On At the Club(s)

I’m for it as you know, hardly
your kid or mine killed at any rate
it’s just costing too fuckin much!

Tuesday, January 30, 2007

GOP Operators, Encore

Willie Horton was brilliant
in its time but it’s a '38 Ford. Let's
just say that if whatshisface runs...?

A little Swiftboating, pray?

Child’ s play, Son. We got Stealth
Bomber of Racism primed for takeoff!

Wednesday, January 31, 2007

Flanders’ Fields, Not

In Afghanistan the poppies grow
row on row on row on row.

Iraq's a total clusterfuck
on their sides & on ours.

Asshole buddies raking bucks
defines the GOP. High talk
& gutter morals. But

y'gotta love the talk really
it elevates us all if we
don't speak about it.

& just maybe if we just leave
the War Fascists alone they'll
cut their throats. Razor’s in their

hand & they’ve already managed
to come in their patriotic pants.

Thursday, February 01, 2007

Lending Ears to Miracles

Flagellants stumble
from town to town
in the Black Plague,

scourging themselves
for harrowing sin. As

with most emotional re-
ligious movements, soon
everybody’s fucking.

Authorities see enough and
dispatch the soldiers to slice
them for their passions up. Oddly,

they could've dodged this dicey fate
had they listened to a talking horse!

Today, such an equine has to be
quite close at hand.

Friday, February 02, 2007

Cheerleading and Its Opposites

-I know you're testifying for him. In his own branch he's called a prick.

-Whatever. We have a few also.

-Never mind that. I don't ask you to change your opinion,
just soft pedal. Ever hear of condemning with faint praise?

-After twenty two years of writing many a fitness report for barely
adequate officers, I'm aware of the phenomenon.

-Let's be clear. I'm not ordering you or anything. I just want to
preserve our jobs!--and not be second in line for equipment.
.....

Aide: Well, what's the old man tasking us towards?

-Winning the Army-Navy Game.

Saturday, February 03, 2007

She didn’t find love

with an alien
all that fantastic.

He was gone
before dawn,

leaving a gal-
actic apple.

Sunday, February 04, 2007

Legal Advice

-Well you’re buying it while you’re seeing it.

-But it’s gone by the time I pay!

-Nature of smoke.

Monday, February 05, 2007

Journalism 101

-I’d say don’t go there but it’s no use. So, the
senator and his sweetie?

-Hacked his home computer. Three hundred words just
describing her cunt.

-Didn’t realize his artistic bent.

-That’s just the half of it. Pet names for it, and
Shakespeare quoted too upon her titzy-witzys!

-Look! You must decide what kind of journalist to be.
Exploiting a decrepit silver fox who gets up five
times a night to piss will put you in the right.
Religious Right. Thus the main vein presently:
Christian Hypocrisy. That’s one!

Or, two, hearken back to raunchy yesteryear.
Just keep the tits above the fold as the enormous balcony
of Peaches LaVoom enrolls in Princeton’s Economics
of Stripping.

Or three, Journalism! Find out whence went billions
lifted in Iraq by professing patriots, Christians, and
other scumballs.

-I’ll take number one. It’s today!

-Who gives a fuck? I’m retiring anyway. Getting up
as many times as that wretch of a lecherous
senator--sounds like Gilbert and Sullivan!
Getting up at night that is.

-Whatever. I’m never getting old. No percentage.

Tuesday, February 06, 2007

Triple-T H

-What you're famous for!

-Shhhhh. What was the official name? I forget.

-Me too. It hadda have Operation in it, and Freedom.

-Yeah. The other words you can take from a hat.

-Well, we'll miss you!

-Forced back to private sector cuz I’m goin broke here!
Even with the graft, couldn't pump up enough bucks.

-You're kidding, right?

-Less than you know.

-Well you slid us to the war. Even got the Commie New York Times
on board.

-My hierarchy starts with Bush, then God, then Me. I do anything
the first two want! They say shit! I say what color?

-That's what makes a great American if you ask me.

-You're too kind. Well the new guy has to smooth the way to Iran.
But might as well keep our informal name for new campaign also, yes?

-Right on! And I do mean Right. Triple-T H forever!

-As I bow out among friends.

-Yup. Ten Thousand Tons of Horseshit!

-That's the campaign, not me!

-You're always funny!

Wednesday, February 07, 2007

Miraculous Outcomes

Itza Civil War in Iraq
& more & more & more!
Memo to Administration:

You lied us in
now lie us out.

We’ll accept that
gladly as nature
of political beasts.

There was a man in Washington
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

Thursday, February 08, 2007

Just When You Thought Cluster Couldn't Be More Fucked

Discussant on PBS, Jim Lerher’s show, intimates that armed contractors, aka mercenaries, could end up firing on each other in Iraq. On our soldiers after? Well, only if the bounty is generous enough.

Friday, February 09, 2007

Judge

Never see woman with
arm cast I don’t say
drunk, fell down stairs.
Red hatchet face confirms.

Whereas she could’ve
been at bright on-
board fete with buddies,

slipped. Sober. No wonder Bible
rails against judging. I
read & nod & savor. But
cannot help myself.

Saturday, February 10, 2007

Entrusted

We walked the representative home
from the banquet. He lived on
the top layer of a down-

up duplex, so only stairs when
the door opened. He climbed them

as an eel, after leaving clothes
in a neat pile. My friend clicked
the door, saying, "Not a word of this."

Sunday, February 11, 2007

Old Film

Doris has a door-wide dress
& David, kissy-huggy. Breakfast,
so time for “discussion.” His

resolve vs her wiles.
I stop there, but
vignette of asshole

behavior then & we're
signing as extras now.

Monday, February 12, 2007

Bipartisan Memo

If you speak forth
on this war we
really owe you.

Tuesday, February 13, 2007

Radio Hosts

On Iraq their Republicans have Kool-
aided, so they must gnash through more

Democratic shit. Proves, though, boon!
Fascists happiest humiliated.

Wednesday, February 14, 2007

My Disney channel down here in Florida

shills for their films etc
(as did the one in Philly)
and, more or less un-
consciously, for the larger
Fascism.

Thursday, February 15, 2007

Prowar Rally

They worked
hard to level
the platform so

drool‘d flow out
from both sides of
the speakers’ mouths.

Friday, February 16, 2007

Guardsman soon pulling 4th tour in Iraq

Ask the Vegas guys
& choose a coffin.

Saturday, February 17, 2007

Judge

Never see woman with
arm cast I don’t say
drunk, fell down stairs.
Red hatchet face confirms.

Whereas she could’ve
been at bright on-
board fete with buddies,

slipped. Sober. No wonder Bible
rails against judging. I
read & nod & savor. But
cannot help myself.

Sunday, February 18, 2007

Underdog

Prep brutal shit-
ting your brains out

but colonoscopy picture
proves nearly rosy-fair, so

walking to breakfast I shout
Good work down there!

Monday, February 19, 2007

Cube

Money Never Lost a War.
Money Never Lost a War.
Money Never Lost a War.
Money Never Lost a War.
Money Never Lost a War.
Money Never Lost a War.

Tuesday, February 20, 2007

Ante Up For Arrogance

Abruptly found ourselves
short a day or dollar, &

showed our friends
the face they've not seen.

Witness the US Senate,
the dropped mug of
the now-minority leader.

But don't dwell on him
as if his sins transcend.

The trashheap of ego
awaits all of us. Weigh,
pray how you wish.

It's the destination at which
you strut, Cock o' the World.

Wednesday, February 21, 2007

Quicker

Nice buzz after the picnic. Though the substances
were frowned on, they’re not yet forbidden. And picnic was
a thing that Associate Alphonse found in a book.

“You eat outside!”

“Who'd wanna do that?”

“Never mind, again, all your fussy conformity,” he laughed when we finished the cold chicken. “You hafta try new things even when they're old things.”

“Ancient, more like. Who ever heard of eating things cold? Disgusting!”

Conversation ended when an unmanned miniature rocket docked amid
the trees and called my name.

Seconds later I found myself in the war zone.

“I'm still half-drunk.”

“You're lucky.” That from the mission leader. “And all of you watch yourself. The policy of bringing soldiers back to life doesn't operate in this sector. Once dead, you're dead. Quite frankly, we'll soon be.”

“Modern life sucks!” I couldn't help spitting out.

“You can say what you wish because nothing you say makes any difference. This is what freedom has always meant. Now, do you want the last word? Is that important to you?”

“No.”

Thursday, February 22, 2007

Fourth Estate

-Patting a stripper on the ass not news
for him. Now painting her tits
with honey and then...?

-We are all of us honorable men!

-Park your high horse outside.
I got kids in private schools.

-We've become money
changers in the temple.

-Yeah, some fanatic chased us out but
we're back with a particular vengeance.
For truth and horror and the Arcadian woof!

-Back? Nobody's outside.
We ARE the temple!

-Shake any buck and some dirt flies off.
Grownups know this like their own shit.

-Goo goo gah gah I quit!

-Again? You're not allowed. Much crying
wolf locks you in place and thus
you fit the tenor of the entire country:
Righties jerk off to knowing your place.

-Appropriate. My whole life is jerking off.

-You just need a girlfriend.

-So they prattle. So when you get one
it proves to be a fully human being.

-Bummer. Though once you learn to screw
your friends, your path it showeth gold!

-I will quit. You’ll make me. Corroding!

-Hey! What can I say? I’m Everyman!

Friday, February 23, 2007

European Accent Interviewed on CSPAN

From a “Think Tank.” Such
sludge voices used to be wretch-
ed Lefties pre McCarthy. At the pres-

ent, march they for Empire:
Rat a tat tat tat!

Young parents!
Huddle with your children as
you must for tornadoes.

Their blood being currency
for much exalted theory, like

Iraqi boys and girls, getting
blown apart for such

ignorance.

Saturday, February 24, 2007

Ratdance

@famed chicken-taco emporium,
& web has captured it. I think more
them than people, NYC. Prefer our

company, not. As one, say, who’d you
rather discuss Rat Existentialism with? Or
Celebrity Rat Radiance via Rodent Media?

Sunday, February 25, 2007

They Call Me Broadway

Everywhere I go. Kids screaming at parades. Chants at award ceremonies even when they give the useless junk to somebody else. Anyway, everywhere. Yo Broadway! Hey Broadway!

Even at that Celebrity golf tournament last week, rich guys running it, like, Broadway, can we get you a drink?

Funny thing, I’m West Coast guy. First time I see Broadway was the other day. Whatta nothin!

They oughta call Broadway me!

Monday, February 26, 2007

If the Sheriff Showboats

so what? He holds need-
ed press confab

to announce nabbing
the rapist, murderer,
or molester–-though

business gouge, never.
All the rest ’round edges,
like reporters pressing,

nation and its culture
of racial hate and hypocrisy.

Tuesday, February 27, 2007

"Height of Hypocrisy!"

Whoa, Thunderers!
Some high standard!

The Senator who home of brave
& land of frees it prettily then
votes the way he's paid.

The Religious, corrupting boys &
shrieking Bible ’bout that deport-

ment. These 2 come close, but scan
thyself, Alexander Pope enjoins.

You & I may set the bar even ‘gainst
such blatant competition.

Wednesday, February 28, 2007

Faiths

If a someone drools
advancing your beliefs,

enshrine true saint o-
blivious. Other

Wet-Chin counterers, though,
you mustn’t fail, ever, to omit
the glistening infirmity for

no radio-style corrosion
from your elevation
can totally suffice.

Thursday, March 01, 2007

Ah Yes It Was

His breakneck chariot over whole city that day! Gaius in charge except we had a thousand
by that name at least.

So the others became, for example, Gaius XV, foreman at the site of Minerva's Temple,
Gaius XX, building the west gate from rubble in that quarter.

Gaius I took a rare breath to complain to me, "You got a million Romans on a project, you got a million bosses and two million opinions. But, we're gonna do it! One Day!"

"They’ll say we never did," I pronounced.

Friday, March 02, 2007

Owning Defense Stocks &

voting for war? True
Eye of the Beholder.

Ramming distinct brands through?
Grow up and smell the hosing!

Faiths

If a someone drools
advancing your beliefs,

enshrine true saint o-
blivious. Re Wet-

Chin counterers,though,
you mustn’t fail,ever,to omit
the glistening infirmity for

no radio-style corrosion
from your elevation
can totally suffice.

Saturday, March 03, 2007

```
    Predicting TV
   Melville pronounced himself vile failure,
   withdrawing to lecture whence
          they fancied the South Seas,
       not the whale, so dismal pale.
"Is it true, Sir, that the young native women
       are, uh, entiresly innocent of clothing?"
```

Sunday, March 04, 2007

The Bright Young Woman

explicating to me, whatever,
doesn’t fathom

shadowing by mad-
women in attics, or

flounces who fracture hearts
weekly, not recalling names.

Others screaming neuroses out
of cramps or myriad other physic-
al pains. Or none. At any rate,

my bright young woman, laughing,
walks away now, and I am satisfied

that she’ll go crazy necessarily,
with history as a guide.

Monday, March 05, 2007

Bubonic Plague in California

Comes from bites of fleas living on rats.

So, go after the vector, yes?

Rats in major cities outnumber people.

If capable of organizing, they could have their own mayor and board of aldermen.

On the federal level they could take us to war in Iraq.

Tuesday, March 06, 2007

The Panel

CHAIR
We're through here, Sergeant. Thank you. Can you handle that door okay? Apparently not. Ooops, spoke too soon.

Well, I know what I think. Like to know what you two...?

MEMBER 1
Excruciating! One word comes out and you can go get a sandwich waiting for the next.

MEMBER 2
Nothing really explains it! Unless he's faking.

CHAIR
Lemme rustle his papers again. Yeah. Okay. Fifth roadside bomb.

MEMBER 1
He was pushing his luck. Even in the war zone you don't have to be a completely foolish risk-taker.

MEMBER 2
I think you're both looking for an answer in all the wrong places. Maybe he's just dumb. Where's he from? One of the dumb states?

CHAIR
Go easy there! Party counts on them! Anyway this is a no-brainer. But hundred-percent disability is out of the question. We've been told that.

MEMBER 1
He asked for that?

CHAIR
Well, paper written in his third-grade hand did.

MEMBER 1
Not a chance!

CHAIR
Then what would you go for?

MEMBER 1
Forty.

MEMBER 2
Uh uh. Not me. He can get on the town garbage truck after discharge. The other guys'll help him out.

CHAIR
I see a consensus on twenty. And thus I write it down and thus-ssss... also...you two sign. Uh huh. Thank you! Next is that lady Marine Captain. The dyke. I'm not up for her. She'll have to return tomorrow.

MEMBER 2
Have you thought about...?

CHAIR
Of course. And I feel I'm speaking for our highly intelligent member to my right also.

MEMBER 1
Where else?

CHAIR
We will henceforth open all sessions with The Pledge of Allegiance.

—

Wednesday, March 07, 2007

Seems almost every civilization

has treated wounded soldiers & veterans disgracefully.
In modern times the picture is jollied up by rabid
chauvinists. Flags wave mercilessly into sunsets.

But our administrations have been full of shit. Sorry
for vulgarity; just add completely to present one.

Thursday, March 08, 2007

At The Conservative Conference

Keynoter tags a liberal “faggot” to
cooing titters & righteous adulation.

Some others churn, though, that
such a sleazy sidebar detracts

from profound ideas
& their serious purveyors.

& from the Pooka.

Friday, March 09, 2007

Train Watching

Went with Gramps to our small station to watch The War Train go through.

Some troopers sang as they clicked past, others pushed their lonely faces against the windows.

Instead of cranking up the barrier to release traffic on Church Street,
Old Carl left it down for another train following.

What’s that? I asked Gramps.

Why that there’s the Gravy Train!

He had been coming into his dotage. As he kept an eye on me, Mother said to keep one on him.
Anyway, imagine a train full of gravy!

Saturday, March 10, 2007

Another Shitkicker Wins Huge Lottery

And just after the Elvis
on Velvet Market
had stabilized!

Sunday, March 11, 2007

Have the Democrats Found Balls?

One.

Monday, March 12, 2007

Tail Gunner Joe

Your vile pig
is their martyr-
hero & v-

v. Why pragmatists
must again run things.

With lunatics shriek-
ing at the margins.

Tuesday, March 13, 2007

Party

The go fuck yourself party
advances their wars
while scanning for others.

How can we stop them?
We tire of our own voices,
finally. They continue

to believe in several
things at once, many
gone defunct as

meretricious, and
then resurrected
as patriotic.

All intended to enrich
their high confederates,

who, like them, dip into
blood or banks equally.

Wednesday, March 14, 2007

Life is Imagined
 Oh can be tri-
 angulation: 2
 affirming you
 attended such
 & such a school,
 say, but beyond
  these basics,
  not much. You
    invent,
second by second,
    editing
to choke fancies
  of others,
  or even to
    harmonize,
  if higher stakes.

Thursday, March 15, 2007

Our Captain Says We Kill For Jesus

Shouldn’t, I suppose.
We know our duty--most
of us, anyway, and Jesus

isn't required to perform
it. Sniper Junior

wasted a sand nigger (sounds
like song title)

taking a shit.
Shit blown everywhere!

“See that, J. C.?” he shrieked.
“That fucker’s stinking

up the Ay-rab heaven now!
Laugh, Savior, cuz THAT
is fuckin funny!”

Some of my buddies did.
They’ve lost track
of everything.

Friday, March 16, 2007

GOP, Old & Young

-Between you and me and the doorpost-Democrats, we stole Ohio. The professors are still going mad trying to understand the mathematics of it. It has nothing to do with math. Well, their kind of math. Theory. Another name for shit.

-What has it really got to do with, then?

-Winning by refusing to lose. First the Supreme Court sucker-punched the nation, and the next time round the halfass Dem really won the electoral, but we pulled Ohio, like a rug, out from under him.

-Well. we played the fraud card for the last time. Even Democrats have caught on, don't you think?

-Hey! Not a zero sum game. They try their little tricks, but remain amateurs, at least in their present incarnation. We learned a lot from their past ones!

Anyway, the patriot card is the only hot one now. I don't want to see a Republican without him or her waving a flag!

-Well I got one in my lapel.

-That's not what I mean. I mean a real flag! Always. Literal! People understand the literal.
So, a literal symbol for patriots as opposed to traitors.

-Must we be that harsh? Or are you just pulling my leg?

-Survival of the Fittest!--our cornerstone. Decent people'll prosper. Unfortunately, that results, as a byproduct, in a sprawling pile of spicks and niggers and white trash.

Which sucks all the energy out of the do-good Dems! If you ever want proof of what assholes
they are, just witness their alleged social programs. If those people want to get anywhere,
then don't take a penny! Get to fuckin work! Cultivate people! Tell them what they want to hear!
Make yourself indispensable! Blow somebody if you have to.

-I always like to listen to you, because I know things are not that rotten.

-Oh yes they are! And it's a blessing from God!

Saturday, March 17, 2007

American Equality

Everyone gets same amount of ice --
rich get theirs in the summer,
& poor in the winter.*

*sentiment attributed to Sheriff Bat Masterson

Sunday, March 18, 2007

The Art of Class

Rich emulators,
aka educated, can quarrel so with

incremental detail exhausting
priggish wit for meticulous

spite. Old, dim class slams doors
& strides the hell out well before
this cruelty pirouettes.

Monday, March 19, 2007

Hire Karl Rove

Dems! Stink he
put on “Liberal”

has wafted o’er
to Republican &
Conservative.

Would he keep the fans
churning for enough $?

Tuesday, March 20, 2007

Most on Right Believe in Nothing

outside of dough,
so pretend

fiercely. Iron
will & head. Pluck one

guitar string: America
the Beautiful! Try

Send in the Clowns.
From their crowded mouth
the endless corporation,

within whose filth we
sing & dance & choke.

Wednesday, March 21, 2007

Cold Trillion

to pay for wars.
Don’t worry,
it’s on plastic.

Card has Chinese characters.
But, again, don’t worry.

We’ve lost but don’t…well
you know, cuz Money
Never Lost a War.

Pockets are overstuffed:
zealous believers
who kick back.

Some kids’ll hardly kick
on aluminum legs but
Money Never Lost a War.

Babies in Iraq are blown to bits
but friends here are enriched.

That’s how it should be
under “Liberty,”

key to swims in
blood and cash.

God’s plan so never worry:
Money Never Lost a War.

Thursday, March 22, 2007

  Three farmers meet for coffee
  knowing what they know. Through
hint and understatement, they
     file it Iowa cold. In
  more apparent tone, three
Manhattan friends convene, their
     chatter terribly keen,
         yet reassuring. Both
  groups know everything, so,
a question, then, of style. Each
laughs at the other: One seen in filth
  and marauding blacks and browns,
  the other doorstop-dumb midst corn.
       The Comedy of Manners
         depends on turf.

Friday, March 23, 2007

Typical Crap Town

& now
they got
Wal-Mart.

Saturday, March 24, 2007

Age of Pericles, Not

Sarcasm’s a cheap coin I mostly learned
in ‘hood and later graduate study.

But might as well spend it on these
George Babbitts running things.

Dark Age, but with shinier geegaws.
But go ahead, keep throwing in
with the Babbitts. That said,

you’ll be embarrassed
years hence, or walking dead.

Sunday, March 25, 2007

```
Rilke's Poem
  of his mother
   at the piano
   melts down
  the page, it's
  that gorgeous.
 She bends towards
   us, languid-
 ly becoming light.
```

Monday, March 26, 2007

American Gaud

Noble Cause hits
trashcan,clinicians

moving on to less
spangled frauds.

Tuesday, March 27, 2007

HAVE THE CITIZEN'S RIGHT TO DEMAND THAT OUR REPRESENTATIVES...!

Cdn’t agree more! & some
of us are putting together
a little kitty.

Wednesday, March 28, 2007

The Bush Bible, as Regime Producing Bumper Crop of Criminals

Verily verily I say to each of you
get thee to a billionaire. For
such proximity insureth

that you'll walk. For who else
can biddeth up American Justice
unto its proper, patriotic level?

Thursday, March 29, 2007

Prez’ Latest Baghdad Plan

pisses in the wind, despite
the incisive CEO General.

They can’t wait for us
to leave, to rev up their
old tragedy. We’ll go

elsewhere to bear
our newer one.

Friday, March 30, 2007

Oh My!-Scoffing CNN reactor:

"Things in Washington done
for political reasons...!"

But this mess has to do
with firing prosecutors

getting too near deeds
of the criminal GOP

cronies. That lady?
With the scales
and blindfold? Even

slimeballs know
we owe her.

Saturday, March 31, 2007

The Hazards of Scholarship

Jerome Shucktice moved to Ludge, Iowa, expressly to flee the city's jealousies and backstabbing. Most of his trouble came from mastery of the Galladine, a stringed instrument from the Hittite civilization.

Deceived others attempted to advertise similar knowledge, flaunting, too, pitiful musicianship.
He refrained from comment, and they, therefore, savaged him.

He planned--another reason for rusticating in Ludge--a satirical novel in response.

And, though he wouldn’t pander to let it be known, he smiled inwardly about being the leading intellect there.

A few weeks after settlement on his quaint fisherman's cottage on the river, Galladine on Lower Pea-Bosk he named it, a notice on the library bulletin board stopped his breath.

LUDGE'S OWN AMY DRESH NETTLES WILL
PERFORM ON THE GALLADINE AND DISCUSS
HER NOVEL FEATURING THAT ANCIENT
INSTRUMENT

He noted the date, and since no one knew him, went. To what end? Laugh inwardly? Pile scorn when he later developed friends? Perhaps even to “praise” a local with an A-minus for effort.
The audience proved to be a collection of retired farmers and their wives, plus two bookish fabric store clerks who shared an apartment, and
had requested the day off to attend.

An outsized buzz as the lady entered, for she wasn't a person, really. Well not by most definitions.

But rather, a life-form. Sort of a green, Jello-ish amoeba flowing under Jerome’s chair and raised feet, and finally bending onto a platform-- looking at that point like something from a Dali painting. One farmer cleared his throat.

The librarian rested the stringed instrument on this shapelessness, and some kind of protuberances rose to strum bizarre chords.

Since he fainted along in here, Jerome never did find out how she read, but he did revive after Amy Dresh Nettles slid her departure. The fabric store fellows lingered on their way out, playfully introducing themselves as Don, and R. Gay Apparel, but then breathlessly imploring him not to reveal outside the town what he had witnessed.

Sunday, April 01, 2007

Escapement

Time is a trick
of interrupting.

Saying to Chaos
Hey! It's us!

Monday, April 02, 2007

Military

OFFICER
There’s a goat.

GENERAL
I don’t have time for this shit! Get on with it!

OFFICER
Sorry, Sir. One’s wandering outside the target. Our source on the ground says everyone in the house is dead. Reliable.

GENERAL
Well, I guess we’ll get the goat this time. The raid is on!

OFFICER
To kill what is dead?

GENERAL
The raid’s for political reasons. You better get to understand what those are.

OFFICER
Pilots put at risk and financial waste too!

GENERAL
Agreed, but nothing to do with it. The Brits hanged a dead man once. Carried out the order!

OFFICER
With all due respect, Sir, our contemporary stupidity to resonate with their historical one?

GENERAL
Full speed ahead! But that’s reserved for admirals, no?

OFFICER
Such tragic waste!

GENERAL
Not really. Nothing is wasted in politics. Get the ball rolling! That’s your sole job now. You’ve expressed your innocent

and repetitive opinions...duty of the young.

OFFICER
Yes Sir!

Tuesday, April 03, 2007

Dialog Under a Bridge

-Liberty! We share it!

-Yeah? What you got this week?

-Just the usual.

-Hey! Look at these cans. Leave something in them. Don’t scrape out every bit. That how you got rich?

-Be careful. You’re just repeating Culture War nonsense.

-Well, I got the liberty to do that. I got the freedom, right?

-Now that’s just sarcasm. I can bring my garbage elsewhere, you know.

-You just like my spot under the bridge…and you bring it here so you don’t hafta pay anybody. Ever do anything that doesn’t fuck somebody?

-Even if I were you, and, yes, getting fucked in the ordained, natural course of events, I’d celebrate the freedom people thirst for in this world. And come here for! America!

-That’s beautiful. I’d like to have a chat with each one! And what the hell’s all this frozen spinach?

-E coli scare.

-So, give it to me?

-You’re free not to eat it.

-Nah, I’ll cook it up tonight. Maybe it’ll do the job, cuz I can’t take any more of this liberty!

Wednesday, April 04, 2007

Kingfishers

Oh the Scitzy-Witzy Wall Street Journal!
Reporters dig sans fear, and write lean,
astringent prose, no matter which

fat, plutocratic ass gets scorched, or mega-
lomaniacal president or ninny congress,

whilst Editorial Page truly thirsts for gold-
old halcyon days with uppity workers
routinely whipped.

Thursday, April 05, 2007

Old Round

The country club lies
below our Cemetery Hill,

so on their heavy day,
a soldier's family

can stare down
at moneyed play.

Friday, April 06, 2007

There

Where the gals wear
super babushkas &

the guys kill
each other for

ecclesiastical succes-
sion,however ancient,or
suppurating local hatreds,

THE AMERICAN arrives,say-
ing Where’s the oil wells,
Mo-fuckin-hammed?

Saturday, April 07, 2007

Last, Delicious Step

-We finally got Pop Pop into Bide-a-Bit.

-Well, then, with him off the board, it’s time to push the ultimate plan.

-Can we get away with it?

-That’s your thing. PR. I’m just a chemist.

-Well, we’ll leave the old man’s grainy face on the box. And keep the branding. Old-Time Goodness can never really really go out of date!

-That’s baloney. We’ll have the safest product on the market. That’s what counts.

-You’re thinking like a chemist all right. But, I have nightmares where I’m explaining to a committee of congressmen why there are no food ingredients in our food.

-You just buy them. As naive about politics as I am, I know that!

Sunday, April 08, 2007

Trouble with the turnip truck,

you can always fall off.
Even when you know

your droll sense, well
turned-out and in

the midst of wit-
ty sentence, just

rolling around so
in the rawness.

Tuesday, April 10, 2007

...no posts till 4/20

Monday, April 23, 2007

To My Friends Getting Laser-Tightened,etc Faces

Good as near as it goes, though
remember Dorian Gray, &
the One-Horse Shay.

Tuesday, April 24, 2007

Onward Christian Soldiers

When the Righteous kick
in your door & the children
shit in their pajamas,

better have answers, Bunky!

In Arabic
or English.

Since it's the wrong house,
best share laughter at

the stink.

Wednesday, April 25, 2007

Famous Last Words Concerning The Second Amendment

-Wez all broke down!

-Fuck this piece-of-shit American car!

-It’s French.

-Worse.

-And cell phone dead.

-It comes to us all.

-Go over and knock on that door. Gently, not like a drunk.

-Just! I’ll throttle these dumb hillbillies outa their wet NASCAR dreams!

Thursday, April 26, 2007

Iraq Colloquy

TRANSLATOR
He say he all scorchy, clothes holes, his testa…his balls-–how you say?--
hang out. Makes disgrace front God, and place he live.

MERCENARY
Tell this burnt fuckhead he got freedom now!

Friday, April 27, 2007

Office of Love

PRIEST
Everybody’s screwing everybody else in this office!

BOSS
That’s why I called you in as Special Spiritual Advisor.

PRIEST
I’m at a loss!

BOSS
Each and every one has to go to confession, even the Protestants!

PRIEST
You can’t make that compulsory.

BOSS
Oh yeah? Well, you render unto God and I’ll take care of Caesar!

Saturday, April 28, 2007

Better Quick

“Boots on?” Well that’s
really good one: For

you’re midst Large &
Old Grim cuts in? Per-

haps you get to tell warm
ones, Hey Gotta go
now. Adios Muchachos.

Not hot to be sick, though,
craving Exit. Via Con Dios,
compañero de mi vida.

Sunday, April 29, 2007

Raskolnikov Reduced*

& that’s a good thing.
Soul a roaring mess
when you think of it.

Thank Goodness don’t,
much. Why we need

art to show us then
we say black’s all
well & good but, like,

enough of it already!
You do need hobbies,
sex. Some God can be

OK, not all.
Or nothing
too—ticket to ride.

*the sprawling Dostoevski novel reduced to a tight
90 minutes at the Round House Theatre.--WaPo

Monday, April 30, 2007

Conservative Addresses Independent

CON
Look! GOP betrayed us on spending, and
the war’s a fiasco. Incompetence, too,
rife! But these problems are addressable.

Our chief flaw was not explaining
our philosophy absolutely. Our ideas
simply work better than the Liberal

Stew. It seems a paradox, but even
poor folks will do infinitely better
when they're given the elbow room
like everyone else. Freedom! So, we

need another chance. To straighten out
GOP on spending, plus give our great
ideas a real opportunity to work.

Of course it's taking time! Government is
an art. Conservative Government anyway.

INDEPENDENT
Something left t’steal?

Tuesday, May 01, 2007

During the film

your internal says
this is sad. Music
cranks up for under-

line, or goad. Then,
perhaps, a lone tear
makes down its sorry way.

Better? you little Fascist Prick.

Wednesday, May 02, 2007

Rocco as Constitutional Scholar

VINNIE O. (just received his Political Science Degree from Penn)

Let’s see if I got this right: Bush and Cheney should be impeached because they’re Fascist traitors who invited their rich goombahs to line up outside the Treasury with bushel baskets?

ROCCO
We hold those truths to be self-evident.

VINNIE O.
Well, you’re a bit pastoral. No bushel baskets. More like fifty-five gallon drums. Your vision too pure. Things are more complex–-need a dolly for one thing.

ROCCO
They all have their Dollies. Right alongside their bible thumpers.

VINNIE O.
Be fair!

ROCCO
I understate. Best I can do. The villains are Shakespearian!

(1 of many Rocco pieces . Search blog if interested. He’s a South Philadelphia renaissance man, generous friend, virulent Democrat.)

Thursday, May 03, 2007

Lurching Towards the City On the Hill

Another Hunk of
Republican Roquefort
announces. Tugging hoary

fears through wall-to-wall
platitudes at a core rapt
in love unqueer.

Friday, May 04, 2007

In a Small City, USA

POLICEMAN
He’s a dickie waver! University neighborhood.

REPORTER
Street name? My editor fussy.

POLICEMAN
Caught him redhanded!

REPORTER
Had really been going at it then?

POLICEMAN
Serious shit. No joke. But how you expect me remember? More than a week ago. How you expect me remember?

REPORTER
What’s specific charge?

POLICEMAN
How the fuck would I know? I don’t keep track of perverts.

REPORTER
Well I know. Been in a cell a week and no charge. Ever hear of habeas corpus?

POLICEMAN
Yeah! That’s that shit down at Guantanamo. Like to send you and the queer down there to join those Ay-rab faggots down there! Put ME in charge of the world oh boy!

REPORTER
Thought you were.

Saturday, May 05, 2007

Don’t You See?

-I dreamt April was a month.
-It is a month.
-No, no.

Sunday, May 06, 2007

How beautiful Jesus

shows a path and we try
to place our imperfect

steps in his. We're in
for a scolding for it

is a poetry. Religion
is the imposition of poetry.

Monday, May 07, 2007

Capital Prepares

to rape France
w/a Bush clone.

Howsaat go again?
Liberty, equality…?
Anyway, some such shit.

Tuesday, May 08, 2007

Imploring the Executive

-That sonabitch is indicting me! And he supposed to be a Republican sonabitch!

-Yeah, well…

-Can you do something? I mean except shrug?

-We did, regarding others, and we're in the middle of a sorry clusterfuck about it. Can't take any more hits! Sorry.

-Then I'm to twist in the wind?

-Quaint phrase. Back to Nixon?

-I don't wanna put it this way, but I know where the bodies are buried!

-That kind of talk obviates our help. Period!

-Okay okay, I'm nervous, okay?

-We'll help with legal fees. Our hands are tied besides that.

-But what if he convinces some halfwit jury?

-Then you'll end in Allenwood or the like. Might as well fix up a tennis appointment now.

-That overstates. I've heard all that before, but all those places are dreadful!

-Ah well! A risk we take. Politics can swirl into criminality almost imperceptively.

-That's no help, that intellectuality! That's what stinks about the other party.

-Well…I have others waiting out there… …

-Oh fuck I'm fucked! Can there be…pardon?

-I'll bring it up.

-Jesus Christ, Clinton pardoned all manner of sleazeballs!

-I'll bring it up.

-I gotta have more than that!

-Come in again. If only to chat.

-Please! I've given my life to the party! No fuckin exaggeration!
Will I get a pardon? I've gotta know!

-Killers by Hemingway? When the diner counterman asks one of the murderers waiting to kill the Swede? "What you going to do with us afterward?"

-Oh Christ!

-He answers that it's something you never know at the time.

-I'm toast!

-Yeah, but fun to look at things in a literary way. It...lifts us.

Wednesday, May 09, 2007

The Tribute

MEMBER
Old Oakey is totally pissed at you!

MANAGER
What else is new? What great cause this time?

MEMBER
His table! Every Thursday evening for forty years!

MANAGER
Well the employee dinner is much bigger this year, so we need the largest room. Oakey can have his dinner in the grill. It's one day a year! Then he can talk about it for the remainder.

MEMBER
Why is it mushrooming so? I don’t get it.

MANAGER
We have a tremendous number retiring. From the greenskeeper to Lilly, the famous waitress. About twenty in between. Anyway, Mac came up the hard way, and...

MEMBER
Our president! Half-admired.

MANAGER
Anyway, he wants a bash for them.

MEMBER
Well, Lilly won't stop talking about her grandson in Iraq. Won't be sad to see her go. That gets tired.

Thursday, May 10, 2007

You Run For School Board

backed by free
posters from hack

who wants to print
diplomas. When that

time comes, winner, do
you make a political or
moral decision? If for-

mer, how many of
these make a crook?
What percentage? is

decent question, since
we're all of us political.
50% ? No way! You’re

statesman then! Paragon
to be returned to any office
forever!

Friday, May 11, 2007

Corporations pretty much got a lock on everything

moans CSPAN caller.
More of a one on GOP,
which adores license &

takes to bribes with more
open grace. When Dems

do rush in after routs, board-
rooms buying rueful panic?

Not a bit of it, Ace,
for The Grease Machine
keeps on chug-chuggin’

24-7, no matter which
hands thrust out.

Saturday, May 12, 2007

Talent

DIRECTOR
Let's have the talent!

ACTOR
Love the word, hate the wry intonation.

DIRECTOR
Jusssst count to four as you're allegedly watching
couple sit down. Uh huh. Good! Now be a waiter.

ACTOR
And what will the gentleman and his gorgeous lady have?

DIRECTOR
Cut. Lovely lady.

ACTOR
Sorry. But gorgeous sounds bet-

DIRECTOR
They took surveys. Surveys said lovely.

ACTOR
I guess I'm talking about writing.

DIRECTOR
Oh? Well don't. That's not what it used to be and it
never was. And be an oily sucker next take--
this here's upscale saloon. Roll 'em!

ACTOR
And what will the gentleman and his lovely lady have?
Such meditation! Then let me suggest--!

DIRECTOR

Cut! Print it!

ACTOR
That's it? Just what am I sugges--? What's the product for heaven's sake?

DIRECTOR
I don't know. Some booze-bottle snaps in the size of Rushmore, and then we finally get to see our phantom couple worshiping the fuckin thing. That's writing too. At any rate, another crew is doing that trash.
...

ACTOR
Traffic's wicked! Thank you for coming.

WIFE
Nothing.

ACTOR
Your...tone out-corrodes my director's.

WIFE
English your native language?

ACTOR
Uhhh... Well! And what will they have me be next time?

WIFE
A man. That'd be a good one.

Sunday, May 13, 2007

Meeting the Convert Without Fear

-How's tricks, Six-Six-Six?

-You will perish in a lake of fire and brimstone!

-In all fuckin probability.

-Accept Christ!

-I accept everybody! And what’s brimstone anyway?
Can I use it to barbeque?

-Mock on Voltaire, Rousseau!

-Either of those was one prodigious cat!
Ever hear of the brain? Now where's the beer?
Before some end-day angel hauls it off!

-I will be raptured away!

-Yeah? I'll take what’s here. Can I have your iPod?

-You will acquire the Mark of the Beast!

-Then I can always get back into the dance! Hot, unredeemed shit!

Monday, May 14, 2007

White House Entertainment

-Prez will do Lady Macbeth in the show. He’s good sport.

-Too much! Will he try to wash away the war with bloody hands?

-Nah! “Multitudinous seas incarnadine” too much of a mouthful.

-Then how will he channel that vicious broad?

-“Consider it not so deeply.”

Tuesday, May 15, 2007

Lookouts For Corporate Thugs

Both parties.
Into such miasma

stride the candidates
feigning independence.

Each will drain the DC swamp,
though they didn’t at their last romp.

American Dream is making it w/lies.

Wednesday, May 16, 2007

Cycle

-After first baby she became iron about losing weight. Health club, starvation! But she kept her warmth! My real saintly sweetie. And I threw body and soul into the care of baby and her, and hardly slept.

-Second one?

-I'm working all the fuckin time and she bal-fuckin-LOONS after! Piles of chick magazines about the latest fraud diet. Ton of money for psychiatrist as frosting on the mega-calorie cake.

-You shoulda just quit your job.

-Amen! But brains in short supply at the time. Well, lots of times it takes guts to quit, no?

-Well you got through it! And according to Action News, your kids haven't knocked over any liquor stores.

-Wouldn't put it past the boy. Anyway, that phase was nerves! On ch-chattering edge because of starving, then binges, etc. Add the PMS always thick in the air, and Christ! WORLD WAR THREE FOUGHT IN SUBURBAN BUNGALOW

-How'd you get through it all.

-Met a pretty young thing at 7-11.

-Knew that coffee addiction'd do you in!

-Ended up helping her with the rent, uh...

-Typical middle-aged fool knows he's losing it sexually and...

-otherwise. Accurate on all counts, but exciting enough while it lasted.

-Blowup?

-Not really. She met a guy her own age. Then I became der Papa whose approval was sought.

-So you kept paying the rent while she pulled the covers over him.

-We all understood I hadda stop the scholarship after a bit.

-Meanwhile, back at the...?

-Wife settles down into chubby matronhood and joins every fuckin thing you can imagine. Stop-start halfass affair in there, but details are so embarassing to her, I promised God to shut up about it.

-He already clamped his hands over his ears!

-Anyway, I always help at the beanbag toss for her charitable picnics , three, four times a year.

-That signal another phase?

-The last. Fuckin reaper swings at the bag in the air. Hangs out elsewhere also.

-I feel like crying.

-Don’t. It’s a poetic justice. It’s all poetic justice. The ones sliding off to the innocent sides are usually simpletons. Any sensitivity at all, life’s gigantic screw awaits. And I talk about her embarrassment: mine’s exponential! Did I mention the booze and drugs and firings in the mix?

-Glad we had this talk. Where do I not sign? But...may I point out that a little moral character might’ve...

-Nah! What’s point of that? That’s just the truth. Fuck that!

Thursday, May 17, 2007

Immigration

-Ship ‘em all back, every single one!

-Even Grandma?

-Busloads of Grandmas. They can be first!

-Man! Imagine all the busloads! Millions!

-Glorious picture!

-Will the herders speak Spanish?

-Anybody can understand Get in that fuckin seat or we’ll shoot your fuckin spick ass!

-And yet you drove to a certain corner and hired a couple of little brown guys to cut and burn your brush.

-And in the golden future I’ll hire Americans.

-Might hafta pay more.

-Less.

-How do you figure that?

-Cuz I’m always figuring.

Friday, May 18, 2007

Talking Brings Precision

-655,000 Iraqis can’t be wrong. Hah hah.

-Or right, being dead.

-Fuck ‘em all! The fat and the short and the tall.

-Not many fat. After sanctions and all.

-Okay, short and tall then.

-Never saw tall Arab. Not to say a few don’t exist.

-Okay okay! Fuck the short Arabs!

-Who are dead?

-Roger! Fuck the short dead Arabs!

-Indeed!

-Satisfied?

-Royally.

Saturday, May 19, 2007

Shorter Discussion of Central Matter

-Was it a sex change thing?

-No! Not at all. The procedure was supposed to accelerate, you know, me.

-Well, something screwed up. Better buy a dress.

-Irony of ironies!

-I don’t know.

Sunday, May 20, 2007

In De Land Ob Cotton

Seems Ron Paul better start
getting his facts straight:

History commenced w/9-11.
Like other comedians sling-
ing rehearsed adlibs, one

righteous, foxy Giuliani
roasted him. Hmmm...

and out of order, really...I hear
their gentle voices callin’
Old White Setup.

Monday, May 21, 2007

Rocco Helps the Republican Party...sorta

RICK
My grandfather wants to send a hundred to Giuliani.

ROCCO
Because he’s Italian?

RICK
I suppose. I don’t care. Just wanna help my old guy out.

ROCCO
Send it to the Water Board. They’ll divert it to the
Ghinny Fascist.

(Search blog for many Rocco pieces from South Philadelphia.
A Democrat, he tends to be outspoken.)

Tuesday, May 22, 2007

Branches

EXECUTIVE Whatever criminality can hold sway.

JUDICIAL Whatever you’re told to say.

LEGISLATIVE Whatever you carry away.

Wednesday, May 23, 2007

Bad Deals

The cashier at the Exxon extorts
the heart of a local husband

whose wife gets more
than biting re lust. Her

looks and education giv-
ing added standing. His

friends are told they truly
do not comprehend the girl,
wit and depths, unseen

by us when shaking
loose the shearing.

Thursday, May 24, 2007

Rocco and Vinnie Debate Modern Economics

ROCCO
Gouging? Oil Companies? How could you?

VINNIE
I’m ashamed!

ROCCO
It’s like saying democracy is a filthy swindle.

VINNIE
It’s not! It’s supply and demand. Anybody knows that.

ROCCO
I’m confused. Democracy and Capitalism synonymous?

VINNIE
In the US ‘tis.

ROCCO
The same gigantic screw?

VINNIE
Back to oil companies.

ROCCO
An endless loop.

VINNIE
At the end of the day, that’s unpatriotic!

ROCCO
You’re right. Resembles truth.

VINNIE
And What is truth? asks jesting Pilate.

ROCCO
A pirate ship, I answer that old comedian. Anyway, shall we keep skull and

crossbones afurl, or run up stars and stripes?

VINNIE
Same.

Friday, May 25, 2007

Coda: Losing Faith and Home–Rocco & Vinnie discuss the monumental vote

ROCCO
Dems just gave the despised Bush a blank check on war butchery.

VINNIE
Thought they were standing up.

ROCCO
For oil, evidently.

VINNIE
And you the capital-d Democrat!

ROCCO
I just don’t play one on TV.

Saturday, May 26, 2007

Fox

for Empire
has advanced

philosophy where none
requisite. Flack-

ing for a royal corpus
or cadaver.

Monday, May 28, 2007

Night Posse

Discretion, plus fear
of temper had me
refuse. Thus I

never shredded icy
moonlit rows

to breathe in
shadows.

Sunday May 27, 2007

The Emergency

INTRO
Look! I'm local law enforcement. I have no comment about
federal, uh, comment. I just know a threat is here in the District, and I'll answer questions about that.

Q
How much of a threat?

A
Half the district is covered, but only at a depth of about eight feet. Seems to be receding or shrinking or something, but top is unstable.

Q
What caused this pile?

A
I don't know. Like you, I just know what I've read or seen on TV.

Q
Best theory is that it emanated from all the Christian college Jesus-freak "scholars" Bush administration hired. Isn't that right?

A

I don’t know. No comment.

Q
Make war, not love?

A
Excuse me?

Q
At any rate, the pile advances, no?

A
Good chance we’ll stop it, or at least contain it. Back of the room there…Miss!

Q
What does the pile consist of? Can you tell us that?

A
Mush.

Tuesday, May 29, 2007

Frightening Developments

Our busses, usually few
minutes late, are on

the button! & almost 2
yrs before presidency
assumes Benito.

Wednesday, May 30, 2007

The Enduring Aesthetic of Talk Radio

-Well, here's our only Republican Bleeding Heart!
What's the cause of today for you and your lefty friends?

-In Cocoa Beach, people reside near beach hafta turn their lights out.
They can be arrested!

-Yet another law in the whole stupid book of them?

-Baby turtles get confused and go inland instead of towards the ocean.

-How tragic! Do they die under immoral SUVs?

-Well, some do. People are encourage to pick them up and put them into plastic tubs. Then take them...

-to a central point were do-goody volunteers gather them up and make the trek to the ocean together! Democrats and turtles! I love it! Symbol not the braying jackass, but the aimless, timid turtle. Accuracy!--you just hafta look at the war to see it: know-it-all cowards.

-That's right. I mean, the volunteers, uh...

-That's left you mean! Pagan chant go along with it? At the ocean?
Anything sexual?

-Seems like nice program.

-Well it isn't. Why I'm a freedom-loving Republican. Hey! If y'wanna save a lil turtle-y wertle-y, fine! Mama p-IN a rose on you! And if you don't, fine! If you wanna stomp the little fu...if y'wanna stomp 'em with your army boots? Why even finer! Well, that all for today? Anything else?

-No. That's all. Thought you'd be interested. And I haven't called for a while.

-I'm ecstatic!

Thursday, May 31, 2007

Intertwined

Lying For Jesus, why
's all the rage.

Lying for empire,
same page.

Politics always
the gauge.

American variety,
most virulent phage.

Friday, June 01, 2007

Theater of Today

GOP spewing forth
another actor.

I do have issues
with ideas
never working

except to shield
aristocrats. Not
acting–there we’ve

all indulged
in our share.

Saturday, June 02, 2007

Thoughts At a Film

HE
Wow! This dude can’t walk to the car without someone opening up with an AK-47! Man, I’m sweating. Whew! Oh no! Female lieutenant saying bent little things to him. RELATIONSHIP ALERT! RELATIONSHIP ALERT! They’ll wor-KKKK it out as the action strangles in the background. Jesus H. Christ on a bicycle! Love! LUVVVVV! Kiss MY ass! Now she shakes her little butt, thus ruining an exciting movie. They got, like, gears of menace grinding, g-RINDING, and they empty a carton of high heels on ‘em. Where can I puke?

SHE
Thank God we’ve finally left the Juvenile Home. Real people in a real relationship. What life is about. Not shooting them before their cars can explode!

AFTERWARD

HE
Nice film. And they’re gonna get married! How really clever they worked all that stuff out while getting the bad guy too. Eventually. Yes, ups and downs in the gritty male-female world. So completely exciting. And totally unpredictable. Totally!

SHE
You looked uncomfortable when they were handling grown-up matters.

HE
Me? Not at all! (under) Sorta yearned to be stretched on the rack is all.

Sunday, June 03, 2007

The Desire For Clever Underwear

-It’s just a fun thing! A pair of panties for every day with the day written across the bottom in script.

-I get the fun; flagged the expense.

-The blue noses’ll rule the world yet!

-I phoned the store and they’ll bill you at home.

-I can’t have anything like that coming to my HOME!

-Then just drop by and pay in cold cash.

-Man! This is much ado about practically nothing. You know, I could throw my weight around and you’d be out on your ass!

-Funny how someone says a thing that’s already in your head in a sort of turnaround way…what do they call that?

-Sorry. I’m passionate.

-Evidently.

Monday, June 04, 2007

GOP Strategy Board

-Beautiful! Sandwiches! We couldn’t leave here to get anything. God will bless.

-What’s up? Important stuff?

-We’re inventing a titanic struggle!

-What against?

-What the fuck’s the difference?

Tuesday, June 05, 2007

A's Book

indicts B&C,
who damned A
previously. Scor-

ing at last where
he's been scored up-

on. Truth from such
triangulations?
Don't be absurd!

Scandals & messy
divorces, killing

lives to try to save
the face of villains.

Any parallel in
this last?

Wednesday, June 06, 2007

Aflutter

Crow trying
to mount

Banded Dove
on a wire outside
my window. Dire

enough to tout
me Republican.

Thursday, June 07, 2007

Breadcrumbs leading to 1600–Conyers

There are stale and
there are golden but

loaves,more like,
battalions.

In patterns
circuitous.
Vile,beautiful.

Friday, June 08, 2007

Liberty and Justice for...

Paris Hilton released from jail
quite early after “consultation
with medical authorities.”

Ghetto Girl might be encouraged
to apply, her medical consultation
buying a swift kick in the ass.

Saturday, June 09, 2007

Facts About Meat

Conventional slab
of beef is, naturally,
well-marbled. Touch

& it says Jesus, you have
Republican Presidential Candidate.

Sunday, June 10, 2007

No posts till 6/19/07

Tuesday, June 19, 2007

No Child Left Unmarked

All these examinations sic-
kening children now. Shine

shine shine the little cogs: how
a free country bullies kids. What

for? To run abreast the Chinese
to the Eden of bottom wages?

Wednesday, June 20, 2007

We Got Righties Now &

what y’get? Y’get torture
& criminal authority. Y’get
lousy wages to shove more

money into plutocrats’
pockets. Y’get War. & Glory

Words incessantly. Don’t like
it? Shut up, Treasoner!

Y’get moral maggotry
from righteous religious.

This it, then, Ron? The Shining
City On the Hill?

Thursday, June 21, 2007

AFRICAN PHOTO OP

-Christ! All the kids are crying! Can’t you find happy ones?

-Is hard. No eat.

-Flies crawling into their mouths and eyes. Ugh! Turn off the cameras!

-Impossible stop fly.

-Back to the plane and thanks for nothing!

-My government grateful senator coming!

-Go fuck yourself!

Friday, June 22, 2007

Waitress

-Okay, girls! Check's about a hundred. What's ten percent? Lorna? You're our math whiz.

-Four dollars.

-I'll leave five. And without a vote. So, executive decision benefits waitress!

-Mac! Can you help me out again? I just had a table tied up an hour and they left a lousy fin!

-Republican ladies was it?

-What's the difference? I'm screwed under both parties.

-Give in and marry me and I'll buy…what am I buying?

-Special baby formula pediatrician insists on.

-I'll buy that! C'mon give in!

-Yeah. Eventually.

-It's fate.

-Ain't it?

Saturday, June 23, 2007

No Pass, Timids

Madison was shy, short, very soft-spoken, slight.
Shrimp inconsequential proving an intellectual
and political giant. Never was easy I’d guess.

So, step it up! You’re required. Open your placid
mouth. Because you owe us. When

baton is handed off, you can grab as well as anyone.
Better! Why not today? We await, and don’t care if you

stumble. Or stutter. Or mumble. Or fear.
We’ll lean forward to hear!

Sunday, June 24, 2007

Night & Day

Saving Cole Porter’s house
as B&B, & museum.

In the roaring traffic’s boom,
the stately clock against the wall…
silence of such lonely rooms. Well,

hail to thee, Peru, Indiana. Despite
your lack of roaring traffic & tom-
toms under falling jungle shadows. With

a bow to the other Modernism, had been meth
lab. From Art to Commerce and back in free-

ly spastic America. Take heart though:
Can put Meth Museum anywhere.

Monday, June 25, 2007

The Inconvenience

-Not my first call and won’t be my last!

-I’m sure of it. And I know the subject I bet.

-Twenty minutes waiting for a little family group
to amble across! Time is fuckin money! Due at airport
and Lear all fueled up. What you think that cost me?

-Those animals protected by Feds. Endangered.

-They’ll be endangered when I get through all right!

-We offered to build a fence along that route and you
and other no-tax hooligans fought it like hell.
Then bragged about your victory in a full-page ad.

-So you wouldn’t forget it! No pool at new high school
either. Y only fifteen miles.

-Well, no critter remedy here anymore. Would you care
to shout anyway? Or buy another ad touting Power
to the People!–so long as they’re rich.

-That obnoxious little prick. We made him and
he began forgetting the very first hour in office!

-Out here in the wild, we don’t even take notice.

-If I hired you to kill them...?

-Uh uh. No federal pen for me!

-Well what do you...?

-Relocating. I’ll trap and bring ‘em up here.

-How much?

-Fifty thousand.

-Uh huh? That’s to start talking.

-Not up here. That’s it.

-That the only arrow in your quiver then?

-Poison.

-How much for that?

-Ten.

-Dangerous! I mean can it be traced?

-Know a certain good ole boy. Be something can be claimed it’s from camp sites. Okay for us but toxic to our little friends.

-I’m still worried the whole business’ll come back here, to me.

-Twenty years maybe. Who’ll give a shit by then?

-Go!

Tuesday, June 26, 2007

Abu Ghraib

-I can’t get ahold of those tapes featuring rapes of boys.

-And you never will.

-Off the record, do you condemn homosexual rape?

-Not if it’s for Jesus.

Wednesday, June 27, 2007

The Volunteer Spirit in America

-What’s the price of freedom?

-Waterboarding Spick-Ayrab terrorists.

-Where do I sign on as Torturer’s Apprentice?

-That the name of opera?

-It’s all opera.

Thursday, June 28, 2007

Song of the South

Big time Christian,
Big time Crook.

Ah la la
la la la
la grits.

Hate the nig-rahs,
love their food.

Ah la la
la la la
la jazz.

& that rhythm IS
natural & we don't
give no shit for no PC.

Ah la la
la la la
la shoot.

Why,shoot a possum,or in-
vite the Japs in for
t'make Toy-oh-turrs
or whatevers. Can't

guarantee them old shit-
eating redneck they loved
so,but tame enough worker,

courtesy of Church--
but it's what the fuck
they're for, no?

Wouldn't kid yuh. Anyways,
Regional Pride,Yankee!
You use t'have it

up our ass,so how's
it feel now

we run the whole shebang,
from whichever idiot in
the White House to

the Charlie McCarthys
of Congress? We're smart-

er than you and got computer
guys smarter than us t'adjust
old-timey grease-elections

towards higher good & Jesus &
fucking you forever ah

la la
la la la
la true

all politics is local &
the town's full of thieves.

(Foreign stuff's a Jew
thing anyways.) We'd

say get used to it,
but looks like you're
lovin it instead.

Ah la la
la la la
la y'all
come back, hear?

Friday, June 29, 2007

Power Shoes

-Completely lousy timing! Madame's voice shook and that's a killer.
Her statement suffered.

-Well what do you expect me...?

-Fire 'im!

-I'm not gonna fire every marginal faggot who talks about her shoes.

-But it's the last thing she heard before going in front of the cameras!

-Accident! She OVERheard. Nothing directed to her. Whisper!

-Look! you little sonofabitch! What's hard to understand here?
Unless YOU wish to be fired!

-Well first, you little sonofabitch, what gives you the power...? If you look at the table of organization I should be firing you, you you sonofabitch!

-Boys boys boys! Can a lady inject herself into this imaginative argument? Let me take the responsibility of speaking to all our young men and women, and telling them that comments about Madame's couture are out of bounds.

-Well that won't establish who's in charge of anything around here!

-I thought Madame was. Or is it just my inner woman speaking?

-This whole place is inner woman!

-Suits you perfectly!

-Listen to Mr Lisp there!

-Boys! Now you don't want me to bring your darkly masculine hissy tiff to Madame, do you? Let her just worry about the World, no?

Saturday, June 30, 2007

Go Ahead & Wear Your Nicest Panties to the Prom!

But stay out of Real Estate.
How you bragged about
purloining sixty thousand

in one month with just two flips.
& now you have rebellious tenants

& funereal properties & hectoring
banks, & hafta sell your car. We’re

laughing & it’s tinged with sadness,
not. When you strike rock bottom,

we’ll buck you up with a nice tea,
the drink of amateurs.

Sunday, July 01, 2007

The Restaurant

-Where’s Chef? They made me bring back this Bananas O’Toole. Customer said more O’Toole–at least his socks–than bananas!

-Clever! For the usual grotesque pig out there.

-Well, what am I to...?”

-Here! Throw a sprig of mint on top. Tell him Chef handled it personally.

-Yeah, but where is...?

-Hey! Kitchens are stress! He’s in the back alley jerking off. Or shootin up. Or both.

-Jesus Christ!

-Simultaneously.

-Handled!

-Oh well, wait staff regularly wipe the empty plates on their ass. But that’s symbolic. That is, your trouser-clad butt is cleaner than anything else in this establishment.

-God! I was down to nothing. I had to get a job. Anything!

-That why we’re all here. Management is full of shit, except in the ingenious way they name the dishes. They’d screw you outa even our minimum wage if they could. Actually it’s minimum wage for Pakistan.

-Why do you stay?

-Good place to score drugs. And everybody fucks everybody else after our wee-hour parties. Even during.

-Sounds like utter despair! Ugh! More disgusting than Chef!

-Only at first. We share the tips and the end of the night is suicidal.

-No…impetus for service!

-Never has been. Ever. The vandals got the handle. We just do what we can.

-It’s Nihilism!

-You went to college! Just reaction of workers under continuously gouging Capitalism.

Monday, July 02, 2007

Moolah

We had an investment house here
named for a one possessing

a splotched and pocketed face with
a nose you could stuff with silver

dollars. So? Not Rotogravure material,
but his deep pockets attracted petite
ladies who slid therein down silkily.

Anyway, it closed abruptly. What happened
to the old guys who sat and watched monitors
all day long? They took away their checked

slacks with a compartment built in almost under
the chin, evidentially holding a basket
of assorted cheeses.

Ripped down squat Mussolini modern,
and a twisted erector set showed me
it wasn’t total crap. But,

I struck out again! Thus
never saw the rumored massive screw.

Tuesday, July 03, 2007

Florida Switcheroo For God

Voted Gore
but ballot spat out

like a dollar at
a Coke Machine.

Re-insert advised official lady.
Sometimes they sorta hit
the sides. 2d time through

an angel with
Karl Rove’s face
got his wings.

Wednesday, July 04, 2007

Patriots From S Philly & Cocoa Beach

“Action News” From Celebre’s Restaurant, South Philadelphia, USA

(Napkin dispenser as mike)

Vinnie
Presidents Bush and Cheney have ruled out jail for their
advisor, Suckup Libby.

Rocco
Don’t wanna risk any future cellblock solo.

Vinnie (big)
And in OTHER...

Rocco
Mafia news...

Waiter
How entertaining you fellas are! We actually eat here and then we pay,
being generous to our waiter!–really kind people do order something.

...

(much later)

Vinnie
Okay okay so we’re leaving! Final toast to...?

Rocco
the arrogant royalist Republican Criminal Party!

Vinnie
No! To the lickspittle Democrats who enable them by the minute!

Rocco
Same.

Mick & Lefty in Cocoa Beach–Impeachment no, Revolution yes!

Mick
Pres won't let one of his own go to jail.

Lefty
Executive Department is a criminal conspiracy, so what could be more appropriate? He stepped in for one of his mafia.
Besides, a cell has a nice resonance for ratting out. Then Bush and Cheney'd hafta join him.

Mick
Impeachment, then? That what you want?

Lefty
Nah. Too slow. Besides, you don't wanna give grasping little twerps from both parties their Mr Smith Goes To Washington moment.

Mick
As an independent, I'm with you there. We've experienced similar and my only question then was Where can I puke?

Lefty
Only revolution'll do now! First, lock up Bush and Cheney and throw the key into the Potomac. Then they can't steal any more elections. Or declare themselves Rulers For Life because of the trumped-up emergency of the moment.

Mick
Don't know how popular this uprising of yours will be.

Lefty
It'll be terrifically popular! Of course, you'd be a fool not to expect the drooling thugs of the Right to institute a counterrevolution.

Mick
Fighting in the streets?

Lefty
Bring it on!

Mick
Uh huh. And when all you lunatics tire? You'd expect a truce after a bit.

Can the sides get together on anything?

Lefty
No truce! Every last Republican must be murdered. Too many Nazi slipped though in Germany. Can’t make that mistake again.

Mick
Don’t…care for all that blood. Question of taste.

Lefty
Price of freedom!

Mick
Nearly half of us dead? Well, Jefferson said we needed blood as manure.

Lefty
We’ve had the manure. Let’s have the blood!

Thursday, July 05, 2007

NAFTA etc

Gloriously free traders
cannot fathom our
obstinacy and opaque-

ness. Clear to those losing
jobs here, & wretches spit-

ting tubercular into
worktrays there.

Friday, July 06, 2007

Putin’s Toast in Maine

-Between you and me and the mossy rocks,
here’s to Democracy, a total fuckin joke!

-Amen to that, Brother!

Saturday, July 07, 2007

Initial Party at Pelican Heights, or THE NEW SOUTH
(Priced at 1-mil to keep out the riffraff)

1st HOMEOWNER
This country went to hell when we give the woman the bicycle and the nigrah the vote!

DEVELOPER
Mr ... is always joking.

2d HOMEOWNER
Joke?

1st HOMEOWNER
I don’t hear no fuckin joke neither!

Sunday, July 08, 2007

The Almost Overnight

-I’m sorry. It’s my little daughter.
…

-Now you smell like puke.

-She had a problem.

-Now you got one. Me!

-Oh please don’t go!

-Lotta women out there.

-Yes, but how many smell like puke?

-That’s not funny Why would you say that? And why would you think it was funny?

-I got that from my father. He called it wit.

-Nit-wit, more like.

-I…was hoping for romance. And failing that, sex.

-You people never say anything straight out. You always hafta be figuring out what you mean.

-You look different with your clothes on. Even more Italian. Have you seen that film Goodfellas?

-Seen every film ever made. You gotta because of all the boredom.

-Well, perhaps we’ll glimpse each other in 7-11 or Home Depot. Like two ships that pass in the night.

-What else would they do?

Monday, July 09, 2007

Let Freedom Clang

Women had it better under Saddam– most experts.

Crazy Ali the dancing nut seller of Fallujah: “Ladies! I hear American soldiers or their drooling, knuckle-dragging mercenaries. I’ll protect you with my cart, but twist your cunts against the wall there. Boys, do the opposite!” –freely trans by Professor Anon

Tuesday, July 10, 2007

Resegregation Via Supreme Court

My Conservative friends caution
don’t go apeshit-ballistic
like our lunatics! Think!

Then make an argument.
And don’t trot in historical

frames-–too Left-Right
arbitrary in interpretation.

So. Okay. I agree. Stay
in present tense and

proceed logically
and unemotionally.

After a deep breath, here go I!

Recipe:

Take Black Americans, let’s
call them Sunnis.

Add White Americans or Shia.

Stir over low flame to simmer.

Fold in Hispanics, but carefully!
Souffle can scorch. Then y’get
curds...

Wednesday, July 11, 2007

The Future of Bedroom Spying

-We’re only to report on what we hear!–why picture’s scrambled.

-Nonetheless they could use marriage manual, from what I can see.

-Yeah, kid stuff, immature

-How to phrase it when I write report…?

-Don’t bother. Pres has descrambler.

-Porn fan?

-Half the time. Rest he goes to church.

Thursday, July 12, 2007

An Aspect of History

-This tribe never had a ghost dance.

-Then what’s that thing we do for the tourists?

-William River-Widens put that together after a fierce binge. Then he stopped drinking. Just died at 102.

-Gotta drop those quaint names! Corny!

-He called it The Dance of the Murdering Europeans.

-We’re selling one hell of a lot of jewelry.

-Won’t say a word.

Friday, July 13, 2007

Presidential News Conference

-Ah the new man! Or person I should say. We're fiercely PC–only thing we're fierce about here.

-I not understand subject here.

-There isn't any.

-You kidding!

-He's blowing smoke up our ass. Don't they do that where you come from?

-Of course not! Not for the health...!

-Affects the mind mostly. Direct connection.

-You...no help me?

-I will afterwards. But I'll still be drunk.

Saturday, July 14, 2007

Couples

Mac & Jilly,
Dinko & Ruth.

Everywhere together:
Vegas for gambling.

Canada for fishing.
Dozen others.

Including weird Europe.
“They take you where bums
piss & call it History.”-Mac.

Florida’s “Villages” to retire.
Breast Cancer takes Jilly
pretty quickly. Dinko

leaves mid raunchy ballet
across 18th green after
sinking improbable putt

besting Mac. “He kept grab-
bing his crotch for fun but only
grabbed the heart the once.”

Mac & Ruth marry. Leap of Faith
for her since Tilly told her everything.

Sunday, July 15, 2007

Duality

You should be proud
of yourself, not ashamed!

You should be ashamed
of yourself, not proud!

2 friends, 2 takes.
Truth between?

Too confused for any-
thing approaching
self-verdict. Forever,

your falling
between horses

in this Western.
You’re given,
though, 1 grave.

Monday, July 16, 2007

Neocon Defined

Rocco often enters the rear door of his neighborhood bakery before the store opens. Takes a loaf from Mickey the Baker's hand and throws bills into a battered Phillies Panetella cigar box. He presently throws four.

Twenty years ago it was one.

MICKEY THE BAKER
You know, I never had a life. I'm up at three in the morning and come here. Go home around four or five in afternoon, and have a beer and fall asleep. Can't even wait until the Action News comes on at six.

ROCCO
Little exaggeration, no? Nice family.

MICKEY THE BAKER
Hey! All girls, my nieces, and going to college! I give them my money. Why not? What can I use it for?

ROCCO
Then you ought to be happy.

MICKEY THE BAKER
Who says I'm not? But I'm ignorant. So, I got a question for you. Everybody says you're smart. But you never was, so it must be a new development. Anyways, I'm always hearing neocon this and neocon that on the radio. What the hell is it?

ROCCO
Neocons are those whose Dad or Gramps carried water for Joe Stalin. So they joined the families who carried water for Herr Hitler.

MICKEY THE BAKER
Sounds like one evil fuckin marriage.

ROCCO
It's actually an Axis of Evil Fuckin Marriage.

MICKEY THE BAKER
I'll keep on baking bread.

ROCCO
Ever sick of it? I mean the aroma when I come in here is wonderful, knocks me out, but...

MICKEY THE BAKER
No, it’s always beautiful. It’s life!

Tuesday, July 17, 2007

Presenting Credentials

I’m the delegate
from Secular Times

when stuffed-
shirts didn’t pry
Jesus in there

with all the rest
of their stinks.

Wednesday, July 18, 2007

Contributor

-More and more begging phonecalls!

-A New Wave, heh heh.

-The Old Wave just needs more dough.

-Well, it’s not our money. It’s the Old Man’s.

-And I’m charged with keeping the contributions in his spirit.

-All he cares about fishing. Anybody against that?

-It’s a hoot. Shoulder to shoulder with all his new black buddies along the marshy inlets of Sea Island. And taking his turn bringing coffee from 7-11!

-Didn’t he call for their extermination once upon a time?

-On more than a few occasions. So, we all change. But what doesn’t is his overall philosophy.

-What’s that?

-Let’s just say that I’ll continue to lay bucks on the top Nazis.

-Does that exclude…?

-Not many.

Thursday, July 19, 2007

To the “Writers” In Federal Entities

How does it feel to put out
ignorant shit from the RNC
athwart what you really know?

In private sector, denoted as
Shoveling Coal for Satan, or,
more succinctly, whoring.

Friday, July 20, 2007

Take Any Subcommittee

& listen to the rhetoric
often running counter

to the bucks floating
into pockets. But

when push comes to shove
wink comes to nudge, & one

votes the right way. Uh huh,
& what would you or I do

differently? Be crooks too.
Though small ones probably.

Elbow room for measured bribery
& you need the absolute dough
for election and whatever.

That a few get jailed is sure-
ly both a miracle of justice

& examples of crossing
the greasy bar to total greed.

Saturday, July 21, 2007

Sweets in Her List

Young Elizabeth looked men
in the eye and spoke out
of turn. No wonder they

named an age for her.
Well, that was after

she had gotten
away with a bit more.

Heads rolled. Not quite.
Mary’s did after the ax-

man held it by the wig
it tore from.

Sunday, July 22, 2007

Shorter Conversation

A
It imploded. Your screwing around didn’t help.

B
Resent the terminology. I was in love.

A
Whatever.

Monday, July 23, 2007

The Scholar in The White House

PRESIDENT
We're very proud that you're our first Islamo Studies Senatorial Scholar to get PhD.

SENATOR
Thank you Mr President! I'm beaming today as sponsor.

PRESIDENT
I can only wish that most senators were as far-seeing as you. And I'm not saying that because we're from the same party.

SENATOR
You're our beacon, Sir!

PRESIDENT
That's kind of you. Now would you take this young person into the VP's office? Meet with CIA people. Maybe slot this wonderful scholar.

SENATOR
Sooner the better.

...
SENATOR
You're doing beautifully! Just keep on keeping your fuckin mouth shut!

Tuesday, July 24, 2007

Exceptional Device

As I walk up to my usual machine, a bank VP supervises
a workman toweling off the new ATM next to mine.

Sign over it says IRAQ

To my quizzical look: “This cash machine takes special card.”

Wednesday, July 25, 2007

Supreme Court

Priestly garb
appropriate,as
they genuflect

to the exponent
of Money over
Rule. Gold

is all;Law a whor-
ing travesty. Con-

stitution not
master gauge,
but gouge,

albeit with sleaz-
y camouflage: “Free”
speech always in

harmony with old
do re me. Sing

a torchy Love For Sale.
Just substitute Judge.

Thursday, July 26, 2007

Construction Site

Everyone dark un-
der Florida’s sun ham-
mer. Most, wide straw hats.

2 blacks, about fifteen little
brown guys, illegals. & 2

fat white guys laying down
the Genius.

Friday, July 27, 2007

What's w/immigrants?

Fucked serially by
The Man cuz they
lack standing

like men & women.
Anyway, too scared.

So, what's the fuss?
Already Americans,

really. Place on piles of
Asian slave-crap & jive
into demented grins

towards betters. Welcome
to The U. S. A. where
the comedy stays

tragedy, José. Even so,
don’t let them

shit all over you.
Open your mouth!

Saturday, July 28, 2007

Leonardo Didn‘t Finish

Mona Lisa.
Under his arm yet

unrolled at
times to touch

a shading by the lip,
under the eye,
cheek.

Everything never
ends.

Sunday, July 29, 2007

The Widow

-No heart history I know of. He just went!

-I need the rest of this morning off. Something black and just a little sexy.

-Isn’t that overdoing it. You had one date, right?

-We were intimate.

-But you’re always...

-Watch it! I’m not The Whore of Babylon. Besides I always check out the guys, lots of phone calls. I’m very careful.

-At that step, yes.

-Discussions of morality always get one nowhere! I talk, and the puritans act exactly the same and button up!

-Better get shopping. You’re losing the morning by chattering.

-Thank you. I’ve not ever played the widow. Looking forward to it.

Monday, July 30, 2007

Foreign Policy--Africa

-Best we can do is get some of our people out of there! Has to be in the next few hours because the chaos will only get worse.
So, my best Colonel is commanding a fleet of armored Humvees.

-Prognosis?

-Half would be victory.

-The others?

-Be torn limb from limb.

-By...?

-Children. An army of children.

-Where...?

-Well, we trained and equipped three-quarters of them. Now they've flowed together with street gangs.

-Who is leading them? Is it a more or less organized propaganda effort?

-Nobody. Just a totally insane crawling body.

-Why were we training children to kill other children in the first place?
Will anyone be blamed this time? Is there anything we won't do?

-Of course not. The army is a plaything. Like a video game or something.

Tuesday, July 31, 2007

Mountains

-From one stupid hillybilly to another, don't try to tell me
the Democrats will four-wheel back into my hollow
and seize our bible.

-I heard it on the Ricky Bumfry show!

-Uh huh. And what else threatens our way of life featuring
moonshine and incest?

-Laugh all you want but they won't be happy unless
they make all the children queers!

-Pink for everybody?

-You know, there are real dangers!

-Without a doubt. Well, we'll rely on our faith, of which there
is none, despite the rants of drooling preachers. That bible only
opens to write in a new baby.

-How you get so contrary?

-Back there we've been Republicans forever. But not assholes.
Give me a break!

Wednesday, August 01, 2007

Left Wing Media–or the absurdities one hears

Rupert Murdoch & GE
Jack Welsh dropped in

on their Radio-TV news-
rooms & TOLD

harried staffers to call
election for Bush.

Thursday, August 02, 2007

Sour Note

Caesar on,
Stab in Back

hist prompt,
lit & fig. Best
blot defeat?

Scour face?
Fart in wind.

Friday, August 03, 2007

Many Dead in Minneapolis Collapse

Bridge poet Berryman leapt
from? Leaving behind no apt
language enroute? Artists

should stick around. When John
smashed the water a mortgage
broker bobbed up

somewhere. In present shuffle,
Snuffles, certain lucks
run down t’zip.

Saturday, August 04, 2007

Ideal Week

Monday dreams
Tuesday,and on.

Saturday one gets
ossified,& flips

through week’s im-
ages Sunday mid
puking.

Sunday, August 05, 2007

Difference Between Old Man and Camel–w/literary allusion

Camel pisses a gallon or 2.
Old Man dribbles
from here to eternity.

Monday, August 06, 2007

Aides

A1
You get this too?

A2
The slight lift upward of the hand? Yes.

A1
Meaning Get it done! Don’t bother me with trivialities!

A2
Harvard Business School Model. He only does the huge and masterly things. Perfect cover for the completely lazy bastard. Or the incompetent.

A1
Are you saying–?

A2
I say nothing. Just an aide like you.

A1
Well, what do we do in regards to his little wave? We’re supposed to act together on it, you know.

A2
Nothing. Not a fuckin thing. I got bigger fish to fry.

A1
But–?

A2
You work for me.

A1
We always…together. Since College Republicans.

A2
Don’t worry. I’m not really pulling rank. It’s just that the number one senator was in here last week and actually snapped at me, “How ‘bout you shake you lil girlie-boy

ass and get me cuppa coffee?” Obnoxious, venal crook.

A1
He talks to everybody like that.

A2
Not to you and not to me!

A1
Nothing we can do–

A2
Summon! him tomorrow. Fuck him raw on how he has betrayed the president and the party! Ream him out while he turns scarlet!

A1
He’ll just tell us to–!

A2
That right?

A1
Or phone pres or vp screaming.

A2
That’s when you come in. You’re the shortstop.

A1
Oh yeah! Like I can–

A2
Just thump attache case.

A1
Yeah, that’ll scare him!

A2
And pronounce four words. That’s all. Dead Puerto Rican woman.

A1
Wow!

A2
He’ll think we got the goods in there, but ‘ll be empty. Bluff. At any rate,

she didn’t die in his sleazy bed, but went back to her village and cashed in after a few days.

A1
What–?

A2
Poison. Probably meant for him.

A1
Terrorists?

A2
Wife.

A1
Christ! But why are you doing this?

A2
Thought that was obvious. I despise him! And small fry don’t get these chances very often.

A1
I didn’t think we needed them.

A2
That’s where you’re wrong. Beginning of power in this town.

Tuesday, August 07, 2007

Speaking of Nuts

“Like the way they
can give you shots now.

Almost by radio. Zip zap.
Easier to put chip in.

Mine’s in my left ball,
which keeps descending.

How far can it go, Uncle Sam?
Hafta go out in public!”

Wednesday, August 08, 2007

Country Matters

MONITOR1
Two Dem senators discussing some international whore? President likes to hear about these things.

MONITOR2
Is one calling from a foreign country? That’s the law.

MONITOR1
Yeah. Massachusetts.

Thursday, August 09, 2007

Management 101

In times howl-
ingly chaotic
take a stance.

Someone can enter
later to show where

you should rethink.
(Hey! God himself prob-

ably can be reasoned with–
who are you?) It’s only

that there must be a fixed
site in any fluid setting.
Right,wrong,even dopey. Since

assholes not deemed
attractive,especially
when flying.

Friday, August 10, 2007

Fitting the Shoe

Those who can
make you believe
absurdities can

make you commit
atrocities.*

*Voltaire

Saturday, August 11, 2007

Little Women

-Every bedtime he whispered Good Night My Loveliness!

-How sweetly beautiful!

-I finally ran off with somebody else.

-Why? Was it sex?

-Don’t remember.

Sunday, August 12, 2007

Made For You and Me

Every time I see
a wretch dragging
his leg in this place

I think of the pain
he has undergone

and his parents never
having the means to
correct the condition.

But in the land of the brave
they were free! And isn't that

really really fuckin-somethin'
totally better?

Monday, August 13, 2007

Future Candidate

-I ask you to consider voting for me. Would you like a white straw boater or a pin with red white and blue ribbons?

-Don’t bother. We’re dying from The Plague.

-When I’m elected I’ll end The Plague!

-Too late for us.

-Hang in there! Scrape a few thousand together and go to a medicine auction. But right now, would you pay a hundred for a photo with me?

-Nah. We look like shit!

-Buck up! Country wasn’t built by whiners.

-Easy for you to say. Rich boy. We’re still waiting for that trickle-down.

-Waiting is the courage of your class! Well, I’d shake your hand but all the green spots on there put me off.

-Pray for us!

-Hey! 22'd Century! Don‘t hafta put on that religious crap anymore! The God-Shit went downhill after 2050.

-It’s our Faith! Still!

-Too bad. But I’m filling out absentee ballots right now for this crew–- noble exit gestures. And as a reward, TV gang’ll leave you the bones from their rib lunches. Sauce is to die for! Hey! That’s funny! To die for?

Tuesday, August 14, 2007

When the Well Poisoner Leaves Town

Double-check.

Wednesday, August 15, 2007

USA life expectancy 42d

Living in GREATEST NAY-
SHUN in THE WORLD !
jus’too giddying?

Thursday, August 16, 2007

Science Is a Meanie

You get to believe
in a mystery pill &
studies debunk.

Bush hos
have it right:

Follow the bouncing
ball & sing happy.

Friday, August 17, 2007

Rocco and Money Mikey Discuss Foreclosures

ROCCO
Money Mikey! People all over the country are losing houses!
What's happening? Money is your shit! Lay it on me, Guru!

MONEY MIKEY
Just beginning. Zillion mortgages resetting.

ROCCO
What's that mean? I have some idea but...

MONEY MIKEY
Bank has been twisting it in. Now it adds a couple of rotations.
With barbs.

ROCCO
You know me. Bleeding Heart Liberal. Can’t the government help out?
Somehow? It's tragic really. American Dream and all that?

MONEY MIKEY
Yeah. That's all nice. But the dough’s needed for the war.
Saving ten house or blowing up ten Arabs. Let's keep our values intact.

ROCCO
They hate freedom. Decider says so.

MONEY MIKEY
Not the ones blown to bits. They don't hate anything anymore.

Rocco reacts with other characters in South Philadelphia. Many such encounters are searchable on this blog.

Saturday, August 18, 2007

Euclid in the 'hood

When you don't have time
you don't know

you don't have time so
you got lotsa time.

Sunday, August 19, 2007

The Gathering Up

Park Service Police collected shoes abandoned outside the Executive Office Building and White House yesterday. (Photo)

Credit was claimed by Roma Entire, an activist group attempting to illustrate the old Italian proverbial expression You’re about as smart as my shoes!

Monday, August 20, 2007

HEARTLAND

Setting Bluebird Café, a sort of university

-That's a good one. They got Ay-rabs sneakin’ in Mexico and
then comin’ here.

-I'll check that stoop field outside town. They still wearing their robes?

-Just the grimy Spick clothes like the illegals do.

-Arabs in the artichokes, hey?

-Not the worst of it. They'll be a wave of queers joining 'em: mark my words!
And then another one of--

-Wearing dresses?

-Niggers! From the cities! Why we're buying more guns n’everything!

-I gotta close my eyes to see. That there's one crowded vision!
Like parts of the Bible, but with rocket launchers.

-And I ain't forgetting the Jews neither!

-But they hate the Arabs. How they gonna get along?

-They'll figure it out. All of ‘em will. Anything to make our kids all faggots!

Tuesday, August 21, 2007

Americans losing homes may be hit by income taxes on canceled debt*

Cronies hideously engorged,
Uncle swoops in for dessert.

*paraphrased from NYTimes

Wednesday, August 22, 2007

Subtleties of Foreign Policy

How can you Americans claim to understand us
when we don’t understand ourselves?*

Why it’s black-white,
good-evil. All’s dual
in faith and war: you

have Americans &
you have assholes.

Don’t need a laser
to aim an asshole.

*attributed to tribal chief,Iraq

Thursday, August 23, 2007

Do You Have Faith in God Above?

-I thought it was a debate. He said nothing and so I carried on with the talking points. I don't understand. Then in the middle, he left. Left!

-We have footage. Tomorrow's commercial: COWARD QUIET. Next day, COWARD FLEES.

-But...what...?

-Let's salute technical first. Tape loop which repeats three times and then destroys itself. Neat! Fed into his earphone.

-What did it say?

-DOO-y MOO-y.

-Cut it out!

-The little girl they lost?

-I heard something but don't...

-At a turnpike rest stop. They had given her kitten few days before. It ran away and she chased it. Truck took both out.

-Jesus Christ!

-Whatever. Anyway DOO-y etc what she said in ambulance. Nonsense? Her name for cat? Who knows?

-I've been in politics quite a while and I...well that turns my stomach!

Bingo! You hire me to do things you can't stomach. That's the deal. Not the New Deal or the Fair Deal, but the Real Deal!

Friday, August 24, 2007

The Meeting

-Those of us who stayed allowed to use custodians' shower, so we remained presentable. And my wife brought in fresh clothes for a good while.

-How did she feel...?

-Proud at first, but wearied that my usual hometasks were being neglected. I was an ace in the garden.

-What happened to it?

-Oursourced. Really good man...well she eventually married the gardener.

-All that sacrifice! For the company!

-Well, some fruition at least. I tried to toast the record with Lou from Purchasing, and he my mandatory retirement, when he...

-Dropped dead. I heard.

-Tragically. Anyway, so, that's it. You can't have
a meeting with just one person.

-You're historian too, right. How many...?

-Average attendance twenty-six. High over a hundred.

-Wow! How did you ever stick with it? Then endless business meeting is a standard joke, but you actually...

-Tons of Danish.

-Sixteen years worth! Brother! You haven't left the building in sixteen years! This room really, except for the shower.

-We started with butcher paper and grease pencils. Now Power Point of course.

-Look at those monitors!

-They just came. Big as multiplex screens.

I think I'll go to a movie now.

-You deserve it.

-Thanks, but I've been recognized. The Big Man sent a dvd.

-I heard everybody was forced to watch it.

-We don't look at things that way.

Saturday, August 25, 2007

Populating the New Planet

2-Headed be conflicted;
12-headed drown
in chatter.

Dr Kevin likes 6,
calls ‘em “My 6-Paks.”

Though Lab can’t make up
many w/o the cash!

(As footnote, young PhDs
say odd-numbered =
better math.

Old researchers laugh at them.
Thus has it ever been in
our history of 5000 years.)

Sunday, August 26, 2007

After the Drink and Whatever

man & woman embrace un-
tepidly in the strip

mall,behind their cars.
Thence back to Honey,Bunny.

Old men once sneered Get a room!
But that’d aid and abet what com-
munity needs less of.

Monday, August 27, 2007

Bourne, or What the Doctor Ordered In Italian At the End

In newest,stereotypical bitch
charged with X-ing him now,man-

nish clothes,slicing tongue & will.
He has lost his complex Marie,

wasted,one supposes,by CIA. But even
ole Mannish softens a bit & triple-

cute round-faced girl gets her
role expanded & coy,too. Hey!
Belay such chickflick sops anyhow!

The real romantic adventure: No way
of murdering Bourne. Again!
Send up to a dozen & it's nothing.

More than that,diminishing returns:
They bumble into each other with
detonating outcomes.

Hope he keeps on going. Why? &
why the appeal to so many males?
After all, just a comic strip

compared to the real evil foisted by
Washington & underlined in many
national capitals. Well,majority of

men worldwide count beans in itch-
ing desperation. So, need Bourne,

(not to mention Rambo). In addition,
MAYBE MARIE DIDN’T REALLY DIE ?

come il cacio sui maccheroni !

Tuesday, August 28, 2007

Barbarians At the Gates

Well,not always. Whores
sneak them in. After a bit,
one says Don't go you hairy
babbler! She was new,from
countryside,not as patriotic
as the other girls. Soon his
brother comes in to buy
weapons. Next,guards fall
asleep and hordes follow,then
it becomes 2-way with prophets
leaving the city to scream,along
with peddlers & medicine men.
Afterwards the gates left wide
always. Most who fled trickle back.
Generations pass & nobody
can tell who anybody was.
If you have a particular nose,
you’re original & noble.
But many ridicule it.

Wednesday, August 29, 2007

Rocco and GOP Men’s Room

VINNIE
Jesus H Christ! Another Republican caught in a bathroom!

ROCCO
Sad, low shit. If they could express themselves in a healthy society, they’d have a boy on the side.

VINNIE
Would he be welcomed at the family gatherings?

ROCCO
Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs,picnics with horseshoes. Yeah!

VINNIE
How about the mistresses? I mean the broad ones.

ROCCO
More the merrier!

VINNIE
You’re looking at a real extended family there!

ROCCO
All kinds of love!

VINNIE
You’re a liberal all right.

ROCCO
Maybe better label, Christian.

VINNIE
Not according to what I’ve read.

ROCCO
Go back to original source. Jesus the most welcoming guy you could think of!

VINNIE

Put him in charge of your picnic?

ROCCO
He’d circulate and introduce everybody to everybody else.
What a vibe love is!

VINNIE
Anything you say.

Thursday, August 30, 2007

Rocco will only refer to this childhood friend as
“The Republican.”

RR
One hundred fifty billion spend on New Orleans and
still looks like a war zone. So, where'd the money go?
Your friends in the Administration might have a
vague idea.

TR
Like to know that myself.

RR
Into pockets is the short answer.

TR
Well, local officials liable to be corrupt anywhere, but that
wouldn't explain...

RR
Those are the shallow pockets boys. They're flyshit.
I mean the deep pockets cronies of Bush and Cheney.

TR
You're way off!

RR
Uh huh. And those deep pockets have holes where much of the money falls through into a pipeline to the Republican National Committee. It's called the endless loop in computer language.

TR
I can't do anything about your paranoid suspicions--also an endless loop--but the money will be accounted for. Every cent.

RR
Dream on Macduff! Hey, if you head up a ring of thieves,
like Bush and Cheney, does that make them thieves also?

TR
More like the philosophical heads of many honest people--

and a few clinkers.

RR
This is America. The few profit enormously. Rest, suckers.
How could anybody working for a living vote Republican?

TR
Only if you wanted rule, and not mishmash. As if nobody stole under Democrats!

RR
Amateurs!

TR
Must be awful to be like you!

RR
Called The Reality-Based Community.

TR
We’re that! The President uses his powers for the benefit
of the people!

RR
Ooooops! Short circuit! If I responded to every straight line, well, that’s the real endless loop!

Friday, August 31, 2007

Sacred France, Neocon View

We tabbed you Cheese-
Eating Surrender Monkeys once.

Presently relish your kneeling be-
fore our Throne of Blood.

Rocco will only refer to this childhood friend as
“The Republican.”

ROCCO
One hundred fifty billion spend on New Orleans and
still looks like a war zone. So, where'd the money go?
Your friends in the Administration might have a
vague idea.

THE REPUBLICAN
Like to know that myself.

ROCCO
Into pockets is the short answer.

THE REPUBLICAN
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wouldn't explain...

ROCCO
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of the people!

ROCCO
Ooooops! Short circuit! If I responded to every straight line, well, that’s the real endless loop!

Saturday, September 01, 2007

American Mercenaries

“SOLDIER”
There’s only that bunch out by the gate.

“COMMANDER”
Who are they?

“SOLDIER”
American Marines.

“COMMANDER”
Tough shit. We gotta get past ‘em!

“SOLDIER”
Let’s send emissary to explain.

“COMMANDER”
Whoa! Fancy word! What fuckin book did you read? Open fire!

Sunday, September 02, 2007

Female TV Panels

At best,humane
perspectives,soft-
ly articulated;

at worst,henhouse
in shriek-mode.

At brassy worst,hair-
y balls emulators.

Monday, September 03, 2007

The Storm and Perfect Strategy

-How many in our plantations down there?

-Total of about seven thousand.

-We’re losing at least half, even as we speak.

-I heard...rescue train?

-I told them not to bother. It's my estimate tracks'll be ripped up. We're talking category five, are we not? Wave of twenty, thirty feet? Stand on a box down there, you're at the highest point.

-God!

-Budgetary considerations also. I Ruled a lot out, not just train. Any rescue effort‘d cost million or so. Board have my head...and yours. Tough it out and bonuses most generous.

-Chief, that’s some icy calculus!

-Oh yeah? Well that's why I picked you. Those words could've been put in recommendations from previous bosses. I’m not sure that’s truth in advertising.

-It is! So, sad about the deaths. How do we handle PR?

-By starting now! We're doing everything humanly, and humanely, possible! Drum that! Tell the fairies in Public Relations to start beating–and I don’t mean their cocks. And don't stop! Also, they should get cholera backgrounders ready to go.

-Excuse me.

-Piles of corpses. Torch 'em. Their halfass religion says they’re supposed to be returned to the hometown, but danger of disease will trump. A few cans of gas and a match. You don't get more cost efficient than that.

-It all sounds clean, if horrible. But can we still get tagged?

-No way. There'll be a report, of course, and we'll

rewrite it. Way Cheney and Bush do. Well, first we'll lean on individuals on the committee. Cheney wrote that book! I’m saying that in managerial admiration, not in the usual cheap sarcastic coin of the day.

-In…a way, sounds like those burning bodies really are pawns… excuse the still-itchy conscience. I’ll still underline everything you say.

-Well they are, and always have been. Hey! We didn’t create the world! In the present frame, each death an act of God. Storm an act of God. Our retaining power here is actually in His interest. We do a herculean amount of good in this world, period! Questions?

-I understand everything. Sometimes wish I didn’t.

-Not quite. When you do you’ll be in this chair.
Until then, avoid going wobbly! Or even half, like now.

Tuesday, September 04, 2007

Much

I had wine for my friends, but always brought something
for their two dogs,so I decided to stop at the New Super
Wonder Warehouse Store. Half out of curiosity.

-Hey! This whole aisle for dog biscuits?

CLERK
This one and the next two.

-How many...?

CLERK
Three hundred or so choices.

-These are little dogs and...

CLERK
We’re not free to give advice. You’re in the charcoal section–I call it. Gives them nice breath.

-I could use a few of those myself.

CLERK
I don’t understand. These, and the other two aisles, are
dog biscuits,Sir,for dogs. My hand computer lists
seven aisles for breath mints and antacids,401 to 408.

-I’d be exhausted before I got there.

CLERK
Jet skates at the end of each aisle. Machine takes
dollar bills.

-This is as far as I’m going. I’m closing my eyes and
plucking one.

CLERK
Oh Sir! That’s never recommended. You have free choice.

-Don’t need the propaganda,thanks. I’m heading for that cashier over there. Guy in front has only a bathtub.

Wednesday, September 05, 2007

Official Report

1/ I can’t stop laughing.

2/ They got nothing right.

1/ Are you sure? Haven’t got to the end yet.

2/ I’m sure. If I weren’t we’d face jail time.

1/ I don’t get the antigay paragraph. Totally unrelated.

2/ Yes, but let’s celebrate it at that new bent bar in Arlington.

1/ And what else can we do there?

2/ Not much, but we’ll share RR later, worth every cent.

1/ Unfortunate initials.

Thursday, September 06, 2007

Short Conversation at Allied Dry Cleaning Plant, Cincinnati, OH

-Jesus! This tops even the usual stinks here.

-Uniforms for the parade.

-The serge is working.

Friday, September 07, 2007

The Senior Man

TRANSLATOR
Majesty asks: The women, who all these?

JUNIOR
Wives and girlfriends, mostly.

TRANSLATOR
Majesty asks where are there the whores?

JUNIOR
At this kind of party, we...uh...converse and...uh...hors de oeuvres.

TRANSLATOR
Majesty, he make the joke. Please to not have the derves and just...the awrs--like you have at begin you speak. It sound like whores, that word French—he make the joke. He many times the Paris. Why you no laugh?

SENIOR
I'll take over here, Trevor. Tell His Majesty we will soon have politics and cigars and whiskies–if his religion permits--and the women tea and endless chatter.

TRANSLATOR
Majesty laughs.

SENIOR
I saw that. Then, I will take him to a truly wonderful, and most cultural place! Hey?

TRANSLATOR
Our country too we have this, the how you say? Winkling?

SENIOR
Winking.

TRANSLATOR
Is very good!

SENIOR
Very.

Saturday, September 08, 2007

Won't Suffer Fools

Hear that phrase
enunciated by some

as to themselves
and admired others.

So, no patience for
patently lower men-
talities? Just

saying something
girded by mono-

righteousness hard-
ly removes you from
the category of fools

yourself, many flagrant.
Any mouth and ego

not being talismans
for much of anything.

Sunday, September 09, 2007

An Actor Trapped

in a role appears
to shrivel with-

in itching skin,
mouth burning
to expel

bits of e
coli.

Monday, September 10, 2007

Running

-I don’t believe in anything, Mr Campaign Manager. Executive Departments have fucked the Constitution when they could get away with it–-these present criminals merely the worst. And all this God-bullshit makes me puke!

Plus, lived with a succession of sluts.

-They’d say you’re the slut.

-And they’d be right!

-Uh huh. Well, vent is now officially closed. Speech writer has given me your announcement, including the Fox banner running under your pious mug:

NEWLY ONBOARD, AFFIRMS HIS CHRISTIAN BELIEF AND SANCTITY OF FAMILY

-Truer words were never shit.

Tuesday, September 11, 2007

The Name For It

-Another, Senator?

-Thank you but I'm adequately drunk.

-You were saying...?

-Too much fuss about this Pikers' Adventure! War?
We lost 58,000 give or take in Nam. Jesus H. Christ on a bicycle!
This so-called war will cease when Bush and Cheney's buddies
stop making money. And mine, I must add.

-Well, these kids who've been lost in whatever you call it belong to
John Q!–not to mention Iraqis murdered.

-Hey! We got it so far up John Q's ass he better just worry about
not goin blind! As to the Arab spicks, fuck 'em, plain and simple...
but move the violence away from the oil wells. They'll end up financing
our campaigns here for generations.

-Is that the strategy of the RNC ?

-Is that what I am? Republican. I forget sometimes, just
like they do on the other side. When Hitler's armies marched
into France, some Fascist generals there couldn't wait to
surrender. Couldn't wait! They itched for it! Like a sexual hunger!
Look around you. Millions await fucking in this country,
with or without The Constitution.

-That's treason!

-Which part? Never mind. A good name for it. All of it.

(probably no posts until 9/20)

Wednesday, September 19, 2007

Yet Another Symbol of Enduring Republican Love

The offending car in held a family of three,
including a toddler who ended up being

melted to his mother's body

in the resulting conflagration.*

*story from Juan Cole

Thursday, September 20, 2007

Seldom Is Heard a Discouraging Word

-So, retirement at hand. How much have you stolen?

-Millions, give or take.

-Mostly take!

-Untrue. Exchanges.

-That frank! Aren’t you afraid I might…?

-Off the record has always meant that with you. Besides, “stolen” is one broadbrush term. I helped; many were grateful.

-And yet history will see you as a potent, unflappable, usually principled legislator. Unafraid, outspoken. Patriot! One of the greats!

-Don’t see the anomaly.

-Did you ever send money back as coming from too tainted a source?

-Never! I always just said I’ll do what I can do. That was often a lot, but was sometimes nothing.

-God it’s so very befuddling!

-Not so! Train stop before this one is Boy Scout and Girl Scout Station. Anyone welcome to get off there.

Friday, September 21, 2007

Mesopotamian Fable

A duck met a clusterfuck going down the road. Said duck to clusterfuck,
What are you exactly? You're so shapeless, like black water rolling.

CF
Move it, Quacko, or I'll blast that little feathered dick right off you!

DUCK
I get it now! You're a clusterfuck!

CF
We don't like that term. And what we don't like we...

DUCK
I know, you kill, or threaten loudly. The beauty is you're a clusterfuck
within a clusterfuck. It's an aesthetic!

CF
Uh huh. Well there's work to do for fuckin freedom and all that shit,
so I can't really chat.

DUCK
I'd work like hell to lay you an egg to celebrate Iraq, but I'm the wrong sex.

CF
Coulda fooled me. You look soft, like a woman. But, anyway, sayonara,
waddling asshole.

Saturday, September 22, 2007

Thousands of hyphens perish in new Oxford English Dictionary*

Thus both Islamo-
& Repubican-

Fascist
merge.

*Yahoo News

Sunday, September 23, 2007

The Women Who Have Stupid Men

love & support them.
It works. Nobody re-
quired to die stupid.

Monday, September 24, 2007

After Their Base Lying &

dropped-pants sleaze
& bribery and blood
lust, I’m obliged
to save lives in
Iraq, doing
anything
I can.

Tuesday, September 25, 2007

Punch&Judy

JUDY
Think you'll go to Washington, huh? What makes you think your hick hackery makes it on the National level?

PUNCH
I served on the Water Board.

JUDY
What a patriot! (beats him w/ slapstick.) Say ouch like an Arab!

PUNCH
Ouch!

JUDY
(pause) Not even close! (resumes beating, shouts) This noisy stick is so goofy. To be really Right--that's with a capital–-(stops beating) need a whip!

PUNCH
No! Or yes!

Wednesday, September 26, 2007

The Patriotic Paradox

AIDE
Could they have picked a more remote spot for the conference?
Some of the business “leaders” even brought mistresses.

SENATOR
Sluts like hiking like anyone else.

AIDE
And, excuse me, but all the flag waving! And you…cried during your speech!

SENATOR
Secret of politics, mean every syllable the second you orate it! Afterwards,
The Art of Compromising.

AIDE
Yeah? Well, many of those business guys you “compromise” with ought to be cooling their asses in jail cells.

SENATOR
Just another paradox of this magnificent social experiment which is America:
those who steal the most, love it the most.

Thursday, September 27, 2007

War Is Easy

knowing
you’re the one not dead.

Muffled
air holds militant ditties &

mouths.

Under-
tones of surly, sullen bells.

Friday, September 28, 2007

I’ve featured the views of South Philadelphia’s Rocco many times before.

Rocco and the History Kid from Penn

-Never had pizza delivered by intellectual before.

-Yeah, Rocco, okay. You’ve seen me grow up, so let’s…

-I’ll tell you, I’m never watching fuckin History Channel again!

-Something they said?

-Be clever and no tip!

-Well give me something or nothing, but I gotta get back.
Cellphone’ll vibrate madly soon.

-Some Army Mackenzie prick raids the Comanches in Palo Duro Canyon.
Most escape but he has his men shoot the horses. About a thousand!
Brutal!

-War material.

-Yeah, like Iraqis.

-Loaded example. I’ve been warned against you. We’re applying a more scientific view at the University.

-Yeah, whatever’s the newest fad. Listen, let’s go there, okay? We’ll fly into some Texas city full of American-Shit-Architecture and loudmouths, rent a car out to the canyon, and camp there.

-What for?

-To hear the horses, feel their spirits rushing past.

-Thanks but no thanks.

-What are you afraid of?

-That you may be right. Besides, they probably filled in the canyon with rubble and built ticky- tacky houses there.

-Then we'll camp in the crap. The horses will still come. You can't stop them!
-They've been stopped. All that stuff has. We live in science, not dreams, Rocco.

-Here's five bucks for yourself. Someday you wake up and start to dream.

-Thanks. Call in another order anytime you want to be disillusioned.

Saturday, September 29, 2007

C-ommercial Dreaming

I see the crap I chuck
into the microwave

presented with love
to the compact, burnished

clan. Aw what the fuck:
Mom has just fled an
office where the boss is

a baby, her ass
appraised by accountants.

Sunday, September 30, 2007

Another View of Work

-I hafta leave, quit, get a transfer. Something!

-Pudding Inspector best job I have.

-I don’t wanna hear it! Proof is in the pudding? Haven’t found a fuckin thing!

-Shhhhh. We never do. But they pay us and so we shut up about it.

-Well I still…

-Hey, I can get you another buck an hour.

-Oh? Well…

-You’ll still never find anything. That’s the beauty of it. No surprises.
And at the end, a formerly nice pension.

-I’m glad we had this talk.

-My fault I didn’t make things clear every once in a while.

-That extra buck’ll get me a Nissan Versa!

-Which will take you where you wanna go!

Monday, October 01, 2007

ISLAMOFASCISM IN DEEP RIVER

Well first, we don’t get any kind of Great Mufti or anything like that. Because we’re so small, we’ll get some sort of fanatical youngster.

But, except for the praying, the town’s business will proceed exactly as before.

The frequency will be a pain in the neck, but most religious people around here never paid attention before and will do the same. The nonbelievers will get it from both sides.

Nobody listens to their bellyaching and so nothing changes.

After a while, employers whittle praying down to once a day.

Before long, our “leader” marries one of the Catholic girls, probably named Bridget. They’ll eventually get so busy with a tribe of squalling brats, that even the once daily prayer gets forgotten.

Except when the inspectors arrive and we all pretend, life in Deep River will be the same as it is now.

Tuesday, October 02, 2007

USA 2500 AD

-The children like to blow other children up.

-Which was fine when it was virtual. Now it’s the real thing!

-Oh well, there’s such a surplus! I mean how many do we need to manufacture the suppositories to stick up our ass, and those other necessities?

-You do have a vision. Answer: practically none. Robots handle about everything.

-There you go! So let our children have their fun. It kills two birds with one stone.

Wednesday, October 03, 2007

The Witness

-Well, I’m not sure it’s a clean choice. I mean really random.

-Oh they hacked the computers at first, the way they once did with elections. We have them perfect now. Thus, you were chosen randomly and honestly. I’m afraid you’re it.

-I could refuse.

-Not advisable.

-All my friends know I’m against. I haven’t been shy.

-Makes no difference. You’re an American citizen. You’ll represent us all at this particular torture.

-Card says B197 type.

-Oooo! That’s the nastiest!

-It’s all so horrible!

-Can be. Look, why make a big deal? You just have to witness. You’re behind glass and the sounds are piped in.

-Can the victim see me?

-They make sure he can. You’re Decency.

-He? Meaning it can’t be a woman.

-There are a few. The fellows get a bigger charge out of them, really.

-I’m so ashamed to think of it. It’ll make me complicit!

-You’re already that.

Thursday, October 04, 2007

GOP Operatives, Again

-This is a quiet room. Say whatever you want and in any style.

-I do that anyway.

-The question on the table is: How can we further lift the obscenely rich?

-Fuck ‘em!

-Have you gone over to the Dark Side?

-Slash their taxes and they kick back a percentage that’s less than they give the waiter at their club! And they’re stiffing him too.

-What do you suggest? “Here’s your tax cut and we’d like it back!” ?

-That and more! We enrich them and they screw us!

-Give is a repugnant verb. Republican, not.

-And you’re funny. Not! We’ve showered these obnoxious pricks with bushel baskets of money, and now the Dems lead us in fund raising.

-That is a serious problem. Okay, what’ll we do?

-One-on-ones where we talk turkey.

-These are the hardest, toughest people in the world. That won’t move ‘em.

-Then just a hint how we’re sidetracking certain investigations?

-Blackmail, is it?

-Three quarters of these fuckers should be in prison anyway!

-That’s your fraction is it? Well, you’ve always been conservative.

Friday, October 05, 2007

Dealing In the Army

-Odd conversation to have in a war zone, but I’m tasked to find out about your re-enlistment plans. Hell of a cash bonus out there now!

-Save your breath, I’m going with Blackwater. Like, almost ten times the salary and no chickenshit!

-I’m sorry to hear of your projected walk on the wild side. But where will they be when you’re coming round to retirement?

-Right here. Iraq is Forever!

-I mean pension and…

-Hey! I just buy an annuity with about one fifth of my salary. Better than the dinky one the army gives.

-I’m really shocked! You are so Army!

-No fuckin longer! And speaking of cash bonuses, got one in my back pocket for you to come onboard!

-You representing them now?

-I’ve done a bit of work.

-That’s not legal.

-Let’s not be too literal. Except in THIS !

-Wow! How much is that?

-We won’t bother counting.

Saturday, October 06, 2007

Only 2 Channels in Hell

CH1 Black Women talk endlessly about shoes.

CH2 White Women talk endlessly about shoes.

Sunday, October 07, 2007

Women are hot

in TV dramas, driven
to kiss deeply
as prelude to as-

tonishing fire
during **The**BIG***LAY***

Usually, other women laze
about the screen, secretaries

or such small-like. How they
kiss or fuck remains
mysterious.

For in the Home of the Bravely
Free it’s CLASS, Stupid!

Monday, October 08, 2007

Goodfellas

-We’re so not bigtime.

-We’re doing all right. Better, really.

-I don’t ever wanna go inside again. All that country club talk
is really exaggerated!

-I got a way to really stay out. Guaranteed! Just wave a few flags.

-Uh huh. I’m interested.

-Well, we’re in several rackets, but are missing the monster one.

-And what would that be? asked Bud Abbot.

-War.

-Which part? It‘s a fuckin, how you say?, cornucopia!

-I’m sending three boys to Blackwater in Iraq.

-Won’t get hired. Criminal Records.

-Funny thing happened at Central Police. Some stuff mysteriously lost!
Isn’t it the weirdest shit?

-Who could imagine?

-They’ll learn the ropes and come back here. Then we’ll bid on a contract.

-Hey the fuckin war will, like, cease someday.

-Nah. Never.

Tuesday, October 09, 2007

Killing Them Softly

SENATOR
You don’t understand fuckin English! I wanna talk to the president.

AIDE
He’s unavailable.

SENATOR
Unavailable to me? He wasn’t unavailable on several other large occasions.

AIDE
Whatever you want me to tell him, I’ll…

SENATOR
Tell him for starters that his veto of Children’s Health Insurance totally bums me out.

AIDE
It’s a complex issue. We can’t let the other party demagogue it.

SENATOR
The voters don’t care diddley shit about complexity. They care about children being harmed. Is everyone up there too fuckin thick to understand that?

AIDE
There may be a small compromise.

SENATOR
Your ass is a small compromise! I’m running in ‘08! I can write the copy of their ads now. A trillion for wars, but for children… !

AIDE
As I say, they’ll demagogue it.

SENATOR
How dreadful of them! Don’t invite a one of them to your next tea-bagging!

AIDE
Will that be all, Sir?

SENATOR
Tell that fuckhead he might as well just shoot me!

Wednesday, October 10, 2007

The Capitalist and the Plumber

-As a plumber you should be interested in this. DEMS WILL RAID THE RICH AGAIN FOR TAXES!

-I’m the plumber’s helper. He’s into higher echelon work on the Ladies’ can.

-Wall Street Journal! When they come after the rich, you better hold onto your own wallet!

-Why? I’m not rich.

-Let me explain it to you.

-Don’t bother. With all due respect, Sir, my job brings me into contact with actual shit!

Thursday, October 11, 2007

PRIVATIZATION

-We did it! Rid ourselves of the bureaucrats. It’s all yours now!

-Cost enough.

-It’ll be worth it, and, of course, the lovely machine‘ll keep chug-chuggin’ and oil the party. Win-win!

-We gotta make a buck first.

-What could be easier? But the big thing is stay out of the media. Rule One is Don’t get caught! If the other side can get an oversight toe in there...?

-We’ll take care of it.

-I know we can trust you. After all, the money is falling from the skies. We should all have the opportunity to grab some. Obligation, really.

Friday, October 12, 2007

Collateral Lives

Mansions in Palm
Beach widely spaced,

not much of a trick
to fire a rocket

from Singer Island
and take out #1

of leading Moslem
"Charity." But as

to #2 in his Fifth
Avenue condo flanked
by retired farts,

well...some sacrifice
for country. Such as,too,
Newsstand Louie,& how

his spastic phosphorescence
will forever entertain rut-

ting José the Puerto Rican
taxi driver,and winner,now,
of the hand of manicurist,Rita.

Saturday, October 13, 2007

Craphead Harp

came steerage. Drank
& brawled & screwed--
often boys’d do.

Beefed up & Holy
Name Society smoothed
out till, no longer thick, stopped

beating on wife for her own good.
Before he got here, Yankee Masters

orated “We don’t need any more
of these Craphead Harps!” 1%

right, 100% righteous, way many
are now: “We don’t need any more
of these Craphead Spicks!”

Sunday, October 14, 2007

Very Short Dialog w/St Peter

-With all due respect, why are we segregated?

-Poison.

-Well that would’ve been our bodies. Does it count with souls?

-There the poison is acquiescence.

Monday, October 15, 2007

Reading in Common Dreams and others US should be ashamed!

Today pirates have none.
As to the shiploads wait-
ing out in the fetid bay?

Tuesday, October 16, 2007

The Christian Soldier

-You run a huge operation.

-Sort of Conglomerate for Christ!

-And wear several hats.

-Let me show you a couple.

-I didn’t mean literally.

-I mean everything literally. This one’ll surprise you.

-A beret! My oh my! But I don’t see...

-Soft, no angles. It represents the aesthetic of Faith, its beauty.

-I can’t get over the image of you under it!

-But...this one won’t surprise.

-World War Two surplus from Lou’s Army and Navy Store?

-My helmet for the coming Race Wars.

-Is that Christ-like?

-Not the impotent wimp in the garden, no, but my commander, wrapped in bandoliers!

-I’m speechless!

-Then I won’t recruit you. We’re looking for folks to stand up at PTAs!

Wednesday, October 17, 2007

Setting the Future

I was privileged to be invited, even though in an offhand way.

The meeting took place at the Greenbrier, those sub rooms sealed away from the atomic warfare which had never arrived.

Topic: HOW TO RULE AS REPUBLICANS

The first speaker announced that we have two goals:

A) Waging continuous war

B) Enriching our friends

I stood up then, enshrining my quiet name. “I have no objection, except to say we must reverse those priorities.”

It’s all hard-surface down there and the applause very nearly burst my eardrums.

Thursday, October 18, 2007

Toying

CHINESE 1
Well…we've been caught.

CHINESE 2
One digs in his heels and admits nothing.

CHINESE 1
The Capitalist Model in America is a wonderful one indeed!

CHINESE 2
But a baby! We have an honorable and ancient history of cheating and bribes.

CHINESE 1
As the strange Negroes on American TV say, "I'll drink to that!"

CHINESE 2
Their nation is corrupt in racial and sexual ways, and yet they point fingers.

CHINESE 1
We have the self-righteous here also.

CHINESE 2
But they don't add to their hypocrisy by murder. Oh excuse me, wars to spread their laughable "democracy."

CHINESE 1
But as Confucius says, "Forgive those who pay on time."

Friday, October 19, 2007

The Mentor

-I can get pretty conflicted. When is it true patriotism?

-When there's a buck in it.

Saturday, October 20, 2007

Side Effects

MC
Well, for the speaker who needed no introduction I know I went on an unconscionably long time, but without further adieu…and, by the way, I hear those comments, and do have a conscience! (laughter)

SPEAKER
Well, I don't know that I can attest to that! (increased laughter) But one thing that strikes me this lovely afternoon is…(much burping, farting) Oh I am so sorry. You know from TV that side effects can include gas and vomit….and even death! Please excuse me…I hit the nearest bathroom and remedy…please ex…(flees)

SPEAKER
Well. How to think on your feet, right? I feel it best to just go on with your desserts and get refills on the coffee, until our honored speaker…

(Ten minutes later) Uh, could I have your attention? I sent our young superstar to see that he's all right. Voila! He has returned and here's some face-time for him. Though it may well be the first little shove out the door for me! (mock cheer)

YOUNG MAN
I realize I'm not a physician, but I think he's dead!

MC
Recording Secretary will record those words exactly. Now I'll appoint a committee of three to confirm. One of the members will be a woman, so I hope there's no false modesty. When their report comes in, I'll probably call our CEO and then 911. Proud to say I trained in this company! First death on the can presents no unsurmountable problem.

Sunday, October 21, 2007

Coalescence, Not

All my research and reading doesn’t really coalesce.

Call it the fog of self.

Oh you can pretend it does. “Fake it before you make it,” often describes the process.

Nobody ever makes it. It’s courageous to talk from practically nothing–for some. For others, just the usual bs.

And all that’s not a secret, not really.

Monday, October 22, 2007

BEBs

Proud to say I’m a BEB! Funny how it started. We held a minstrel show and one of the black-faced characters was Bomb Everybody Bob.

And before you rear up on your PC gelding, our actual Negro laughed his ass off!

Then the acronym transmuted to “Bomb Everybody Boys.” We have a weekly breakfast on Thursday. Hey, Thursday was drink and drug yourself blind on most campuses. Except for the assholes who studied. What every happened to them anyway?

Always looking for members but be cautioned. We consider Mainstream Republicans Communists, and Democrats traitors.

Iran is next to bomb. No secret. After that we lust again! I wouldn’t rule anyplace out in the long run, even Chicago.

Just kidding. We’re always laughing, unlike the pussies condemning us.

Tuesday, October 23, 2007

GOP Foursome – 1st Tee

VOTING MACHINE EXEC
Well, what's the bet?

CONGRESSMAN
I'm betting your programmers have it just right.

VOTING MACHINE EXEC
Just.

CONGRESSMAN
And your guys?

LOBBYIST
They'll be grateful after Wednesday's vote.

CONGRESSMAN
I require such emotion upfront.

LOBBYIST
Consider it done!

CONGRESSMAN
WHEN it's done.

MAFIA DON
I'm the only convicted criminal here. Twice inside, but now legit.
Well, legit as you guys. (Much privileged laughter)

MAFIA DON (cont) Y'know? My caddy's a literature student or something.
He even quoted some Jew writer to me. Milton John or something. They also serve who only fuck you up the ass! It's amazing the vulgar shit they got in college today!

CONGRESSMAN
Like all revolutionaries, all talk.

MAFIA DON
I'll still slip him a C-Note. I used to work for a living.

VOTING MACHINE EXEC

Why spoil disobedience?

Wednesday, October 24, 2007

"The Innocent have nothing to Fear"–Higher Securitists

-But how can I be sure I'm innocent?

-We'll let you know. If we can't learn we'll ask
The Water Board for help.

Thursday, October 25, 2007

The Discussion

-Remember when we had that wonderful discussion?

-The wine was good.

-Agreed. And I complained that the traitors wanted to impeach the president and vice president…?

-And they didn’t stop there!

-All that talk about lying us into war, and abridging one’s rights, and violating the Constitution.

-Rhetoric. Music.

-But that’s not what you said then. You…intellectualized it. You said…

-That it was all too abstract for me. What of it?

-Well, I’m afraid it just started being a good deal more concrete. For you.

-Just talk! It was…!

-Well, you’ll soon have some facts to tie it into.

Friday, October 26, 2007

The Pirates

-For a gag, we all dressed as pirates for the victory celebration.

-Then the wrong party swept everything!

-Just switched our patches over to the other eye.

Saturday, October 27, 2007

When Adventurers Meet,They say

Let’s have an adventure!
Then the vicious logistics.

Sunday, October 28, 2007

Irony

Like pee,
I hafta.

Monday, October 29, 2007

The Senator

-Lots of movie people lost houses in Malibu fire.

-Fuck ‘em. Most Jews.

-That from the foremost Christian-Zionist in the Senate?

-They’re simply not our Jews.

Tuesday, October 30, 2007

Anti War Moment

-You got three quarters of the people against this war and you can’t really get a push against these immoral, lying bastards.

-Not enough hatred on the ground.

-But Bush and Cheney make Nixon look like a girlscout.

-Watch that imagery! Richard not 21st Century GOP.

Wednesday, October 31, 2007

Thursday, November 01, 2007

In Afghan Fields the Poppies Grow

Among the corpses row on row spreading-
out from there and carpeting this green-

verged world with graves. Victims all
of craving, greed, and war. If you
break faith with those

who've died the nightmare
will come home to you.

Other's children AK47'd on
their way to school suddenly

becoming yours. Won't be for
a while, but it's the only thing
this illegitimate government
will be right about,

having purchased it for us
to enrich their friends, thus

does madness migrate in
the craving, war, and greed, that

loyal triplet continuously endorsed by
meretricious leaders everywhere.

Friday, November 02, 2007

Bedfellas

-Drivers’ Licenses for illegals? Give me a fuckin break!

-What would you do?

-Ship their fuckin Spick asses back!

-We got enough busses?

-We’ll get ‘em.

-How about Grandma who’s been here fifty years?

-She’s first. I’ll go down there personally to shove her fat ass over the fence!

-Well don’t let her panties show. Some of your confederates get disturbed.

Saturday, November 03, 2007

When he saw the light

it was dark--so very
rapidly. There-

after tabbed
The Moe Green Effect.

Sunday, November 04, 2007

Dude who photographs

naked groups.
Sagamore Pool,
Miami Beach. Lotza

female shoulders,breasts
on the aquamarine bob,
pink mass.

Dotted here and there
by comb-overs.

Looking
for action!

Monday, November 05, 2007

Equal Voting Opportunities

-Look, fuckin José! You do Democrat! Comprendhe?

-Be patient, Chief. He was sleeping in his own shit just yesterday in Mexico City Drunk Tank.

…

-These are critical precincts for Republicans. Order the Nig-Nogs to come back day after election to vote. They’re stone fuckin dumb enough to fall for it, but promise Walmart coupons anyway. We’ve already scrubbed the criminals and their very extended families.

-Will we really have the coupons?

-Nah. When you fuck ‘em, double-fuck ‘em! That’s how Rockheads get to understand. Really a mercy.

-Compassionate Conservatism?

-I like that! Pointing out to folks how fuckin stupid they are.

Tuesday, November 06, 2007

Towards Definition re Senator

Just got itch
& yearned

for action. Gay
means more

staying energy:
parents meet-
ing partners:

very small talk
giving no one
a hardon, funding

each Family’s Values
damage.

Wednesday, November 07, 2007

CIA Dialog

-Which technique gives you the biggest hardon?

-Water boarding. You hafta listen, so you don’t hafta scream. That relaxes all but the one part.

-Is it effective?

-Only once.

-What...?

-One fucker drowned…and just when I was coming. Not 'spose to happen but…

-Probably really bought the Ragtop farm with heart attack.

-You talk to doctor? That’s what he said.

-Then somebody talked to him. What do you think of all the pussies who cry about all this? And they say you’re the sick one!

-We’ll be in Danbury together. I got the love.

Thursday, November 08, 2007

The Billionaire

-I heard you have deep pockets.

-I truly need them.

-How so?

-Well this one is for American politicians and media.

-That leaves its opposite free for play…the models and yachts etc.

-They’ll have to wait just now. This pocket for Brits.

Friday, November 09, 2007

Rocco and Fox

ROCCO
I call Fox the A L D Network.

CHUCK, INQUIRER REPORTER
Don’t tell me what that means.

ROCCO
Typical curiosity of a smalltime reporter! It means
Administration Lap Dog Network.

CHUCK
Not very euphonic. Doesn’t quite trip off the tongue.

ROCCO
Truth can be like that.

CHUCK
That’s why propaganda edges it out.

ROCCO
Yeah, the frenzy of shopping. Poor John Q can’t screen it all.

CHUCK
Shopping is Republican patriotism.

ROCCO
What’s Democratic?

CHUCK
Clucking like a chicken.

ROCCO
The real shame of this administration is not waterboarding, but that because of the fairy PC climate, they can’t be robustly proud of it.

CHUCK
Now that is a real shame. If Bush and Cheney aren’t arrested, there is no justice.

ROCCO

Damned liberal media ! Republicans redefine justice daily with kiss-ass judges, and you never salute.

CHUCK
You expect too much of us. We enter the den of thieves daily and you expect us to come out with one or two. We've failed so mightily, we're not even Godless Communists anymore.

Saturday, November 10, 2007

Bonjo and Itzykitzy

When my friends landed an agent who pursued a recording contract, they asked me about their chances.

Why not? You’re as good as Bonjo and Itzykitzy

That dropped a rube curtain. She said their musicianship was nil, and he just looked crushed.

Was then I affirmed once more you could never say the right thing to sensitive types.

Time farted by and they forgot their dream and landed a rug cleaning franchise. They still jam with some Chamber friends occasionally, but not much time.

At the tenth anniversary of the rug thing, I was invited to a big party at their McMansion. There I discovered a whole wall dedicated to Bonjo and Itzykitzy, their CDs, posters, etc.

The sensitive must be allowed to change their minds, the rest of us with great caution always.

Sunday, November 11, 2007

Query Profound

Walgreens sent 5-buck check.
Kicker: hadda spend 20. Tried

but 19.21! Finski de-
deducted anyway. Cashier’s

option, or elbow room built
into corporate algorithm?

Can’t guess answer but I’m
mad to come in contact with it.

As Walt Whitman spouted in
another context altogether.

Monday, November 12, 2007

The Heart of Republican Leadership

More soldiers,marines etc gone?
Oh well,like waiters at the club,you
can always find another.

Tuesday, November 13, 2007

Fitting the Shoe

Q You've had a helluva week! Fuck our children and blow theirs up!

A I don't recognize that as a question. Especially the vulgarity.

Security cuts all microphones

Q (screams) Send in the goons!

A (aside) Only part of fuckin apparatus still working.

Q (being dragged off) ...inaudible

A (aside) John Wilkes Booth yelled. My job is to maintain the dignity of the fuckin office!

Wednesday, November 14, 2007

Two Cons in 3/4s Time

GEN PERVEZ MUSHARRAF
Elections coming!

COMMANDER GEORGE BUSH
We don’t torture.

GEN PERVEZ MUSHARRAF
Nuclear weapons secure.

COMMANDER GEORGE BUSH
We don’t murder.

GEN PERVEZ MUSHARRAF
Shut it down!

COMMANDER GEORGE BUSH
We don’t whatchacallit.

Thursday, November 15, 2007

Rail

The verandah at the golf club has an expansive view over the first tee and fairway. When a twosome showed up, each in a separate golf cart, I strolled over to object. “Carbon footprint! Why not share?”

One attacked me with his driver, but missed. The other stepped between. “You mustn’t be offended. He’s a Republican and hates ideas.” We nudged him to a bench and he began to calm down, but pointed to his head and moaned.

Other fellow removed the hat and unzipped to uncover a rail running front to rear, enameled with the letters B U S H.

“Murderer!” I spat, but the victim just smiled inanely, with the pressure relieved.

“And how can we be sure Dems won’t find another?” the other questioned, fanning him with a towel.

“We can’t.”

Friday, November 16, 2007

Spick-O-Rama

-Rustle me up another Scotch and Soda, Double!

-You got time?

-What does C-SPAN say?

-Preacher on now.

-Black or white?

-Black.

-Good! More wool-gathering.

-You’re making me nervous! When do you really hafta be there?

-After Spick-O-Rama.

-Whaaa?

-Bunch of Josés and Pablos have stopped bullets in Iraq. Spick legislators will play violin solos and make us feel guilty about illegal immigration. Anyway, with the last Hispanic sob I flee. My driver out there?

-Yeah. Little squat brown guy.

-Guatemalan.

-Illegal?

-Naturally.

Saturday, November 17, 2007

Fuel Folks

Shuttle at Orlando Airport
powered by Chevron Hydrogen.

“We're your Fuel Folks
& are constant-

ly looking for
innovative ways

to fuck you.”

No post till 11/26

Monday, November 26, 2007

American Decision

-Just look at the movie part, then scroll down.

-Okay. The Switch. “A woman finds a man is not what he’s cracked up to be.”

-Number two?

-Switcheroo. “A man finds a woman is not what she’s cracked up to be.”

-I despair for three. What’s left in this paradise of ideas?

-“A crack, uh...”

-You could die watching TV. It’s not till five days you’ll stink as bad.

Tuesday, November 27, 2007

Insider For America

Not a leak from Energy-Security Taskforce! So I'll open things a millimeter. They brought in a pie and it expanded before our eyes! Slices stay proportional, of course, so we divvied it up.

Always the secret promise to tithe to RNC.

Now how 'bout a fuckin drink? I asked Dick Cheney.

"Please, dignity of office."

Nation's lucky we don't steal the rugs from the floor! Now put out the good stuff!

He did! Strong and smoky whiskey'd curdle your urine.

Whaaatsaat? Crooks? See this fuckin American flag in my lapel. Patriotism, Asshole! And under Republicans that's always compatible with profit! Chicken n' egg!

Anyways, bigger miracle than Christ! We put oil and security together and the fuckin money fell outa the sky! Like a good ole-fashioned Texas gully washer but with greenbacks.

And, as if you needed reminding, not a fuckin thing you can do about it!

I'd say best thing this administration did, it taught people their place.

Stay there, stay happy.

Wednesday, November 28, 2007

Americans lag in geographical knowledge*

We don’t give no shit. We
buy here and don’t need
to know any fuckin thing

about other asshole
countries or their slimy
pig languages neither.

*Chi Trib

Thursday, November 29, 2007

Observing

-I think of them as…horny.

-You don’t know the half.

-No kidding?

-Or half the half.

-I don’t know. Five hundred bucks to watch?

-Not a computer thing. You’re right there. One way mirror.

-But what if they do nothing. I mean just their everyday things.

-Their everyday things are screwing and fighting!

-Hooray for them!

-With…variations.

-You’re swaying me.

Friday, November 30, 2007

Pearls of Great Price

-I can get you into a waterboarding.

-Uh uh. Never again! I was drowning myself.

-Sensitive type. You must be a faggot.

-Don’t go there.

-Okay. So you wanna see something else then?

-Yeah but no loud rock. Get that in any college town.

-I suppose sleep deprivation out too?

-Haven’t got forever.

-just the ticket! Watch Carlos Coo-Coo Wee. Title “Interrogator.” That’s like saying Mantle played baseball. The man is an artist. Cost you double.

-Oh come...!

-That’s what you’ll do!

Saturday, December 01, 2007

Talking It Over

-Dad, it’s time. We’ve decided to get you into Shimmer-Leaf.

-Fuck no! The country club set leaves McMansions! They go to fuckin dinner dressed up in these ancient-tweed sport jackets, baby-shit-yellow slacks, and cocktail dresses. Bunch of retired dentists! Make you puke.

-Be reasonable.

-I like it here.

-You pissed your pants last week!

-A fuckin spy! Everywhere you go under these Republicans!

-Has nothing to do with politics. We can’t have you…

-YOU can’t? Hey my friends said, “Get back and jump under the shower. You smell like piss!” So we handled it. I have friends! No like stupid Shimmer-Leaf, where I’ll be required to know my place. That’s it about Democracy, American style: Know your place!

-You don’t need all these political opinions.

-I’m terrifically corrosive farter, too. People fall over in the elevator.

-I’m sorry you won’t see things clearly. If we have to go to the lawyer, we will.

-He’ll stick it up your ass good! But not mine, little boy!

Sunday, December 02, 2007

Personality

If there
there,we
attend new

riffs. To
an extent.

Monday, December 03, 2007

Double Tex

The name comes from his raw aspects, but he is oddly meticulous at times, sipping his tea and daubing his lips with great care.

“You drink like a lady,” I told him.

“Came from one.”

That gives you his cryptic flavor, but it’s his daily exit line cracks me up.

He handles all the waterboarding (with a mysterious hooded giant materializing at the appointed time) and always departs the cafeteria by saying “Well, time to wet a spick’s whistle.”

Wednesday, December 05, 2007

The Captain

-I got her Baby Doll Nightie. Cuteness squared, and unstoppable turnon. Yeah!

-What does Missus think?

-We don’t go into detail about each other’s private lives.

-Marriage of Convenience?

-Most of the time. Hey! She’s my partner! Have President in for booze and cookies and she can really lay on the shit!

-Belay that as it may, Baby Doll’s Victoria’s Secret stuff from sweatshops.

-Clever language! Why you’re mid-level forever. Anyway, like, I give a flying fuck about their sweatshops? Just pretty, scanty panty-pyjamas…and advertising.

-And what’s she advertising?

-I’m still finding out.

-You sound fortunate.

-It’s not without complication. You plow ahead.

-Indeed! Fearless Captain of Industry!

-Something like that.

Thursday, December 06, 2007

After the Wrecking Crew

-They’ve shredded the Constitution!

-Maybe so. But I like that one where they squeezed in drunken broads, hiding it as top-secret shit.

-Topless, more like! Most flagrant of all!

-Well…when we’re changing things around, we’ll get a lot of good publicity. “Defenders of Freedom” and all that good crap. John Q might just let that particular sweet one slide.

Friday, December 07, 2007

Network Political Commentator In Time of Fear

Party A makes several nothing points.

Party B makes several nothing points.

I blend an equal number of each whilst employing profoundest resonance.

Thus producing a discrete, basso-profundo, echoing, mess of nothing.

Saturday, December 08, 2007

Need Particular

DIRECTOR
I don’t care if it’s Douche or Cadillac, send me more bug-eyed broads.

AGENT
They must have medical condition or something.

DIRECTOR
As long as they keep on climaxing during the climax.

AGENT
Pretty soon, everybody’ll have huge screen. Then...?

DIRECTOR
Then we’ll Photoshop ‘em size of baseballs!

Sunday, December 09, 2007

Lake of Woods

mirrors more
acutely than
the muted.

Monday, December 10, 2007

Pretty Short Conversation

-Let’s give Administration pass on this. They look worse than terrible, but it’s just a fuck-up.

-They fuck up all the time. Shall we give them a pass that’s always good?

-But in only a very few cases is it dangerous to the world, yes?

-In every one. Fools are never harmless.

Tuesday, December 11, 2007

Her Warning Heeded In This New Age

MEDIC 1
Look at those underpants!

MEDIC 2
Immaculate!

MEDIC 1
At least his mother will have that.

MEDIC 2
That he died clean, bike sliding
under the semi.

MEDIC 1
Not like some filthy Arab or something.

Wednesday, December 12, 2007

ALL FEMALE VERSION OF WATERBOARDING,THE MUSICAL

Casting soon

Featuring 5 sopranos and a gurgler

Watch this space

Thursday, December 13, 2007

Huck Finn’s Father

still rises amid pigs,
last night’s conversion
not having taken,despite

swollen prayers and hymns.
More scratching as he ex-

coriates the government,
though one positive frame

leads him to praise
Waterboarding.

Friday, December 14, 2007

The Sun Also Rose

predictably enough.
After deep night,

other literary &
biblical shit.

“Why don't y’just
be polite, Bucky?”

Saturday, December 15, 2007

Sides

At one public forum I
asked a corporation

president if bribes in-
cluded in the budget.

He sidestepped, wouldn't any-
one? Compatriots spun

the usual trite joker:
“We didn't know you
had it in you!” I don't.

Love shy me, but some-
times my fractious selves

thrust, their taunts
re lack of guts prompt-

ing half-convulsing
action. Exhilaration!

Then, ah then, perfusive
shame for abrogating peace.

Sunday, December 16, 2007

Leonardo Didn‘t Finish

Mona Lisa.
Under his arm yet

unrolled at
times to touch

a shading by the lip,
under the eye,
cheek.

Everything never
ends.

Monday, December 17, 2007

NJ Abolishes Death Penalty

Hmmm. Hafta look
at sophistry uphold-
ing both sides.

(posts until 1/10 periodic or none)

Wednesday, January 09, 2008

Korean Motto

Sergeant drove fast through thickest fog. We didn’t care. Could’ve been a suicide pact, unconscious.

Finally a major overtakes us, hauls us out of the jeep, screaming at our craziness.

SERGEANT (after he left)
Gung fuckin Ho! He gets off on stupid war and loves it with all his idiot heart.

Almost wish the sergeant killed both of us. So…we’re alive.
It’s all the same.

By chance we had been stopped at The University of Korea, what was left of it. Ghost ruins. An arch with lettering on top. Young Korean officer squints up through mists.

SERGEANT
Ask that gook what it says.

I do. “Learning Is Eternal.”

SERGEANT
Not like a bomb up the ass it ain’t.

Thursday, January 10, 2008

The Admiral’s Daughter Waits Down By the Water,She

wants to grab your dinghy.
Could listen in one record shop

in New Haven, but only with ear-
phones. Other hot one concerned wag

who took a ship for himself.
“How the other fellows laughed
when they saw me take that craft.”

Nautical scatology.
But really 23-skidooey & oh you kid!

My parents’ time channelling many
a silvery moon

among homeschoolers
& Evangelical Republicans
discovering ever more love

-ly reasons to despise blacks.

Friday, January 11, 2008

Hammerin’ Shoutin’ Gang of Suit-Tie Republicans

trying t’distract
poll workers at

Florida Presidential Recount
2000. Supremes finally slid

it to their boy in “decision”
living in infamy.

One reputed bellower
Chief Justice today.

Florida roar of faith
by another who had polished
up the handle of the big brass door

with much
more

gentility
there-

to-
fore?

Saturday, January 12, 2008

Inevitable Hell

Believe in it literally
or find someone

to create it here
sez psychoanalyst.

Sunday, January 13, 2008

From District To Highest

Judges wink to party
faithfuls re hard
evidence by outsiders.

Rulings accompanied
by learned scowls then

over truest principles e-
voking howling laughter

in chambers & party
headquarters.

Monday, January 14, 2008

Experts

-You’re from the other team.

-Have been.

-How do I know that if...?

-Hey! Dodgers are leaving Dodgertown in Vero!
Baltimore O‘s moving in. Things switch everywhere.

-Do you charge by the vote?

-Nope. Just by the magic cyber formula.

-Won’t you be considered a traitor in that bunch?

-We have only traitors.

Tuesday, January 15, 2008

Matriarch at the Dinner Table

I don’t care if he wears Mormon underwear or Mickey Mouse! He’s a Conservative and that means he’ll advance the fortune of this family. Or at the least get out of the road.

Oh yes! What you all depend on and precious few are willing to work for.

Please forgo the smirks this time, and four of you have been eating like pigs! Only two, children.

By the way, though one must stomach the rhetoric, the “Party of the Working Man and Woman” has seldom let us down in recent years additionally..

Wednesday, January 16, 2008

Old Lou and New Lou

Old Lou sits on a one-runner rocking chair in Judy Garland Park*
and excoriates the New York Yankees, name by name.
When the boys come in for the night shift they assist him to
his car with great tenderness, wet chin glowing purple.

New Lou has recently served his sentence of watching six chick
flicks chosen by his girlfriend. Judge Patricia Morrisey
imposed this penance to teach him sensitivity after the couple
brawled at South Philadelphia’s Oregon Diner.

ROCCO
Well, did you learn anything from the movies?

NEW LOU
Nah! They're all about fucking. Well, talking about it mostly.
Y'go through a lotta ass-squirming by the time they do it,
believe me. It's, like, you end up in a puddle of sweat.

ROCCO
Women like to really look at things, explore facets, discuss, ponder.

NEW LOU
Who wants t'watch anybody doing that?

ROCCO
Looks like the judge's clever sentence was a flop.

NEW LOU
And by the time the poor girls get to it, it's no damn wonder they're
all disappointed.

ROCCO
Great Expectations, or Tillie's Punctured Romance?

NEW LOU
Whatever. I don't hafta read like you to know everything's bullshit.

ROCCO

Cynical! You could never work for this Bush administration.

NEW LOU
Them? They bang you up the ass until you're grateful…
hmmm, that didn't come out right.

ROCCO
Not much does. Forget about it.

NEW LOU
And my father’s completely fuckin nuts!

ROCCO
That’s what y’call a coda. Old Lou coda.

NEW LOU
Whatever.

ROCCO
Or a non-sequitur.

NEW LOU
Who cares about anything like that?

*Cruising men’s nickname for Clark Park

Thursday, January 17, 2008

Florida TV

It’s the Jumpin’ Jesus Hour!
All major credit cards accepted.

What does Jesus want? Why,
keep trying if lines are busy!

Get the power
by digging deep.

Friday, January 18, 2008

Yr3000&Bush&Clinton Dark Angels Speak

We never went gentle
into this good night

or any other,so
go fuck yourself!

Saturday, January 19, 2008

The Apartments

-Thin walls and sex. God help us all!

-Man yelling louder than woman. That’s a new one.

-Well…she’s tiny.

-How you get one of those?

Sunday, January 20, 2008

Little Women

-Every bedtime he whispered Good Night My Loveliness!

-How sweetly beautiful!

-I finally ran off with somebody else.

-Why? Was it sex?

-Don’t remember.

Monday, January 21, 2008

Wry Glories

Certain snuff
iz ruff there-
fore iz you

Alamo-d by
crazy Arabs

who’ll after
snuff them-

selves in
encores.

Tuesday, January 22, 2008

Heavens

-Holy Shit! Oh excuse me.

-No problem. That's merely vulgarity, manners. I can take a bit of that.

-Just that I was surprised! Then...you are Republican?

-That's right, heh heh.

-But that leaves out half the population in this country.

-Fuck 'em.

-Oh my God! Excuse me again, but...

-You get tired of the boat-rocking. Leave things alone and I have less to do.

-How about heaven? I mean, will all these Repub–?

-Maybe a parallel one. They're too freakin boring to have around.

-I concur. But, anyway, the Dems really out of luck?

-Too much experimenting...and fornicating.

-How about Republican fornicating?

-No such deal. What passes for it they can keep doing in their parallel heaven.

-So it's Hell for the Democrats?

-Don't know yet. They complain even more than Satan. Too unsteady a brew to put them together. I might create another Earth and let them beat upon each other's eardrums and read each other's reports. Anyway, they'll think it's heaven not to be perpetually screwed.

Wednesday, January 23, 2008

Invocation

Shhhh! Go easy.
We’re doing
really well at this.*

Generally speaking.
(There’s another way?)

Don’t

even

breathe.

*NYT refers to Democrat’s “eggshell timidity.”

Thursday, January 24, 2008

Democrat’s Answer

-Republicans gave us war and made us poor!

-And what did you do about it enroute?

-Republicans gave us war and made us poor!

Friday, January 25, 2008

Sexually Defining Nation

With this crop of thieves
& fakes & incompetents

& Wall St toadies thus
War Lovers it’s
a slow rape.

Saturday, January 26, 2008

Tidy people,

untidy loves.
Natures of
beasts.

Sunday, January 27, 2008

Lone Man On Mars

Contemplating bleak -
ness, or fled

from lecherous
women there

who’ll place personals
soon enough. Earth

men will try but
not up to it. Crisis

imminent, but
different at least.

One senator will aver
that football’s to blame.

Monday, January 28, 2008

Just Saw Rudy

From outa double decker
campaign bus,chipper

lady on arm. 20 on curb
and only one applauds.

Me. Unregenerate far-
gone Lefty. Go figure!

Don’t bother. Politeness.
What I owe to those
who try, no matter what.

Tuesday, January 29, 2008

Network Political Commentator Explicating Time of Fear

Party A makes several nothing points.

Party B makes several nothing points.

I blend an equal number of each whilst employing profound-d-d-d-d RESONANCE.

Thus producing a discrete. Basso-profundo. Echoing. Mess of nothing.

Wednesday, January 30, 2008

Kenya

Call them baboons and
they have names for us.

A family, lost, nightfall, and how
my friends shriek “Baboons!”
chasing them into the a-

bandoned house we then
torch. You walk by now,

the blackness and the smells,
and remember the wild

dancing against the flames
as something from a film.

Thursday, January 31, 2008

To Pundits of Right Insanity

I said you’re in the pocket
of massive wealth, gleeful-

ly praising their grinding
the face of the poor. But

my dour comment doesn’t
hold since you’ve done so

well thereby, it’s like
being in your own!

Friday, February 01, 2008

The Hopis Have a Word For It

Na-qoy-qatsi: (nah koy’ kahtsee)

N. 1 A life of killing
each other 2 War

as a way of life.
3 Civilized sic
violence.

*loosely quoted from letter of Godfrey Reggio, Roanoke Times

Saturday, February 02, 2008

Decision

When the lady chooses
one of lesser gifts,

the swain spurned tries
but cannot fathom,

of course. She finds
the other easi-

er to love, since he,
for his part,
gives up

thinking.

Sunday, February 03, 2008

Eleanor Rigby Has Been Visited 26 Times*

Well maybe
she’s less lone-

ly,poor thing
under sod.

Father Mackenzie,
for sure dead
after all these years,

settled for God.
Who listens so
it’s said.

*lyrics site

Monday, February 04, 2008

Textile Grad Larry--knows his warp-woofs

LARRY
Don’t hear much about Chinese...except when they try to poison our kids with their toys.

ROCCO
We owe them an arm and a leg. They buy our low- interest bonds. Our government junk. Thus keeping afloat the Bush war machine and Walmarts. And we sell them more Buicks than here. Go figure!

LARRY
So, they’re fuckin important! I wanna read more about them. Whatsit? A billion or so? There’s gotta be a lot of sex of every variety in those gangs.

ROCCO
I know where you’re heading. Not admirable. As the kids text, POS: Parents over shoulder. Our mothers are watching! God rest their pure souls.

LARRY
Yeah. Fine. But ever see them in a crowd? Or is that all Chinese have? Anyway, you could cop a thousand feels going two subway stops!

ROCCO
Well, a hundred perhaps.

LARRY
Man. I hope somebody starts smuggling out their Fuck Books and soon!

ROCCO
Not me. Maxed out on literature for the nonce.

Tuesday, February 05, 2008

GOP Philosophers

-Republican party stands for hierarchy. We know our place, individually.
So, no chaos.

-I don't know about all that.

-Look! I'm the honcho for this county. When I go to state headquarters I know where to sit and what to say. If I'm pitching for something they don't want up there, I'm respectful and humorous.

-You kiss ass.

-Well, you reduce it to that phrase. But…I accept it.

-Is that how you got to where you are?

-Exactly! And way you'll get here when I go higher. As a matter of fact, why you're here now!

-I resent that!

-Resent all you want. We all know how the toast is buttered.

-There's more give and take than all of that, no matter what you say.

-As much as I allow you; as much as State Chairman allows me.

-Uh uh. Model's too cut and dried.

-That's why it's a model. Now no more theory, we got fuckin election to run.

-Yeah, how do we suppress the niggers this time?

-Why the traditional way! We're Republicans.

Wednesday, February 06, 2008

GOP Philosophers (2)

-We don’t have any great, inspiring ideas! It’s grub grub grub for money, with the table tilted to the grubbiest, filthiest, most meretricious...

-Whoa whoa whoa! Give me that bottle!

-Thieves and incompetents! Just crap!

-That’s just the practical and necessary side of things, Your Honor-
...able Drunk. How about the ideal side? Regan’s Shining City On the Hill!

-I stand corrected.

-But without shines of course.

Thursday, February 07, 2008

Get Ready, Bucky! Betty too.

Guy in Winn-Dixie: Bush kept the war outa this country!
To scoffers he announced that when George departs &
any of the traitors now running supplants him:

IT'S ALL COMING DOWN !

Friday, February 08, 2008

Keeping Appointments in Samarra

-Iraqi police and members of a neighborhood police unit found a mass grave containing about 50 bodies in an area west of Samarra, 100 km (60 miles) north of Baghdad, police said. Security forces had been searching for al Qaeda fighters when they found a house with 10 people inside who had been kidnapped from the area. Some of those inside led police to the grave. Three car bombs were also found. - Reuters

Saturday, February 09, 2008

Alfred Hitchcock

Little fat Hitch
should direct
relationships

like he did
Bel Geddes
from Broadway:

“Barbara! Don’t act!”

Sunday, February 10, 2008

In Walgreen’s Drugs

Spies rack of rubbers
chief of which: MAGNUM!
EXTRA LARGE. A vision,not

of a damsel with a dulcimer,
but the girl cashier. “Hope

these are large enough!” he in-
forms her. Say I to him You’re
jiving in a time warp, Dude!

Yesterday’s female iced up or
blushed against boors. Today’s?

Best be ready as she flings riposte
curdling your urine,like,completely. So

in present Give-and-Take you
must rehearse your own part
cautiously. Ease over eggs any-

way in all sex-
ual games.

Monday, February 11, 2008

The Language of Banking

ASSISTANT
We foreclosed on the one you…

BANKER
That was one greatly overextended asshole.

ASST
He was upside down, owed 450 on house worth ‘bout half that in current market.

BANKER
Now WE got it. Some joy!

ASST
Not too many of ‘em. Lucked out compared to other banks.

BANKER
One’s too many.

ASST
Your…brother in law wants to take it off our hands for 175.

BANKER
Don’t let that thief get anywhere near me!

ASST
And our foreclosee desires to RENT the dump now.

BANKER
What’s market rent?

ASST
Was 1800. We’d be lucky to get 11 in this chaos.

BANKER
Tell him 2000.

ASST
Chief! That poor sonofabitch is wrung out!

BANKER
There are relatives. We still make a good deal of our money on those already smashed

into the mud, I'd like to remind you. There's always more money–that's the beauty part.
Uncle Charlie or Aunt Lil comes through after much debased begging.

ASST
Banking's a meatgrinder.

BANKER
Finally! You get it!

ASST
And all those Norman Rockwell-ish commercials? Drop in and just chat!

BANKER
Have a chocolate chip cookie and you won't notice anything getting rammed up your ass?

ASST
I never hear such language at board meetings.

BANKER
They're designed not to have language. You come into this office for that.

Tuesday, February 12, 2008

Beautiful Ohio

REPUBLICAN 1
Hillary or Obama: we have lovely packages ready for either.

REPUBLICAN 2
As nasty as last...

R1
Ain’t seen nothin’ yet!

R2
What’s strategy besides?

R1
Guessing it comes down to Ohio again.

R2
Don’t tell me we’ll steal it again! Are the Dim-ocrats really that stupid?

R1
They’ll reach transcendence!

R2
Boy! But...awful lot to put in place. Grease and software. Plus, zipped lips.

R1
Duck are on the pond.

R2
Well I hope they don’t quack.

R1
They’ll quack after. For rewards.

Wednesday, February 13, 2008

To the American People, December 7, 2041

Much overheated rhetoric alleges to describe The Home Surveillance Program, even to the point that couples will be “pornographically” witnessed in their bedrooms.

Rest assured that sexual organs will be pixilated to protect the morals of our monitors.

Thursday, February 14, 2008

French

-I’ll take a Coke, Lover.

-Coke! More American shit! Have water.

-And I went to our little store and got German Rhine Wine and Irish Cheddar Farmhouse Cheese. Am I to hate them too?

-Yes!

-So everything French is superb because we’re French? And everything…?
(in his face now)

-No! I hate the French too! I especially hate French women. And you representing them so well, with your selfishness and hideous attempts to look younger.
I despise you! Utterly.

-Utterly?

-Beyond the last degree. A painted hulk like an abandoned boat!

-Abandoned too!

(They embrace passionately.)

Friday, February 15, 2008

One Facet of Republican Patriotism

-Lovely day.

-Yeah it’s nice out. I think I’ll leave it out.

-Just...not funny in your case. We can’t extract you from another mess.

-I know. What comes over me? I just have to wave it.

-You heard me!

-Like the flag.

Saturday, February 16, 2008

At the Bash

The adults dance uproariously, some falling down. Laughter swells the ballroom.

Three youngsters flee to the edges. Joel Nestor and Dilly Ornoff of The Marmont School, joined by transfer student Bill (Ekky) Dahl.

EKKY
Explosion of assholes!

JOEL
Our parents in there.

EKKY
My huge mouth! Sorry.

DILLY
What for? Accuracy?

Sunday, February 17, 2008

The Women

-You’re incredible! Real body double.

-I’ve duplicated her wardrobe, that is the tasteful items.

-Something formal. A reception for the Senegalese Ambassador.

-What a racket she has! Knocking around Big Sur in her jeep. Army boots and hole-y jeans.

-That’s her thing. Yours is acting her part.

-The ceremonial facets.

-Doesn’t have to stop there.

-Uh huh. Well that‘d take additional negotiation.

Monday, February 18, 2008

Mature Actress

Once,Broadway
ingenue. Lots
of bounce &

coy whining. @
present,pounce

on boys,too-
young parts.

Tuesday, February 19, 2008

Rocco knocks around South Philly. Rabid Democrat, he loves confrontation, as he has shown previously.

Rocco & The Courageous Republican

-Yo Rocco! Still a pussy Democrat?

-How’s the war going?

-We’re winning!

-How do you define that?

-As we go along. We don’t wring our hands like you pussy Dems.

-Still running a wire to prisoner’s testicles?

-Only if we ram a live cable up his ass first.

-Why do you remind me of a fantasy of violent masturbation?

-We don’t masturbate. Line up the women and we’ll fuck ‘em all in a row.

-Sad.

-Not really. This country started electing real men in 2000.

-You stole two elections in a row.

-If we did, that‘s two feathers in our cap!

-I feel like a straight man in a horror movie.

-That’s all literary shit. It means absolutely nothing. Power comes from power!

-Uh huh. Like to continue this edifying conversation, but gotta get chocolate chips for Mom so she can bake cookies.

-Wear your apron.

-I was thinking of borrowing yours, but pink’s all wrong for me.

Wednesday, February 20, 2008

One Facet of Republican Patriotism

-Lovely day.

-Yeah it’s nice out. I think I’ll leave it out.

-Just...not funny in your case. We can’t extract you from another mess.

-I know. What comes over me? I just have to wave it.

-You heard me!

-Like the flag.

Thursday, February 21, 2008

Encore

LOBBYIST
So we deliver an extra payment, one we didn’t expect to make.

ASSISTANT
That almost-vote surprised. Oh well, we all have anomalies.

LOBBYIST
Not good politicians. They stay bought.

ASSISTANT
That’s how the cynical proverb goes.

LOBBYIST
Cynical? Golden, and in every sense.

Friday, February 22, 2008

High Sex &

“improper”@
30,000+ in
private jet

should get
immunity.

Trade off:
Give back
tax cuts

screwing
rest of us.

Saturday, February 23, 2008

Views

Our furthest way
way out beach
has always been

clothing optional,
until the county
put up joyless

signs that such
cool behavior‘s
verboten. Purists

have protested at meet-
ings, citing antecedents
natural, and legal. Their

case, unfortunately, under-
mined on scene by foot-
loose gentlemen who likely

enjoin, “Hey Lady!
Look at this one!”

Sunday, February 24, 2008

Work In Progress

Lust,then
dustup
w/Frau.

Penance
pruning
bushes,

painting next.
Handy con-
trition.

Monday, February 25, 2008

Life Is But

- Iraqi police today on the Tigris River near
Samarra chased a suicide bomber in a boat.

Gently Down the Stream

The bomber was wearing a vest bomb and he

A Dream

detonated himself before the police could arrest him.'*

Merrily etc.

*McClatchy

Tuesday, February 26, 2008

Lobbying Team

-GOP gonna really get whacked this time out. All the signs…

-Yeah, too bad. We had a hell of a lot of elbow room under them.

-That’ll change.

-Not really, but keeping it is much more expensive.

-Are we equal opportunity bribers?

-Of course. But we have to yield to reality and start double-greasing the Dems, starting, like, yesterday.

-I’m on it!

-Have you been to their club lately?

-Stop in once a week since they edged ahead in ‘06.

-Yeah, well I want you there every night! Uh, you may not know the code. Go to the largest table and they’ll invite you for dessert. Get something nice for yourself. Baked Alaska, whatever. Senator So and So‘ll tease that you’re trying to break him! Then just a little wave to Maurice puts everything on our house account.

-That’s the code, is it?

-At every fancy feeding trough hereabouts.

-Wonder what they’d think in Cedar Rapids.

-Fuck Cedar Rapids. On that both parties agree.

Wednesday, February 27, 2008

Yr3000&Bush&Clinton Dark Angels Speak

We never went gentle
into this good night

or any other,so
go fuck yourself!

Thursday, February 28, 2008

The Candidate

CONSULTANT
You get it out there!

CANDIDATE
I’M not going to...!

CONSULTANT
No no no! It’s the generic you. WE’LL get it out there.

CANDIDATE
Entirely filthy!

CONSULTANT
Don’t worry. We’ll preserve your virginity.

Friday, February 29, 2008

Political Sins

OPERATOR 1
What y’got on him?

OPERATOR 2
Nothing. Asexual. Cares not for either.

OPERATOR 1
Thus both?

OPERATOR 2
Not that we can find out.

OPERATOR 1
Defying our sovereign laws? Fixing this or that? On the take?...beyond normal bounds.

OPERATOR 2
Again a blank.

OPERATOR 1
I’m drowning here!

OPERATOR 2
Pulled...pigtail, third grade.

OPERATOR 1
We can use that.

OPERATOR 2
You’re kidding!

OPERATOR 1
Pattern.

Saturday, March 01, 2008

Animal Radar

You'll feel upset
in the air dogs shun,
shaking. Never talk

of rational
alone.

Sunday, March 02, 2008

Fields

Pierre of Lausanne has shown a line
of Suicide Bomber inspired clothing.

“With the solid bourgeois, you can‘t mere-
ly chip off pieces,” he avers to critics.

Zach O. Blatz, producer, is thus edged,
since his musical on the same motif

will not be staged
for a couple of months.

“Hey my Dad was in the trade!
With rags, you can shove shit
out there faster!”

Monday, March 03, 2008

Patriotic Timing

-I just need about six insane Republicans of the type that mobbed up the Florida Recount.

-What then?

-Some black cork to swarthy them a bit. And they fuckin attack!

-Where?

-Heartland place. Let’s say branch police office in Cedar Rapids or somewhere. The more to scare the total shit outa you, m‘dear.

-Aren’t you afraid some of the cops’ll be killed?

-It’s for their country.

-What then? Press’ll see through this!

-We torch it! Spirit away our “Arab” patriots.

-They’ll nab us on it. Forensics won’t show any bodies
but cops’.

-Be so close to election they can’t move fast enough. We win and tab the whole mess Top Secret.

-I’m not hearing this!

-Oh you hearing!

-It’s the other side’s paranoid fantasy.

-Yeah. That’s the beauty part.

Tuesday, March 04, 2008

Franka Potente, Bourne Identity

In midst of ACTION-
bushwah in a Europe where
even the modern looks decayed

and rain must smell like piss,
she snaps the best ex-
periential line at

hunted, whacked-brain Matt:
“NOBODY does the right thing.”

Ah the jaundice of the young!
I think it’s all of it called
Existentialism. Here,

people are fucked
till their ears fall off, but

it’s unrelentingly sunny.
O Bright Fascism!

Wednesday, March 05, 2008

Two

Those with yachts
hold sway in the USA,

2-layer cake.
Bottom gets some

democracy;top
a finer variety.

Thursday, March 06, 2008

Brighthouse Cable

has bumped Telemundo
up to digital spectrum.

Spanish speakers protest!
“Hey!” Corporate laughs,
“Buck a month for box
to tune it in.” With-

drawal from steamy
soap operas can be mit-
igated thus. Of course,

the Hispanic rep’ll hammer
expensive Spanish package
when you call, Sucker-Amigos.

Friday, March 07, 2008

Beheading the Freethinker

's an outcome
both cultures
agree on. In

hostage horrors
Christian God-ers
hold hands. Ragtop

God-ers respect
that. In tacit,

religious, agreement:
exit freethinker. If sur-

prised by God, he'll hear
“I’m glad you're away from
all those total assholes.”

Saturday, March 08, 2008

He

cd’t pull
trigger

for house in
Bruce Province.

OK w/everybody
else.

Sunday, March 09, 2008

Making It Clear

Short par 3 and I had chosen a seven iron, when a well-turned-out gentleman appeared.

-Bit uphill and a wind in your face. Don’t be vain. These younger fellows can hit 7s, but 5 the club for you.

-Maybe I am being unrealistic.

-And hit it full. Don’t baby it!

I put a good knock on the 5 and the ball ended a few feet from the flag. Everyone cheered, but the new person just looked the same. Supremely confident. I thanked him and

-Do you just walk the golf course and help…?

-There are relatively very few of us, but we call the shots.

Monday, March 10, 2008

Fox

I deep-sixed that sex with corpses thing. Dumb browns on an island: who cares anyway?

Thank God! We’d have Religious Right on our neck.

And they’re our constituency for news. Anyway, just bought five year rights to 9-11 Survivors.

Looking for ideas?

Not right away. First year will be prom.

Tuesday, March 11, 2008

The Ring but Not by Wagner (smaller women)

Big Bucks Screwin’
in the News.

Pol makes it so w/
dolled-up hookers.

This or that CEO,
no story.

Wednesday, March 12, 2008

Formulas

Patriotism can be a wash. But
the more dazzling strains
equate with profit.

Thursday, March 13, 2008

Re Scandal

Never been to Albany
but've heard nothing
about nothing.

Friday, March 14, 2008

Theory of Practice

-You really aren't aware of the suffering! Foreclosures, brutal gas prices, unemployment of 15,20% or more when you count those who have stopped looking.

-My heart bleeds. Look! There's a superabundance of wealth in this country. Some will eventually shift back to your unfortunates.

-There's been no trouble it shifting to you!

-I've profited four times over during these tight years.

-How do you explain…?

-It's organic. When the wealth gets spread too thin we must take a good bit back. To achieve the healthiest balance. A good deal of it happens naturally with the nature of Capitalism; the rest, we bribe legislators and judges. Simple enough process.

-The Repub--!

-Party makes no difference. We prefer Republicans because they give us more elbow room in terms of law and regulation.

-Licences to steal!

-If you prefer. I don't shy away from blunt language.

Saturday, March 15, 2008

Advice To the “Great” in Scandal

Own up fast & let
the news cycle spit

you out in order
to go on. Haul

ball & chain onstage,
her face,mud. Moral
family midst slip.

Sunday, March 16, 2008

Grace Kelly

soft-
ly mel-

odic
whine.

Monday, March 17, 2008

EXCLUSIONARY DIALOG

WALL ST
Wait a second! We put billions in your campaigns! Overtly and not so...

GOP
And we in turn put stooges in regulatory positions, and gave you all the elbow room you desired.

WALL ST
That’s what we bought.

GOP
But that was enough. Go forth and prosper! we did bless.

WALL ST
And we did! But our pilgrimage has stumbled into blind canyons recently.

GOP
And you want a bailout, beg and beg for one.

WALL ST
Let’s say investment.

GOP
We could lose to Dems on this! People are getting totally pissed.

WALL ST
Uh huh. Let’s cut to the chase on that one. Together now:

BOTH
Fuck them!

WALL ST
That’s a breath of freedom, saying that!

GOP
And God-given. Never forget that.

Tuesday, March 18, 2008

Glimpsed before on this blog, Rocco, from S Philadelphia, has opinions.

Rocco & Mickey D's Brother, The Broker

BROKER
Guys at Bear-Stearns went in millionaires that morning and left with a cardboard box. Fired, and too much of their bucks in company stock. Just about broke in many cases.

ROCCO
Oh the tragedy! They should pass Go and proceed directly to jail. How much you wanna bet one out of three had a little ceramic golf figure the wife bought in the dollar store? Really touching!

BROKER
They're people, Rocco. Just because they're not machinist and bakers...

ROCCO
Uh huh. I could show you an old Italian couple on every block here practically ruined by you churning maniacs!

BROKER
Rare cases. Do you wish to outlaw Capitalism, is that it?

ROCCO
Yeah that's it. Start all over with the citizen, not the plutocrat. Or his ass-kissers like you!

BROKER
I've done all right. And been respected.

ROCCO
It's all so sad. You eat the shit and promote the flavor.

BROKER
Well, our discussion has been edifying...and educational.

ROCCO
Not true. Too late for you.

Wednesday, March 19, 2008

They’re Out There !

-People are just walking away from their houses! Owe much more than they’re worth.

-A contract is sacred! Period!

-Then what do you suggest?

-Public floggings covered by CNN.

-Well, that’d discourage some. But there’s a little matter known as The Law.

-A little matter indeed. And that’s all it is.

-Wouldn‘t bet against your suggested demonstration, or you.

-You show wisdom. Just a shot-glass of that’ll gain you wealth.

-I do my best.

-But can you handle a whip?

-I’ll lay it on with singular viciousness.

-And with some speed! I’ll pay by the stroke!

-You’re relishing the image.

-You’re wrong there. It’s a duty. My Great Great Great Grandfather beat his workers.

-Taught them their place?

-Well put. Their place can turn into a bloody one right now, if they so chose.

Thursday, March 20, 2008

Culinary

Darth claims Bush is Lincoln,sez war success.
They won’t eat crow, insisting on more mush
for us.

Friday, March 21, 2008

The Question

-Even after eight years of relative shit, I think we got a good chance for some gains in ‘08.

-Something left to steal?

-I was thinking of real issues. The good of The Republic, not The Republicans!

-Don’t avoid the question!

-I won’t. Answer is yes. Emphatically!

Saturday, March 22, 2008

Poems Are Made

-We put hundred monkeys banging away at computer keyboards.

-And got Paradise Lost by Johnny Milton?

-Trees by Joyce Kilmer.

-He’s a pee on the Jersey Turnpike.

-Whatever. There’s important variant though.

-I’m mad to come in contact with it!

-“Poems are made by shluvs like moi, but only gourds can make feng sui.”

-Too clever by eighth.

Sunday, March 23, 2008

The Miracle of Frozen Yak Semen

MOLLY
My God she looks 28 and a terrific 28!

MARK
Our Cindy is coy about age. Let’s say 50 is a ballpark.

CINDY
It’s a big ballpark.

MARK
For results like this…!

MOLLY
just pop one from the plastic tray valued at 31 dollars.

MARK
First, though, apply heat cream which I’m throwing in, a sixteen dollar value!
And then rub

MOLLY
the MAGIC ICE CUBE !

Monday, March 24, 2008

Skull&Crossbones

Just before the rocks rip out the bottom we con-
fer to split remaining spoils,cautioning a tamp-

ing down of rhetoric in regards to sacrosanct
free market toil. Our eyes have seen the glory

of the Fed’s deliverance ship,so
fully rigged.

Tuesday, March 25, 2008

Shortest Dialog Ever of GOP Operators

O1
Willie Horton all over again?

O2
Those were quaint times. If it IS the Nig-Nog running,
we got a Gatling Gun of Race all primed and super-ready.

Wednesday, March 26, 2008

Being Florida

Racist strain
& loud hoohah
preaching stains.

Cable channels sport
ministers shouting past
microphones. Often

the screen blinks a verse,
remote even to scholars.
Such glistening chins

fear nothing particular-
ly of the intellect. I would

convey to them proverbial words
of my late brother: “You’re as
full of shit as a Christmas Turkey!”

Thursday, March 27, 2008

All You Must Understand About America

Against Custer’s obsolete guns,
Sioux Nation had modern ones.

Sold to them by Whites,of course.

Friday, March 28, 2008

The Outcome

-Whatsit with this new giganto government program?

-Those who stole the most will be helped the most.

-What’s that called?

-Home of brave, land of free.

-No, really, what’s it called when you…?

-Poetic Justice.

-Yeah that’s it. I…think…or the opposite. Well, what the hell!
Dems help the rich also.

-Amateurs.

Saturday, March 29, 2008

Finding It Out

The Great Diagnostician said
an Act of Contrition. He whiffed
sometimes, perhaps send-

ing more than a few to
earlier celestial appointments.

Sunday, March 30, 2008

Bug

Could be small cockroach: this
is Florida. Down sans mercy

with my plastic cappuccino
bottle from Walgreens. Well,illu-
mination poor & proved to be

raisin & not Weapon of
Minimal Destruction. I WILL

kill, though. That’s crucial
to establish.

Monday, March 31, 2008

Headline

MIRACLE! FED RESTORES TO VANDALS
HANDLE THEY DESTROYED

Tuesday, April 01, 2008

Bail Out and Future Question

ROCCO
Now that Fed is active partner of a Wall Street Brokerage, how much will the big honcho get paid?

BILLY the BOOKKEEPER
100 mil or so, what with options, bonus. Ball park. Something close to that, anyway. Thereabouts, as a rough...

ROCCO
Rough all right!

BILLY the BOOKKEEPER
Sorry I can’t be more precise.

ROCCO
Close enough for government work.

Rocco is a S Philadelphia realist.

Wednesday, April 02, 2008

TONY MACHINE, THE MACHINIST

TONY MACHINE
I’m with Mama now. Last stop on the American Dream Line.

ROCCO
Where’s Rose?

TONY MACHINE
Who knows? It’s the skayty-eighth time she’s left me.

ROCCO
And the cottage in Cheltenham?

TONY MACHINE
Foreclosed. Bank sold it for 80 to Pakistani speculators.

ROCCO
And you paid?

TONY MACHINE
280.

ROCCO
Jesus! Who said banks were smart?

TONY MACHINE
Smarter than me anyways.

ROCCO
Our government is swooping in to help.

TONY MACHINE
I’m looking forward...

ROCCO
Them not you!

TONY MACHINE

Figures.

ROCCO
Thus was it ever.

TONY MACHINE
Well, I’m not underwater anymore.

ROCCO
No, you’re truly blessed having drowned. Father Anastasia should make you the subject of a sermon.

TONY MACHINE
I can’t hear! Have fuckin mercy, fuckin Rocco!

ROCCO
Entitled: Roundly fucked under God in The Greatest Nay-shun in the world-d-d-d-d-d-d!

TONY MACHINE
For the rich that is. Only they hear the echo.

ROCCO
You’re a learner at any rate.

Thursday, April 03, 2008

Classes At War

Plenty of rich folks
wants t’fight. Give
’em the guns.* Not

essential since
plenty of poor &

middle class folks
on offer instead.

(Cannon fodder such
an antiquated term.

But accurate.)
Rich favor danger

of flag lapel pins now.
Dr Johnson nailed such
patriotism. Wonder

how that knife tickles
the back of the neck &

can you hear your own
head plop the basket?

Flag pin undisturbed
at any rate. All videos
go XCU on it.

*Woody Guthrie

Friday, April 04, 2008

Historical Fiction

The pirate ship weighed anchor, with Captain Blackheart being rowed ashore to implore the Governor General for help. “Booty is down,” he began...

Saturday, April 05, 2008

Roy Underhill,Craftsman

Old Brit farmers wished rough
work from carpenters.

“Won't pay for fancy!”

Raw mind wants raw.
Unfinished,unfinished.

Sunday, April 06, 2008

Black Frost
The kiss beneath the driving
trees. From the jack-o-lantern
house the dread-

ful speeches of our others out-
wreathing in a cone.
Shadows harrowing the stones,
we dream ourselves in breath.

Monday, April 07, 2008

The Brokers

-When the Republicans came in I shouted “Lets make some fuckin money!”

-But Market does well under Democrats.

-Yeah, but it’s fussy. Forms to fill out.

-None with Repubs?

-Nah! Steal Baby Steal! They put nitwit-hacks in charge of regulation.

-So Dems run things better and you can still profit mightily?

-True, but Repubs, as thieves, nestle right next to my icy heart!

-Or your icy prick.

-Same.

Tuesday, April 08, 2008

Rocco hangs out in South Philadelphia. Search in this blog for his other encounters.

Rocco With Middle Vinnie, the Baker

M VINNIE
Now they got Sons of Iraq on our side. I guess they're really something! (Slapping a large ball of dough) Hey? Hey?

ROCCO
How does a bullet in the back feel? A horrible searing, then to your knees, then a sort of slow motion topple into the prenatal position.

M VINNIE
That's when they dance around you in all the dirt and filth, but what the fuck, you won't really notice. Dim...

ROCCO
and Dimmer. Speaking of which, that's one ancient black and white TV up there, covered with flour and in clouds of flour.

M VINNIE
Medium the message here.

ROCCO
There's McCain. He really IS made of boilerplate. Amazing!

M VINNIE
And General Petraeus. Wonder if he has stars on his jock strap.

ROCCO
Better be embroidered. Like his speech. Full of West Point managerial claptrap.

M VINNIE
He's so full of shit he doesn't know it.

Wednesday, April 09, 2008

I Think They Call It The Crawl

Down here in Florida TV
stations run a banner atop

the screen warning against
menacing atmospherics:

The Weather Bureau has issued
a tornado watch for the following counties:

I think it a good idea and one
with political application.

Thus with interviews or discussions:
This Legislator is in the pocket
of the following corporations:

Thursday, April 10, 2008

Progress Is Being Made In Iraq

Hard to see
when your
asshole

progresses
through your mouth

courtesy of roadside bomb. So
everything’s point of view, yes?
Except patriotism of course.

Friday, April 11, 2008

Funeral Dialog

-What was that Dad muttered when the troopers handed him the flag?

-“Died for a load of shit!”

-Well…he’s not himself.

Saturday, April 12, 2008

Following Chicago Cubs

Pennsylvania Turnpike Rest Stop, King of Prussia–last before Philadelphia

DAD
Glad you’re back, Mother. We hafta point our noses other way. Radio says our beloved Cubs in Pittsburgh, not Philadelphia. Just a jiffy trip.

ATTENDANT
It’s a big state, Sir!

MOTHER
I waited and waited to pee. It’s incompetence here.

GRANDMA (from back seat)
We know big states. Prairies! When it snows you see nothing. Nothing!

ATTENDANT
That’s thirty-four sixteen, Sir.

MOTHER
Give him a good tip, Honey. They’re stupid here and it...

GRANDMA
ain’t their fault!

Sunday, April 13, 2008

The Beautiful Woman with the Capturing Hair

will be thrice divorced at least.
At times she’ll live fairly at ease

with her beauty, being all
the more lovely then,

and at others use it,
making sure her hair

is struck by lights,
at fluid moments,

laughing musically. Yet
it’s not a happy music,

really, driven by restless-
ness, ennui, her
nerves edged

at entrances.

Monday, April 14, 2008

Founders Day

-I tried not to go on too long. And keep my speech to actual experience, not hogwash theory.

-I liked that part, Sir, but I’m afraid I find myself in opposition. I’ve signed on to help those pygmies your farming operations displaced.

-That’s progress. Nobody can stop it. We have excellent relocation programs down there, though. We’re supporting those little folks, really!

-They’re starving. It was in the Times.

-Left! Left views. Simply not true.

-That’s not my only source. But excuse me, Sir, I’m being rude. You’re here to get your award and I should not even begin to rain on your parade. Forgive me.

-Thanks for your interest anyway. I’ll make a cell call and straighten this out toute suite !

-Jenkins! Goddamn you. I was hung out to dry here! Tell me why I’m not feeding my jungle niggers!

Tuesday, April 15, 2008

The Bill

SENATOR
I can’t understand all this technical shit! That’s for the queer-o-nerds!
How am I supposed to vote on the whole fuckin mess?

ASSISTANT
You’re against it. Word came from way on high.

SENATOR
Well I always listen! But I need talking points. Face-time on Wolf Blitzer scheduled right after the vote.

ASSISTANT
We’re sneaking in Exxon-Mobil guy to give you those.

SENATOR
Dressed as a woman?

ASSISTANT
That was another administration.

SENATOR
Boy were they a fuckin bunch of crooked sleazebags!

ASSISTANT
(whisper) Takes one to know…

SENATOR
What was that?

ASSISTANT
I was going to say. Takes one like you, a straight-talker with your famous built-in shit detector to…!

SENATOR
Uh huh? Well my shit detector is kicking in at present.

ASSISTANT
Truly Sir, I…!

SENATOR
Don’t apologize. I expect treachery all round and I’m rarely disappointed.

Wednesday, April 16, 2008

Boys On the Right

-Two beers for two queers!

-Thank you. I’m honored to sit at this famously powerful kitchen table.

-Somehow, you don’t quite look thus. Worried a little bit.

-Doesn’t it ultimately get you that the party rants on about the likes of us?

-How many Republican shindigs have you been to in this town?

-Couldn’t count.

-Even been treated except with graciousness and respect?

-No, but…

-No buts. The rest is manipulating the rednecks. If I’m asked to help with that I will.

-I can’t help but think there’s a betrayal in that.

-Gimme back that beer! Faggot!

-Just kidding I hope. This is good stuff.

-Belgium. Ten bucks a bottle.

-I’m graced!

-Betrayal! Shit! As if we haven’t betrayed somebody or something in every fuckin seamy chapter of our life. And not seamy because it’s queer.
Just plain seamy.

-Maybe so, but, that’s the past. How about those better angels Lincoln speaks of?

-Send them to some asshole Divinity School. Besides, angels pretty asexual. I gotta get fucked once or twice a day.

-On average?

-Yeah. On average. Right now I’m a machine gunner!

-I’ve got a man.

-Relax. I’ve got legions!

-Could be sad. One, you can talk to.

-No time for that. Gotta work this frenzy out.

-For the good of the party?

-That too. But, hey, it’s a big tent! And it’s good to meet those you’ve fucked.

Thursday, April 17, 2008

The Political Crisis

-The public is demanding...!

-The public isn’t demanding a fuckin thing, and if it did, it’d have no fuckin idea what it was demanding.

-But even in The Post this morning...

-Well there you have it. Those who feel they somehow represent the public, or their protoplasmic gripes, are clambering over the expected rungs.

-But, many media are in our corner.

-Paid help. Chambermaids. Some of the pasty males even look like chambermaids. Wide-hipped queers.

-But we don’t really pay...?

-Just a few directly. Others in favors and flatteries. At any rate, like a child is pushing a pile of plates at us: at a certain point we must stop him.

-Sounds menacing.

-It might come to that, but we’ll diffuse this angry time with a commission.

-And they’ll get to the bottom of things?

-They’d better not. We have a cadre to choose from. Some have little brands for independence. Uh huh?

-I sense a whitewash.

-It won’t seem that way, and the final report’ll be beautifully written.

-Does that make a difference?

-All the difference in the world. We stand for art in this way.

-Oh?

-Greasy, sleazy slobs make something beautiful.

-More beautiful than truth.

-Anything is more beautiful than truth.

-Truth is politics in drag.

-I wish I said that. And I’ll claim I did.

Friday, April 18, 2008

Company of Iraqi troops abandon
Sadr City positions after attack*

We just can’t get these Olive-
Colored Boys to die. Per-

haps if we tried them with God
Bless America in Arabic? (&

they could substitute their
Allah deity if they so wished.)

Ah the White Man’s Burden!
Placed there by God thus
we must rejoice.

*Yahoo News

Saturday, April 19, 2008

Something Called Mainstream Media

might have fired its last shot Wednesday.
A presidential debate, so-called, being

forced to weave its way through disgust-
ing 3rd grade inanities. Oh! protest

the questioners in defense, we
have to force a candidate to define
himself, herself. Let them speak

to what the country faces and
their proposed solutions. In
the course of such we'll

garner personal definition enough!--
not having been born, as the media
apparently scoffs, yesterday.

This MSM is the same that couldn't fix lips
to George Bush's ass fast enough in the run-
up to the phoney war. Their amorous smacks
still ride the fetid air. Ah Corporate Love!

Let us hope we can hear from the candidates,
not explaining a grammar school friendship,

or little flag pins so popular with the "patriots"
who gladly shed your son's and daughter's blood
for money, or whether once was said I took a shit,
meaning I took a ship.

Sunday, April 20, 2008

Lucky

I live on a river
which of present
is gold and purple

coins under descend-
ing mists. This, just

one form of its
beauty.

Sometimes I’m busy
and it speaks. Look at me
you dumb fuck! I’m beautiful.

And I do.

Monday, April 21, 2008

Depraved & Patriotic

Times reporting TV
military analysts buttered

by Pentagon, then extensively re-
spread as drastic needs for happier
news arose in Iraq. At any rate,

care has to be taken by butterees:
said “anal-

ysts” also representing Arms
Trust for a few dollars more.
Ah Patriot Hearts! Swollen

even further
where a buck

can be harvested from
the blood of youngsters!

Tuesday, April 22, 2008

Rocco and TV Angie

ROCCO
These old generals on TV are pumped by The Pentagon and bribed by Merchants of Death.

TV ANGIE
I see them all. Who doesn't know that? Most everybody on the TV News is bribed one way or the other.

ROCCO
Not a pretty picture.

TV ANGIE
I'm thinking of getting 50 inch HD, throwing away all the old sets.

ROCCO
You're jammed into one little room in your grandmother's house!

TV ANGIE
So? I can put it on the wall. Not like these projection monsters.

ROCCO
Wanna see the individual hairs on all the pigs?

TV ANGIE
Something like that.

ROCCO
Get a girlfriend!

TV ANGIE
I had one but she didn't like TV.

Wednesday, April 23, 2008

At The Conservative Conference

Keynoter tags liberal a “faggot”
to cooing titters & right-

eous adoration. Others churn,
later, that such a sleazy sidebar
detracts from astounding-

ly profound ideas
& their equally grave purveyors.

&, of course, from the Pooka.

Friday, April 25, 2008

BUSH APPEARS ON GAME SHOW AS RATINGS HIT RECORD LOW*

Whose? Schlub’s or show’s?
At any rate, it’s all fun.

Like fraternal Yale so
richly-long ago:

the only reality
created in
games.

*Common
Dreams

Labor Market

Click on BBC round 6AM &
there trots long fellow
in short pants hoisting

Olympic torch. Lots of color
swarms: Cops in yellow
fluorescence, upholders
enveloped in red flags. Pro-

Tibeters with theirs. Chinese sym-
bol warders run alongside. All very

busy & civilized. Thugs
absent. Apply to USA or

Russia for beefiest
of these boys.

Saturday, April 26, 2008

The Deal At the Gate

SAINT PETER
Whoa whoa whoa whoa! Where YOU going, Buddy-Boy?

CANDIDATE
Self evident! Into heaven.

SAINT PETER
I don’t think so. Did you bring a tax return?

CANDIDATE
Nonsense! It’s about Faith and Good Works and Humility!

SAINT PETER
You can’t run anything without money. And you’re not worth enough of it, whatever your disposition.

CANDIDATE
But I implore you…!

SAINT PETER
Implore-shimplore! Stick a fork in yourself. You’re done!

CANDIDATE
God help me! Is there…a purgatory, where I can…?

SAINT PETER
That’s a fable. How about you move your penurious tuchis to that elevator? Take you down to a place where they’ll deep fry the shit you’ve eaten all your life. And, by the way, rotza ruck!

Sunday, April 27, 2008

Girlfriends

G1
My biological clock was ticking so loud it was deafening. I couldn’t stand it!

G2
So took an icy shower and devoured chocolate?

G1
Screwed everybody.

G2
How fortunate the attack struck in Vegas.

G1
Indeed. I’ve resumed my role as Ice Maiden here.

G2
You like that role!

G1
I like both.

Monday, April 28, 2008

The Question

When they finally nail a political criminal, you want the stinking corpse hung round the neck of his party.

A hurry, too, since Media, bribed in some fashion, won’t give the story wheels.

Much more frustration follows when your leaders resist exploiting the situation! Why?

Well, elder finally explains, said criminal had dealings with our side also.

Oh where oh where can I take my purity? inquire you of yourself--in more unconscious language.

Nowhere.

Tuesday, April 29, 2008

Two Republican Strategists

-Money!

-Any route to it for us and our buddies. Call it what you will.

-We can hire college boys to name programs, so Joe Blow Citizen thinks he’s getting a shake.

-Then we shake it!

-While putting it up his ass.

-It all comes out in the end.

-Time, though, for another overall concept. Biggie!

-I loved Shining City on the Hill.

-But without the shines! No?

-How about Every Man Rich?

-And woman! Let’s not forget our loving afterthoughts.

-Yeah. Let’s proclaim it! But we wouldn’t want it, of course.

-How so?

-If all are the same, thus average, then how can we continue to be vastly superior?

-We will, just not in money.

-Excuse me?

Wednesday, April 30, 2008

Baghdad Disney*

“Welcome to the Café des Artistes. Remember! Only the food and drink are real. The suicide bomber tonight--and even I don’t know when she’ll enter– will be Fatima. You’ll recognize her from The Rose of the Occupation soap opera. Again a caution! She doesn’t actually blow apart.

It’s illusion, my friends. Done mostly with lighting. And the explosion is compressed air.

I tell you all of this not to spoil the show, but because some of you with memories are known to scream and dive under the tables.

Life can be so awfully silly sometimes.

So, enjoy yourselves until…Fatima. Eat drink and be merry until she dies!”

*__Disneyland__-Style Theme Park Set for Baghdad--Mother Jones

Thursday, May 01, 2008

Guantanamo Quota

-I’m bringing it to you immediately. I’m not a sneak and figured you should know.

-Yeah, well he’s a fresh one, with his pretty good English and little, batty eyes of his.

-He asks and asks for it. I finally couldn’t help myself.

-Well, let’s keep quiet after this. Some people‘d like to throw both of us under the bus.

-What I’m hearing.

-But…that’s the quota: you only get but one Up-the-Ass.

Friday, May 02, 2008

Friends of George*

-Hey we ALMOST finished it. The wrong toilets came. None of our fittings work.

-So, what did you do?

-We installed ‘em! What else?

-So you shit into a...?

-Container really.

-Even the Iraqis’ll wise up when they overflow with crap.

-Hey! They used to shit in ditches. We’re improving their lives.

*A lot of money was wasted on phantom reconstruction projects in Iraq left incomplete because of poor contractor performance. In other words, US tax payers made an involuntary contribution to Friends of George, which would be a good way of summing up the Iraq occupation in general. -Juan Cole

Saturday, May 03, 2008

The Trust

You sink into the 100-yr chair, inter-
viewing the VP hire three hours

straight. CEO expects meticulous re-
port, one you'll spend a week at.

"You're here," he says, "for sagacity,
experience, a higher judgement!"
But it's getting you

out of the way.

Monday, May 05, 2008

Torturing Humor

-Only one woman in the program. A special project.

-Shoulda been easy to waterboard. They got their mouths open most of the time.

-She was sorta advisor on suicide bomber fashions.

-You’re shittin’ me!

-Well, a few other areas we wished to know.

-What did...?

-Took her into hangar at Baghram. Backed her into spinning propellor.

-Oh my God!

-She didn’t peep, until...

-What? What?

-Dis-aster.

-Oh fuck you! Too too old a joke. We’ve been dis-BRAINED is the problem!

-CIA requirement.

-Are you sure we’re not gonna pay for all this shit? Look at Hitler’s home movies. All those guys laughing at der Fuhrer’s witticisms looked like us.

-Much better dressed.

Tuesday, May 06, 2008

Kentucky Derby

FATHER
“They killed her!” she screamed, “and slammed her door.”

MOTHER
She had built a kind of paper doll of Eight Belles out of construction paper. She loves horses, but I don’t supposed you noticed that.

FATHER
I noticed it! I tried to explain through the door that they had to put the horse down. No use. Can’t you go in there and…?

MOTHER
Let her grieve. It’s genuine.

FATHER
Can’t we adopt a boy? I need someone on my side. Can’t win here.

MOTHER
That’s trivial. Life isn’t TV. You just can’t stand the sobbing. Guilt?

FATHER
What the hell are you talking about?

MOTHER
You kill us! That’s what I’m talking about.

Wednesday, May 07, 2008

Important Name

Formerly of Congress, Chenoweth
held off western flight: refusing to
submit to pat-down search. Let’s see

the regulation! insisted she. Uh uh,
can’t, this law’s Secret! For con-

venience call it The Hit-
ler-Goebbels Law.

Thursday, May 08, 2008

Ache of the Cursing Heart

Rocco Addresses Tuesday night poker, South Philadelphia, USA

Yeah I’ve been hearing it for almost eight years.
Lied into war, stolen elections, eavesdropping
on old ladies as part of the general terrorist bullshit...
mega etceteras!

And nothing gets done. The fucking of America
by Wall Street Pirates predates crooked Bush.

He and vicious Dick only perfected the art form.

When they die they’ll be screwed into the ground.

But that’s all trivial: Something has to happen to transform
chickens into men.

Or the new guy, too, ’ll stick it up your feathered ass till
your beady eyes protrude even more.

Friday, May 09, 2008

In Line @Walgreens

At head of which, red-
faced woman furiously

dispenses coupons to
cashier. She’s coiled for

argument & gets it. (Perhaps
expirations, or trying to
mate with wrong products.)

The seven of us behind frit-
ter…until the manager gets
paged. Then the endless, spit-

ting & querulous parsings with
him. No one in line says a thing.

We don’t even bleat. Ten
minutes pass. In

some infinite realm of mercy,
Cosmetics’ register opens
and I streak there.

As I finish, the woman
has finally reconciled, trans-

ported to Bargain Valhalla, her
eyes twin fires of triumph!

The person behind her,
a Vietnamese woman,
drops a few words

which strike as daggers of
ice, the offender sneering back,

but off-balance nonetheless,
gathering her spoils. No wonder

there’s hatred of immigrants.
After finding traction, they

won’t eat shit. Americans!

Saturday, May 10, 2008

You play the clown

& pants fall down, in met-
aphor, très coy. When as-

sassins verge, or guts,
you'll join the circus.

Sunday, May 11, 2008

TV Telescopes

Thus European Soccer Championships
run concurrently with diving competitions.

Those with picture-in-a-picture glimpse
Italian Academy Award performances, also.

Monday, May 12, 2008

By the Numbers

A zillionaire paid for our Republican Boot Camp, seminars to re-instill basic values. The first class was Tax Policy, nicknamed by the students, L-N. Low or No.

Later in the day, Government Regulation. P-N, they said. Plenty of Nothing.

Then after dinner, Financial Futures, tabbed H-T-S for How To Steal.

Tuesday, May 13, 2008

Rocco & Old Man Reading Newspaper

OM
Trying to lock these ranting preachers around candidates’ necks.

ROCCO
Whack-jobs, but so were many prophets.

OM
You saying these babblers are prophets?

ROCCO
Only the ones in stretch limos.

Rocco is Ambassador from S Philadelphia.

Wednesday, May 14, 2008

Informal Debate

DEMOCRAT
Republicans HAVE no principles.

REPUBLICAN
Nonsense! I can detail ten right off the bat. Solid!

DEMOCRAT
Do it then! Whatever they are, you've betrayed them.
And some among you know that to their very core.

REPUBLICAN
Don't be dramatic. It's not a film with Jimmy Stewart.

DEMOCRAT
Let's hear these principles then. Start with ones not for sale.

REPUBLICAN
Well now you've handcuffed me totally!

Thursday, May 15, 2008

Rocco & Irish Danny

ROCCO
Look at this magazine. Actress…well, from the movies anyway…shows tons of plastic surgery. Jesus!

IRISH DANNY
Skin on her face stretched like on my super-hard wang.

ROCCO
You mean she looks like a prick?

IRISH DANNY
Yeah. One somebody painted a grotesque face on.

ROCCO
You've outdone yourself this time o vulgar one!

IRISH DANNY
Fuck everybody!

ROCCO
Such cynicism'll rot your pipes.

IRISH DANNY
Fuck! I'm leaking from everywhere now!

Friday, May 16, 2008

Der Alte

Old guy promises end
of Iraq war in ‘13.

Can’t wait for the parades!
Sousa beats on triumphant
drums! The Huzzahs! Working

on my Huzzah. ‘ll be something!
When it gets this higher chance
to mature.

Saturday, May 17, 2008

Roomies Looking for Roomies Eschew

“Drama Queens”--Jeez, they want more
of their own. American simmerers &
various cowards who won’t confront.

But will explode, eventually. And how!
Give those drama queens a second

look. Their thrusting out emotion
might be uncomfortable, but
a shortcut.

Sunday, May 18, 2008

GP’s Office

-Next is Mrs...

-Oh God! One of them again. I never know what to say...

-You may have noticed that I’m one of them.

-And a rare example. Without imaginary symptoms.

-You’re married, Doctor!

-To a mysterious woman. Or aren’t you all? Oh well, if I could’ve hit a curve ball, I might’ve made it in baseball.

-And that’s all we throw?

-Just about.

Monday, May 19, 2008

Incident

Well, old Senator had “Seizure.”
Evacuated by copter to...We
know the drill, nothing

left undone in Million-$ Tech. In
Florida we have thousands daily

midst Emporiums of Trade. Take
a chair, &, if lucky, lovely

young woman pats your wrist
gives you water & teases you

to stick around. Anyway, it’s
a truly sweet final picture–if
that’s what it is. It, at any rate,

passes,
or you.

Tuesday, May 20, 2008

The Imagination Group

LEADER
Well, we can win the war! Just came down from on high.

MALE WRITER
How do you define win?

LEADER
We don’t define anything. Your job is to pack the horseshit into the box and…

FEMALE WRITER
Throw in some God. Make it like rape…with hymns.

LEADER
No, wrap it in beautiful paper. With ribbons!

FEMALE WRITER
Ah those ribbons, the female role. I can do it! Oh the pride!

MALE WRITER
Oh the horror! I’d like to strangle all my Creative Writing instructors.
Could’ve majored in Sewer Engineering!

LEADER
No difference.

Wednesday, May 21, 2008

Sluts & Phrases

Both parties corporate
handmaidens, or hand-jobbing
sluts, not to put too dainty a point.

Republicans divert from their Masters
1%. Coy Dems about 3. Phrases retain:

Party of Lincoln; New Deal. Etc.
Eyewash.

Thursday, May 22, 2008

The Threat

MEMBER
Blistering op ed! “Why I’m Leaving the Party”

A LEADER
So I hear and do in whole disbelieve.

MEMBER
Party of Race, War, and The Rich, he accuses.

A LEADER
The Holy Trinity.

MEMBER
Never mind the wisecracks. How do you counter? On Race, say?

A LEADER
We’re itching to get started on this Half-Darkie of theirs!

MEMBER
Worst than I thought. And war and…?

A LEADER
(sings) You can’t have one without the other.

MEMBER
You’re pretty lighthearted about this.

A LEADER
I’m not worried. We’ve unified traitors before.

Friday, May 23, 2008

Political Impulse

-Well, she does have this bump on her nose.

-Oh my! It’s a very little bump. More like a...

-And she sputters when she gets nervous.

-I windmill! So what?

-Are you here to help or what?

-Or what. I’m an “Or What” person.

-Never mind all that posing. How about “Bump Nose sputters that she wants to improve the cafeteria...”

-Uh huh. But...?

-I can’t think just now. You fill in the rest.

-With what?

-Use your imagination. For the first time.

-I get it! It’s like being back on the playground and becoming the mean kid!

-Chose any role you want. Let’s just get me elected.

Saturday, May 24, 2008

Indiana Jones

wrapped into kissing
blond in some clip
½ seen. Kissing

is not fleeing
1000 Nazis in-
tent on ravaging

your non-sexual ass.
Achieves smarmy art
form in Chick Flicks.

Should be banned
for adventure films.
Just a sop to ladies.

& mistaken one. They
desire the breakneck

race to blood, guts,
thunder as much.

More? Revenge
for dolls?

Sunday, May 25, 2008

Divorce Hearing

-She spends the whole day watching the Shoes and Hair Channel.

-And he “works”–so called!

-House a mess.

-He’d lift a finger?

-We moved from the old house because it got full of shoes. We can’t sell it unless we clean it out, and it’s like they’re reproducing in there!

-Creative Writing! And he’s a sex brute! With enough kinks for a dissertation in abnornal psych!

-There’s no sex. How could that compete with shoes?

-And FOOT-ball! You’d think THAT was the world.

-Instead of her HAIR!

Judge: I’ve heard enough. Divorce granted on basis of incompatibility. Let the attorneys work out the financials and have a copy on my desk inside a week. Then I sign off, and I do mean SIGN OFF!

Monday, May 26, 2008

The Free Chinese

On a business channel,
amusement at the “crazy”
Chinese who have capped

prices at the gas pump.
In the Land of the Brave,
you’re free to lean over.

Oil execs plumped before
congressional committee.
Convenient. They could be

cuffed together and perp-
walked out. Imagine these

business channels then.
The hurt, the outrage!

Oh well, thieves, too,
need messengers.

Tuesday, May 27, 2008

American Dish

It’s not really it.
Just looks like it.

Chef is very clever.
So…you eat it.

Ritual! Then we know
you’re one of us. Hey!

rewards here can be huge.
This first symbol is
not very much, really.

Wednesday, May 28, 2008

Sense of Common National Purpose For Congress*

Hard to achieve unless
bribes even up.

*Peter Hart

Thursday, May 29, 2008

Henry VIII & GOP

ROCCO
Why do they call you Henry the Eighth?

H8
Who the fuck knows?

ROCCO
Were there seven before you?

H8
Who knows? If there were they were assholes.

ROCCO
Still the great Republican?

H8
Un-fuckin-shakable!

ROCCO
How’s your boy McCain?

H8
Fine, now that he’s running like a Republican!

ROCCO
What’s that like?

H8
Like the nastiest sonofabitch on the planet!

ROCCO
You got that right!

Rocco has appeared many times before. He is a S Philadelphia Democrat who laughs at Republicans–a necessary, though not completely admirable, quality.

Friday, May 30, 2008

When the Hugely Rich Guy Hangs Over You
& You Inhale His Stinks

“General Electric has never, and will never,
interfere in the editorial process at NBC News.”

Saturday, May 31, 2008

Quo Captain Kangaroo?

Desire to kill serious time
(no flowers on the wall)
as my channels scroll by.

About 100, but 3 or 4 prof-
fer florid, ranting preacher-
assholes, and as many in

languages disapproved of
in Mainstream America. (Yet
they laugh and steamily love
through their linguistic disgrace!)

I’d grab anything about football.
Love of Quilting just rolled past.

Are there players who quilt? If so,
more than I can stomach, though

tape of their doing it‘d
lead all nightly newscasts.

Sunday, June 01, 2008

Dog

-I think Lulu has had a silly-ass puppyhood around the barnyard.

-She’s a clown all right.

-Well, she starts herding tomorrow.

-Roscoe won’t like that!

-Breaks my heart. But it’s time.

-Just a dog, Carl!

-Smarter than most fuckin humans you ask me!

-Lulu’s quick. Won’t take outing or two. And then?

-Rosco’ll hafta stay home. Rest of his days.

-He won’t eat. He’ll mope.

-It’s time, Goddammit! I hope my sons do it as well when it’s mine.

-Rip will. He’ll put a beer in one hand and a sandwich in
the other and say. “Kitchen’s your base of operations now!”

-And Benny?

-He’ll say, “Hired men know what to do. You worry too much!
Call me in a tee time, Dad.”

-And Rip won’t stay! I know it!

-Nope. He’ll get a spread ten times larger, and throw this one to Benny!

-Man it all seems hopeless!

-You and Roscoe all right!

Monday, June 02, 2008

Corporate Reply

While jobs were being shipped,
we protested it’s not good to
lose this shared wealth. We need

manufacturing, not the
least for defense.

They answered:
1) Many more jobs’ll be created!

2) You can’t do a fuckin thing about it.

We stopped waiting on 1, kept believing 2.
Called despair. Churches persuaded to deal

with it after small grants. Amazing
how little they’ll jump for.

Tuesday, June 03, 2008

Mama’s Big Comfy Tit

“Homeland Security”
sports highest % of
political appointees.

Wednesday, June 04, 2008

Headline Reserved for Ignorant

BIG EARS BEATS WIDE-ASS

Thursday, June 05, 2008

Tale of Tubs

Famous clip from Katrina:
Grandma with clamped face
in huge plastic tub being

pushed by kin. Where came
from, a tub like that?

Probably monster bakery,
for mixing dough. No matter.

The proposition now in Congress
"One Person, One Tub" promises
to alleviate suffering on a grand scale.

Will work thusly: Citizen reports to
Tub Distribution Facility, TDF.

Under Republicans, Loyalty Oath
must be sworn, + gratuity expected.

Under Democrats, Tub free! Af-
ter completion of 15-page form.

Friday, June 06, 2008

On the 7th Tee, Par 3

-What is there, a nickel bet on each putt? Not allowed to play that slow! I'm gonna give 'em a yell to get going!

-No way you are! Those are, arguably, the four richest men in America on that green. High on the world's list too.

-Then fuck ‘em, the way they're fucking everybody else!

-Not us they aren't, o half-Socialist one. In one way or another, they are our clients. Trickle-down is a cruel myth for Joe or José Sixpack, but not for us.

-We need a left-leaner for president, who'll appoint judges to disrupt this horribly toxic corporate rule.

-Uh huh? The likely one wants those who’ll understand single mothers! I wish a violin'd fit in my golf bag. I'd like to play it now, mixed with Compassionate Conservative tears.

-I understand what he's driving at, any any counterweight to those rapacious pirates on the green there!

-You expect them to support all the little Black Sambos then?

-Scratch a guy who worships status-quo and you'll find a racist.

-Me, or them?

-If the foo shits...?

-I like wit, even that juvenile kind.

-As the song says (sings) They can't take that away from me

-Well, it's the only thing. Never forget that.

Saturday, June 07, 2008

Bring shark in on a forklift

Have to hurry
things along
before he,

like us,
stinks.

Sunday, June 08, 2008

Hell

-You'll have two channels. One is Chick Flicks only; the other, Bitter, Middle-Aged Women--mostly hammer-on-the-head documentaries on that one.

-Specific punishment all right. Fluff and Anger. What did I do to...?

-Probably what you didn't do. Your inaction revealed more than any abuse.

-Just trying to get by. I don't think life should be a mystery where you're always guessing. Say it straight out and I'll think about it!

-Be all that as it was, are you willing to be re-educated? Sensitized?

-No. How much for a few sports channels?

-Everything for sale, huh? Like the planet you came from.

-How about Heaven?

-I can't get in there, even with a visa. But I suspect it's Really Big Money.

-One hand washes the other.

-It's a clean place all right.

-Yeah, well here I am at any rate. I can't watch those fem shows. I'll puke.

-It's an extreme punishment okay. Maybe we can work something out.

-I've come to the right place.

-Sent.

-Whatever.

No posts till 6/17

Tuesday, June 17, 2008

Under Conservative Banner

The very best sign
to fuck you blind.

Hey! You don’t like
Executive and their wars?

Congress, (see Cowards) only,
empowered to declare thus.

Instead they hop in lines
like lascivious toads. So

present brigands well
within the right

they’ve snatched.
Kids die for the cause

of shopping.

Wednesday, June 18, 2008

GOP Discovering Environment

How now Old Gouge,
Greeding the grass
Always greener?

Ever a buck in Sin &
Right Virtue.

Thursday, June 19, 2008

Initial Conference

-First, Congratulations! We spent more than we wanted, but...

-Here I are! E-fuckin-lected!

-You’re to vote the party, no matter what you say in or out of the chamber.

-But, my district!

-Rarely, you can vote your district when it conflicts with leadership. Special circumstances, and we’ll discuss them thoroughly at the time.

-Isn’t there a third way? Individual? Free? Especially on a bill meaning practically nothing, say? I’m known as a bit of a maverick. My brand!

-No.

-But my reputation!

-Reputation? Hey! We got blatant thieves, depraved philanderers, and compulsive faggots!

-But they know how to vote?

-You’re a quick study! What a future you’ve got!

Friday, June 20, 2008

“Did Exxon-Mobil Buy Your Senator?”*

-I saw that too! Just the regular Lefty insult!

-Well, did they?–with all due respect.

-Clown! They’ve been regular and generous contributors, or their employees…whatever. They bundle the dough to evade the stupid law. But it’d take mega mega to buy me!

-Would you say that with all your contributors combined, you’re bought?

-Trussed-up like a Thanksgiving turkey! But I’ve mysteriously got stock in most of the corporations. So you’d hafta say I’m buying myself.

-Extraordinary paradox. Or something. Where do the people fit in all of this?

-Fuck the people! Do they make anything go? This is Washington. No people here.

*TrueMajority

Saturday, June 21, 2008

The Botanist

1) explores leaf,
its underlayer
and under that.

2) In pursuit of?
See 1.

3) God? Life
too short.

Sunday, June 22, 2008

Summers

-Ah the Summer of Love! And we were there!

-Uh huh. Now it’s the Summer of Hemorrhoids.

-They’re treatable.

-Yeah, but it’s the beginning of the fuckin end!

-That’s right.

-Hey your role is to mollify! You’re fuckin everything up!

-Well, when we hit a home truth I verify it.

-Wonderful fuckin future!

-Speaking of which, when you get an erection which lasts four hours…

-I know, don’t address the Sunday School.

Monday, June 23, 2008

Rocco & His Most Severe Friend

ROCCO
That’s some flood that Mighty Miss and Mighty Mo are smashing out.

MSF
Those poor people. They must feel like Guatemalans did waiting for our Death Squad buddies.

ROCCO
Congress trying to get some catastrophe fund together, for hurricanes, quakes, floods etc.

MSF
That won’t help the poor bastards presently losing everything they got.

ROCCO
What do you suggest?

MSF
AK-47s. Blast old Miss Snedley when she leans over from the rowboat to pluck Rupert, the Peke, from the muddy waves. Right in the ass!

ROCCO
Where does this surrealism go?

MSF
Well, then it’s a fuckin war and there’s plenty of money for that!

Rocco lives in S Philly, where unique points of view proliferate.

Tuesday, June 24, 2008

Right Wing Radio

-They look like florescent chickens!

-We wanted to make the point that panties on the head just fraternity hi-jinks, not depraved torture. The intern got jazziest ones Dollar Store offers.

-Well it’s outa control in there! Missing cues for commercials in the frenzy.

-They won’t calm down!

-Well we got it all on studio cam, and still guy and videographer did their thing. They’ve gotta knock it off now!

-They’ve been transported!

-Yeah? Well, dirty jokes are seething in. And we gotta lotta listeners don’t like sex, period! And a great many sponsors, let me severely remind you.

-We’re usually so party line! Give us some silly elbow room.

-Heads will roll if they don’t knock off this perverted shit toute suite!

Wednesday, June 25, 2008

Rocco & The Violent Populist

ROCCO
Well, gas-price-total-fucking “explained” to Congress by power execs and Wall Street Pirates.

VP
There’s quick answer. Take ’em out to a marble wall and summarily execute.

ROCCO
Their buddies’d begin paying attention. But, blood baths? I don’t know. Messy! But, must be a valid literature re cleaning blood from marble.

VP
CIA covers it in an appendix for foreign operators.

ROCCO
Once the blood letting starts…?

VP
Congress, Executive, and Court next.

ROCCO
Firing squads?

VP
Only for Exec and Justices. No explanation needed.

ROCCO
And Congress…?

VP
Exile to a volcanic island. They’ll bullshit each others’ ears off, and they’re so incompetent they’ll starve.

ROCCO
Okay, so you’re rid of the government. How about the bribe money that goes unused?

VP
Escrow. Then tapped for people.

ROCCO
So People’s government. Quaint notion.

VP
Not at all. We’ll start with local councils and let them figure it out collectively.

ROCCO
You’re a dreamer.

VP
Beats the Capitalist Nightmare!

ROCCO
You don’t believe in Free Markets!

VP
Fuck-Markets.

ROCCO
How do you keep your new rule from becoming corrupt?

VP
You don’t, really. You just become a realist. However, since the first sinners will be Capitalists, we just apply the old blood cure. Simple.

ROCCO
You scare me almost to the Right.

VP
Wouldn’t suggest.

Thursday, June 26, 2008

The Social Justice Talk

CARDINAL
I came up Lace Curtain. I believe most Catholics are like that.
They want order, tradition.

BISHOP
Indeed, Eminence.

CARDINAL
But you have priests and nuns picketing! And worse!

BISHOP
There are other kinds of Catholics.

CARDINAL
Not in my dioceses. Social Justice comes from the pulpit.
From persuading the powerful to yield a bit. From scripture!

BISHOP
Too slow for some of our brother and sisters, Eminence.

CARDINAL
I won’t have my priests on the street! The Church isn’t the Salvation Army.

BISHOP
You want me to order…?

CARDINAL
The heavy hand isn’t my way, or Christ’s.

BISHOP
They may laugh away anything else.

CARDINAL
Imagination! dear Bishop. The Church is full-spectrum! Acquaint them
with other facets.

BISHOP
As you wish, Eminence.

CARDINAL
Exhaust them. I might suggest required theology seminars, for one. Those thickets will snare the over-righteous soul and sap its will.

BISHOP
Eminence can be witty.

CARDINAL
Witty? It’s said about me, but I can never fathom why at the time.

Friday, June 27, 2008

The Well-Regulated Militia

We drill at my condo, Ronald Reagan, Phase 2, every Thursday. Handguns over the heart.

Time was a problem, since most members have early digestive problems to work out. We settled on 11, knowing that it’d make us hungry for Chef Marcus’s noon spread.

The night persons wanted 2, but most members nap around then.

Everything’s been glitch-free except Lou M’s weapon discharged, barely missing his big toe.

Oscar-the-German cracked, “Should've been your dick!”

“How would I know?”

Saturday, June 28, 2008

Fil-lums

The android has it
fastened with titanium

staples, so don't retard
us with sex.

Insert more exquisite
revenge, exploding

cars. Romantic ladies
can still audit

their Merchant-Ivory log,
where characters think

(…endlessly…)

of fucking, whilst
piling Empire

on the backs of
obsequious wogs.

Sunday, June 29, 2008

Supreme Mother Goose*

Court went on a tear &
saw a right that wasn't there.

Though some aver it is
with raging will,
it isn't still.

*re handguns

Monday, June 30, 2008

TV Interview of Dreadful By Illiterate

-I'm working on a book about the White House.

-What y'call it?

-Teabag.

-Sorry but we don't have time.

-Doesn't take much.

Tuesday, July 01, 2008

The Sublime Annals of American Ignorance

-Was a guy on the radio last night really pissed about
Barack Hussein Obama.

-What's his problem? Anyways, I don't give a shit about this Ay-rab crap. He's a half-nigger and that's a half too much for me.

-He said that after a dirty bomb goes off, do you want Barack Hussein Obama, or John Sydney McCain?

-Sydney? That's a Jew name, right?

-Think so.

-Some fuckin choice!

Wednesday, July 02, 2008

Congressional Inquiry

American Pirates
wear business suits
testifying

to elevated aesthetics
of “freedom” and un-
fettered markets. If

their barbarous conduct
reaches Supreme Court,
“Justice” further greases

The Gouge Machine
from sea to shining etc.

Thursday, July 03, 2008

Notes on The Bible–GOP Revision

1st drive moneychangers

I N T O

Temple

Friday, July 04, 2008

July 4, 2008

Celebrate the present
clusterfuck? Let's say true

resilience to
extract again,

despite the 18th
Century words.

And because of them.

Saturday, July 05, 2008

Ironies Abound

So Why dwell thereupon?
Indulging the literary

bent, and both.

Sunday, July 06, 2008

true diva's most recent plastic surgery

quite miraculous indeed:
she went from ball-breaker
to--with facial skin st-

retched,
erection.

Monday, July 07, 2008

Mud Slides

in one of the world’s
largest garbage heaps

have wiped out Guatemalans.
They were better offed

by Death Squads,
courtesy of quicker CIA.

Tuesday, July 08, 2008

Ohio Vote Again

Sheriff Kelsey Nardo of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, still can't find truckloads of Ohio's '04 presidential votes. "They've gone missing, and it's three weeks now and not a lead, and... well, how can this happen?"

The votes were on their way to the new state repository in Niles, where Professor Status Appwell says, "We're all abject here. Scholars would appreciate this treasure a hundred years from today!"

The Professor then sounded a wry note. "Ohio! Where the individual's vote is stolen twice!"

(Informed of this quote, Louisiana State Senator Nick Andrews-Heckler laughed, “Twice? Hell, we’d just be getting started down here!”)

Wednesday, July 09, 2008

"Surge Truly Working"

In Florida,
prunes.

Thursday, July 10, 2008

The Specialist

-Let's not bullshit anybody, I'm really black. Like inside of cave, like shoe polish. I mean, I don't send much light back, except from my stereotypical big teeth. Yahsuh! Yahsuh boss! Yahsuh! At any rate, lighting will have to be even, and really penetrate, to show I have a nose and mouth.

-I believe we can handle that. What do you offer besides...?"

-Sit angled behind your candidate. Wave flag, banner, whatever you want. Or just react to what he says. I do a totally great slowwww-sarcastic, for one. Damning the sleaze-bag opposition all the while candidate murders ‘em!

-How much?

-It's three large for Democrats and five for Republicans.

-Why more for us? I... !

-Need you ask?

Friday, July 11, 2008

System's Called Capitalism

It's economic, not connected with
our political or moral life, really,
except by forced metaphor

of oily Babbitts. At any rate,
no virtues its way. We could
easily exist under Socialism
or a something else unknown.

Western Europe seems to prosper
under a more mixed system, for one,
medical care far superior. & a right.

So don't hand me sacrosanct horseshit,
anymore. Capitalism is kind to many,
brutal to more. Free Markets (sigh)

also Fuck Markets. My odd cure, though, is to let
it fly! Complete laissez faire. Belay decayed
hypocrisy! Capitalism should be interested in only

the bottom line. No gestures towards
Little League or charity golf tourneys,
or underwriting safe art & drama. Or any-

thing to do with alleged public good.
To counter the inevitable bull market in
the antisocial & rapacious, we need

strong regulation, overseen by
professionals, not legislators

who are bribed so regularly it con-
stitutes our most vitriolic joke. So?

If this latest reform fails, then
let's try Socialism. Oh I know
that the party leaders 'll

place their kids in the top schools,
gaming as corruptly, but…we're talking,
by then, about the nation’s abject

despair. Last stop before bloody revolution,
now insanely courted by government & their

Capitalist gombahs daily.

Saturday, July 12, 2008

In the GOP News

Stop whining! Up-
sets pickpockets.

Sunday, July 13, 2008

It is not the criminal things that are the hardest to confess, but the ridiculous and shameful. -- Rousseau, Confessions, 1770

A few actual criminal problems in there
he squirmed out of, but the Big Man
suicided over his latest young woman

laughing at him, scorning his manhood
by taking up with young, slick bums,
minimum wagers if maximum...whatever.

Monday, July 14, 2008

Fly Upon the Fetid Wall

CHAIR
Greetings all! Although our estimable Miss Adinolfi is present with her trusty recorder, I'm asking her to not to turn it on.

I'll get together with her after this meeting to work out the minutes.

At any rate, the board has decided that the bonus structure is the same as last year's.

AL
Well, that puts it to me. I had a much better year thus far. Be edging close to four mil on the formula.

CHAIR
The formula doesn't work anymore. Not since the government has taken us over. So, looks like three million for you again this year.

AL
Well, anyway, I'll bite the bullet in the knowledge that Uncle Sap is paying.

CHAIR
We're moving very quickly on this, because some Congressmen are making noises to cancel bonus payments etc.

AL
Never trust a politician who won't stay bought.

CHAIR
That's some old-fox smile there, Albert. Outgrowing, even, the matter discussed.

AL
It's just that I relish getting it up John Q's ass.

CHAIR

Shhhhh!

AL
And relish further giving him an extra patriotic hump for all the Lefties out there who are now being raped to pay my salary and this bonus, however less than generous!

CHAIR
Meeting adjourned. Miss Adinolfi, bring your notebook up here, please.

Labels: bailout, mortgage, socialism for rich

Tuesday, July 15, 2008

Bush officials' 'lack of recall' thwarted Tillman, Lynch probes *

Bright enough guys. High schools & colleges must start offering memory programs.

*McClatchy

Labels: Bush, Tillman

Wednesday, July 16, 2008

Honor Among Thieves

-Daddy, a girl at college had a Harpers. You're pretty much described as a thief. Are you?

-Yes! A thief against Communism! A thief against godless queers of the democrat party! A th--

-My generation usually stops short. Cool. Thanks for your time.

-I want to be shot! I want to be a martyr! Important for you to know!

-Rich one anyway.

Labels: GOP, thieves

Thursday, July 17, 2008

Senatorial Monolog

Descent of America begin when they give the woman the vote and
the nigrah the bicycle. And now everybody the fuckin TV!

Who sent this drink? What gentleman? That's a lobbyist!
Didn't yuh see the backwards-growin’ teeth? Like snake’s.

Well, anyway, tell him to keep 'em coming! I'll eat dinner on him too.
Look! have your spick right now take out these barstools on both sides.

I need room! And, plus, don't wanna hafta hear no beggin’ and whinin’ neither!

Labels: lobbyist, senate

Friday, July 18, 2008

Lowerings

Police despise serving
eviction notices. Hey! Look
to the ultimate privatizers,
Bush & Cheney. Tell slumlords
to hire mercenaries.

Labels: eviction, mercenaries, privatizing

Saturday, July 19, 2008

Ah the Awful Rowing

towards horizons
of least fire,
receding ever.

Labels: horizon, Iraq

Sunday, July 20, 2008

Reflecting on the month I got culture

& the marvelous applicability plus
ecstatically mixed-media thrust
of the phrase artsy-fartsy.

Labels: culture, mixed media

Monday, July 21, 2008

Obama up by 7

When 10,
Swift Boats
will thrust

down every reek-
ing waterway.

Labels: Swift Boat

Tuesday, July 22, 2008

& It's Said Republicans Have None!

As more and more big
bourse firms go on the dole,

a coarse banker's crack on
Americans "whining" re-

veals not GOP policy,
but, rather, soul.

Labels: GOP, whining

Wednesday, July 23, 2008

The Big Small Town Banker

-The law as it's written now means we can absolutely
ruin this sonofabitch!

-Congress is working like hell to change it. Even Republicans!

-You mean back-stabbers. Well, anyway, too late for him.
I want him out on the street with his fat wife and bawling babies.

-Sounds like a cartoon.

-Life is a cartoon, or haven't you noticed?

Labels: banking, mortgage

Thursday, July 24, 2008

Homage to Atwater-Rove

Somewhere Along the Line
he'll say something I've

thirsted to hear & I'll use it
to destroy him. Dear God! cry

his apologists, that idea
ripped from context. He
meant the opposite! Uh huh.

Drysdale used to hit a guy,
say in the small of the back,
then hit him in the exact spot

next time up. Insure
he'd be remembered.

Friday, July 25, 2008

Federal minimum wage rises to $6.55 today (AP)

Police agencies have been warned of
wild, even Dionysian, celebrations
in the streets. Actually

could be some sort of popping-off among
our most Capitalistically Ground-Down.

But probably not. Too Depressed.
European countries call it
The Wage of Decency.

Such language!

Labels: minimum wage, Wage of Decency

Saturday, July 26, 2008

Variation On a Theme, Not

Well, let's try again.
Don't change a thing!

We're on track this time
for sure!*

(As carpenter said to helper:
When I move my head, you hit it.)

*We can't solve problems by using the same kind of thinking
we used when we created them. -Einstein

Sunday, July 27, 2008

The Pretty Girl

They'll never outlaw the pretty girl.
One in a commercial this instant, for-
get the inane scenario & useless product.

Unfair to girls my mother labeled plain.
Visiting Yale just after women admitted,
my son remarked They don’t hafta

look this bad. (The black carnation in
the armpit didn’t help.) But, many gals
get it every which way, don't they?

A man can resemble the asshole
of a southbound yak. Given a balance

sheet, lovely women will grace
his hirsute presence.

Monday, July 28, 2008

Republican gets up & goes to work in the morning;
Democrat goes down to mailbox to pick up his check.

-according to Florida GOP spokesman.
Well, that can require a little effort!...
mailbox could be outside in rain, etc.

Whereas Republican Wall Streeters
only have to wait for Uncle Sap

to bring in the bailout, bowing
and scraping.

Labels: bailout, Democrat, Republican

Tuesday, July 29, 2008

A World in a Toilet*

Excrement & paper clogs.
The vulgar scream Stink!

but squeezing your nose on-
to the rim, pinching other nos-

tril, allows
you to relish the higher
porcelain horizon.

cf Iraq

Labels: horizon, Iraq, wjtbdrawal

Wednesday, July 30, 2008

Rocco & Another Republican

ROCCO
Hey! I caught another! Only about seven Republicans in South Philadelphia, and I got one here!

ANOTHER
Consider yourself blessed.

ROCCO
Listen! Bush is heading for the exits and the big debate question is: Worst president, or Buchanan holds onto the title?

ANOTHER
Let’s be a little patient. Maybe we can nudge the Socialists aside who write the history books. Just maybe he’ll be ranked okay.

ROCCO
Well, don’t make the case now. I’m really not seeking to embarrass you.

ANOTHER
Uh huh?

ROCCO
And really, the more transcendent question is how much have Republicans stolen over the past eight years? Are we in the high billions range? Maybe a tril?

ANOTHER
Democrats don’t steal?

ROCCO
Awkwardly! Never as great an art form. We’re like Grandma Moses to your Michelangelo!

ANOTHER
Uh huh. Off the subject, Presidential might surprise you.

ROCCO
Not at all. Same theme. Grand Theft Ohio. Will it be enough this time?

ANOTHER
What you call theft, I call creativity.

ROCCO
Michelangelo, encore!

South Philadelphia’s Rocco, holding many opinions on varied subjects, disparages all things Republican .

Labels: Buchanan, Bush, Ohio, Republican theft

Thursday, July 31, 2008

The Moral Search

“I’m looking for pics
showing Fascist French

generals surrendering
in haste to Germans.”

“Google Democrat.”

Labels: Democrat

Friday, August 01, 2008

Iraq Shares Windfall in Zooming Oil Profits

“Great day, really, when
the Americans came in
and killed half million of us,

give or take.”

Labels: Iraq, oil, war deaths

Saturday, August 02, 2008

Mongolian Goons Festering in Marrakesh

See Language, only,
for responsibility.

Labels: language

Sunday, August 03, 2008

Variation On a Theme, Not

Well, let's try again.
Don't change a thing!
We're on track this time
for sure!*

(As carpenter, holding the work, said
to helper: When I move my head, you hit it.)

*We can't solve problems by using the same kind of thinking
we used when we created them. -Einstein

Labels: change

Monday, August 04, 2008

rumps

Drilling-Lust Republicans
meet though House adjourned.
Compared to Concord Patriots.

Here embattled fakers stood
and fired the shot
heard round the lodge.

Labels: drilling, Republican

Tuesday, August 05, 2008

GOP Serenade, or Sayonara, Sambo (& take the broad)

Tallahassee Democrat Newspaper* senior writer Stephen Price...was singled out and asked to leave a media area at the Panama City rally of presidential candidate Sen. John McCain.

Price was among at least three other reporters, and the only black reporter, surrounding McCain's campaign bus — Gov. Charlie Crist and his fiancee, Carole Rome, were already aboard — when a member of the Arizona senator's security detail asked the reporter to identify himself. Price had shown his media credentials to enter the area.

Price showed his employee identification as well as his credentials for the Friday event.

"I explained I was with the state press, but the Secret Service man said that didn't matter and that I would have to go," Price said.

When another reporter asked why Price was being removed, she too was led out of the area. Other state reporters remained.

*from their story

Labels: black reporter, McCain

Wednesday, August 06, 2008

Future Supreme Court

-Bush v Gore was an intellectual disgrace. I won't have anything
to do with this Republican reprise! The answer is no!
I won't have future law students laughing at me. Let someone else
fix elections. I'm a Supreme Court Justice!

-You through? A few skeletons in woods in marshes tied to you--
figurative speaking of course. FBI and your examining committees
never came close to discovering 'em. You think that was accident? You owe.

-You blackmailing me, is that it?

-Yeah. And the chaser for your potent-enough booze was that circle
jerk with you and all the fags.

-I left that party before...

-Just your word. You can’t prove it. Now come on! Rest of our crew on board without a murmur. You really played ball as a youngster, so why not now? The future president
said you polished up the handle of the big brass door. That‘s from Gilbert and Solomon
or some other Broadway shit!

-Christ! You're criminals! Ignorant criminals!

-Uh huh. Well let’s you just reprise your early Consigliere role.

-It’s a betrayal of my trust! My oath!

-That’s just point of view. We’re frying bigger fish here!

Thursday, August 07, 2008

2040--Republican President For Life.
Congress dissolved. Martial Law.

-I like it that the waiters have numbers.

-We’re always improving things.

-Hey 67! Here! Take this mess back to the chef. And don’t gobble it up on the way! They really got a crop of asshole waiters here, but that confused sonabitch takes the cake!

-Former professor, MIT. Spared in the last purge and put to honest work.

-Jesus Fuckin Christ! The cream of the bourgeois and brought this low. Ah what the fuck, if he doesn’t screw up my redo, I’ll throw him a quarter. We got any tapes of old NEEEE-groes being grateful that I can show him? Thank you Boss! Oh my! thank you Boss! God bless you! You de bestest Massa!

-These bastards don’t say anything. Just go around with faces like mud turtles.

-Instead of being grateful they were made a part of The Capitalistic Revolution!

-Yeah! The part that goes up the ass!

-You’re hilarious. Nobody knows how truly funny you are.

Friday, August 08, 2008

Rocco and Bottom-Line Joey

-Hey Bottom-Line Joey, you're famous for the last word.

-Yeah, that's the bottom line.

-Who's gonna win this election?

-Bottom line is Democrats.

-How come?

-Their turn. Republicans have stolen the country fuckin blind for eight years!

-Is there anything left?

-That's the funny part. There's still plenty left, even though nobody has ever purloined like the Republicans. They made it art. That's the bottom line!

-What's their secret?

-Bottom line: they made Business and Politics exactly the same. That way you could combine the biggest thieves in the nation! Whatta team!

-Will the Dems ever reach that point?

-Nobody ever will again, and that's the...

-I know! I know!

-Let me say it anyway. It's my brand.
...

Rocco has strong viewpoints and eccentric friends in South Philadelphia.

Labels: political larceny, Republican, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Saturday, August 09, 2008

after the fairy tale by Christina Rossetti

At the Goblin Market

Laura n' Lizzie putting out
innocence at a stretch,
jazzed by men extending

maddest fruit, and who
to believe, ever,
'round women and men?

Sunday, August 10, 2008

Flomax

-Did you...Honey?

-Yes. And no.

Labels: Flomax

Monday, August 11, 2008

(another version)

Supreme Court

Fascism advances,
Bible in hand.

O’er ramparts of
grammatical clause.*

*"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

Labels: Fascism, religion, Supreme Court

Tuesday, August 12, 2008

Question, Tech & Other*

What did the videographer do
when the videographer wasn’t
videographing? Oh,

much like many of
the rest of us, but

in a righteous land so
recently anointed

by God, that sole note
must be pointed

by soiled
prophets denouncing.

re Once-Candidate Edwards

Labels: anointed, Edwards, videographer

Wednesday, August 13, 2008

Party Brands

REPUBLICAN
Possible in theory,
Disgraceful in practice.

DEMOCRAT
Admirable in theory,
Tentative in practice.

Labels: Brand, Democrat, Republican

Thursday, August 14, 2008

Faith Brings Kickbacks

Approval Ratings? Ab-
ject depths! but since

the job of Executive,
Legislative & Judicial
is to step up

the comfort & wealth
of the Obscene Rich, then

they've been competent
beyond measure.

Labels: government, rich

Friday, August 15, 2008

Celebrity Broke

Did he lose it
or booze it
or both?

The will finds
a way. Mix in those
ladies who fatal-

ly proclaim, “I’ve
lined up a real man!--

you’ll get my bill.”

Saturday, August 16, 2008

Gossip

What they know
not, they’ll contrive.

So you define
that sum. Years

later, another offers
“You’re not like
that at all!” Though

if touting thus
to friends, will
be informed

Oh yeah?
Watch out! Ti-

ger stripes, roar
& bite!

Labels: gossip

Sunday, August 17, 2008

Good Christ Henry James

you do complicate! Clauses drifting in
oceanic sentence might reach port
to rendezvous with betters, equals,

or lessers. Such texture, ser-
iously, undertakes to mirror
human subtleties. Hey! Not

that far from tails, & just do
the best we can! Aims most-

ly bare, laying niceties, sage
Henry, on as con.

Labels: Henry James, style

Monday, August 18, 2008

The General Future

-Simple Question, General: Have Blackwater mercenaries fired on our troops?

-Simple Answer: Pretty complex situations. Often chaotic.

-That’s the political answer.

-So be it.

-How do you feel about one of your troopers thus killed? How do you phrase the letter to his parents?

-Never mind all that! We can take them down anytime we please.

-Friends of the president!

-Him too. Now and...

-Important thinking. How soon before military takeover? Ballpark?

-I'm sorry. I can't understand that question.

-Don’t worry. Be at ease. It’ll be a privatized army and you’ll take your orders from it.

Labels: Blackwater, privatization, revolution

Tuesday, August 19, 2008

Rocco & Billy O’s Kid, the Counterman

-Whattsamatta Uncle Rocco? You look peak-ed. Something in that newspaper?

-Extent of Republican corruption take my breath away!

-I’m just a beginner, but I can’t think Democrats gonna change that much.

-Hey! If only twenty-five percent, that’s terrific!

-I won’t hold my breath.

-Don’t. That’s what the Righty thieves want you to do. I really hafta talk to you more.

-This is enough! Put it in a video game and I’ll play it.

-My God, has it come to that? Your generation will be totally screwed!

-Hey! We won’t know it. Our eyes glaze over, like, permanently.

-Like an ox!

-Yeah. They get a lot of fuckin’, yes?

As all should, Rocco talks to the generations in South Philadelphia.

Labels: generation, Rocco

Wednesday, August 20, 2008

The Fixed Game

Just saw really tall guy in parking lot.
Small talk on my part'd involve
basketball but he was rushing.

Reminded, though, of striving
under innumerable backboards
jumping for rebounds while

his ilk stood stock still &
nabbed them. His brain
didn't have to process much
and it's a good thing.

Occasionally he laughed at us,
which was an effort since fat
pressed hard on his mental prowess.

So what?...if you got this far. Well
that's what it's like for most Americans
They jump and jump and can't get at the ball.

The tall, or wealthy, prevent them, aided
by several sharp shooting guards, aka
Congressmen who are transitioning

to the Lobbyist League, cash stuffed
into their jock straps. So what-2?

We must invert the game. Might
as well get on with the blood-

y brawl required. Why wait
any longer? Nothing will change.

Labels: basketball, revolution, stacked deck

Thursday, August 21, 2008

The Jesus Mouth

Necessary on candidate &
difficult part of anatomy
to fit under snake's belly.

Labels: hypocrisy, politics, religion

Friday, August 22, 2008

Candidates Fence

their houses,
wine cellars,
general gelt.

Well whattafuck!
Can't run poor person.
Embarrassment to us all.

Labels: candidates, houses, wealth

Saturday, August 23, 2008

Kin

Much of it trash-
y repetition, &

I get too much
of actual lives

through cell phones
at Barnes and Noble.

In a bookstore! One
sells her condo in

a whiskey baritone,
another got the onions
(and I don't mean C. T.)

Awfuckit! Whogivezashit?
Books just another us too.

Sunday, August 24, 2008

Lake of Woods

mirrors
acutely
the muted.

Monday, August 25, 2008

The Insurance Seminar

LEADER
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What was that word? Say that one again, Rookie, but softly.

NOVICE
Claim.

LEADER
That's a misunderstanding, perverse and mischievous!

NOVICE
Part of the industry.

LEADER
No no no! That's the thinking that'll sink yuh! Repeat!

ALL
That's the thinking that'll sink yuh!

LEADER
Premium! That's the word! That's the magic. That's everything.
There's nothing else! Premium!

ALL
Premium! There's nothing else!

NOVICE
So why bother getting insurance?

LEADER
Why for protection! Grownups will buy it, and I'll train you to be
a grownup to administer it. Then, everybody’ll understand the world!

NOVICE
The world is shit!

LEADER
Bingo!

Labels: claim, insurance, premium

Tuesday, August 26, 2008

More On Housing

It's a hard-scrabbling old life,
man! Proceeding from condo
to condo in fuckin Phoenix,

a furnace! (But it's
a dry heave.)

Labels: election, housing

Wednesday, August 27, 2008

Key Primary, Brevard County Florida

Few Democrats on ballot,
& Opposition spews on

who's the true Republican
scoundrel.

Labels: Brevard, Republican

Thursday, August 28, 2008

Rocco and the Smalltime Lawyer

-Wills, partnerships. I stay small to stay honest.

-Too bad. I was hoping you'd prosecute Bush and Cheney.

-That won't happen.

-You mean they haven't committed crimes?

-I believe I could prove they have, but the Joker is that Democrats were complicit. Like the Fascist French generals who surrendered prematurely.

-Yeah, but Dems small time. Worst they could get is community service. Brush out a few toilets.

-Not if I was on the case. I'd insist on jail time.

-You want both parties in prison?

-A start.

Rocco is all ears and not a little mouth in South Philadelphia.

Friday, August 29, 2008

Elevated Political Discussion

-Dems acclaim Big-O!

-How egalitarian!

-Repubs ready for Old John! He got the experience!

-Lived in various mansions.

-Ahhhh! What's the difference? I mean between the two. I lean to oldster.

-Democrats are tax and spend. Republicans, borrow and spend.
They got two wars on Chinese Master Card right now.

-Well, they say money will pour into government in boom times,
cuz people doing so well. That'll pay everything off!

-Those are regular shoes you got on, yes? Not ruby red slippers?

-Well, theoretically it could work...?

-Well go ahead anyway. Jump up and click those Nike Airs together.

-You're a bitter one, no?

-You'll eventually pass my station. I can tell by the enthusiasm. Hey!
At least Dems try. The other guys just steal and lie.

-But in the long run it's the truth what they claim! Or could be.
What do you say to that?

-I'm overwhelmed. Such a debater! Meet me in the long run and we'll babble on together about the wondrousness of it all. A Golden Age!

-Reagan's Shining City on the Hill! Why not?

-And this time shines can join in!

Labels: McCain, Obama

Saturday, August 30, 2008

Females

-I love him for his pain.

-Which? One he has or one he brings?

-Yes.

Labels: female, male, relationships

Sunday, August 31, 2008

Timid Children Fear Clowns

Their parents
regulate.

Kids from 3-
Ring chaos
love them.

Monday, September 01, 2008

Split Screen Terror!

GOP doesn't want
Hurricane Gustav
on 1 side. Say blacks

pushing Grandma in
plastic tub through
the flood, while

a quartet of pink straw-boaters
from Des Moines harmonizes
over prosperity--happying up, too,

the usual bottom-feeding war message
re pussy Democrats. & although

the mission could certainly be outsourced,
a Paddle-Wheeler stocked with stale Little
Debbies could take many partygoers

down the Mississippi to
New Orleans! (Working Whores
should be loaded first, quietly,

to patriotically service
The Family Values Gang enroute.)

Labels: Family Values, GOP, Gustav

Tuesday, September 02, 2008

In Fear of Another Katrina, Republican Substitute Prayer For Some Activities at Convention (This, as Dr Pangloss informed Candide, is not a new thing.)

-Hey Mister. Could you spare a little? I'm starving!

-It is MY chicken pot pie. Gain employ and you'll be able to afford one, my man!

-I'll lick the pan after!

-Well yes! And where will that lead? To asking for a whole one? Or stealing?
Oh no! Give a man a chicken pot pie and he'll fill up. But teach him to raise chickens and make pot pies and you...!

-That little black-y part there on the very edge of the crust?

-I'll pray for you.

Labels: hypocrisy, Republican

Wednesday, September 03, 2008

Salty Irish

Teen pregnancy in news,
a prominent young woman.

She'll marry. In my family,
Aunt Ilene, matriarch,
very strongly advised

in such. The girl presented
her case, describing fellow.
Ilene usually counseled

against marriage, sensing
a loser wouldn't improve
with age. One girl protested

BUT I LOVE HIM! Her reply:
"Love, My Dear, goes up a pig's ass!"

Labels: love, pregnancy, Republican

Thursday, September 04, 2008

Snapshots From GOP Convention

Motto: Fascism! Bring it in!

MCCAIN
White-on-white. (“Makeup!”)

PALIN
Chroming up
the leaking truck.

THOMPSON
Ham 'n...
ham.

LIEBERMAN
Who licks
can bite.

THE WIVES
We're wives.

BUSH & CHENEY (lurking presences)
Gravitas of those
who've murdered,
tortured. (Hey! just ragtops.
Like spicks in sheets.)

MANY
Where are the hookers?
They almost went home,
what with Gustav.

REGISTERED NURSE
I know why I’m here, and it’s
not to give uppers to these snips!
And those millionaire doctor delegates
didn’t specialize in Gerontology.
I did!

SARAH the FASCISTIC HORROR
So I lie! It’s what we do. Mess with me
and you get what they got in Alaska!
Don’t I look sweet, though? Meet me
at the book burning. We’ll throw a
couple of faggots on the fire. Wood, I mean.
Little Republican joke.

JOHN, FINALLY
Feel the love! as I scorn the pussies
and get revenge on the Bushes.

Friday, September 05, 2008

Newsroom

EDITOR
Gotta be more on this vicious Palin broad. Or they wouldn't threaten us and ice us out. Get up to Anchorage!

REPORTER
Hey! They shoot people up there and no one gives a fuck! It's Texas with reindeer!

EDITOR
Well if you're shot, we'll send another reporter.

REPORTER
You’re all heart!

EDITOR
So much so that I'm thinking of registering Republican. It's the party of wondrous symbols! And unbridled robbery.

REPORTER
Yeah they never get enough credit for the latter.

EDITOR
And find out if those family values frauds have a prayer before fucking. And how many they’ve worn out.

REPORTER
Now you’re teasing!

EDITOR
You still here?

Labels: Family Values, media, Palin

Saturday, September 06, 2008

The Commercial

-He's a French knight, or something, in France.

-I don't give a fuck if he's a French whore in New Jersey, get me the bald little fat guy back!

-Rotund Roy? Isn't he a tad obvious?

-Look! Product is ginger ale. Frenchy sniffs and is vastly superior. Roy stares with all the love he can muster. That ginger ale, to him, is the golden piss of gods!

-Well, we're egalitarian! In commercials.

-The only fuckin place then.

Sunday, September 07, 2008

Sorry Girls

But the glamor-puss
ginning up color &
reporting knowledge

on the sideline--well,
nobody hushes the room
to hear. Yet the walrus

pulsing with rum blossoms
& probably reeking
of Jack Daniels &

piss? God help him, & you, & all,
he might have something to say
about, would you believe, football?

Labels: football, sideline comment

Monday, September 08, 2008

At the Oil Museum

-What’s that? Marble cube, gold door. Looks like where priest keeps Host.

GUIDE
It contains the first gouging lie told by an oil executive.

-Good! If the children aren’t reminded of history, they’ll forget it.

GUIDE
We’ll let them have it all right!

Labels: gouging, oil, supply-demand fiction

Tuesday, September 09, 2008

Spot History of Campaigns

Tippacanoe and Tyler too!

An innocence.

Chicken In Every Pot.

In fat prosperity, who’ll starve?

Man On the Wedding Cake

Shorthand cruelty of image.

(And today?)

Engines of spew spew spew!

Labels: Brand, campaigns, slogan

Wednesday, September 10, 2008

C'mon Leave Pigs Alone!

Especially no lipstick!
They're already vastly
smarter than cats & dogs.

& most Republicans.

Labels: lipstick, pig

Thursday, September 11, 2008

The Christian Forgiveness Gig

Strayed child and boyfriend white-wrapped
in Grandpa’s forgiveness image. Silent mo-
ment on tarmac. Give us pictures

and you can keep words: usual GOP
lollipop for suckers. Oh well, whatever
break we can cut children,

of course. Those tiny Afghan babies
dead on a quilt? Why, let's go right
ahead and forgive them also.

Labels: Afghan babies, Christian, forgiveness, McCain, Palin

Friday, September 12, 2008

To Obama

Fight & fight
back, of course!

Might as well
stop short, though.

Never can out-vicious
Republicans. Their DNA.

Saturday, September 13, 2008

Divorce, Celestial

-Yeah she's going all right!

-Giant escalator into the rapturous sky!

-Something like that.

-And you?

-No chance!

-Pretty awful!

-Only if she takes the remote.

Labels: rapture, religion, television

Sunday, September 14, 2008

Rocco and Hate Everything Fred

ROCCO
Well, Happy Fred! How's the election going to your jaundiced eye? How 'bout Obama-Biden?

HATE EVERYTHING FRED
Boy Scout and Babbler!

ROCCO
McCain and Palin?

FRED
Coot and Cunt.

ROCCO
Who would you have be president, o Hate Everything?

FRED
Ron Paul!

ROCCO
The seeming opposite of your crabby liberal sentiments!
At least that's what I get from all the spew over the years.

FRED
Constitution not a joke book to him.

ROCCO
And VP?

FRED
Joe Hill.

ROCCO
Joe Hill! He's been dead forever! You hafta at least pretend to be alive.

HATE EVERYTHING FRED
Nobody dies who Fascism kills. Utah put five bullets in

his left side. That's the wit of Fascism.
That kind of wit is very alive today in this despicable country!

ROCCO
But left-body is also where the heart is, no?

FRED
You got that right!

ROCCO
Does Hitler live, Fred?

FRED
In America yeah. But he’s dead in Germany.

ROCCO
You wouldn’t overstate now, would you?

FRED
Why do you think we brought all those German scientists here after the war? We knew they’d be right at home!

Labels: Democrat, election, Fascism, Joe Hill, Republican

Tuesday, September 16, 2008

Apology

Massive financial structures
toppling! Taking the pipe.

I'm sorry. All my fault.
The whining.

Labels: depression, financial

Wednesday, September 17, 2008

One Side of Debate On Economy

Well the million buck shack on the mountain is out. What with the government taking over and Senators threatening our bonuses, this family tightens the belt on vacations!

Okay okay. Little one we saw for seven-fifty? Call the realtor up there.

You wonder what the poor people are doing? Don’t make such jokes. Plenty of people like us have been ruined in the past, and some even jumped outa windows!

Yeah that was before bailouts! Hey! Temporary fix. We’ll get going again and even stronger!

No, not fucking the people! And I thought it was cute when you protested everything in college.

Labels: bailout

Thursday, September 18, 2008

The Procession

-I heard you before you got here. We take the profits, you get the losses.

-Our mantra. We have bankers, brokers, insurance dudes. And your government, John Q, in its infinite wisdom and in loving memory of our generous bribes, has bailed us all out.

-And now you're celebrating. In togas, yet. Wrong look for fat, pink shoulders. Except the women swarming around. They sure look wild. Some frenzy!

-They're a part of a serious, religious, ritual. Our Dionysian explosion of gratefulness. Prodigious Screwing comes later. All for the right reasons.

-And the wine, phew! Everywhere. Perhaps you could spare...?

-Not a chance! Not your end of things. We don't flick any fuckin flagons to finks.

-No harm in asking.

-Ah that’s where you’re wrong. Great harm! Know your place!

-Wow! Three guys carrying an immense dick!

-Vulgarity entirely inappropriate! It is a sacramental object!

-What will you do with it?

-Stick around.

Labels: bailout, dionysian, rewarding criminals, screwing John Q

Friday, September 19, 2008

Memo--Top Eyes Only

Senators making political noises over executive salaries and bonuses of firms bailed out or taken over. Severance packages of those execs dismissed also under fire.

Our policy is not to interfere with personnel matters.

May I remind you that the anti-regulatory posture of this agency has served the country well before these recent blips?

Seminars prepping officers for TV interviews and Congressional testimony begin tomorrow!

Saturday, September 20, 2008

The Usual Sedition

-I'm bypassing bonus committee and declaring double last year’s amounts. Alleviate morale problem before government takeover.

-But! If it gets out...

-I'll be out before that.

-CEO ever been lynched?

-Nah! That'd be for just deserts. I'm talking unjust deserts.

-Chief, your wit shines through the shit-storm!

Labels: bailout, bailout sedition, bonuses, CEO

Sunday, September 21, 2008

Modern American Family

HUSBAND
Great lasagna, Mom!

WIFE
Just threw it in microwave.

DAUGHTER
But with loving hands!

SON
Mom puts loving hands on the whole world!

TWINS
She's our bestest Mom of all time!

HUSBAND
Never forget it!

WIFE
Oh Yeah? Well fuck all of you!

Labels: modern family

Monday, September 22, 2008

Dialog In a Pretending Democracy

John Q
Let me get this straight--and you've complicated things so as to make that nearly impossible–-we're to buy the toxic debt that you accumulated though greed and stupidity?

MEGA BANKER
That's about it. The former imperative, that is, not the naive editorial.

John Q
Sounds like yet another nudge-and-wink time to me. We'll get screwed on price and everybody'll pretend we're stealing the crap. Man! Attention Bribe Central! Red Alert!

MEGA BANKER
O ye of little Capital faith!

John Q
And where's the reciprocity? What do we get in exchange for bailing you out?

MEGA BANKER
What part of Go Fuck Yourself don't you understand?

Labels: "democracy, bailout, ripoff, socialism for rich

Tuesday, September 23, 2008

Helping the Committee

CEO
Though they don't know it yet, the Bonus Committee met at my house last night and okayed doubling last year's individual totals. Handle it! Except for the two newer VPs. Give them mil each. I thought this decision should be made prior to the Government takeover. Relieve them of it--a favor.

ASSISTANT
So the virtual committee strolled up that lovely walk flanked by hostas.

CEO
By what?

ASSISTANT
Hostas, a flower.

CEO
I don't know one fuckin one from the other. We hire a spick.

Labels: bailout, executive bonus, Wall Street

Wednesday, September 24, 2008

The Mega-Maximum Screwing of John Q -- a kind of Psychodrama

Cast

John Q -- The Patsy

Wall Street -- The Criminal

Government -- The Enabler

Setting

Any Disgusting Place
...

Background Music, Kazoo, Sounds a Little Goofus to Me

JOHN Q (Entering, skinny and harried)

Something brutal has barged up my rectum!

Cut music

Lights come up to reveal two enormously bloated, florid twins.

WALL STREET
Stop whining!

GOVERNMENT
(To Wall Street) I'll second that! And am I gonna show you a few new tricks! For one thing, give you his money in order for both of us to fuck him blind! Well, blinder.

JOHN Q
I can't see!

GOVERNMENT

That’s the idea.

WALL STREET
This is actually hilarious!

GOVERNMENT
Be careful! There's moral hazard in laughing at the lower orders.

JOHN Q
Can’t anyone help?

WALL STREET
Always with his hand out!

GOVERNMENT (to John Q)
Hey! It’s a democracy. Nobody preventing you from forming
a constituency with all the other losers!

WALL STREET
And Man do we love losers!

GOVERNMENT
Well, anyhow, after all the falderal and bailouts, o wondrous Money God, have you learned anything?

WALL STREET
Next time, steal more.

Music up full. Stars and Stripes Forever

Labels: bailout, screwing John Q, Wall Street Thieves

Thursday, September 25, 2008

Prospect

-Nobody’ll buy this vile shit. It’s too toxic! There are no more suckers left! Period!

-Looks like Uncle Sam will.

-Yeah, the hick from the sticks.

Labels: bailout, toxic, Uncle Sam

Friday, September 26, 2008

Rocco and the Wharton Professor

ROCCO
Well well! Mrs Onofrio's little boy, now teaching at Wharton School of Gouging Capitalism, University of Pennsylvania. So, DR! Onofrio, how’s the latest government bailout of the fiercely independent private sector going?

DR O
I’ve screamed about these excesses for five years!

ROCCO
What do you teach at Right-Wing Wharton anyway?

DR O
Economics.

ROCCO
What is that, exactly?

DR O
Nobody knows. It’s in Discovery.

ROCCO
So? Tell me, is this new government ownership of private companies Socialism or Communism?

DR O
Who the fuck cares!

ROCCO
Wouldn't want your department chairman hear that, would you?

DR O
Okay Rocco, so I'm a fuckin hypocrite. It's a big club.

ROCCO
The biggest. And don’t despair that nobody listens to you. First fuckin grownup lesson.

Strivers leave Rocco’s South Philadelphia, but they always return–
most often for Mama’s food.

Labels: bailout, bailout Communism.Governent takeover Socialism, Government takeover Communism, socialism

Saturday, September 27, 2008

Ichabod and the Steaming Kettle

Look! This is the last glass of water for both of you! Now get to sleep. Why haven't you...? It's hours since bedtime!

You didn't tell us a story cuz you hadda watch the stinky debate-y thing~!

The stinky debatey thing indeed!

Tell us a story now, Daddy.

Tell us a story 'bout the stinky debate-y thing!

Okay, but a short one. Let's call it...

Labels: anger, debate

Sunday, September 28, 2008

Pointed Time What'll we do with the young? Not a thing.
They'll take care of us. Prior to a neighborhood softball game,
the young guys vs the old, I stood, as always with the young,

They shove me to the other side.

...seeing the dust cloud now...

Choking Acid of it.

They laugh still. Still.

Game long, twilight quiets the
flaming girders above the factory.

Labels: old, young

Monday, September 29, 2008

John Q and The Mega-Mega Banker

JQ
One eighty bil, huh? Isn't that the age of the earth or something?

MMB
I don't know and I don't care.

JQ
Just deliver the bailout cash, hey? And what do we get
in exchange?

MMB
My ancestors would give you a thrashing for insolence!

JQ
And you're always trying the bring back the good ole days, right?
When you're not thrusting the begging cup?

MMB
You're too ignorant to understand.

JQ
I understand that it's a culture war and you're winning--
even when whining and begging.

MMB
And there's not a fuckin thing you...!

JQ
Laser guillotine. Now there's an idea.

Labels: bailout, bailout culture war, culture war

Tuesday, September 30, 2008

Grassroots

WOMAN'S VOICE
What's on about the bailout? It flopped, right?

MAN (watching TV)
The governed wouldn't consent to bankers sticking it up their ass
and getting the gift of seven hundred billion to break it off even further in.

WV
I'm not gonna fold these underpants. They're disintegrating! Into the trash!

MAN
When it's my turn to fold, your panties are inviolate.

WV
Is that McCain? I can hear his voice.

MAN
Some nasty little prick looks like he's been dipped in Clorox.
Oooops, there's the other fellow, the one with a brain.
I like his color--coffee with a dash of cream.

WV
He picked that woman to jazz things up, McCain did.

MAN
She could do the same at a funeral home. Eureka! Here's an ad for her.

WV
What's it say?

MAN
That she's not really stupid.

WV
Is Biden that smart?

MAN
He speak encyclopedia articles, in number of words anyway. And just edged Mickey

Mouse in the polls.

WV
How's she doing?

MAN
Still dumb.

WV
No I mean in the polls.

MAN
Have you heard of the concept of Absolute Zero?

WV
Aren't you just saying that cuz she's a woman?

MAN
That much shit for brains transcends sex.

Labels: bailout, Biden, McCain, Obama, Palin

Wednesday, October 01, 2008

Protoplasm and the Curmudgeon

PROTOPLASM
Well, there’s a lot of blame to go around.

CURMUDGEON
Don’t give me that watery milk! The blame is on Wall Street Pirates and the legislators and regulators they bribed!

PROTOPLASM
Well, we’ve got to do something.

CURMUDGEON
Yeah, empty out the jails and herd the whole thieving gang into ‘em!

Labels: bailout, Wall Street Pirates

Thursday, October 02, 2008

Bailout Party !!!!!!!!!!!!

When: Fri Oct 10, 3 hrs prior to “Last” Train to Greenwich.

Where: The Usual Place

Senate has spoken, and House goes along this time!

Wow!

Don't miss the chorus of young brokers singing

We can't live on half a million.
So we're gonna join a union!

Rush to what our
Bigger Clients crushed!

HAIRY LEGS DISPLAYED !

The older fellows will dance a bonus ballet
wherein the necessary blocks of moolah
will be lifted from Uncle Sam's pocket
while he, of course, snoozes.

Tiffany working on party favor of
gold buckets inscribed to John Q who is

more stupid than we could have dreamed!

The evening will close with a solo by one
we all recognize singing:

I fucked everybody
and instead of jail
they're showering
greenbacks on moi.

Hail to the greatest country

imaginable! Where pirates
like me can stick it so far up,
the nation's eyes water!

Be there or Be Square! Join the tribute to our fellow citizens!

Labels: bailout, bailout party, Wall Street Pirates

Friday, October 03, 2008

Bailout–the Future

-You’re The Man! I've never known Government
to make such an astute move! Congratulations!

-What can I do for you?

-Well, we can't really plan around here until we know
where we stand. Uh…what our number is on the list?

-Top secret, Amigo. Can't...

-For old time's sake. We’re sinking! Lotta people that you know
will be turning their keys back to the car dealer!

-Well...from the side of my eye I do see a number. 68.

-We're doomed! Holy shit! Can you do anything?
Any fuckin thing? We’ll be wiped out before then.

-We're in a mess here! New office, desks, computers,
crap everywhere!

-You…gotta work when you leave there. That has to be
foremost in your mind. I hope you don't mind my
pointing that out?

-Not at all. Just a home truth. Ooops, now the list has
fluttered to the cluttered floor. I’m a poet. Hey! When I pick it up,
number has become 4. How about that? Must be force-field
down there or something.

-God, Science is wonderful!

Saturday, October 04, 2008

Haste Makes Plenty

We act today! Same bonus scale as last year if you're agreeable. Reason for this hasty meeting: Bailout will pass House and prez signs tomorrow.

So, we’re Free Market today, sorta on Uncle’s dime tomorrow.

I'd like an additional 2-mil gift to our lobbyist, who really suckered...that is skillfully persuaded, vital congressmen.

Labels: bailout, bonuses

Sunday, October 05, 2008

Forum

As lower
case intellect-
ual, been to

these parties.
Energetic talk
& you go

home charged.
This time, though,
Architecture.

Labels: Architecture

Monday, October 06, 2008

Lefty and the Banker

-So we're bailing you out? Lion of the Free Market!

-Lotta blame to go ’round.

-Do you believe that?

-No, I usually say what I don't believe.

-Are you adjusting your banker's lifestyle upward again?

-Vacation to Paris is back on.

-Your wife'll be glad.

-Her? She stays home. Depressed. Stares out window like character in a dusty novel. And Ham-and-Egger psychiatrist on cheap-o health plan can't help.

-I'm sorry. You'll be lonely in France.

-Not if I get the same Indonesian woman.

-So we’re to pay for your whores too?

-I'm not ungrateful. Listen! This woman has art even a Lefty'd relish. She's bi...

-That too?

-...partisan I mean.

Labels: bailout whores

Tuesday, October 07, 2008

Safety (2 pts in Football)

Not debates,
deals. For-

mat tweaked so
A looks good
& B also.

Wednesday, October 08, 2008

Needle's Cousin, Priest From Oakland

ROCCO
So is Needle dudeing up some ecclesiastical duds for you?

PRIEST
I'm activist, Rocco. Right now getting heating fuel to Oldsters. Warmup jacket and jeans my vestments.

ROCCO
Activist, hey? And in Socialist Oakland? You're danger to the Free World for sure.

PRIEST
No theory, Rocco. The practical, real, gritty. That's my Earthly Paradise.

ROCCO
It's not for me! I'd rather go to that St Regis Paradise the IGA bankers frolicked at on Treasury's bailout money.

PRIEST
Did Uncle Sam pay for the whores they ran through there?

ROCCO
Father! You were in seminary too long. Uncle IS the whore!

PRIEST
Uh uh. Let's apply the Jesuit razor of logic to this: The whore doesn't pay the John!

ROCCO
Oh?

Rocco views the world from S Philadelphia

Labels: bailout, St Regis, Uncle Sam Whore

Thursday, October 09, 2008

Saying What’s Been Said

And that day
on the Net.

Next day, 100K
hits. Why

bother? Thousands
do as well. Think, though,

you of more fiery core?
Movement thrusting
from your words?

Yes and no. Thousands
care, though,

and don’t,
instantly,
same ones.

Same.

Labels: net

Friday, October 10, 2008

POLITICIAN X WARNED WALL STREET REPEATEDLY!

Example:

Listen, you guys should perhaps take it just a little little easier.
Things maybe could begin to get a bit crazy.

Thanks for the contribution.

Labels: Politicians in Wall Street Pocket, Wall Street, Wall Street Thieves

Saturday, October 11, 2008

Ego Subsumes

Its fuel others,their
notions. Never
measuring up.

Labels: ego

Sunday, October 12, 2008

Hitting Walgreens

for makeup fix,2
bound to wedding,

swirls of air-
y fabrics ‘n
perfumes.

Didn't see shoes
but just know how

estimable they must be.

Labels: wedding

Monday, October 13, 2008

Prayer

Banker sits at desk, denying building on fire.
Door flings open to reveal interior of giant
prophylactic, spangled Uncle Sam with fireman's hat.

-Get in here! balky banker. You're rescued!

-I'll join you, but further communication must be
through my lawyers.

Conversation in "tunnel"

-Not here to arrest but to help, o paranoid one.
Go ahead and order the new granite countertops for
your vacation palace.

-I'd have to see the bailout details. And I've been
reading vindictiveness against my class!

-That's the liberal press. They want justice, of all things.

-Well, last thing I want!

-Stop worrying. I promise that your nervous gas'll begin smelling
like roses pretty soon!

-I'm worrying!

-Hasn't Uncle always taken care of you? And has he always helped
you fuck the suckers?

-Amen.

Labels: bailout, banking

Tuesday, October 14, 2008

Drinks At The Club–2 Bankers

-Government buying toxic mortgages, investing in banks.

-Here's to Socialism!

-To sarcasm, more like. Look! ’ll turn back from public to private when the ship gets righted.

-I hope not! That's just prose. This is pure poetry!

-Too ironic for that.

-I’ll grant that, too. Frosting on the cake. John Q getting fucked again, even after the dizzy mortgages we slicked him with.

-Oh well! What’s he there for? I mean, why candy it over?

-The tragedy of the consumer…keeping with our literary theme.

-If tragedy can be applied to such mental midgets.

-Bottoms up! The mental midgets are paying for the drinks.

-Poetic Justice! I’ll take the last lit-ree word. How very silly is Literature anyway!

Labels: bailout, bankers, fucking John Q

Wednesday, October 15, 2008

All You Presently Need To Know About Modern Wall St

Take a Vegas Craps table.
Project thereupon
a spreadsheet.

Put grinners along the rim,
playing with House’s
money.

Labels: Vegas, Wall Street, Wall Street Casino

Thursday, October 16, 2008

British Tourists Check In, Cocoa Beach, FL

-Is that debate? For president?

-Yes, clerk says.

-No sound?

-They never have, on the lobby set. “If folks like it, they can go back to room.”

-They’re like to do that anyway, no?

-The black one looks calm. Oooo I’d be a wreck! Bright as a whip they say.

-White one mad.

-In all senses, looks to me.

-I don’t know any equivalent to him at home.

-‘Tis a bit like taking old Uncle on miserable holiday, him making faces at everyone on the train.

-It’s fun but I best look after me handbag. Two times I almost left it.

-We’ll survive, and America too.

Labels: British view debate, presidential debate

Friday, October 17, 2008

Joe the Plumber Dude, Dud?

Right down to his Spud
Wrench? So what, or who,

lacks flaw? From me to Joe--
Hamlet midst toilets & coil-
ing media--to obvious

plant on my TV?

Labels: joe plumber, plant

Saturday, October 18, 2008

(I try to jettison politics on weekends, unless something egregious happens. Well, despite
something egregious happening, really.)

```
                          Dentist
He accounts decay by morning light,
I phrase colors of the corrugated
     shed three stories down,
       changing the language
     as light changes and when
      it stops, the words must
               advance in order
  to save us. We say too much
and yet at a still point are graced.
Now he tells his speech again--no use
  to talk to me. But, then, I listen
      since we are all of us forgiven.
```

Labels: dentist

Sunday, October 19, 2008

Tribute to the Movies

When mutants fight
how can any end
be right?

Monday, October 20, 2008

Homies Discuss Keating 5

-Was it roundball?

-They drove to the hoop like it be gold!

-How good?

-So good some sponsors went to jail.

-How ‘bout McCain? He little. Point guard or what?

-Distributed, and did all right for himself too.

-Outside shot?

-Better inside, sharp elbows.

-Fast?

-Like white slime!

Labels: basketball, Keating Five, McCain

Tuesday, October 21, 2008

The Banker, Recently Rejuvenated

-Well, Mr Big Time Banker! Haven't had the chance to chat since the huge government bailout. How do you feel about it?

-Like I'm in Vegas playing on House Money, a whore at each elbow.

-But you don't sense the folks who are furious over Capitalism, the obscene pay packages and golden parachutes. And now this payout for incompetence and greed!

-Blips.

-What would it take to wake you up.

-I could turn that question back on you and your impotent ilk.

-The guillotine worked in another feverishly corrupt period.

-I'll worry about it when the time comes.

Labels: bailout, capitalistic corruption

Wednesday, October 22, 2008

Q&A--Banking Bailout By Federal Government

Q How do you explain a quarter of taxpayer money going to dividends for bank shareholders and executives holding shares?

A Have you heard of the expression fucking thieves?

Labels: bank shareholders, Q and A Bailout

Thursday, October 23, 2008

Two Opening Statements

I'm a Libertarian Republican. Businesses should be allowed to fail, regardless of size. That's the Free Market!
The President professes Free Market and then showers untold billions on failed banks.

I'm a Fair Market Democrat. The President is entirely consistent with the deeper Republican philosophy: Reward Larceny.

Labels: Free Market, Libertarian Republican

Friday, October 24, 2008

Anti-Prayer of the Foreclosed

Coy bank scammed me
w/American Dream
& now I'm upside-

down. Smoother to
shove their barb
further in, less

gravity. Foreclosure
looms & life's a mess.

The very time
to get me for
all who wish.

Paranoid? Only if
vile truth is.

Labels: American Dream, Foreclosure

Saturday, October 25, 2008

```
The Long Hello*
  Well then,
 how y'doin?
   Still
 the same?
   Me?
```

*Stare into an abyss, and it
stares back. –Nietzsche (freely)

Sunday, October 26, 2008

TR wanted to be

the bride at every wedding,
corpse at every funeral.*

Achieved his portion of
the latter @ 60, embolism,
after using, say, ten

lives or so & driving
a son to nervous collapse.

If there's a God, he
doesn't check résumés.

*Alice Longworth Roosevelt

Monday, October 27, 2008

The Business of Business

-Let’s be professional about this. Take your clothes off.

-There must be SOMEthing…I always paid on time before. Lost my job and can’t get another.

-We don’t listen to all the sad songs. We’d never get anything done.

-But, I can keep my underwear?

-Receipts show you charged underwear too.

-So humiliating!

-We’re professionals. We don’t notice. Now with women, we’d hafta have policewoman along. We don’t need to with you cuz you’re a man…though not much of one.

Labels: business, depression, recession, repossession

Tuesday, October 28, 2008

150K for Candidate Sarah’s Clothes etc.

Click on Avatar of Lady
Astor’s Pet Horse.

Many women relish thus
to trot. Others go to dryer

digs for science, or slosh
through swamps, no? World
being wide enough for

Frou-Frou Girls and sisters
not remotely so.

Wednesday, October 29, 2008

To a Republican

Even if you
mean what you say
and believe the ideas

the fix is always in,
so you never get the chance
to see if those ideas could succeed.

And you worship the fixers. So very sad!

Labels: political fixers, Republican, Republican Fixers

Thursday, October 30, 2008

Rocco & Super Fair Jerry

SF JERRY
Okay then. 150 thousand for clothes. That's the accounting from Sarah Palin's campaign. A fact.

ROCCO
How do you know they weren't stolen? Or strongarmed from these stores with threats?

SF JERRY
I go by the newspaper account, which is based on reading of the published finances. I never judge and I certainly don't speculate, Left or Right.

ROCCO
Don't you think a Hockey Mom'd go to Sears or Pennys?

SF JERRY
I don't know much about women. I had three sisters and a mother and I'm still in a daze.

ROCCO
About everything!

SF JERRY
Sticks and stones...

ROCCO
That's where you're wrong. Just look at McNasty's campaign. Dr Goebbels but with a whiter, puffier face. Words intended to hurt very often hurt.

SF JERRY
Not me. Besides, you're partisan. I'm not.

ROCCO
You're a useless weight on the earth. Fart in a windstorm. To mix my metaphors.

SF JERRY
Insult for rhetorical advantage. Won't work with me. And I consciously avoid metaphors and all colorful language.

ROCCO
Nothing works! If Marilyn Monroe were alive I'd like her
to rub her cunt in your face!

SF JERRY
And I'd say "Young woman! Cease and desist! Perhaps a psychiatrist could fathom why you would thrust yourself forth so."

ROCCO
You bit that bait. Speculation never being your bag.

SF JERRY
I erred. Let's stick to the present and be equitable
to all parties. Now and forever.

ROCCO
That's why you're called Super Fair Jerry! Fanfare with kazoos, please.

SF JERRY
A good man, I hope.

ROCCO
Yeah, drain a body of blood and that's what you get!

Rocco contends in S Philadelphia, hotbed of politics and other sports.

Friday, October 31, 2008

Cargo Cult of Capitalism

They promised to return with all the wonderful goods we couldn’t get on the island.

We waited and waited and the children grew up and left to work in horrible factories.

Finally, complained to the sons and daughters of those who promised.

They took mercy, we thought. Tramp Ship stopped by.

When we opened our crate it was shit.

Note said: Suckers flow through the generations.

Saturday, November 01, 2008

Revenging Farce

Insist, again, on righteousness,
eyes fastening. Next time, cowards
laugh, trusting there’s an end of it. Bide

your hallowed space & then: eviscerate mid-
dance—it’s your bounden duty. In melee,

other dancers pitch and fall, thus, collateral
benefits of lust.

History repeats itself: first as tragedy, then as farce. –Marx, others

Labels: political dance, political farce

Sunday, November 02, 2008

Two Old Republicans

-Yeah we hitched our wagon to a crazy prick.

-He's babbling on terrorism, race, Socialism, and getting us nowhere.

-Well he wasn't the brightest apple at the Naval Academy and got dumber with time.

-We're still with him, though, right?

-Stick a fork in him.

-What now?

-Well it's important for me personally that I disavow the racial hatred.

-I agree. Just not Republican!

-Of course! I'm sending a truckload of watermelons to Obama HQ when he wins.

-Well make sure someone gets video. All their slobbering lips over those watermelons will help us in next Congressionals.

-Don't they beats their feets on the mud too? I remember that from a song.

-Stick some gin in those melons and they beats their feets and flashes their hugely-white bulging eyes.

-Leftys'd criticize, but we're just citing facts.

-Yeah, footsnotes.

-You're hilarious. Not that we've lost, I'm getting the chance to see how funny you are.

-You've gotta laugh. Nigs and the ladies. Watch 'em both awhile and shake with laughter, till tears run down your chubby cheeks!

Labels: Republican Racism, Republican Sexism

Monday, November 03, 2008

Parties Argue Treason

-We’re goin in! Probably in a landslide.
And you know where that leaves you pricks?

-Out. Simple enough.

-No, on trial.

-I'm trembling. Not! You're complicit in everything
we did. Only difference is we had guts.

-We'll see about it. And all your “legal” theories.

-Yeah we will. There was enough treason to go around,
wasn't there? It just spread over the whole land.
We just made it pay big bucks!

-Waterboarding! America as torturer. Lying us to war! The moral disgrace of it!
Can you imagine the party of Lincoln and Eisenhower...?

-Let's just say we have more of an imagination than you.
And certainly more than Abe and Ike.

Labels: election, treason, war crimes

Tuesday, November 04, 2008

Rocco and Possible Republican, Jinky-Joe

ROCCO
Funny moment on Saturday Night Live. Fake Sarah passed somewhat genuine one.

JINKY-JOE
How'd the real one do on the show?

ROCCO
Like one totally tight-assed broad.

JINKY-JOE
No surprise. Not her turf. I testified once and was a wreck. Courthouse not my turf. Platform's her turf.

ROCCO
Yeah, riling up the morons.

JINKY-JOE
You think all Republicans morons?

ROCCO
Not the multitudinous thieves. They're clever. I don't know where that leaves a closet Republican like you.

JINKY-JOE
Not smart enough to steal.

ROCCO
Therefore a moron.

JINKY-JOE
Hey! I still could vote for the black terrorist Muslin.

ROCCO
No chance.

JINKY-JOE
Well I do lean to Simmering Mac. Hey old guys get up to

piss five times a night! Red phone rings, he's wide awake.

ROCCO
That stupid prick is liable to order the bombing of Alabama.

JINKY-JOE
No way! California maybe.

ROCCO
You ARE a moron like him.

JINKY-JOE
Well, I'm credentialed. Been married four times.

Rocco resides in the Southern portion of Philadelphia, a city Democratic by an astonishing margin,

Labels: Democrat, election, McCain, Obama, Republican, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Wednesday, November 05, 2008

Comparative Political Morality

-Some Democrats'd sell their mother for a quarter!

-And Republicans?

-Nickel.

Thursday, November 06, 2008

The Old-Fashioned Girl vs The Modern Woman

Subject: Hubby has awful cold

-You poor Honey-Bunny! Get right into your 'jammies and under the covers and I'll make you hot tea and lemon and honey! Warm my sweetie right up!

-Toughsky-shitsky! But work's required around this fuckin dump. Get a good sweat up and you'll feel better. If you get dizzy and fall over, I'll give you a loving kick.

Labels: Modern Woman, Old-Ffashioned Girl

Friday, November 07, 2008

Matter With Kansas

-So, what's the matter with your Kansas, hey? Again went Republican!

-That's us!

-Book says you go against your own interests.

-Don't need book. Just that we’d rather be fucked by Republicans than helped by Democrats.

Labels: Kansas, Matter with Kansans

Saturday, November 08, 2008

American Economy

Rich have everything.
Middle want everything.
Poor need everything.

Sunday, November 09, 2008

The breakdown of the star

shows chutzpah
can take you so far:

She can’t, simp-
ly, act, and

the nasty swish
of a drama coach
helped her

not.

Labels: actress, breakdown

Monday, November 10, 2008

Feel the Hate

So in TX, SC
other high
Beacons

75-90% of
white vote
to McCain.

Labels: white vote

Tuesday, November 11, 2008

Their Tony Bennett?

I left my heart in Chingai in Bajaur Province.
No ring there? Well, skip to another Classic.

Just a little bit south of North Waziristan
that’s where I yearn to be
to the girl I left there in South Waziristan…

Shit! I don’t know Pakistan. But maybe
there’s a Tin Pan Alley in Lahore,
French word, no?

Labels: Pakistan

Wednesday, November 12, 2008

"Collateral Damage" Sings

so bureaucratic-flat
when it’s babies
rendered air. How

about “Sideshow? Tru-
ly unfortunate goof,

Charge of Freedom,
(High Five!)

One of those things?”
(Hey! God’s Will covers all
bets.)

Labels: collateral damage

Thursday, November 13, 2008

Community of Endless Light

sponsored by GE.
No darkness anywhere.
Grandpa puts hood on head.

When Coordinators question,
Fuck you! Muffled, but
shameful nonetheless.

Labels: GE, light

Friday, November 14, 2008

It’s Not Cricket*

Where have all the good sports gone?
The ones who threw in the sponge
to enable a rich junior to win

at golf. The ones who laughed
at gooks joining air

in the artillery blast. The ones
who fucked millions on mortgages.
The ones who super heroically held the line

on tipping waiters. The snide accountants
who coined the term Collateral Damage.

*Afghans are still upset over Sunday's air strike, which killed dozens of innocent civilians at a wedding party. -Juan Cole

Labels: collateral damage

Saturday, November 15, 2008

No Geographical Cure

nor Paradise else-
where. Thus

be local-
y content.
Re Keith

Richards' Glad to be here.
Glad to be anywhere.

Labels: geographical cure, Keith Richards

Sunday, November 16, 2008

I took a great notion and a military pass

Bussed from Aberdeen to The Berbus
Music School in Baltimore. Kindly Mr.
Berbus show me a chord or 2, bemoaned I

had no practice piano. The Enlisted Men’s
club had one but I wouldn’t dare, though
I had sneaked there for breakfast.

(As basic trainees we were forbidden
to leave our area. I just placed
myself in the field between, moved

a few times like a chessman…
eventually digging into French Toast.)

Mr. Berbus had given me a paper keyboard.
I laid it atop my footlocker, practiced

for the first and last time, due
to the small crowd which gathered.

Labels: piano

Monday, November 17, 2008

Employment Market–Southland

I live in Florida,
import like most.

Many are criminals.
They like warmth
and sunshine too.

Some enter politics
and hone their skills,
thereby. Until they're

swept out in outrage,
much delayed. Then re-

enlist among the formidable
thieves in the private sector.

Labels: Florida, Florida criminals

Tuesday, November 18, 2008

Impeach Obama Sites Already Up

Generally, good to keep nuts busy.
But monomaniacal ones? Gnashing

of teeth while others suffer. Sorta
defines RNC talk radio too, no?

Labels: Impeach Obama sites

Wednesday, November 19, 2008

Rocco and the True Conservative

-Well, True Conservative! How does it feel to have your ass handed to you?

-That happened to the Republican Party. Not to us.

-Then you and your seven wingnuts are safe?

-We'll gather in the wilderness and build again.

-Invoking St Ronald the Reagan?

-Well, he was the closest to the ideal.

-How 'bout the departing bunch? For example, how do you feel 'bout No Child Left Behind, aka Endless Cash Again For GOP Buddies?

-I don't dispute this last. Government is tyranny, and can become a tyranny of thieves. Especially Big Government.

-Hey! At any rate, they want you in the tent! But just to screw, finally.

-We're aware.

-Just hold on to the racists and you'll do fine.

-Small government, low taxes, freedom! I don't see that having anything to do with racism.

-Oh?

Rocco attacks the Right in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Conservative

Thursday, November 20, 2008

A Dialog Leading to Paradise

-Wealthy should pay no taxes of any kind. Zero, nada, none! They are the Master Investor Class!

-Middle-classers combine to pay their betters' share?

-Of course, for they'll be rewarded many times over by riches trickling down. Only the stupid can't see this!

-Slow process. It's possible to be dead before your share drips in.

-All the better! Funeral expenses. Just a joke. Seriously, Republican platform always includes heaven.

-Nice to be covered.

Labels: trickle down

Friday, November 21, 2008

Trialogue

1 Well, the Senators are sharpening their lances.

2 Gotcha!

3 They wish!

1 My staff prepares me. No surprises from the self-appointed intellectuals.

2 Ditto.

3 Mine too. So far so good.

1 I guess it's time

2 to do our thing again

3 and take up

1 our defense.

2 Our OFFENSE you mean!

3 The White Man's Burden.

Labels: auto bailout

Saturday, November 22, 2008

The Couple

Spouse runs a bike
clinic for little
daughter in bank

parking lot of
a Sunday. All

goes well, though
rocky, until,

The Spill!

Then tissue rubbing,
& tears.

Back home with "Everything's
all right but we had mishap!"

Reaction? Depends on

UHI.*

Usual Hysterical Index

No posts till 12/1

Labels: bike lesson

Monday, December 01, 2008

Hustlers

-Where to job-pounce?

-Not for you as registered GOP.

-Pardon? That old thing?

-Oh, switched like me!

-Let's partner. Our own business.

-What's hot?

-Construction. Infrastructure has fallen apart.

-Well...we both know guys.

-Yup. Let's help them fuck the government.

-Just NOT that. We'll get bridges and roads.

-And rich!

Labels: lobbyist, political jobs

Tuesday, December 02, 2008

Not Fair to Say GOP Offered No Hope!

They sought to further laden
Rich Tables. With the HOPE

mid-class rabble could
cadge a few scraps.

& ambition!

Labels: GOP, Hope

Wednesday, December 03, 2008

Land of Fried & Whores of Brave

-How did the torture go?

-Great! I came.

Labels: torture

Thursday, December 04, 2008

Santa

-Okay. Don't respect me, but respect the uniform!

-Fuck you Santa! Junkie and boozer!

-Santa transcendent! He beats the odds!

-Oh yeah? Well, remembering yet another chapter:
I'm not about to let any kid of mine sit on your lap.

-Oh ye of little faith!

-Uh huh. Well, it's never been a problem. Quite the opposite.

-Well, fuck you squared! And all the way from the North Pole!
Up your smug ass from Donner and Blitzen! Plus the three
wise men for good measure!

-Stay with the secular. It forms a nation surrounded by swamps of
fools, knaves, and maniacs. Of myths and of The Church.

-Where’s the romance in you?

-Killed by aforementioned.

Labels: religion, Santa, secular

Friday, December 05, 2008

Sunshine Loot

Actual little houses midst barren fields. Spotted
among the Recreation Center, Pool, Churches,

golf courses, boutiques, ah! “Proposed” of
course. O Florida, hast thou changed from

sleazy yore of speculators’ bloated dreams,
ass falling out of their own seedy pants?

Labels: Developers, Florida

Saturday, December 06, 2008

Coach

-How do you feel about businessmen using football metaphors? We're at the line of scrimmage and need to find the other firm’s defensive weaknesses!

-It's stupid.

-How about coaches using real world metaphors? This team is climbing a mountain without rappelling ropes.

-What asshole said that?

-You.

-Oh well, inside-football is boring to everyone but coaches and players, so we spice it up.

-Can we quote you on any of this?

-Just this one: Fuck you!

Labels: football, football metaphors

Sunday, December 07, 2008

Repartee

-Why?

-WHY?

-You should say Why not? Or a variation.
Or even a total curve ball from another and
unexpected quarter.

-Why?

Labels: conversation

Monday, December 08, 2008

The Flower Committee
or All You Have to Understand about Politics

Sent funeral flowers.
People had to be begged
my first year onboard.

Last: "Reason for this meeting
is to block___for Flower Committee.”

Labels: politics

Tuesday, December 09, 2008

The Weak-Stream Boys Stop For Almond Joys

Proprietor as old. Crabby
at the use of the can.

Woods in rear remain
lonely, dank, and drear.

And they have much to fear,
but dribbling leagues to go
before decay’s buffet.

Labels: prostate

Wednesday, December 10, 2008

I got in touch with my feelings,
and all that crap. --Annie Hall

Nail crap after
a phase of it,

fervent, almost
religious. You,

fool, but so what?
Another social-psycho-
logical vehicle slides

to the curb, & ape-
shit into it. Now at last!
the marvel-

ous answer. How
skip it earlier?

Vile Idiots!

Labels: feelings

Thursday, December 11, 2008

Philly’s Mount Airy Elite

of a penetratingly chilly
morning, emptying from

mansions and gym-
sized apartments
in sleep wear.

Auto glass everywhere, glint-
ing weakly. Furious Murder

shouteth then ’pon the frost air.
If perp bumbled by with pet

crowbar, he'd be torn limb
from larceny! Bloody
pyjamas small price to pay.

Seeketh thee Better Angels?
None here in beautiful Mt Airy
of olden, Quaker Philadelphia.

Labels: crime, Philadelphia

Friday, December 12, 2008

At The Sheraton

We at Club Level wear
our ascendance lightly.

Athletic gear at breakfast
as an example. I ladle

scrambled eggs over
my scone, astounding

to the bourgeoisie...if
allowed to thus witness.

Labels: American Royalty

Saturday, December 13, 2008

Side Effect

-Our lawyer says they're full of shit.

-Well the warning was specific, though pill mostly placebo, really. Just a few bits of toxic shit.

-Well got her sure enough!

-Terrible. Did she actually turn...?

-Purple. Except her eyes, Yellow as can be and popping out. Then the awful shriek!

-And that's all she wrote.

-No, she wasn't writing anything.

-Just an expression.

-Just to lose five pounds.

-I'm worried about a settlement. Precise Language of disclaimer.

-They nailed how it happened to her all right.

-Whole paragraph on the yellow popping eyes.

-Who’d ever read that and believe it?

-It’s always too late afterwards.

-You a clergyman or something?

Labels: side effects

Sunday, December 14, 2008

Baggage

One conveys, also does
other party. Common

sense: knock it up to double then?
Uh uh. 4x? 16? 64? Nope. Since

relationship can be rat’s
nest of paradox, sum

can’t even be guessed. Science
endeavoring, you constantly hear,

but should heave
in the sponge.

Labels: relationships

Monday, December 15, 2008

Young Bright Guys

Range behind old guys
at Congressional Hearings

When Exec stumbles at
answering, youngster
lunges forward, dis-

placing a deep slice of air
reeking of stale farts.

---
no posts till Jan 6

Labels: hearings

Wednesday, January 07, 2009

At the Stoning

I stared.
After, de-
ploring it by

force of wit.
A form of riches,
righteousness

after facts.
Enough, and
you age

revered.
For some reason.

Labels: stoning

Thursday, January 08, 2009

The Modern

Elders sent me to Harvard Business School.

Learned how to provide better accounting strategies for oil production.

And I now can help culturally as well.

A week back a girl was stoned. Revered tradition, of course, but we can change it slowly.

Unfortunately not a good case to spotlight since she deserved it.

Labels: stoning

Friday, January 09, 2009

Dickens Up To Snuff

Required is Thomas Gradgrind
gauging No Child Left Behind.

Saturday, January 10, 2009

Banking Melodrama

-They're trying to find out where the money went
that Santa Pauls give us.

-Let 'em spin on this finger, like whatchallit,
Floating Dervishes.

-That ain't what they're called.

-Yeah, well we don't know much but we know one thing.

-How to fuck John Q?

-Bingo!

Labels: bankers

Sunday, January 11, 2009

My New High Sierra Backpack

Took it to Health Food Store.
Found I could fit everything in
but a faded hippy. Hey it

does everything but shake my
dick after pissing. + has

cell phone pocket! Or
is that the same thing?

Labels: backpack, cell phone

Monday, January 12, 2009

The Re-Branding Boys

-Well, we stole the country blind under Republicans.

-Please! Take more!

-But kick back, Gombahs!

-A given.

-And now under Dems?

-We're turning green.

-Re-branding?

-Why not? The suckers still line up, bushel baskets full.

-But just stealing under GOP. Now we have a cause!

-Yeah, the environ-fuckin-ment!

Labels: Democrat, Green, Republican

Tuesday, January 13, 2009

In the Present Cubism

or Reality TV,
bachelors in pursuit

of "Feelings" (not
to be thought fake).

& they'd screw
a snake.

Labels: bachelors, cubism

Wednesday, January 14, 2009

Crooks

-Obama wants huge billions to pry things loose.
And the rich, through their Republican lackeys,
are screaming about higher taxes.

-No higher taxes. Let‘s just have them bring back their
offshore money. It’s the amount that should be taxed,
not the rate, that must be in question.

-Are you calling them crooks?

-I’m calling them crooks.

Labels: offshore, tax evasion

Thursday, January 15, 2009

Citizen Kane Anticipates Modern Wall Street

"I want to make sure that decent hard-working people in this community aren't robbed blind by a pack of money-mad pirates, just because they haven't anybody to look after their interests."

Labels: Citizen Kane, Wall Street

Friday, January 16, 2009

Feel the Hate

So in TX,SC
other High
Beacons,

75-90% of
white vote
to McCain.

In LA, white males
vote Obama

10% !

Labels: presidential vote

Saturday, January 17, 2009

Dreamt of In His Philosophy

-Breaking dawn!

-Ouch! Hafta be violent in that too?

-Just an expression, break of dawn...daybreak.

-Oh yeah? Well everything is. That's the trouble.

Labels: linguistics

Sunday, January 18, 2009

Tourist

Whole place smells like piss, but they got whole buncha statues in the square--among the cobbles lined with horseshit. So, they were something once.

Labels: past glory, tourist

Monday, January 19, 2009

Bank of America gets extra $20B from bailout kitty

Tip?

Labels: bank bailout

Tuesday, January 20, 2009

Trinity

-What Bush’s greatest accomplishment?

-Massive transfer of wealth from middle and lower classes
to his base buddies already swimming in bucks.

-Is that unusual?

-Only wedded to fierce belief that it benefitted
all of us.

-But that’s bullshit!

-Evidently not to George. Jesus, Trickle-Down, and Larceny.

-Ah the Republican Trinity!

Labels: Bush, Republican, tax cuts

Wednesday, January 21, 2009

The Madness of King George

The Madness of King George
The Madness of King George
The Madness of King George
The Madness of King George
The Madness of King George
The Madness of King George

Exit King George and Slinking Courtiers

Thursday, January 22, 2009

Bank-o to Uncle Sam

You think that when we say Leave us the fuck alone! that it was just to give us more elbow room to gouge and steal.

But it was patriotism! The best way to insure the best for everyone.

Well…things have gotten outa whack, as things sometimes do. Just make out the check to…

Labels: bank bailout

Friday, January 23, 2009

Aspen

-What kinda fil-ums you make?

-Slow ones full of precise detail and talk.

-Jesus! Who got the time?

-A point. And the talk, that is the conversationalists, use words mostly to torture each other.

-Hey! Was married once. No more of that shit!

-Well, thanks for any exposure you give...

-The product? You'll never sell it.

-Probably not.

-At any rate you're the first person I've interviewed who didn't tuck his or her legs under.

-Too old. Is that legs akimbo? That's not quite accurate, is it?

-Hey, fuck the wordsy-turdsy Jane Austin bit! I'm going to see a guy now who is world famous for fuckin exploding cars! He'll give me some bang-bang quotes!

-Surely, but didn't think that kind of film could get a showing here.

-Are you kidding? Wake up and smell the marijuana!

Labels: film

Saturday, January 24, 2009

Language

-Ismet, it’s Kismet!

-How do you Americans say bullshit?

-Bullshit.

-Yeah, that’s it.

Labels: language

Sunday, January 25, 2009

Walmart Drama

-She went mad from vaginal itching. Finally dying at Walmart in a horrendous episode.

-Must’ve been awful to see! Was she heading towards the Vaginal Aisle at the time?

-A nice story, but no real proof.

Labels: vaginal

Monday, January 26, 2009

Round

The Ruling Class
exists to prosper

the Wealthy Class
which, in turn,

exists to...

Labels: ruling class, wealthy

Tuesday, January 27, 2009

Closing the Lobby

-Well, guess I'll get the papers and go home, as the old song says.

-Eight years of holding high the torch...

-of the Flaming Asshole Super Religious Right.

-Now it's in the toilet.

-Appropriately enough.

-Will the Do-Goody Left ever hire us?

-Maybe when the stink dies.

Labels: lobbyist

Wednesday, January 28, 2009

One-Word Cynic

-What your word for life today?

-Shit.

-Political life?

-Con.

-Democrats?

-Spinning

-Republicans?

-Pus.

Labels: politics

Thursday, January 29, 2009

Side Effects

-Our lawyer says they're full of shit.

-Well the warning was specific, though pill mostly placebo, really.

-It got her sure enough.

-Terrible! Did she actually turn...?

-Purple. Except her eyes, Corn-Yellow as can be, and popping out.
Then the shriek! Jesus!

-And that's all she wrote.

-No, she wasn't writing anything.

-Just an expression.

-Anyway...just to lose five pounds.

-I'm worried about any settlement. Language of disclaimer.

-They nailed how it happened to her, thirteen paragraphs.

-500 words alone on the popping eyes.

-Almost a promise.

Labels: drugs, side effects

Friday, January 30, 2009

The Cure

-So banker-brokers stole huge bonuses from Uncle?

-who should ask for them back!

-Good luck with that!

-I have a fix. Pick one at random...against a wall...shoot ‘im dead.

-Wow! That cold and quick? No trial?

-After.

Labels: bailout

Saturday, January 31, 2009

Shortest Conversation–Family

-Man did I learn from that tech bubble back then!
Right then and there I vowed to...!

-Dad, let’s look at now! Like, you’ve lost just about
all the family’s money!

Sunday, February 01, 2009

Man in dress teases NFL stars*

Disturbing Butch,
provoking Bruce.

*Yahoo News

Labels: NFL

Monday, February 02, 2009

Giving Nothing Away

-Lemme get this straight. The Republicans gave away money
we don't have to their rich buddies?

-Of course, much of it overlapping the White Man's Burden Bonanza
in Iraq.

-And now the Dems are still supporting that venerable fund,
but say they're gonna knock it off.

-Slowly. No jolts.

-And now, with the Dem stimulus, they're also giving away money
we don't have to...

-Spreading it around. Country club hafta do with bit less.

-How tragic! But somebody eventually gets the bill for all this
borrowing, no? Monster debt cubed and cubed and...

-Grandkids, but they'll pass it off to theirs.

-Can't sustain. We'll be ruined, bankrupt.

-Always are anyway.

-It's a farce!

-Yeah but you say it the wrong way for the times.
It's a farce, Baby!

Labels: White Man's Burden Bonanza

Tuesday, February 03, 2009

Capitalism: the Gift That Keeps On Giving*

3rd U.S. service member electrocuted in the shower in Iraq*

*Yahoo News

Labels: Capitalism, electrocution

Wednesday, February 04, 2009

Another Political Appointment Bites the Dregs

-I heard he was screwing the live-in babysitter.

-Literally or figuratively?

-Yes.

Labels: Political Appointment

Thursday, February 05, 2009

The Democrat Answers

Yeah it’s disconcerting to have Dem thieves arise.

Do I think what?

No, we can’t even approach that Gold Standard. Ever.

And if they ever do get back in, they’ll never surpass their past years for venality.

Labels: venality

Friday, February 06, 2009

Question From the Remote Operator

-Would you like In the Life or On the Money ?

-Are you prepositioning me?

Labels: TV

Saturday, February 07, 2009

And God Created Woman

"Have I got a hot flash for you!"

Labels: Woman

Sunday, February 08, 2009

Hard To Believe One Woman Did All This*

Oh?

*Several TV Crime Shows

Labels: Wman

Monday, February 09, 2009

Fatal Golf

Back from the beach
of a cold day and the
kids are swimming,

and throwing their
little bodies against
frigid waves. If an

icy one slammed my nuts,
be like Reaper swung

that sickle into the sea
like a 9-iron.

Labels: age

Tuesday, February 10, 2009

Young Persons

-I had a one night stand with a bum. So I guess that makes me a bum. Well why don't you say something? Jesus Christ!

-What's the difference what I say?

-Look! Maybe we should get married. Oh Jesus, tell me what a fool I am even to suggest...

-Only sensible thing I ever heard you say.

-Timing. I've been out of control all the time I've known you. Ah what the fuck!

-We gotta do it small. Your mother will try to make a fuckin fandango outa it for sure!

-Boy! How can you be the joker and then turn deadly serious?

-Your mother has that effect.

-Welcome to the family.

-Mine crazier.

-Marriage made in heaven, then. But, are you one who saves fallen women, and then tortures them daily with whack-ass jealously?

-We're all fallen. That's the whole fuckin picture.

-Maybe...I can get a better bargain.

-I don't think either of us can.

-This is it? Not like the fuckin movies, no?

-It's a post-modern flick.

-Two crumb-buns?

-Too much drama. Let’s just say we know each other

Labels: young

Wednesday, February 11, 2009

The Philosophy

-Obama in Ft Myers doing a q and a, mostly about the stimulus.

-Don’t remember the last guy doing many of those.

-No, he reflected the Republican philosophy of Go Fuck Yourself!

-Why do they embrace that?

-Cheaper, and depends on individual initiative.

Labels: Obama, REpublican philosophy

Thursday, February 12, 2009

The Vision Thing

Rep Cantor complains
bill omits Republican
Vision! That we've seen.
It's the color of shit.

Labels: vision

Friday, February 13, 2009

Spirit of the Times

I Drove my brother to small airport
once. Walked out to tarmac with him–

you could then. Knot of people wait-
ing, topping each other with mordant
jokes as to crate

they were about to enter. More humor in
those simpler times.

Labels: times

Saturday, February 14, 2009

Rehearsal

How they pull-llll that sheet o-
ver your face...you won’t

see or feel or smell it, so
might as well now.

Sunday, February 15, 2009

Process

You’re innocent
in something till
it kicks the shit
outa you–& per-
haps then too.

Monday, February 16, 2009

Exec Image

Abe split rails, or
PR of period?

Bush the Younger
clearing brush, uh huh.

Silent Cal wore full
Indian headdress.

Peripheral stuff? Central
to the task? Who knows?

Lots of bs out there,
with DC the capital.

Tuesday, February 17, 2009

When Wall Streeters Interviewed

1st question should be “You
one of the sonabitches who
caused this disaster?”

If yes, cuff, and coax him
into the MBA Perp Walk. (sigh-
ing moony spreadsheets

all the way to Danbury) If
no, do identical, since
sonabitch lying.

Labels: perp walk, Wall Street

Wednesday, February 18, 2009

Rocco and the International Doctor

ROCCO
All the big shots come down to South Philly. And I'll tell you why: it's real!

ID
That and the food. It reminds me of some neighborhoods in Paris.

ROCCO
Slumming, from the High University College of Med. Why you're against Socialized Medicine.

ID
Wrong end of sick, my Italian friend. I did a residency in France. It's not a perfect bijou, a jewel–what is?–but it works.

ROCCO
Then why won't we have it here?

ID
Because oligarchies won't give over power without long, bruising, continuous fights. And I'm not talking about the AMA. We're making progress there,

Labels: oligarchy, socialized medicine

Thursday, February 19, 2009

Irish Fit installing cable modem. Sweat- Panic-Temper! Working despite me.

Labels: Irish, modem

Friday, February 20, 2009

Mo. lawmakers push bill allowing spankings in the classroom*

Important to humiliate
in front of class &
you can bet, there-

fore,some cold
evening

putting out
trash,a

shiv in
yr soft
underbelly.

*yahoo news

Labels: spanking children

Saturday, February 21, 2009

Boweling For Clarity

Philosophy survey book in bathroom.
I scan at random. Unsystematic me,

with these sages framing
intellectual edifice. So, true

crystalline amid core stinks...THAT
reeks of sarcasm, for they ARE at-
tempting to plunge into bottomless

messes: Who am I? Why
is everyone a cramp in the ass?

But it’s, all of it, Cloudville, Baby! Oh,
know I should read the thing entire.

Preferably backwards.

Labels: Philosophy

Sunday, February 22, 2009

Progress

I work in an old-fashioned factory, flapping belts overhead,
smell of hot oil, wooden floors, grimy windows. We love it.
You can visualize our types.

The corporation builds a new factory next door. Some parts
finished, training goes on for a lot of scrawny little brown fellows
from India. Nobody has ever seen them enter or exit the building.
They’re cooking in there: we can smell it.

My janitor friend has seen plans for a third building.
No windows, all robots.

Labels: corporation

Monday, February 23, 2009

GOP's New Image

No more fatsos
farting in country

club locker rooms &
amping up Sambo

jokes. Rather,
“Populists”

packing guns
for militia camp.

Labels: GOP image

Tuesday, February 24, 2009

February 24, 2009

Short Note To Libertarians

Believe in the Market, hey?
Belay regulation, a form,
yet another, of government
tyranny? Well, didn't work.

Ah hah! you exclaim, that's
only because information
wasn't free and open. Thus,

would work if...! Uh huh?
If the most scabrous pirates

ever to despoil
only told us foils

what they were up to! "We're bund-
ling subprime mortgages! Just
a marvelous way of fucking
just about everybody!"

Hey, Libertarians, wake
up and smell the hemlock!

Labels: Libertarian

Wednesday, February 25, 2009

Take the Cannoli

We must wage preventive
wars, & thus embrace

emerging civilian deaths, as
in the gloried past. When

the going gets tough, fast
patriots surge.

Labels: preventive war

Thursday, February 26, 2009

Invited To Wake Up

By pundits
By friends
Whoever.

After Latest
Reaming rams
in. Hey! Give

me a break!
I need a nap.

This is America!
Founders full of
fine truths, but

screwers too.

Labels: founders, outrage fatigue

Friday, February 27, 2009

Casino Capitalism

That’s knocking casinos!
Regulated and relatively
straight nowadays.

O there were Mafioso
skims and scams, but

nothing like those of
Banks and Wall Street

slicing and dicing their
way into our real hearts.

Labels: Casino Capitalism

Saturday, February 28, 2009

My Dear Fellow Citizen

Your rebellion has been impressive. We have fought each other to a stalemate.

Your forces recently killed an entire grammar school class visiting the national museum.

I understand the symbolic gesture involved. And even against the national outrage, I offer complete amnesty for this act and all others, if you come to the negotiating table.

I await your answer. We must cooperate for the good of the nation.

Labels: rebellion

Sunday, March 01, 2009

The Musical Visitor

-You have the piano too. Blows me away!

-Well, similar. Some version or other for ten thousand years.

-And the musical notation, quite like ours, too, but busy!
So many things going on!

-We have three hands.

Monday, March 02, 2009

CPAC–Conservatives Meet

Had their high ass
handed to them
in recent elections

but enormous mouth full-
y operational, & sudsy

REVELATION: They’re
REALLY for the little guy!
Wink-wink nudge-nudge.

Labels: Conservative, CPAC

Tuesday, March 03, 2009

Senator & Aide

-We’re debating that bankruptcy provision again, the one I was
dead set against before getting bribed? So, give me the talking points for my new side. I know the first one is convincing puny victims that they’re better off being screwed further.
And greater Americans to boot! Hey! No recording round here is there?

-We pulled the plugs long ago.

-Good, cuz people don’t realize the realistic necessity of all this.
It’s not Fairy-Theory.

-Well, you weren’t as much bribed as persuaded, so we should maybe watch the sarcasm? Any stray remark might leak
to CNN.

-You’re jerkin' off My Brand, boy! Plain-speakin’
is me! Let’s take the chance on CNN!

-Oh? You want Wolf Blitzer asking you about–?

-Hell yeah! I can deny all the way to stupid infinity! And that there’s Face Time, Amigo! Public thinks: There’s a fuckin Senator who’s involved!

Labels: senate

Wednesday, March 04, 2009

Wild & Crazy Guys, Right Afar*

Often heard this gang celebrate
itself regarding its humor! In con-
trast to techno-nerdy Democrats,

being witty, knockabout & broad-gauged.
Broad-gauged all right, like fat in the head.

Labels: Conservative

Thursday, March 05, 2009

Rocco, Old Joe, and Friends of George

OLD JOE
Well another war winds down. I go back to Second World War.

ROCCO
Actually the Republicans threw in the sponge the way they did in the election.

OLD JOE
I noticed that in the election. How come?

ROCCO
A practical reason: No more left to steal.

OLD JOE
There’s something to that, but I think more of the cultural reasons.

ROCCO
Good shot! We started by watching goons pilfer the terrific museum.

OLD JOE
Marking us as ignoramuses in the world’s view. I could cry!

ROCCO
Then the Children’s Crusade when Republican kids, who qualified by being anti-abortion, flew over, probably First Class, to show the ragtops how to run their country.

OLD JOE
Republican and kids shouldn’t be a fit.

ROCCO
No way. You can understand it happening later in life, when you got a wife and kids and have to kiss the ass of the local Fascist to get anywhere.

OLD JOE
That’s just Reality.

ROCCO
Last glorious chapter, Friends of George. They kicked in mega to RNC and took over Iraq reconstruction.

OLD JOE
How bad is that?

ROCCO
Embassy not bad. Hulking fuckin thing with fancy plumbing. Probably including rectum-tickling bidets. What we built for Iraqis is crap. Best structure has piss and shit running down interior walls.

OLD JOE
You know, I’ll punch my ticket some day soon. When I think of this disgusting chicanery I’d like an earlier flight.

ROCCO
One consolation. What they were stealing there, they stole a thousand-fold right here in The Land of the Free.

OLD JOE
But our children died THERE!

ROCCO
In vain?

OLD JOE
Don’t go there! Don’t add to my heartbreak!

ROCCO
You really feel it, Old Joe.

OLD JOE
That’s why it’s time to die.

Rocco meets many in S Philadelphia, few as sensitive. Or sentimental?

Labels: Friends of George, Iraq, reconstruction

Friday, March 06, 2009

Rocco and the Left Populist

ROCCO
Hey! Righty populists, it is, making the news!

LP
Yeah, they thought Bush fell short in fucking us raw.

ROCCO
Obama Housing Stimulus gonna reverse some of this puke-inducing Oligarchy?

LP
A bit. I figure the proportion'll be 80% for the pirates who screwed us over in the first place...

ROCCO
or “Friends of George”--

LP
--and 20% for the suckers.

ROCCO
Be a patriot! It's the national proportion, golden mean, with emphasis on the mean. But, what if they were able to fashion 70-30?

LP
I'd sing God Bless America!

Rocco eyes S Philly and national politics, mostly through the left eye.

Labels: Golden Mean, Populism

Saturday, March 07, 2009

Two Old Republicans Again

-Our ass handed to us in the last two elections, I remind you..

-And now? We're identified with the various puny shit-mouths on radio.

-Without leaders, that's what you get. Casting around so, you'll have idiots pop up.

-Lie down with dogs, etc, but how do we rescue the brand?

-I don't know. We're outa ideas.

-GOP siamese twins: Nada and Zilch. Why not start a website and encourage people to send ideas?

-And pick the best?

-Right!

-Then deliver 'em to our shithead leaders?

-Man! We're a corpse!

-And a quite stinking one! And yet some love it. That's how depraved it all is: Slaves to Stupidity!

Labels: Republican, Republican Ideas

Sunday, March 08, 2009

Symmetry

has abandoned
most,but a few
soldier on.

You’re screwed
or feng sui’d.

Monday, March 09, 2009

Short Financial Episode

INTERNAL CRITIC
I just have a couple of things to say and I'm outa here.

One, this firm has leveraged itself into absurdity. Eventually you have to possess money! You must pay! No matter how many rings a circus has, it eventually finds itself dark and nobody in the seats.

Two, we've fallen into the insurance business with credit default swaps or whatever asinine labels they bear. There is no, I repeat, NO cash reserve to pay claims. Not only will they come soon, but they'll be arriving in floods!

I'd like to say we're bankrupt, but it's far worse. We're actually ruined!

Well, I said my piece. Thanks for listening. And now I'm DEFINITELY outa here!

(door clicks)

COMMITTEE MEMBER
Wow!

CHAIRMAN
What a pussy!

Labels: bankruptcy, credit default swaps, insurance, leverage

Tuesday, March 10, 2009

Tacitus* In the High Meadows

Outfit moved around Korea post
war, so every new place we pitched
our squad tents in was sand, bereft

of grass. Artillery and ground
fire having blasted it bare.

*They made a desert and called it peace.

Labels: war

Wednesday, March 11, 2009

Two Old Republicans, Encore

-What's that line about historical development? It goes from tragedy to farce?

-The opposite. But the farcical phase of the Republican Party will sustain. We can't get to tragedy with the puny cast of caricatures we have now.

-Like bad casting for a cheap horror film. How long, O Lord, how long?

-Forever'll seem short.

-I don't know yet that I completely understand it. Where went all our good will?

-Spent it.

Labels: Republican

Thursday, March 12, 2009

I Wonder About Roswell Too

Probably fits Great American Tradition
of Coverup. & its corollary: Jerk

people around long enough & all
eventually croak.

If it happened today, GREED-Os
‘d parachute in & kidnap the aliens.
Later exhibiting them on Pay-for-View.

Labels: greed, Roswell

Friday, March 13, 2009

Neighborhood Bar Almost Nobody Goes To Anymore

-That Madoff thing is brutal!

-Jew cheating Jews? It’s like blacks murdering
each other. Who cares?

-You had Jewish girlfriend once.

-A thing of beauty is a Jew forever. But she was hairy.

-And how about the Irish?

-Philosophers, kings, poets, saints!

-And drunks.

-In this case, yes. Love is a whiskey-blended thing!

-Let the camera show he holds the glass so that light
can catch the amber.

-So lovely it destroys me by taking me very breath away!
But, a toast whilst I got the strength!

If you got a friend that’s tried and true,
then screw that sonabitch before he screws you!

Labels: Blacks, Irish, Jews, stereotyping

Saturday, March 14, 2009

The Hot Visitors

-Everybody calls them Scorched People. Their planet so close to their sun that they burned…

-and just wizened up. Shrunk. Except the one part.

-Oh?

-Mikey's slutty friend claims they got dicks the size of Pittsburgh.

-I…can’t gossip any more. Wasted my life on nothing--and that was just about Earthlings. Christ! We’re worse than the women on both planets.

-Not as wordy. Besides, it’s fuckin Science!

Labels: gossip, interplanetary

Sunday, March 15, 2009

Commercial Promises

Men w/“Erectile Disfunction,”
just get this toxic chemical
through the doc, and...

Watch out World! Oh &
if you get a 4-hr boner, cool-

y surge to Emergency,
bypassing Sunday School.

Labels: "Erectile Disfunction"

Monday, March 16, 2009

Two Old Republicans See a Dance

-Why doesn’t Cheney just shut up?

-Keeps the nuts stirred.

-What’s next? Immigrant bashing?

-Right! Hard, harder, hardest!

-We’ll never win again!

-Oh I don’t know. Just have to trade the wacko core for moderates.

-Won’t happen. We’re locked up...

-in a Dance of Death!

Labels: Cheney

Tuesday, March 17, 2009

Shorter Discussion About AIG

-So we supply taxpayer mega BILLIONS to AIG
and they use a good part of it to reward the
viral incompetents who shipwrecked the firm
in the first place.

-Pretty good summary.

-What chutzpah!

-No! You can’t say that! You can’t use a revered and
historical word and apply it to such thieving vermin.

-Then what word could I...?

-Language is inadequate.

Labels: AIG, chutzpah

Wednesday, March 18, 2009

AIG BONUS BOYS TO PREZ, CONGRESS, ME, YOU

You force us, again, to ask the same old, fatiguing question:
Which part of GO FUCK YOURSELF don’t you understand?

Labels: AIG Bonuses

Thursday, March 19, 2009

Biblical Capitalism

And it comes to pass
in the land that
the invisible hand
goes right up your ass.

Labels: Bible, Capitalism

Friday, March 20, 2009

3 Wise Men

-Wall Street Journal says Washington and Corporate Cultures just don’t understand each other.

-I’d say they understand each other all too well.

-What the fuck is myrrh anyway?

Labels: Corporate, Washington

Saturday, March 21, 2009

“Clawback”

Bang-bang beauty
of language in image!

In practice, say you
made a killing with

Bernie and cashed out?
Some of that cash mine,
since I got to party late.

(& you know such
Ponzi fates.) So,

cough up, unless you,
too, criminal. Good luck
to me: you won’t let go.

Your attorney claims
American Dream just

spicier, living off such
schlemiel fops as I.

Labels: clawback, Madoff

Sunday, March 22, 2009

Cyber-Liars' Hall of Fame

"Just plug the device in
and the computer will rec-

ognize it. You'll be required
to do nothing else."

Labels: computer

Monday, March 23, 2009

The Meeting

-Ah the quiet room! But are you sure...?

-We’re afloat in nothing.

-Well, what’s the emergency? Been some week!

-Market murdering us!

-Murdering the firm. There’s a difference.

-And regulators, and even FBI, descending.

-We have senators who’ll send immediate letters to head ‘em off..

-Might not be enough. Should we run things by the board?

-Ah yes the board! Individual accomplishments, collective stupidity.

-But we hafta tell ‘em something!

-No way. Increase amount of tips. Arrange for a conference in Paris, nonsense agenda.

-But you acknowledge we’re in trouble?

-Firm is. Move up the bonuses.

-And the shareholders!

-As always, fuck them!

-Well we’re really getting conspired against.
I can tell you that.

-I’m willing to leave for hundred mil.

-I’ll put out the word.

-Fifty for you if we go together.

-Twins then!

-Life is beautiful, Brother!

Labels: Wall Street Thieves

Tuesday, March 24, 2009

At the Club

Y’know, people all over the world visit museums to
study beauty, what makes something beautiful.

There should be a Wall Street Museum. We built a model
that raked in stacks of money reaching to Heaven,
even as it blew up in our face.

Now, mid the stinking ruins, crazy Uncle wants to lift
the mega-tons of blocking horseshit and get the money
flowing again.

Into our pockets!

A thing of moolah is a jewel forever!

Labels: Wall Street Museum

Wednesday, March 25, 2009

Hearing

Sec Geithner explaining
how AIG fucked us over
with bonus millions for

dunderhead execs &
warned that under
Connecticut law, suer
could possibly get even

double. Hereinafter referred
to as “DF” or Double-Fucking

The American Taxpayer. Every-
body, Secretary, Congress-
men, protesting ladies in

pink, doing his or her best.
Democracy, of course, can be
messy, we understand that.

The overall effect here is

Just

Bloody

Double

Awful

!

Labels: AIG, Geithner

Thursday, March 26, 2009

Virulent Static

Talk of executive gouging
aided by lay-down boards,mas-

sive chicanery of all stripes
ruining little guys. Wheels

within slimy wheels. 360-
Swindles accompanying bells
& whistles,smoking

mirrors...why you'd
think Wall Street
did nothing else!

Labels: Wall Street

Friday, March 27, 2009

Drawing Fair Distinctions

Well new president‘s
a bright apple, not
like the last. Repubs

counter by saying he
stored native sense, worth
infinitely more. Solid. Sorta

like Pat Nixon’s cloth coat. Ser-
viceable, honest, not for show.

Or Checkers, the dog.
Oh, that’s not really apt!

But, Republican Iconography
perplexes, from Teapot Dome
to Iraq Reconstruction.

Theft only reliable touchstone.

Labels: Republican. Republican Iconography

Saturday, March 28, 2009

Modest Final S

“Well, CONSIDER
THE ALTERNATIVE !”

Trump card
slapped down
to daunt, quiet.

Let’s simply make it
plural, world of false

dichotomies
being tyranny.

Labels: false dichotomy

Sunday, March 29, 2009

On You Tube, “Poems” of Sorts

(Sometimes “Poetry” means
the highest form of
some other form.)

How to tell
the precious
from the clever?

We know the pseudo-
clever–that’s when
some few friends &

your mother concur
you’re furtive-
ly bright. Hey,

take pride in that!
May be all you get.

Labels: You Tube

Monday, March 30, 2009

Discussing a Solution

-Do you want to see Wall Street punishments?

-Greyhound busload a day for a year should do it.

-And when the bus arrives? What then?

-A sort of neck massage, where each feels a sense
of refreshing coolness.

-I know those words. Should we make Monsieur Guillotin
an Honorary American Citizen retroactively?

-Without objection.

Labels: Wall Street Punishments

Tuesday, March 31, 2009

Many a Great Story

has been over-verified.*
Stopping just when is
just the ticket. Thus

shooting down the slut-
ty actress, Sammy
Glicks of both parties. So

mollifying, whoever.
The Enchilada, The Labor
Chief, your John Birch CEO.

*attributed to Horace Greeley

Labels: reporter

Wednesday, April 01, 2009

Power Brands

Masters of the Universe?
Best and Brightest?

Went the way of Master
Race, didn't they? For

The Smartest
Guy in the Room

proves to be the muted,
wily one, not

disposed to tooting horns.
Truth always waits, wades
through glistening shit.

Labels: Masters of Universe

Thursday, April 02, 2009

Economic Flaw

Well I understand the catastrophe
is my fault too. Great Expectations.

However, I don't believe
I'm a true, actual outlaw.

So it's a question of degree.
& of fantastical thieves.

Labels: Economic Disaster

Friday, April 03, 2009

GOP Light That Failed

-Let's spend it all!

-And then some.

-When the bleeding hearts get in, there's
no dough for their blacks and spicks and...

-tree huggers!

Labels: GOP

Saturday, April 04, 2009

The History of The War

Some young trust
the old and patriots
become. Others

parody, being
a form of cabaret.

Later the two brisk sects
voice solidarity
in bitterness,

taking a cup together.
The loyal old soldier

on, fat belief thinned
to Hobson’s Choice.

Labels: war

Sunday, April 05, 2009

Quotidian

Just flippant for now.
World in deep shit &
I crack wise. Orwell

says we put on mask, face
grows to it. Coy admon-

ishing today re falling
into "Lifestyle." Who

coined that fatuity? How
'bout getting by? Way one
LOOKS doing thus depends

on whether Gods
need a laugh that day.

Labels: Lifestyle

Monday, April 06, 2009

Cramer Dismantled By Jon Stewart

So what? Not a bad dude. Like
others, grew drunk from
bubbles, bobbed high

on corporate gas, inhaling.
We are all just prisoners here,
of our own device. Hooked on

toxic Republican whore-
shit, mocked real jobs thus
by camping theirs. What's

next? & how
many'll camp up

The Dance of Death?--
Capital's Corpse rises

now, beckoning us
to hold hands a-
cross quicklime.

Labels: bubble, Cramer, Stewart, Wall Street

Tuesday, April 07, 2009

Reaction

-I'm being told that people with pitchforks'll be coming for us.

-Metaphor for the pissed, disorganized, and impotent.

-Nonetheless, I'm changing the bonus setup. Six-Month Jumbo CD appears in your account.

-Lousy rates now.

-Special fifteen-percent return this one time.

-That's decent. But I'll still hafta move the boat purchase six months ahead. Just a modest one for Boca. Few hundred thou.

-Borrow from us.

-Don’t wish to be brutalized.

-What price loyalty?

-What was that word? Last time I looked we were both bankers.

Labels: bankers, bonuses

Wednesday, April 08, 2009

Baseball

CSPAN has a bought
mouth from Heritage

or Enterprise. It froths
and spits, curving
right. Haughty

at being final-
y out.

Labels: Enterprise, Heritage

Thursday, April 09, 2009

Rocco and the Irishman

-Hey Ticky Toole! Our Irishman! Harp from Harrowgate.
Shanty Irish: Shit in the bed and kick it out!

-Faith and fuckin begorra, Wop!

-How are all the Reagan Democrats and other traitors?

-Hey, give us a break! The hippies were queering our sons so we opted for the union busters. Made common cause with John Birch Society.

-How'd that work out?

-Like any con. But Republicans threw in the sponge this time. Nothing left to steal, I guess.

-You learn anything?

-No. Too thick. Even thicker than you ghinnies.

-Sorry. We lead that index hands down. And we display it! No seething like cold Harps. How could any woman marry you icebergs?

-They never learn neither! Well, skipping such happy horseshit, how about Conservatives now that I aren’t one?

-My old, enduring image is of a dog eating its tail.

-And now that they're out?

-Rabid!

Rocco takes on everyone in the non-PC environs of South Philadelphia

Friday, April 10, 2009

At the Great Fiesta

Pickpockets worked the crowd.
So many that screams of

the dispossessed formed waves
of sickening dopplers.

Peasants wandered the chaos
seeking lost pants. Whores
had dropped them in fleeing,

and boys got a penny from merchants
who sold them back on usurious

terms after ridiculing penis
size to joyous drunks.

Mountebanks shouted
to regain the audience.

Labels: Annals of Capitalism

Saturday, April 11, 2009

Real Estate-ese

Vibrant Neighborhood

Shootings

Quiet Neighborhood

Knifings

Up and Coming Neighborhood

Both

Labels: Real Estate

Sunday, April 12, 2009

Laundry

Ladies forget their clothes
in the dryer. One must
fetch them out and therein

a conflict: They don't want
meaty paws on underthings.
Insoluble, except in heaven

where machines run incessantly
to keep angels presentable.

Labels: laundry

Monday, April 13, 2009

Guns

-I put the bullets in there. Can you put ‘em in backwards?

-No. You’re okay. First thing, take a course and learn how to...

-Shit! Spose to go off like that? Scared the crap outa...
Hey you all right? Say something. Just went fuckin off
I didn’t do anything! You’re kidding, right?
Teach me lesson? Don’t kid about something like this!
Come on now! Jesus!

Labels: guns

Tuesday, April 14, 2009

Two Libertarians

-Man you were our thunderer against government interference. Thunderer!

-Well, some softer sentiments also.

-If you can label caustic wit thus. At any rate, you blasted government interference, and now you welcome Uncle, opening wide the door.

-If he's carrying bushels of cash, why not?

-Don't you see any hypocrisy?

-A ton, but I can live with it. You?

-Like water off a duck's ass!

Labels: Libertarian, Libertarian Republican

Wednesday, April 15, 2009

The Speech

Worked on my speech aiming it towards
roads, infrastructure, solid stuff.

My cell rang and it was the foreman
asking me to come up to the upper forty.

I got there and confirmed an ox had been gored.

When I got back, I threw away the speech and
wrote another invoking the Founding
Fathers, freedom, honor, justice--
all the good shit.

Labels: ox gored

Thursday, April 16, 2009

Short Teabagging Q&A

Isn't there an unfortunate symbolic mishmash between patriotic practice and the sexual one?

Not really. Those kind of teabaggers couldn't exceed twenty percent of the movement.

Don't you find it disturbing that Fox News took an activist role, even beyond their usual RNC Cheerleading?

Leave them alone. They're funny!

Labels: teabagging

Friday, April 17, 2009

Settling

-One of the side effects is death and that's what he got.

-Christ! A little pill to nourish his aging dick!

-Dangerous world.

-And I'm guessing I put check in the widow's hand tomorrow, before she hires attorney?

-Bingo! Called "Fucking the Widow!"

-If I'm lucky!

Labels: insurance, side effects

Saturday, April 18, 2009

Bush-Os Mouth Off

Not on their dime,
but they’re jumping

the shark far
past its time.

It rots into slime.

Labels: Jumping Shark, Republican

Sunday, April 19, 2009

Professionals

-Welcome to he profession!

-Shaw said each one was a conspiracy, and John Stewart Mill said he never saw a professional discussion that didn’t get around to fleecing the public.

-See that beautiful standalone building we're approaching?
Our headquarters. And once you cross the threshold...

-I understand.

-Rather automatic really.

Labels: profession

Monday, April 20, 2009

Promoting GOP Death March

-Fox is aftermathing their tea parties.

-What else is news?

-Hannity says twenty thousand in Atlanta.

-That means five, still not bad. Better than
Sherman brought out there.

-What's the difference, size of crowd?

-Hafta know beforehand. So you can paint logo on turnip trucks.

-And what would that be?

-Gumby staring at its ass.

Labels: tea party

Tuesday, April 21, 2009

Right Thinking

Guns required
to protect a-

gainst those
residing un-
der bridges,

who can be
picked off
one by one.

Appetizers.

Labels: guns, Right

Wednesday, April 22, 2009

Twenty*–a Bailout Sample

Corkscrews by ordinary practice, so
obviously sucked berserking
wine in such gonzo circumstance.

*A government watchdog has launched "almost 20" criminal investigations related to the $700 billion financial bailout program... -USA TODAY

Labels: auto bailout, bailout crooks

Thursday, April 23, 2009

To Tea Baggers

Hey you’re pissed!
You lost. Get over it!
as your ilk reminded me

in gleeful humor for
8 years of illegitimacy

1st foisted by a botulistic
court. But, couldn’t quite

find fiscal outrage under Bush,
could you? Grandkids not
being bankrupted then?

At any rate, can’t fathom, really,
why GOP even ran, having left
almost nothing to plunder.

Labels: Supreme Court, tea baggers, tea parties

Friday, April 24, 2009

Warning: Treats American Business; therefore, profanity and vulgarity.

At Credit Card HQ

-Let me sit behind you a sec. Now put up map of late charges on your lovely screen. Good, zoom into upper Peninsula of Michigan. Now, whatta y'see?

-Not one late charge! Amazing! Probably lots of retired farts.

-Most likely, but we hafta goose revenues there! Do it!

-But how? Hands tied.

-Your office logs in mail daily, right?

-Of course, and that's what I mean by...

-Note that I pick up a mail bag. Say it's from those zips. I toss it in the corner. Thus! And one day late on these payments, I discover it? Oh dear oh dearie dear, I'll hafta charge a late fee now. What a shame!

-They'll bitch!

-Ten per cent will and we'll refund them. Not worth the phone time, even of Mumbai spicks. But ninety percent won't. And they should have the satisfaction of knowing they're taking it up the ass for American fuckin Capitalism! They're patriots!

-What's that picture where they're marching with the flute and the drum and the flag?

-Exactly!

Labels: banks, credit cards

Saturday, April 25, 2009

Water

-They shut off the water!

-Just about in the entire world. Well, I warned years ago that
The Oligarchy gave up on oil and switched to water.

-But what'll I do?

-Not a bad-looking TV. Get a kid to help you haul it out to the street.
Guys are selling water from pickups. Probably give you a case for it.

-But why did they turn off the water?

-To show they can. Then they'll quadruple the rates
and there won't be a peep.

-But you're a government official and...

-That's a laugh. What government? I go through the motions
for old time's sake.

-It's anarchy now!

-That's another laugh. Ten times worse. Total chaos! Everybody getting a chance to shoot his gun. And when bullets run out, you beat the crap out of anyone weaker.

-But all this violent insanity can't benefit anyone.

-The billionaires think it can...trillionaires some of them.

-But this is America!

-That's the third laugh you gave me! You're an old comedian!

Labels: anarchy, chaos, oligarchy, water, water in future

Sunday, April 26, 2009

Accent

Before TV burgeoned into cable,
language experts claimed
dialects would merge

and everybody would talk
like an NBC announcer.

To hear how that turned out,
listen to any call-in show.

I do, and it stirs enough
prejudice to start a nation.

Labels: accent, dialect

Monday, April 27, 2009

Again! Who Needs Truth?

When
Marketing
is all.*

*Iraqi women are struggling to regain the rights they lost with the American occupation, which was marketed to the US public as a liberation of Iraqi women!
-Juan Cole

Labels: American Occupation, Iraqi Women

Tuesday, April 28, 2009

MOONDUST PIXIES FORMING UNION

Coordinator answers a question

We figured this is the time. Under virulently anti-union Republicans, too many hurdles.

Funny thing, we have our own Republicans, trying to sabotage the effort and conferring hourly with management. And our own liberal Democrats, wanting to smash things up rather than negotiate with what they call Plutocrats.

The latter want to throw dust everywhere; the former just a pinch. So, that follows historically, I guess.

Oh well, we'll reconcile. Stranger factions have.

Labels: Pixies, Union

Wednesday, April 29, 2009

SAVING THE GOP

With an immense flow of Arab* immigrants
into The Republican Confederacy. Thence
fanning out in succeeding generations
to turn bordering states & The West

ARAB-REPUBLICAN RED! Yeah! Right!

Bring in The Mosque Monkeys!

*Contrary to what the American Right used to confidently assert, the Muslim world does not hate "our way of life," but rather loves the idea of democracy and loves US media. What they say they don't like is a lot of sleeping around and tolerance of gays; in other words, Muslim public opinion is not so different from that of many Americans in the deep red states. -Juan Cole

Labels: Arab, GOP, Moslem, Republican

Thursday, April 30, 2009

Rocco and Angie the Animal

ANGIE the ANIMAL
The broads on TV News is too nervous. They're like violin strings. I can't stand it!

ROCCO
I don't hafta ask your solution.

AA
Just go look at my girlfriend at the bakery, always laughing and smiling. People go way off their routes just to see her.

ROCCO
And that's because you keep her that way?

AA
I don't like to brag.

ROCCO
And the pinched, strident ladies vibrating on TV?

AA
Like chalk screeching on a blackboard!

ROCCO
How many can you handle?

AA
Well only one at at time. Hour before broadcast, I'll pop her.
Zip up and move out.

ROCCO
Not very romantic.

AA
Ain't what we're talking about.

ROCCO
Have you written any network presidents?

AA
That's too formal a way. I ain't formal.

ROCCO
What if it doesn’t work?

AA
What's that suit guy say on commercials? I guarantee it!

Rocco runs his Meet and Greet all over South Philadelphia.
Solutions are often proposed.

Labels: TV Network Women

Friday, May 01, 2009

Love Among the Ruins

HS coach praises toughness, his Tiger
among interior linemen, laughs

at your 150 weight. Gives you bulk-
up “program.” Players label it juicing.

Sophomore, 180. Junior, you start games now at 200.
Senior, 240.

Colleges write you and you pick the largest,
where pro scouts will come shopping.

Freshman, 250,

Sophomore 280, Junior 310 as you start again.

Never under 340 in pros.

You marry 3 cheerleaders and have 5 knee operations.

Play 6 years and make 1 Pro Bowl. Must finally retire
when you can hardly walk.

Presently live in a cottage on a lake, and walk and bike moderately.

Joke in the bar at the inn about your divorces and horror of a body you carry around, barely.

From the steroids, mostly, you shake your grizzled head.

Denise owns the inn and one thing leads, etc. You marry and help her run it.

She also has a track record of marriages. You call the coupling, Love Among the Ruins.

Labels: football, Steroids

Saturday, May 02, 2009

Teen Couple, Merritt Square Mall, Their Friends Late

HE
(mute)

SHE
This is, like, waiting!

Labels: Teens

Sunday, May 03, 2009

Extract

Hearing strangers sleep in
a one-star motel defines

a particular kind
of loneliness.

Labels: motel

Monday, May 04, 2009

A Short Story

As a young woman, followed
her husband around Sears.

Now he follows, when
not wandering off.
Alzheimers.

Labels: Alzheimer's

Tuesday, May 05, 2009

Pitching

Republican Populism throws
high hard ones that Rich
knock out of the park.

Democratic Populism throws
curves that Rich spray

down the lines. They
prefer home runs

but hardly suffer with
singles & doubles,
& stolen bases, or

Small Ball as it's styled.
Just stay in the game
no matter what.

Actually, they are
the game, controlling

fans & players &, es-
pecially, concessions.

Labels: Baseball, Populism

Wednesday, May 06, 2009

Rocco and Master Plumber Louie

LOUIE
Be okay now. Don't shift around on the toilet. In these old houses a jar of pickled eggs'll fall in the basement.

ROCCO
Whatever. Is this your bill? Jesus! You make more than a proctologist!

LOUIE
He just stares into rectums. I'm aftermarket.

ROCCO
What's the latest trend there?

LOUIE
Double sinks in bathroom. His 'n hers.

ROCCO
Trophy wife insists?

LOUIE
Nah. She has separate bathroom–five shelf feet for hair crap alone. It's the power couples. Both getting ready in the morning and leaving in different Mercedes.

ROCCO
Sounds like the political ones. One hand washes the other.

LOUIE
They wash each other's hands.

ROCCO
Thus, the Senator drops our cash in wifey's purse.

LOUIE
Or vice versa.

Rocco leads discussions in South Philadelphia.

Thursday, May 07, 2009

Mailman Leaves Plastic Bag

For cans etc for poor. I buy 3
large, top-dollar, aggressive-
ly healthful soups. Then

later think how I loved Chef
Boyardee Ravioli as a kid

when my own parents
were just scraping by.

Only in America, one can
Nutrition-Noblesse-Oblige it
from cramped apartments.

Labels: nutrition, poverty

Friday, May 08, 2009

You lost! Get off the field!

I scream at former Senator Coleman, his buddies.
Other repubs huddle in the Southern End, their
yaps and whines resonating in the empty stadium.

Most pitiful one wanders still, uniform in tatters.
“Kennedy and his father stole Illinois with
the collusion of Mayor Dailey,” he mutters.

“Oh yeah? How about Bush v Gore?" I challenge.
"A day that will live in infamy even among all
the other Supreme Court fascist disgraces!”

“You lost! Get off the field!” someone shrieks. “Best
irony is you’ll be killed when the Blackies take over!”

Labels: Lost Cause, Republican

Saturday, May 09, 2009

Finns Tango

Good for a yak on
order of

Garrison Keillor’s
White-on-White Minnesota,

jokes starting: Two Norwegian farmers etc.
But Finns have tangoed a good long while.
Since 30s. Yearly convention draws 100,000.

More of a step
dragging

fire from ice.

Labels: Finns, Tango

Sunday, May 10, 2009

Function of the Seedy

You always need the music hall,
the burlesque & the girls &
the baggy pants comedian with

an erection machine which he
springs with the entrance of
Madame La Voom or similar.

We have Vegas & porno cable
& dvds now. Some raunchy internet.

How all this protects your
dewy daughters I'm not quite sure,
but I guess it might in part.

Labels: burlesque, pornography, Vegas

Monday, May 11, 2009

Question of Business

How do you know your newest
business acquaintance might
not puke on your shoes?

Or grow all clammy and
convulse? Or even

stiffen of limb and neck
and have a real woozer of
a heart attack? In the ambulance

you'll protest your plight
of just meeting the Dude,
or Duchess as the case may be.

Labels: business

Tuesday, May 12, 2009

Evening Radio in Central Florida

Right-wing cesspool.
Hated their ilk for so
long some have died off, even.

Choking on “patriotic” gore,
one assumes.

When I lived out in the country,
a guy scrawled protest over
one wall of his house. Parish?

Nation? Cosmos? was against?
Who could tell? That's America!

you maintain. Uh huh. Well we can all
despise effectively with half the fury.

Labels: Central Florida, right-wing radio

Wednesday, May 13, 2009

Rocco and Troubled Jerry

ROCCO
Well your parents are nuts.

TJ
Hey! A relative term here.

ROCCO
You may have absorbed some weird or immature patterns.

TJ
Yeah but I'm finished blaming them. It got tired.

ROCCO
My cue to say a golden phrase to put you instantly on rail.

TJ
What rail? It's 30th Street Station!

ROCCO
Where you'll grab the R5 someday to
Ardmore and your new, plump wife!

TJ
Hold that thought! Not only is it positive, it's pretty.

Rocco dispenses quick advice in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Rocco, South Philadelphia

Thursday, May 14, 2009

Florida County Wants To Add In God We Trust To Seal

Uh uh. Off the reservation.
Those closest must invoke
only. A hierarchy thing. Thus

in Washington DC, air is thick
with this specific reference.

Professors call it all The Great
Chain of Beans.

Labels: hierarchy

Friday, May 15, 2009

Short Essay on AIG

Now run by government trustees, allegedly. Since we own about eighty percent. But they still have a board and CEO in place busily fucking everybody as always.

Labels: AIG, AIG Trustees

Saturday, May 16, 2009

Backstage

When the circus comes to New Haven’s
Arena, I get a high & oddly-angled seat
affording backstage views. Horses prove

bitten, their riding girls have costumes
often patched, panty hems digging
mottled flesh. Human Cannonball

climbs my stairs, glittering. Curtain swept
aside & there’s the gun! & he’s fired! Wow!

Actually a big spring performs the labor.
Gunpowder, stinks, smoke & concus-

sion for effect. Ah well, all backstages
everywhere, seedy, suspect, torn. So

what? For up front, under true &
proper lights, the whole show fuels
the necessary dreams of hicks.

Labels: backstage, Circus

Sunday, May 17, 2009

Getting Heads Together

Two palms, fore and aft
of my apartment have

been severely pruned.
Banded doves usually nest
there. Couples meet at these

rueful places, but so peace-
ably, it's difficult to see
anything settled.

Labels: banded doves, discussion

Monday, May 18, 2009

Righties Say Abortion Murder

Blasting Ragtops to Allah, not.
Ah, but we’re talking INNOCENT

LIFE they trump. Darkly Arab &
Afghan youngsters, so splotched

in soul as to be inexplicable
by such DECENCY.

Labels: Abortion, war

Tuesday, May 19, 2009

Pit of Writhing Monsters

Projections from Right-Wing Radio
in Central Florida like something
out of Dante. Dreadest ogre presently,

a Pelosi. A woman, thus funny anyway
in the lexicon, and one who reaches;
therefore, must be shattered.

Ah for the 50s joyful ditz
who scrubbed the toilets

with insane vigor
and was shielded

from the failure of adding
a column of single figures!

Labels: Central Florida, Pelosi, right-wing radio

Wednesday, May 20, 2009

Post Victory Conference

-Let's see now. Your shtick is The Rebel! Goes against our party for the higher etc good.

-That's me! Rows against the tide. With dazzle!

-Well, on voting, we'll give you flashy ten percent. Other ninety, however dull, with us.

-That is unreasonable! My reputation!

-You would never have been elected without our money.
One tight district!

-And I'm grateful but...

-Saying you're grateful is not the same as showing you're grateful.

-I just don't want people laughing at me.

-You're a politician! Who the hell cares what people do?

Labels: party politics, political rebels

Thursday, May 21, 2009

Taxi Driver and Winner

DRIVER
Hey! You’re fuckin dude won that thing on the island with all those slutty girls and nerds and egomaniacs. What a collection of assholes!

WINNER
That was my brother.

DRIVER
Bullshit!

WINNER
Yeah. Okay.

DRIVER
Well, tell me something about it! Bad takes and all
that good shit.

WINNER
You about nailed it already.

DRIVER
No more to say?

WINNER
A mess!

DRIVER
Was it...fixed?

WINNER
Nah. That’d take competence.

Labels: reality shows

Friday, May 22, 2009

The Banker

-Hey! The Big Man himself! To what do I owe...?

-Flu. I’m filling in. Good loan, good rate. Exceptional rate, really. Wouldn’t get that from me!

-I better sign fast then! Jesus! Look at all the tiny print. I’m being totally screwed in there? Is that it?

-Not from this quarter. If I’m gonna fuck you, it’ll be in large block type.

Labels: bankers, loan

Saturday, May 23, 2009

His Mind

a bright thing
he buffed
once.

Sunday, May 24, 2009

Heaven Tech

GOD
A month? I haven’t got a month!

CHIEF CELESTIAL ENGINEER
No worry, O Completest and Highest Eminence, I’ll type in the Cheat Code and make it a week or so.

GOD
I worry about the morality of all that.

CCE
You listen to an awful lot of prissy angels up here!

GOD
Well, they try to hold us to our ideals.

CCE
You know, of course, that we can’t possibly use their template for people?

GOD
I understand. Tragic flaw.

CCE
Multitudinous! Only rare ones’ll make it through without cheat codes.

Labels: heaven, tech

Monday, May 25, 2009

Memorial Day

What did they die for?
Everything

comprising us.
Patriotic ideals

& honest citizens.
Frauds & greas-
y profiteers. We

fail the fallen by
not excising
the toxic.

Labels: Memorial Day

Tuesday, May 26, 2009

Dept of Sore

Repubs Begging Dems
to attend their "tea
parties." Hear bashing

litanies from losers

of the Party of War
seeking a door.

Of Race, an Ace.

Of Torture
the store of

ideals they trashed.

Labels: Republican, tea parties

Wednesday, May 27, 2009

Contract

-But you can see that I’m white.

-I’m not a racist.

-Okay, then, the deal is I become your slave, and you take care of me.

-That’s the deal.

-Republicans would call that Socialism.

-I’m a Republican and I resent that.

-But it’s slavery.

-Of course. Respectable and honest institution when it’s done properly.

-What’s your true motive in this?

-To bring it back. Show its excellence.

-I’ll sign on. I like the protection, rather than the
Capitalistic mill that crushes you and then spits you out.

-You won’t regret it.

-I’m to say I’m a slave?

-Proudly!

Labels: Modern Slavery, Slavery

Thursday, May 28, 2009

Latin Life

PARTY OPERATOR
Some inevitable Hispanic bashing must come along with this Supreme Court nominee.

LATIN LEGISLATOR
Waste! Just playing to the racist core. Will the talk radio idiots speak in fractured accents also?

PO
And bring back Speedy Gonzales jokes? Maybe not that far.

LL
Farther. Anyway, by all means let's alienate another group! And peel off some more women for good measure.

PO
We can't just roll over. Wrong in practice, wrong in principle.

LL
Tell that to Luis having his morning Cuban coffee on Calle Ocho.

PO
I know your Luis and his ilk. Loudmouth in both languages. Even both at once! Why he's his own inter-racial dialog!

LL
That's a stereotype!

PO
Yeah. And Miami loaded with 'em!–most with knives.

LL
Man! You and your Whites-Only ILK leading my Republicans to extinction.

PO
Relax. You'll get your Spic after all the noise. But let us have the noise. We love it! You gotta put up with the collateral damage

to your precious Latinos.

LL
It never ends. And after all the fights we fought...!

PO
Never won in total...maybe when you achieve the same moral standards as Caucasians?

LL
Thanks for that elevating thought. I'll explain it to Luis-- once he calms down of course.

PO
Now don't take me too seriously. I'm mostly teasing. It's a joke. Everything's a big joke. That's what you gotta learn, black, white, brown or whatever.

LL
Whatever.

Labels: Hispanic, Supreme Court

Friday, May 29, 2009

Frame of Mind

When unfortunate corruptions stand forth...

"We must have our man!"

When President appoints a benign moderate....

"We must have our fight!"

When reasons for it are murky or nonexistent...

"We must have our war!"

Labels: party politics

Saturday, May 30, 2009

The Watchdogs

-He appointed allegedly neutral committee to be watchdogs.

-I don’t like the sound of that! Who’ll watch them?

-I don’t know, but someone has to. High tastes! Their expense accounts alone…!

-That’ll be you. And you report to me whatever hour of night.

-I usually sleep then.

-You sleep and we’re ruined!

-Oh dear! And I suppose somebody’ll watch me?

-Don’t be a wiseguy! I’ll watch you. We’ll watch each other, if that makes you happy.

-The paranoid style of American Capitalism.

-Oh I hear you at lunch. More of a half-ass Socialist!

-To a Socialist, I’m a Republican. But anyway, all hail the endless loop of distrust! Or is that, a line, rather? To infinity? Or a Möbius strip perhaps?

-Who gives a crap? I’ll never hire another college guy!

Labels: watcdog

Sunday, May 31, 2009

Literate Hate

Those lifting remarks from context--
the original person, or piece, overall

really making the opposite point--
know in their rancid hearts

what they’re doing,
but can’t stop.

Labels: context, out of context, partisan

Monday, June 01, 2009

The Matter

Gave it requisite thought
and decided. "Premature!
Professor Swirtzky’s book

just out!" my face gets informed at
Barnes and Noble. Later, his
despisers chime in. "How could I...?

Without hearing them out?" Now his
supporters email me at such length
my machine crashes. Remind all

from neighbor’s that I have already
decided! Matter settled! They flame me

for wilful ignorance.
In many things, yes,
but not this time.

Labels: academic debate

Tuesday, June 02, 2009

Why Didn’t I Fight etc?

When you
feel like shit

you’re not your
best advocate.

Labels: advocate

Wednesday, June 03, 2009

The Real General Principle*

Ah but the general
principle is interpret
it MY way. And if you

can’t, under the law, then
go ahead and create it! Any-

thing not favoring those
other bastards.

**McConnell said "the most important [principles] are these: Americans expect and should receive equal treatment under the law, and Americans want judges who understand their role is to interpret the law, not write it." -Politico*

Labels: Supreme Court

Thursday, June 04, 2009

The naive girl

misses the sexual innuendo
to the glee of her chums. So?

She’ll catch on, becoming
as clever as the rest of us.

Labels: sexual innuendo

Friday, June 05, 2009

But He’ll Pay On Our Behalf

After the Hearing For Automobile Dealers,
each sprayed his chair with Scotchgard.

Left individual bills with The Chairman.

"There’s a mistake. I didn’t order this!"

Labels: auto dealers, scam

Saturday, June 06, 2009

Late Meal In Italian Village

AMERICAN
Just saw documentary on Sydney Opera House. Icon now, but original architect left in a huff.

DANE
Typical Dane!

AMERICAN
How come so many great architects come from...?

DANE
In a cold climate you think warm thoughts.

AMERICAN
There have been great architects from your warm Italian climate.

ITALIAN
Of course, in ancient times mostly. But life is not architecture. Pass the wine!

DANE
I can think of a few Americans too.

AMERICAN
Well there we have both climates. And many Southern citizens trying to shove God down your throat.

ITALIAN
You don’t enjoy life, and are miserable in your power. This is my country and there is loveliness everywhere. Look around in the moonlight! And the waitress looks like a film star, and is so sweet you can forget the sugar for your coffee!

DANE
Will we let him have the last word here?

AMERICAN
Yes!

No more posts till Jun 16

Labels: Architecture, Ialian, Sydney Opera House

Tuesday, June 16, 2009

Logos and Crime

When I look at my most expensive
prescription, always top drug firm logo.

Does CEO realize he's
fucking me? I wonder.

Or could he explicate w/Dog &
Pony Shows that the firm carries
humongous costs for research etc?

Maybe even convince me
of astringent truth. No.

Back to 1st question:

Realize?
Maybe?

Block?
Perhaps.

Joke w/confederates? Who
knows?

"Tell Michael it wasn't personal.
I always liked him."

Labels: prescription costs

Wednesday, June 17, 2009

The Think Tank

I’ve invented a think tank
to award myself prizes. Oh,

I’ll reward others consonant
with my philosophy: Best

stated as Muscular Christianity.
Always attacked thus
always attacking!

Founders foresaw blood, and us.
We scan the Constitution as
a document of continuing rage

in the service of God.

Labels: Think Tank

Thursday, June 18, 2009

Land of etc

The Ruling Class
will watch its ass,

with you to powder it.
Oh you’re full of talk,
of rights and wrath, ex-

cluding, though, your bet-
ters. Screaming out your 2d
Amendment! Who you gon-

na shoot? Another deluded
bastard like yourself?

Labels: Second Amendment

Friday, June 19, 2009

Rocco and the Plutocrat

ROCCO
Hey Pete the Plutocrat! Slumming?

PETE
I always return to my childhood bakery here!

ROCCO
Very South Philly!

PETE
You can take the boy out of...

ROCCO
And put him into a Chauffeur-driven Bentley and a Main Line Mansion.

PETE
Fruits of Labor.

ROCCO
And lawyers. But listen! You're the only wealthy guy I know who's not crying poor-mouth, and continuously bitching and moaning about the government robbing him. Even during massive money transfer to your class from the rest of us under Bush. Now you'll lose under the evil Democrats and Obama.

PETE
I'm guessing half a percent.

ROCCO
How about these wars? Kicking the shit outa all of us really.

PETE
Money never lost a war. Let me buy you a cannoli.

ROCCO
Buy? What a quaint notion. Take! That's your way.

PETE
Why not say steal?

ROCCO
You were one slick kid!

PETE
I grew up!

Labels: Bush, Obama, Plutocrat, Rocco

Saturday, June 20, 2009

Attending Parties

How GOP so true point-
ing up Dems' racist past!

Now should address
their own present. Enjoy-

ing Sambo jokes o-
vermuch to act.

Labels: Democrat, GOP, Racism, Sambo

Sunday, June 21, 2009

Taking To the Streets

Throwing down the gauntlet
to tyranny: “Will you kill us all?”

In Western, greasy-chops politics:
Why y’all in a lather over nothing.
We can talk this here thing out.

In Eastern theocracies,
Yes.

Labels: Iran, protest

Monday, June 22, 2009

The Beat of Old Prejudice

I dull, trim.
It persists. So,
live w/it & ration-

al side, relish-
ing both.

Labels: prejudice

Tuesday, June 23, 2009

Accountability

Reporter tries impaling pol
to wall like insect.

No use. He cites his passive
friend: Mistakes were made.

By whom? Never germane.
Fuss! How can we move on?

snarks pol. Suckers
park in chorus.

Labels: Accountability

Wednesday, June 24, 2009

Compact Novel

HER
Things said in bed, huh? Well, he’s killed in that Metro accident. Miracle! I’ll mourn for appearance sake, and then it’s time for us to get on with the life we promised each other!

I’ve talked to this answering machine twenty times. Pick up! Okay then, call me! We’ll make plans!

TRAVEL AGENT
You’re really murdered on this ticket, unfortunately.

HIM
Hadda move fast. A bargain to me.

TRAVEL AGENT
So, thinking of investing in California winery is it?

HIM
A little bit. More like disinvesting hereabouts.

Labels: Metro wreck, pillow talk

Thursday, June 25, 2009

Rocco and the Iranian

ROCCO
You look, could be, Iranian? Excuse me, but...?

IRANIAN
Guilty.

ROCCO
We don’t get many in South Philadelphia.

IRANIAN
No, you need a certain set of qualities. I like Celebre’s egg and pepper sandwich, and I’m going to the Phillies afternoon game.

ROCCO
No demonstrations?

IRANIAN
Rally at the university tonight. So, I’m relaxing now. Man does not live on politics alone,

ROCCO
Coulda fooled me. So, fixed election?

IRANIAN
Yeah a page from your book.

ROCCO
We don’t hafta fix ‘em. Supreme court awards the office to benefactor’s dim kid.

IRANIAN
Such kids abound in my country.

ROCCO
A day that will live in infamy!

IRANIAN
You have many of these days?

ROCCO
Stopped counting.

Rocco appears at this site serially--always never in doubt.

Friday, June 26, 2009

Brace of Hard Reporters

-Retire? What from? What to? He was the very worst guy for politics: a loner.

-Never made the connections.

-I suppose to that house on the freezing lake. Then he takes a hike in the woods from time to time. Let me sit down…the excitement!

-As a Republican, that’d be a tramp in the woods.

-Or a boy.

Labels: political loner, Republican

Saturday, June 27, 2009

Mozart Shoved Into Unmarked Grave

See, if yr art genius-
seized, expect
less.

Labels: genius, Mozart

Sunday, June 28, 2009

Filling Between Chairs

Good luck turning up
Mozart’s grave.

Like anything else, kill-
ing time neither worth-

y nor waste.

Labels: Mozart, Mozart's grave

Monday, June 29, 2009

While Some Sleep, Others Fret

Late-night radio offers abundance
of credit repair hope. No fee dis-
closed, but I’m guessing a gouge in

The American Capitalist Tradition of
milking the spavined failure. Conformist

Japanese proverb applies: When the nail-
head sticks up you hammer it down.

Labels: credit repair, gouging

Tuesday, June 30, 2009

Golden Mean

Another sanctimonious Republican
chomps the sexual dust! So what?

If you lack sin, then pitch a high
hard one. Missing the lesson, am I?

Try the gal-
ling hypocrisy?

His or yours?

Labels: hypocrisy, Republican, sex

Wednesday, July 01, 2009

True Genius Leaps

over synapses.
Easier when young–

fewer connections
tripping you up.

Labels: genuis

Thursday, July 02, 2009

One’s Average Life

is the true reality show.
Hastened to anesthesize
the grating boredom.

TV’s version nothing
new: Romance, Escape.

Like drugstore novels from
defunct and literate ages.

Labels: reality TV

Friday, July 03, 2009

Madoff Victims Want Government Restitution

Such a slippery pitch! Make whole,
while at it, all those screwed over
by American Capitalism? Globe
lacks the requisite dough!

Labels: Madoff

Saturday, July 04, 2009

Remembering on 4 July

Hockey game at New Haven Arena &
old man won’t rise

for National Anthem. Those in back
for dragging him up.

Verbal patriots. No one asks why, or
whether he has medical reason.

Moment passes,
but fury sustains.

Labels: patriotism

Sunday, July 05, 2009

System

Vote nudging in Iran
via food and cash.

Uh huh. Walked from
Media PA to Springfield
Mall once. Natural bathroom

break at Wallingford Art Center,
so nipped in. Nice local show, too,
thus perused. One gallery reserved

for Judge's campaign.
Tables heavy laden.

Worker told me to make a drink
and scarf some snacks. I told him
I was there for nature. And art.

"Look around! Do you see
many others? Mix! Please!

Doing us a favor." Assembled
atomic gin and tonic. Eventually

sledding down the hill outside
like a Flexible Flyer.

Labels: vote buying

Monday, July 06, 2009

Ah 50s Melodrama

Vise-like clothes in wild
morality play. Not.

Rectum valve closed
in daily commerce,
lest oxygen infiltrate.

Republicans enforce
Indiana behavior: rube

touchstone Others die
choking for life. Rule:

Wear a skinny tie getting
a haircut. Well,

anyway, post atrocious
war you get tightest fear,

pleasuring, thus, your betters
in the Fair Land of the Free.

Labels: Fifties

Tuesday, July 07, 2009

Among Newer Stupidities

Phone "Conversation"

For example, if you have a question about your account, say
I have a question about my account.

“I have a question about my account.”

We do not recognize that response.

Labels: phone query

Wednesday, July 08, 2009

So, Many in SC Actually Think

Gov Sanford crazy. Of course!
The way middle-aged men get

in lust more
than love. Excluding women

from such humiliation? Nope.
True Democracy of Dupes.

Labels: lust

Thursday, July 09, 2009

Land o’ Free? Yes & No.

Jan Hus burned at the stake July 6, 1415. Hot
Heresy. But that was in another country, &,

besides, all the vile churchmen are longggg
dead, aren’t they? Uh uh. Probably

some descendants in our South. & forget
not those roiling-Republican Tea Parties
’d joyfully light the first match.

So, watch yourself
&, especially,

your mouth.

Labels: freedom, Land of Free, speech

Friday, July 10, 2009

Sayonara, Madoff

I’ll seeyuh
in 150 years.
One of the biggest

money frauds. Rot-
ten company! Even
today, where like asses

‘ll never kiss
a jail cell cot.

Labels: Madoff

Saturday, July 11, 2009

Name the Anorexic

For baseball caps
don’t detract

from absorbed
faces.

Labels: anorexic

Sunday, July 12, 2009

Universal Question–small bore

Peering at shelves behind
the chattering cashiers, I
walk into revolving DVD rack.

Hewing gossip, they don’t titter.
How many goofy embarrassments

enroute, & lost chips,
before going all in?

Labels: embarrassment

Monday, July 13, 2009

Sartorial Solution

Suggestion offered via net
that politicians should dress
like NASCAR drivers, so we’d
read corporate sponsors off

patches. Key, though, frump-
ier legislative specimens must
avoid the stuffed-turkey look,

having personal tailors fit these
jumpsuits properly to their un-

Hollywood frames. With one
for work. (Will last forever)

And a brilliant formal number.
(100 Haitians wreak surround-
ing embroidery.) Others

for occasions. John Q springs
for all the suits, thus honored

by a dedicated patch also.
Worn on each lawgiver’s heart.

Tuesday, July 14, 2009

Two Health Insurance Executives

-We’re for fair and open competition!

-Well, that’s what your spokesman says.

-And he’s pretty fuckin young.

-Words and deeds, huh?

-Amen! Let’s stick to the deeds.

-Are you a physician? I never asked.

-We’re both physicians who, from wresting with bureaucracy, have lost the knack of looking up an asshole.

Labels: health insurance, physician

Wednesday, July 15, 2009

Southern Senators & The Gods

GODS
Lecture us again on Race.

SS
Such sarcastic comments prove you’re mired in the Old South.
It’s The New South now!

GODS
Sure it is!

Labels: Republican Racism

Thursday, July 16, 2009

Shortest Political History

I’m from Northeast
where Democrats ruled
cities and Republicans existed

on intellectual islands. Then they
jettisoned the adjective to begin
their future.

Labels: Republican

Friday, July 17, 2009

CNBC

Watching one of the collective screams
posing as panels on CNBC. Loudest emitting
from those unrepentant shills for Capitalism,

many of the very same who were lied
to into their quite valuable dental art

by magnificent Captains of Finance--
some serving jail terms presently

as token symbolism for the massive
number of crooks not caught. Not caught?
Rewarded! If completely vile enough.

Labels: CNBC

Saturday, July 18, 2009

Fashion

Hispanic TV chick
tries a military shirt
with buttoned pockets.

It bunches up & she's
uncomfortable. Others
vanilla much of the time.

Way of transgressor is tough.
In fashion, nearly unbearable.

Labels: fashion

Sunday, July 19, 2009

Stiff-Necked Heretic

in that damning old
riff. Don’t know
heretic. Perhaps bit

intense, but can feel
my neck stiffening
against many things.

Labels: heretic

Monday, July 20, 2009

At GOP Club

-We got in a box on that Hispanic nominee. Lean over backwards for the immigrant bashers while grabbing the departing Spicks.

-And we didn’t need another of our sex scandals to erupt!

-Never be caught with a dead girl or a live boy.

-Mixing our subjects, that new waiter is cute.

-He’s Juan. I didn’t know you were Juan too–quoting an old, sick pun.

-Yourself?

Labels: GOP, Hispanic, immigration, sex scandal

Tuesday, July 21, 2009

Selection

-It’s like the Nazis and the Jews!

-Well, that’s a stretch. I just know that I have to deliver one body from these condos, and I’ve been holding them off from you for months.

-Where to? Some re-education camp?

-I don’t know. I can’t see how you can relearn what you’ve got: a big nose!

-I could get surgery!

-Too late now.

-But it’s so absurd and arbitrary!

-Yeah, sometimes it is.

Labels: big nose, Jews, Nazis

Wednesday, July 22, 2009

Games

No games, implore vari-
ous personals. Referenced

elsewhere too, for we
all play them, many
exclusively. Flogged

in Washington now.
What’s truth there? Need

you a$k? Hogs
at troughs.

Labels: Washington games

Thursday, July 23, 2009

Inclined To Improvise

Media Matters slams trombones
for wilful distortion. More so,
lazy & incompetent, how

they often don’t check
& just forget. Or following

their fake-book, possibly,
GOP lead sheet. Once,

If it bleeds it leads. Now snatch
it from the oven ½ baked! Risk

salmonella to body,
politic.

Labels: Media Matters

Friday, July 24, 2009

Now, Last Line

A dear lit-
tle antelope trope,

opaque fog, or
cheap trick?

How cheap?

Labels: poetry, rhetoric

Saturday, July 25, 2009

Barcelona Bars

put out innumerable snacks.
Fixed by toothpicks, & check final-

ly driven by these left
on plate. Be interesting
to bring idea to St Peter. But

avoiding lumber necessi-
tates a color-coding scheme.

& he'll say, "What am I? An
accountant? Join that line there!"

Uh uh! Look at the faces, mud
turtles. They're due for the down
escalator. Beat!

"Quaint images from simple earth."

I want fairness! Not caprice.

"Oh you do? Still don't get it, do you?"

Labels: Barcelona, Golden Gate, heaven, St Peter

Sunday, July 26, 2009

Doctor w/ his tiny light and lens

peers where we can’t
and says Hmmm.

Or Jesus! De-
pending.

Labels: doctor

Monday, July 27, 2009

Book flogging TV

often foists switchers.
Usually Left pricks
turned Right pricks.

Communist to Fascist? Hoi
polloi to suffocating clubster?
Abortion to AK 47? All depends

on degree, & who’s bought & sold,
but personal constant holds.

Labels: books, TV

Tuesday, July 28, 2009

The Split

Thinking of splitting &
becoming a Republican-
Democrat, or Democrat-

Republican. Then ½ of me, in
any event, ‘ll be convinced
the other truly stupid.

Labels: Democrat, Republican

Wednesday, July 29, 2009

Once You Know

decreed talking points,
you can judge true art

of the political
hack, how he folds

them into his stew of lies to
the joy of bigtime honchos.

Labels: talking points

Thursday, July 30, 2009

Ugly, Rich,

he marries a Babe.
Things swim a time.

Then, both shop about.
She, no fool, hogties
him legally. So…he gets

her offed. Reached out
of town, sobs buckets
at awful “news.” Cops

nab morons he had
entrusted rapidly. They

sing like the chorus at
The Metropolitan. Outside

his trial, Babes United For
Death––or her sisters--
jam TV’s 6 O’Clock Report

with HD makeup and hair.
Prosecution slides couple
on the stand. Nothing

to do with law; everything with
blondest beauty, grieved. They
cry, of course. Defense: no ques-

tions, knowing jury despises
their frogish client further if
dams really burst. Two kinds

of murder trials: wry,
laconic lynching, &

circus. Guess.

Labels: Babe, murder

Friday, July 31, 2009

Future Hearing

-I didn't listen to you Republicans when you said some bureaucrat would make the end of life decision for me!

-Well, you shoulda. But there's a caveat: decision outsourced to my new company, Bye-Bye Inc. Thus private sector, Baby!

-I remember now. You left the Senate in The Big Quit!

-Bingo! Lot of us did. Once Republicans lost the spicks and blacks and women too, none of us could ever get elected again.
But I held on, and wouldn't leave without a deal by the Dems.
Thus, Bye-Bye Inc.

-And here we are.

-Yeah well, let's cut to the choice. I looked over your shit and you haven’t got a fuckin chance. Reaper for you! Next!

-Whoa! How about appeal?

-10 thou in cash. Uncle Sam pays me 5 for this dumb hearing, but you gotta come cocoa personally for any appeal.

-I got the ten here! Take it!

-Thank you! Appeal denied! Next!

Labels: end of life decision

Saturday, August 01, 2009

Returns

Cape Canaveral Hospital requested
my return to pee more in a bottle.

More ignominious than MacArthur's
or Sinatra's, I nonetheless complied,

the pressure of performance dim-
inished by time.

Labels: MacArthur, return, Sinatra

Sunday, August 02, 2009

Pompous Designation

of choreographed motions
with a rifle called Manual
of Arms. I believe: as vague

presently as when I
pretended soldier. Once

in Korea, a lecturing, dolt-
ish officer wants a trooper
to demonstrate. Looks at

me, who has forgotten the whole
damn thing. So, exposure as null fraud
looms when I’m only there to dawdle

and daydream. He chooses another,
one who looks a soldier, and knows
his soldier stuff. I'm told

just about everybody suffers
nightmares of such vulnerability.

Labels: exposure, fraud

Monday, August 03, 2009

The Discussion

-I can't! Philosophically opposed. As a matter of fact, it makes me sick to my stomach!

-Then the proper medicine is to sweeten your campaign anew!

-Besides, who'd believe it? I'm on record, even Face the Nation, speaking out in very strong...!

-Let us worry about what people believe.

-I have to say no!

-You have to say yes. Discussion closed.

Labels: political discussion

Tuesday, August 04, 2009

Conversation, 3000

-They had this laughably primitive way of interpreting dreams.

-A Fingo-2 would've answered.

-They couldn't afford even that.

-What's afford?

-They depended on something called money. Nothing supplied like it is here.

-Did they all have it?

-Some did, and kept it away from the others. Lots of horrible anxiety! Which led to loving it.

-How sick! I heard of a being in Sector 19 loving another.

-What was done?

-Not a thing. Its own punishment.

Labels: future

Wednesday, August 05, 2009

Banker and Assistant

BANKER
We lu-UVE Republicans! They put true-believer hacks in to pretend regulation. We make mega tons of hay while the sun shines!

ASSISTANT
Unfortunately, sky got totally black ultimately!

BANKER
Then the Democrats brought light!

ASSISTANT
In the form of rescue moolah. Pure gold!

BANKER
We can't lose. Grateful to both. As their campaigns will realize.

ASSISTANT
Too bad there had to be such greed, stupidity and incompetence in banking!.

BANKER
Where was that, exactly?

ASSISTANT
Not in this office of course!

BANKER
What’s that old expression? Money never lost a war?

ASSISTANT
Just knock off the predicate off that sentence. Money never lost, period!

BANKER
You are learning the advanced grammar of Capitalism!

ASSISTANT
It’s a short book.

BANKER
And brutal!--I remind you.

ASSISTANT
Why we even want our Little League team to fight to the death!

BANKER
Bet your ambitious ass!

Labels: banking, greed, incompentence, TARP

Thursday, August 06, 2009

Banker and Assistant, Encore

BANKER
I've done it! Changed my registration to Democrat!

ASSISTANT
Chief! What a shock!

BANKER
Going with the power! GOP is now the party of bible thumpers and raging halfwits. A southern party can't win. Period. There are some reform currents, but it won't really kick in until 2020, if ever. I'll be retired, and you'll be the Great Enchilada. Maybe.

ASSISTANT
Whatever I can do! I'll switch if you want, uh...basic philosophy of Republicans still favors our gang, though, don't you think? Certainly not trying to undermine your heartfelt decision.

BANKER
Too many problems! I'd rather work with the Dems. They're on message. I don't agree with much of it, but target is clear to me when I pick up the phone. And the target is in the 21st century!

ASSISTANT
Should I switch then?

BANKER
No! Definitely not. You're still really a true believer and that's good! I'd like you to be even more Republican. Get into meetings, talk to cornpone legislators.

ASSISTANT
What for?

BANKER
Always important to know what the hillbillies are up to. Out of power and laughable, but still dangerous.

Labels: bankers

Friday, August 07, 2009

Rocco and Nam Nick

NAM NICK
The Republican lunatic-birthers, tea baggers and queer-haters are shrieking down speakers at Town Hall Meetings.

ROCCO
Their right, no?

NAM NICK
I don’t know about that. World would profit by their loss.

ROCCO
Speaking of which, they lost most elections in near memory. They’re sore sore sore! And will be for a good long time.

NAM NICK
It’s The Republican Sore Losers’ Club!

ROCCO
Yeah, but they still have the Constitutional right to bellyache whether you like it or not.

NAM NICK
They should be locked up as dangerous nuts! Like the way they should’ve locked up Hitler and thrown away the key!

ROCCO
Uh huh? And how about you freaks back when? Shouting down the speakers defending the war? If they locked up all you crazies, we’d still be in Vietnam.

NAM NICK
I screamed at the war pigs because I couldn’t stand hearing any more of their murderous lies! Anyway, that was for a good! What good are these...?

ROCCO
More they defuse their fury in politics, more their wives stay alive.

S Philly's Rocco usually leans a bit left in dialog.

Labels: Rocco, tea baggers, Vietnam

Saturday, August 08, 2009

Conversion Hysteria

Black Republican
& filthy rich

liberal have sucked
the Koolaids.

That’s okay. De-
meaned colonials

had a name for it.
Something even lower
than themselves.

Labels: political convert

Sunday, August 09, 2009

Redhead

I’ve known redheads,
skin like fresh

baptismal founts, striking
hair too. Something from

Eddie Poe’s gals hustles,
dead or dying.

Reclining at any rate
in tombs.

Labels: Poe, redhead

Monday, August 10, 2009

Astroturf HQ

-We’re getting lots of bang for our bucks!

-An investment in freedom!–or some fuckin thing.

-But cameras also shows many crazy jerk-offs, birthers and Nazis. Even a few signs praising Hitler.

-Diarrhea! Who gives a flying fuck WHAT they say or scream?

-No worry about content then? We do support causes, some legitimate. Good for these Democrat Town Halls to hear them!

-Causes-shmauzes! Disrupt! Disrupt! Disrupt! Which part of Shut it down! don’t you understand? Keep offering your daily prayer to St Karl the Rove.

-Amen!–I guess.

-O ye of little fuckin faith!

Labels: astroturf, Town Halls

Tuesday, August 11, 2009

The Senate Floor

reeks of importance.
Seeking the best face
for what’s been paid.

Labels: senate

Wednesday, August 12, 2009

Uproar at Town Hall Meetings

Spectacle and theatrical
slams CSPAN caller.

Baboons do it better, especial-
ly dominant male strutting
his technicolor ass.

Labels: Town Halls

Thursday, August 13, 2009

Farce can literally mean stuffed bag

$enate.

Labels: farce, senate

Friday, August 14, 2009

It’s still the same old story/a fight
for love and glory

Proverb mar-
ring the rounds
in Washington:

A friend is one
who stabs you
in the front.

Labels: Washington

Saturday, August 15, 2009

Raucous "Tea Partiers"

Mostly, they
don't state it,

but their raw
bones burn with
Race Race Race!

Labels: Race, tea parties

Sunday, August 16, 2009

Romantic Overtones

How some find Lady of
the Lake, or Lorelei, even
Lucy in the Sky, but I get

Heather of the Interest Rates
imploring me to press “1" now!

Labels: banking, romantic

Monday, August 17, 2009

Will GOP Get Nasty Mojo Back

w/Nazi
accusing

and accused?

Labels: GOP, Mojo, Nazis

Tuesday, August 18, 2009

Health Legislation Public Option

Put it in separate Bill.
That way no Repub
will vote for it

in fear and trembling
of their ruthless base

labeling them Socialist.
Dems who vote against
are Republicans. Get it

on the record at any rate.
They'll spin insanely after.

Labels: Democrat, health insurance, Public Option, Republican

Wednesday, August 19, 2009

“REPUBLICANS LYING OVER HEALTH CARE BILL”

Rebuttal By One

Nonsense! We don’t recognize the concept. You say what you must as a Holy Warrior for Business and for God!

Labels: Republican

Thursday, August 20, 2009

Biff, Noir Detective,

escorting me through depraved hells before my first day at Police Academy. We both know I’m naive, so this crash course.

The lowest a stinking drug house in slashing rain.

“They get high and fuck on top of filthy rags.” Succinct Biff roughs up a few but gets no info.

Once on the flooded pavement, I must declare, “A fitting end to the tour. Let’s get coffee or something stronger. I’m soaked!”

“Hey!” he laughs, under the mercury streetlight his gnarled face even more menacing, “We got us another stop!”

“You can’t get lower! It’s worse than Dante!”

“One circle down yet. Republicans.”

Labels: Republican

Friday, August 21, 2009

Rocco and Super-Prejudiced Lou

ROCCO
How y'doin, Super? And who do you hate today?

SUPER
Cast stays the same, with minor additions. I follow the news for those.

ROCCO
Then how 'bout that Bollywood star--fantasy love for millions of Indian women!--detained by airport sleuths at Newark?

SUPER
What he deserves for being stupid! Prominent spicks should paint their faces.

ROCCO
How 'bout our faces?

SUPER
No problem. Already white.

Labels: prejudice, Rocco

Saturday, August 22, 2009

Sandbagging, Revered American Tradition

Remembering my Dad's union, ITU, mostly linotypers,
Newspaper management dispatches a fresh Yale grad

to what they know will be a wild, raucous meeting
& membership responds with shout & screams, plus
an accomplished double-talker who commences

his questions clearly enough, but then mish-
mashes hilariously & at agonizing length.

“What? Excuse me?” sputters callow interpreter of
Plutocracy, furiously digging his attache case.

Oh well, he’ll get chances to learn, including
this occasion, but, I suspect, remain a fool,
a prosperous one due to class, of course.

Labels: town meeting sandbagging

Sunday, August 23, 2009

Prevailing Intellectual Question

of Centuries 20 & 21 is
how far to camp it up.

Decency kicks such
w/antic viciousness.

Labels: canp

Monday, August 24, 2009

The Unassisted Triple Play*

Since it depends on
strange coordinates,
rare. Some-

day in the grid
where you meet up
similarly, exult!

For, you’re the one and
only for that instant.

Dot moves
and you
take care.

* Phils end game on unassisted triple play–Yahoo News

Labels: Baseball, unassisted triple play

Tuesday, August 25, 2009

In Central Florida We're Free

to hear Right-Wing
Branded Garbage
on radio. RNC,

Fox, Clear Channel,
various lackeys,

soiled legends &
scabrous yappers.

Burning cynics on
payola. Lotza coy

God, but no surprise:
Devil has quoted scripture
before this racial villainy.

Labels: Central Florida, Clear Channel, Fox, Right Wing, talk radio. RNC

Wednesday, August 26, 2009

Rocco and It's All Class Larry

ROCCO
Senator Kennedy died. Great Massachusetts Liberal!

LARRY
And last of a dynasty. A rich one.

ROCCO
And yet he supported the poor and middle classes, no?

LARRY
To an extent. But a rich man generally favors his own class.

ROCCO
And the other legislators?

LARRY
They're bribed to act rich.

ROCCO
And lo and behold, after a few years, they attain that lofty status.
It’s almost a miracle!

LARRY
Proves that American dream is within reach for some--
with the aid of corporations and their bagmen.

ROCCO
Your bottom line?

LARRY
It's all class!

ROCCO
And self-reinforcing, yes?

LARRY
You got that right!

Rocco asks questions in South Philadelphia.

Labels: class, Kennedy, liberal, rich

Thursday, August 27, 2009

Answer

then, 1/2
assed. Best

cast off.
Ship risks.

Labels: memory, past

Friday, August 28, 2009

Free Speech Ain't Norman Rockwell

Thus Town Meetings with
foam-mouth shriekers

& crazies & haters for
their warped views
of The Constitution.

Every meeting possesses,
too, an upright senior. His

subtext: I got mine &
fuck the rest of you!

Probably from some posh
Sun City next to a high
school without microscopes.

Yes, Interior Colonialism
excludes in the home of
the moneyed brave

and deluded free.

Labels: Interior Colonialism, town meeting

Saturday, August 29, 2009

Nausea

Trashed on TV, not felicitous to be her ex.
Hell hath no fury like an anorexic purged.

Labels: anorexia

Sunday, August 30, 2009

Imagining the Past

She in all black, athletic, blocky, her audible exasperation at the many cosmetic choices on CVS’s shelves.

Before This

-I won’t go into that party with you looking like a goddamned bull dyke! Get some makeup at least!

-But I am...

-But you don’t have to...

Labels: lesbian

Monday, August 31, 2009

Over Ohio?

U.S. helicopter accidentally dumps
Afghan ballot boxes. -Yahoo News

Labels: Afghan election

Tuesday, September 01, 2009

War Pigs by Black Sabbath

Marking joys under
the hammering track.

A little boy's feet moving
without resistance as
in a dream of feet his

father carries him.

Labels: war pigs

Wednesday, September 02, 2009

Two Very Humongous Bankers

-More banks failing!

-Penny-ante!

-But we're too big to fail! I love it.

-And Uncle still keeps carrying the cash bags in.

-Does that make him a bag man?

-Shhh! No Mafia hints. Our PR has already taken
huge hits! Little people think us thieves.
Even some of our heavy friends concur.

-We merely speculated in risky financial instruments.
What else is new?

-Nothing. But we just found us one hell of a depositor!

-As good Republicans, we're against it all! In theory.

-But keep it coming!

-No moral hazard. Worst we can do is lose Uncle’s money.

-Let’s fuck him first. That’s his moral hazard.

Labels: bankers

Thursday, September 03, 2009

Groups Descending on Washington

Declaring their free way
should be yours &

thirsting for the day
you get forced
to dance their dance.

Labels: pressure groups, Washington

Friday, September 04, 2009

Family

Americans can't grasp The Anthropology
of Family Marching Formations. How

he leads at Home Depot, followed by
wife, dutiful, then joyless brat-gaggle.

Now, because of his Alzheimer's,
she takes the point, grown-up kids

as far away as geographically possible.
He, of course, wanders, remembering,

though, the Republican Playbook,
which he babbles at strangers.

Saturday, September 05, 2009

A Stupid War

grinds on and on
until one madman
recants.

Labels: war

Sunday, September 06, 2009

The Haunting

The obsessed cre-
ates the obsession
by accretion until

it’s surreal, & thus
unrecognizable

to itself. In love,
the beloved may
refashion to please,

or taunt,
both.

Labels: obsession

Monday, September 07, 2009

Rocco and the Penn Economist

ROCCO
I hate to give you such a superlative, but the Economics Trade, which missed ALL signs of this latest disastrous flop, are 100 percent full of shit!

PENN
Slightly high. A few of us deal with the real world.

ROCCO
You’re inventing that too! Let me know when you make cucumbers into sunbeams.

PENN
Trade secret!

Rocco engages many in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Economists, Rocco

Tuesday, September 08, 2009

1st Tee, Sea Island GA

-Never asked you what you did.

-I buy.

-Particular products?

-Not so. Legislators.

Labels: bribery, lobbyist

Wednesday, September 09, 2009

Celebrating Labor Day

Many GOP solons brag a-
bout their union membership
before catching gravy train. So

they’re anti-labor presently,
which followers see as wising up,

but merely involves changing
another coat.

Labels: GOP, Labor, Labor Day

Thursday, September 10, 2009

Station Manager to News Producer,
Town Hall Summer ‘09

“I got two rules. If it bleeds it leads. And in politics,
cherchez les crazies! That’s fuckin French.”

Labels: media

Friday, September 11, 2009

Twin Right-Wing Communiques

pair Obama with Hitler
AND with Marx. Uh uh. Try

muddy. Choose one. Hitler despised
Communists as much as he did Jews.

(sorta like encrusted Republicans, no?)

Forgive that sleazy wisecrack
and let's get on to a True
Believers’ Referendum.

Obama is A) Communist, or B) Fascist.
RNC could run the thing and force
their voters into what the result dictates.

Keep the wackos on message, yes?

Labels: Right Wing, Town Halls

Saturday, September 12, 2009

A Female Hoarseness Floats Into My Window

Recognized it in the past
as particular to booze
& cigarettes &

don’t know enough
about drugs to define
the modern equation.

Labels: booze, cigarettes, drugs

Sunday, September 13, 2009

Shame

Moderns rule
it out &

yet it lingers.
Possessing en-

ergy we didn’t
chip in.

Labels: shame

Monday, September 14, 2009

Corn Poners

call CSPAN be-
deviled by IN!-
surance &

The GOV-mint.
They blast Y’ALLs,

the educated guests. Vile &
Ignorant Crackers!

Save when they
agree with me. Then

they’re Enlightened
Southerners.

Labels: South

Tuesday, September 15, 2009

"The Last Decent Republican" --Two operatives chat.

-We're entering an age of singular viciousness!

-Hey! Enter? Exit? Bullshit! Just the usual hardball.

-Republican ideas and principles subsumed!
Can you even name one?

-Not offhand. They're locked the library and I fight
to keep that repository of total horseshit safe.

-I don’t think I can have a discussion with you, really.

-Nah, I rather gouge some eyes. Hey! I was in
The Brooks Brothers Riot in Miami. That's where we walked
over the corpses of pussy Republicans like you and their
Democrat fellow travelers.

-The Royal Road of Grease.

-Whatever you say. Talk is, like, the cheapest.

-Most of the public now sees us as a mob of nearly homicidal maniacs.

-Fuck the nearly!

-I've lost my home! That’s what I know.

-Not at all! We keep you around as The Last Decent Republican, a fuckin fossil. Can a fossil suck?
I mean literally suck?

Labels: Last Decent Republican, Republican, Republican Hardball

Wednesday, September 16, 2009

Practical Future

Tea Partiers will head home
to The Ron Paul Libertarian Wing
of the GOP. So from there, thick-

ly strongarm The Country
Club Republican Crowd. To do this

they must shove their annoyingly
racist nuts under the bus, such

vicious berserkers forming new
outfits of vicious berserkers, or

joining militias wandering through
the Court’s 2d Amendment rulings
and other toxic reactionary clouds.

Labels: GOP., Libertarian, Ron Paul, Second Amendment, Supreme Court, Tea Partiers

Thursday, September 17, 2009

Triple Crusty Republican

“The purpose of The Republican Party is to make
our rich friends richer so they refresh the Coffers
of Righteousness! A pure and beautiful machine! Class!

The rest is blather and chaos.

We‘ve seized talk radio! Big deal! Our stupid advocates
there just bring out the fangs on all the other stupid factions.
Just a sleazy sideshow every bit of it!

A pawnshop full of old crap!”

Labels: Republican, Talk Radio

Friday, September 18, 2009

Race In America

The fish says “Water?
What water?”

Labels: Race

Saturday, September 19, 2009

Comfort

"I feel kinda funny," he said.
And then dropped dead.

"Whoa!" say you, "I feel that way
ten times a day!"

Well, there's a last time
for everything.

Labels: death

Sunday, September 20, 2009

Question For the Rages

Is the lie sidestep-
ing neurotics a true lie?

Worse. You dance
to a tune despised.

Labels: lie, neurotic

Monday, September 21, 2009

Christian Fury

coagulates
in Washington,

the annual bash
to hammer fear

since God is highly pissed.
And no Socialist!

Loaves and fishes draw burps
at posher venues, and service

folk receive prayer for tips.
Purgatorial chits, however, ran-
som no slurpies. By contrast,

whores get paid in randy cash,
though roared at
after.

Labels: Christian

Tuesday, September 22, 2009

The Future of History

Having fucked up yet another
Colonial War (thus, in
the anachronism, losing China

to infinity) we embrace a new tsunami
of refugees, frequently homicidal

righties, aka Freedom Fighters. They
freshen the mob already here, opening

restaurants. Adding to the culinary
if not the cultural life.

Labels: Colonial War, refugees

Wednesday, September 23, 2009

Beholders

At a Senate Hearing, an
Oriental woman’s eye

in the background, clean,
clear, large. Those of her

American fellow-sexers,
hammocky, painted. White

male orbs intersperse like
pissholes in snow.

Labels: eye, senate hearing

Thursday, September 24, 2009

Getting It Done

ASSISTANT
Our lead negotiator on Helkin doing a crackerjack job...

CEO
I'll need details.

ASST
and despite...

CEO
Despite what?

ASST
Well, a horrendous divorce proceeding has him reeling emotionally.

CEO
Emotionally means every which way.

ASST
Not so with him. He can separate.

CEO
My source there tells me Old Man Helkin flying in.
They smell blood in the water. So I'll be taking over.

ASST
And our guy?

CEO
Back to his department with faint gratitude.

ASST
There’s a problem. HR slid a new guy into his slot--
negotiations were slated to go on for so long and...

CEO
He has no job? Fire him.

ASST
Boss! Excuse me, but that's so cold!

CEO
Not tiddlywinks we play here.

Labels: CEO, Negotiation

Friday, September 25, 2009

Learn Spanish? What For?

Talk to a few guys outside
7-11? Or little brown ants
crawling construction sites?

But bound forward 5-10 years.
Learn Spanish to be clear-

er to your boss & insinuate
yourself to the Ruling Class.

Labels: Spanish

Saturday, September 26, 2009

When Fate Throws Curve Balls

Hack! Standing there puzzling
the spin leaves life to umpires.

Labels: curve

Sunday, September 27, 2009

Post-Depression

Pols fond of “kicking
the can down the road.”

As a kid, sneaker on
the actual can. So alone,
thudding heart scans black-

ness for those who leap
out and kick that can--
once I’ve left it to ferret

them out. Scraping tinniness
bouncing away. Despair
at being “it” again. Playing

very late as parents drank,
kicked down the road.

Labels: depression, kick the can

Monday, September 28, 2009

Bowing To The Man, Encore

Fox Sports expands turf,
includes Democrats with
lousy Washington teams.

Talking Points
travel far.

From HQ to low-
est mic serf.

Labels: Fox, Sports

Tuesday, September 29, 2009

Rocco Listens to Huge Solution Sam

ROCCO
Well Sam, I understand you want to make Obama President For Life!

HS SAM
That's too Tin-Pot Dictatorship. I want him into the Old President's Home after his two terms. What I actually said is that the office should go only to Democrats.

ROCCO
A little document call the Constitution?

HS SAM
We'll amend it. Hey I'm thinking mostly of the Republicans! They hate governing. They don't believe in it. Why look at the hacks they put in to run departments. Saboteurs!

ROCCO
Loyalists.

HS SAM
Loyal to what? Stupidity? Pulling the plug on Grandma and all the inanities they repeat long after they cease believing what they say-- if they ever did. Even Mrs Goebbels probably told the twisted dwarf to shut the fuck up!

ROCCO
History, unlike today, is silent on the matter. But, have you run this latest huge idea of yours past any Republicans?

HS SAM
Not yet, but I know I can convince them they'll be better off. After all, they absolutely love screaming from the outside. Governing is boring.

ROCCO
You make them sound like Divas.

HS SAM
Right! Perfect! The Diva Party! I love it!

No divas in South Philadelphia, but some of their flavor is glimpsed in the old proverb, “When Mama is unhappy everybody is unhappy.”

Labels: Diva, Obama, Republican, Rocco

Wednesday, September 30, 2009

Rocco Meets His Teabagger

ROCCO
Dr Onofrio, Literary Scholar of Defunct American Fascist Writers!
And, of course, present Teabagger--unless I miss my guess.

DR O
Right on, Rocco! Democrats, aka Socialists, tilting the table of money
towards the stinking rabble.

ROCCO
Blacks, you mean. Group you hate the most.

DR O
I hate everybody!

ROCCO
That’s literary. You learned that attitude slogging through your PhD at Penn
with the other malcontents and drama queens.

DR O
No! Literally true. I literally hate...!

ROCCO
Uh huh? How about getting real and ranking your top three groups for me?

DR O
Be glad to. First is blacks, of course. Oh, excuse me, Afro-Americans!
Must be politically correct, the low gear of our pretend democracy.

ROCCO
And the second?

DR O
Can’t you guess? “Oy Marvin! Did yuh ever see such a kikey place
as Atlantic City? I love it! But keep the Rabbi away from the whores!”

ROCCO
Predictable so far.

DR O
The third would be ghinnies, best represent by you, Rocco, all heart if it’s somebody else’s money. And all mouth in any case.

ROCCO
Last time I saw your mom and dad shopping at The Italian Market,
they didn’t quite resemble white-bread Americans from The Main Line.

DR O
I disown them! They’re ghinnies all the way through. Plastic-covered furniture and a goat in the backyard!

ROCCO
Please call again.

DR O
Try and stop me!

ROCCO
They always come back!–but whatever for?

In Rocco’s S Philadelphia, a child often returns with disdain.

Labels: Rocco, South Philadelphia, tea baggers

Thursday, October 01, 2009

Two GOP Wags

-Pulling Grandma’s plug is a whopper!

-Well, we don’t have a monopoly on lying.

-No, but we’re edging close.

Labels: GOP, Healthcare, Republican

Friday, October 02, 2009

Christian Fury

coagulates
in Washington,

the annual bash
to hammer fear

since God is highly pissed.
And no Socialist!

Loaves and fishes draw burps
at posher venues, and service

folk receive prayer for tips.
Purgatorial chits, however, ran-
som no slurpies. By contrast,

whores get paid in randy cash,
though roared at after.

Labels: Christian, Values Voter

Saturday, October 03, 2009

My Hat

Bucket thing, keeping brutal
Florida sun off my literal
red neck. Wag busdriver

cracks “What dumpster
you dig that outa?” But

guy in Winn-Dixie blurts
“What a great hat!” It’s
bleached and near-

ly shapeless. Doesn’t
resemble Mastroianni’s
wingy-dark lid in 8 ½,

a film seeking to raise
Director’s Block

to more culturally
revered Writer’s.

I hear Ed G Robinson
yelling “Block, my ass!

What the fuck they paying
your precious ass for?”

Art compels vulgarity.

Labels: director's block, style, writer's block

Sunday, October 04, 2009

Biggest Yak

growing up: old people with
their groaning fixations on
digestion--farts and shit
or lacks thereof

and gas gas gas. Haunting
the lax-antacid aisle, fiery
brick in their chest or up
their ancient ass. Pitiful.

CAPT AHAB STALKS WALGREEN’S

Hilarious! And you know what?

Labels: digestion

Monday, October 05, 2009

If The South Had Won

Lincoln in show-trial con-
victed of High Treason.

Not shot: Martyrdom'd slow
Reconstruction in North. So,
left to rot. Speed the sepia

reel ahead to our colored frame.
“Debate” in Congress

about allowing chosen
slaves to use computers.

Listen to the voices! Expecting
Southern ones, but most vocal

possess Northeastern accents,
calling for safeguards.

Where are Abolitionists?
Executed in patriotic haste,
families perpetually disgraced.

Conservative happiness reigns
in the land! Grace.
All know place.

Labels: Civil War, Lincoln, Slavery

Tuesday, October 06, 2009

The Future of History

Having fucked up yet another
Colonial War (thus, in
the anachronism, losing China

to infinity) we embrace a new tsunami
of refugees, frequently homicidal

righties, aka Freedom Fighters. They
freshen the mob already here, opening

restaurants. Adding to the culinary
if not the cultural life.

Labels: Colonial War, Freedom Fighters

Wednesday, October 07, 2009

The Celebrity Keeps Apologizing

Fashioning a cliché.
Sex churns actual
guts in the little shop.

Fee-Maniacs grease
Pound of Flesh

Machines. Even the kid fetch-
ing coffee gets something

lopped off
in the rut
of Justice.

Labels: bailout crooks, celebrity, Justice, lawyers, sex scandal

Thursday, October 08, 2009

Rocco and the Twins

ROCCO
Well the Pesticcie Twins! How do you react to the latest?
South Philly kid killed in Afghanistan. Ranger.

P1
Dead for a pile of rocks!

ROCCO
Perhaps slightly more complex than that, though I understand where you're coming from. At any rate, how do you keep silent for this long, Pesticcie 2?

P2
Die for the system and the system dies.

ROCCO
I though it was just the opposite: way to keep the system going
is to die for it. All the patriots, all their last words and all?
Noble deeds all OVER the fuckin place.

PI
Corruption devours the young.

P2
Throw some loudmouth old men into the battles.
Then they'd end.

ROCCO
I guess the GOP is making a mistake trolling for your votes?

P1
War pigs!

P2
War pigs!

ROCCO
Come by more often. You two make me sound like a conservative.

Rocco discovers he’s a moderate.

Labels: Afghanistan, anti-war

Friday, October 09, 2009

Formula

A president never gets credit
for making things less bad.*

Eureka! So that, and racial
hatred, explains right

wing radio.

*CSPAN guest

Labels: CSPAN, Obama, Race

Saturday, October 10, 2009

Worst Moments

I gushed over this or
that one. Choking
my own being. Quite

few, long past, but
still cringe.

Labels: gushing

Sunday, October 11, 2009

Woodrow Wilson Fellowship

Why did I go in front of board
smoking a cigar? Oh well, intend-

ing to shock professor-
decorum. & succeeded. Was

1/2 pose, 1/2 content then.
So, has proportion changed

from this undistinguished par?
I don't know. Learned more,

& more schlock. Let's impanel
new judges to offend.

Labels: Woodrow Wilson Fellowship

Monday, October 12, 2009

Foxer Laughs Out Loud

on hearing of Obama’s Nobel.
Out-whores laugh a lot.

Keeps down wormwood gorge.

Labels: Fox, Nobel, Obama

Tuesday, October 13, 2009

Best of Times, Worst of Times

In Copenhagen, Frogs
& their limpwristed ilk
on Olympic Committee

nonetheless tell Obama Don’t
let the door hit you in the ass!

& then he’s given Nobel
by worse! So Eurofaggots

are slippery trash!
& that settles that!

Labels: Nobel, Obama

Wednesday, October 14, 2009

Wall Street Journal to pass USA Today as top U.S. paper*

Reportage top-notch
for the most part:
accuracy, hallmark.

Editorial, wet dreams
of Neanderthals.

*Yahoo News

Labels: Wall Street Journal, WSJ

Thursday, October 15, 2009

I say, Old Chap, nice water chaser for that whiskey?

At Brit Conservative Meeting,
speaker denounces torture
“against friend and foe.”

Labels: torture

Friday, October 16, 2009

“Necessary Furniture of Empire”*

At the Garage Sale
Americans picked up
most of the Viceroy

chairs. Though the French
had included Devil's Island
potpourri, most shunned.

Guantanamo being
fully appointed.

*Lord Curzon

Labels: Empire, Guantanamo

Saturday, October 17, 2009

Village Romance

When S upset his
routine of countless
years for love, result

proved catastrophic.
In a death grip of the lady

hanging from her blond hair
high up in a monster oak.

Coast Guard Lt Lila Grady
said a rogue wave never
traveled that far inland.

Labels: Romance

Sunday, October 18, 2009

Women Who Can't Shit

then, alternatively, can,
are promised relief
by Activia Yogurt.

Over-promised, Gov
says, though organisms

could help intestinally. Well,
the usual crap shoot: try-
ing anything for health.

No spokesperson arises
from the women claiming

It's ok, we're used to
shitty assurances.

Labels: intestinal

Monday, October 19, 2009

Under This Administration

As in far-flung every-
where, we must be

alert to Mission Creep
in Afghanistan. Un-

der Republicans, tab
it Missionary Creep.

Labels: Mission Creep, Republican

Tuesday, October 20, 2009

Right-Thinking*

The power of holding two contradictory beliefs
in one's mind simultaneously,
and accepting both of them....

To tell deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them,
to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then,
when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion

for just so long as it is needed, to deny
the existence of objective reality
and all the while to take account of the reality

which one denies.

The lie always one leap ahead of the truth.

*Orwell rearranged

Labels: Orwell, Right

Wednesday, October 21, 2009

Golden Bridge Over Turbid Waters

When big politicians vicious-
ly criticized, I often give half
a pass, thinking

of those countless
hours in tiny districts' fog-
bound meetings. Of course,

nonpareils among them skipped
such minutiae, giving speeches
full of blinding logic instead.

Their grunts and pencil pushers
bask in the greater magnificence

of plumb genius, the golden bridges
over turbid waters. They sigh at length.

Party leaders refer to their
Intellectual Royalty
as knuckleheads.

Labels: party politics

Thursday, October 22, 2009

Audiences

Between steaming right
wing turds compris-
ing late night AM,

prostate commercials
targeting so-weary trips

to the can as clock radios
stress their red digits.

Labels: prostate, Right Wing Radio

Friday, October 23, 2009

Old & New Lines Enliven Fashion Show

REPUBLICAN: We don’t need any more laws on the books.
Just enforce the one we have, cowards!

DEMOCRAT: We need more laws since your rich scum-
buddies have amoral, silk-stocking lawyers successfully intriguing to evade the old ones.

Labels: Democrat, Law, Republican

Saturday, October 24, 2009

Two Classic Films

Third Man still shades Citizen Kane in
my judgment, with its vile characters

rushing huge against floodlit ruins.
Gritty postwar utter exhaustion.

The wickedness, and crushed innocence, work-a-day military straining under depravity and political burlesque.

But the American film more specifically prophetic.*

*...decent, hard-working people in this community...
robbed blind by a pack of money-mad pirates...

Labels: Citizen Kane, film, Third Man

Sunday, October 25, 2009

Buck Buck! How Many Fingers Up?

One leans against a wall,
as far away from it
as he can.

Another leans against him in
the same pose, gripping him
around the waist and presently,
another one or two or more. Then

a player takes off running,
leaps upon that chain with
as much might as possible,

(Big one gets the whole chain
groaning) followed by members of

his team piling on. Whereupon,
buck question gets asked.

And if the one against
the wall answers correctly,
his team becomes runners

and the failed leapers must
assume the interlocked mules’

positions. That’s the kids’ game
and variations abound.

Metaphoric comparisons too,
many, of course, in politics.

Labels: children's games

Monday, October 26, 2009

Noblesse Oblige, True, Truer, Truest

It's easy not
to wait in pain,

Pronouncing THEY can
always go to the Emergency Room.

Labels: medical care, medical insurance

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

A Columnist Writes, Before &
After Sensitivity Training

BEFORE

“Thailand, and women engage in a tea
ceremony, or some other useless waste of time
women, and homosexuals, seem enamored of.”

AFTER

“Thailand, and women engage in a tea
ceremony, or some other useless waste of time
women, and homosexuals, seem enamored of.”

Labels: Sensitivity Training

Wednesday, October 28, 2009

Shame

To a Conservative, vast,
innumerable categories.

To a Liberal, not so
across the board.

Labels: Conservative, liberal, shame

Thursday, October 29, 2009

Comedy on Wall Street

-Some columnist wants you to go on TV and explain what you do, and why you're paid so much.

-John Q interested huh? Whether he knows it or not.

-What would you say, Chief? With all due respect.

-See this right arm? I'd demonstrate how I apply Vaseline to get it even further up his ass!

-I thank God every night that I work here. Nobody knows how funny you are!

-Not trying to be.

Labels: Wall Street

Friday, October 30, 2009

Righties Relish

their comedic gifts. Radio
skit: pregnant woman

phones "Obamacare."
To those sharing randy
tantrums, funny.

Labels: "Obamacare.", Right Wing Radio

Saturday, October 31, 2009

TB Stole Chopin at 39

Maybe there's a bank
of years and you’re due
the ones he didn't use.

For what? Genius? That
bent frame? Strange con-

cern. Raging at art & not
judging yourself. Do that

without jail time,
you be just fine.

Labels: art, Chopin, genius

Sunday, November 01, 2009

The Goldilocks Zone

Swath of celestial path where
new-discovered planet
is just right

for livable climate. And
on your daily orbit do you

find this place, only to be
gravitated to regions
of blackest ice?

Labels: Goldilocks Zone, orbit, planet

Monday, November 02, 2009

Why Are We in Afghanistan?

Fight terrorism?
The other guys

put us there & we
can’t turn & fly &

save face too? For
petroleum, for…? Oh

a dozen other reasons
according to degree

held & purchasers. Burned
through billions All Right, so
what’s it all worth?

A bag of shit.

Labels: Afghanistan, oil, terrorism

Tuesday, November 03, 2009

As Wars Drain

to a sort of putrid residue
& it's past time for politic de-
parture, they become academic

exercises. Boards convene now
& issue reports. Each includes
a smashed national explicating this

latest historical bullying & how
it transcends the native variety.

Labels: academic, war

Wednesday, November 04, 2009

Central Florida AM

never rests. I wake at 4,
decide to catch election
results. Promo assures me

Communists being purged
from White House. Later
will scarf cholesterol

bomb at Mickey D’s,
then scope the beach.

Blatant ones hold hammer
and sickle surfboards aloft
darting into the waves of

what is not, thank God,
a Red Sea yet!

Labels: Communist, Talk Radio, White House

Thursday, November 05, 2009

Two Old GOP Pros

-We win two governorships!

-No mystery. Pros ran campaigns.

-And lost a New York seat we've had since Civil War times.

-There we let ideologues thump their dicks on the table.

-Great formula! Bring outsiders in to hector the natives. And then wonder why they're pissed.

-Purity is a loser. Always and everywhere.

-They're claiming they really won.

-What? In the eyes of God? I go by returns.

-Oh well, Left has similar problems.

-Good! Let them all debate! Tour the country with competing sermons down their noses!

-Full of sound and fury.

-And signifying less than nothing! Like leaving a roomful of beauties to jerk off somewhere!

Labels: GOP, ideological purity

Friday, November 06, 2009

Caption

A wretch holds a sign
at the Bradford (PA)

courthouse. She stole
a child's gift card it
tells us. No

record exists there
of persons of wealth
expiating their gouges

similarly. They vote straight
Republican and thereby wave
the children of others to war,

spouting half-heartfelt bromides
for the occasion.

Labels: bailout party, Bradford, Republican

Saturday, November 07, 2009

Tap of 2 Cities

Had a Stella Artois (arrr-twaaa)
in Claremont, CA. Perhaps the pre-
eminent location for this arch brew.

In New Orleans (nawlins) you'd skip
the Artois and settle for Stella.

For urgency and literature. (Stelll-
AHHHH!)

Labels: beer, Claremont, New Orleans

Sunday, November 08, 2009

A Shop Exists

in its own building
to repair things.
Flapping belts

and smell of oil
in half-darkness.

Wizened proprietor gives
you numbered stub circled

with the date promised.
All in order, and anytime
you’re there, the sights

and smells reassure. One
day the building missing!

Coils of weeds surround
imprint. Merchants near-

by change the subject.
A policeman merely
shrugs. I think of tossing

the broken item into a trash
barrel but he has seen it.

Labels: fear, repair

Monday, November 09, 2009

Can’t Sleep

with worry? Credit Repair
as close as your radio. Up-

side down Hippocratic Oath
of Finance: Harm the hurt.

Labels: credit, finane

Tuesday, November 10, 2009

Commerce and Language

I Guess Money will
be satisfied when

Mining de-mountaintops
West Virginia completely.
Disparagement, join-

ing folklore, must coin
“Flatbillies” then.

Labels: surface mining, West Virginia

Wednesday, November 11, 2009

Floridas

Republicans truly burn
with desire

of drilling offshore!
Corporate Whores.

Safe! they insist
and technological
to beat the brand.

Oily presentations.
But I resort to metaphor.

When the real thing arrives in
fallen coils of blackened birds
and tons of fish dead in muck,

they'll claim bad luck,
who could’ve foreseen such?

Labels: Florida, offshore drilling

Thursday, November 12, 2009

A Pick Being Just Enough

Trolling within the huge open case
in my Publix for beer. At 6s &
7s I, exploring six-pack options.

But finally encounter Full Sail
Pale Ale, from brewery
in Oregon owned by workers.

Before, Righties, unbolting your
remarkable engine of satire,
we know we’re silly at times

& make inconsequential choices
tilting at your formidable windmills

of shit.

Labels: Capitalism, worker control

Friday, November 13, 2009

How To Survive in Washington

First, apply to Think Tanks. If
one despises your advocacy, then

submit the few temperate
passages you've written. You

may even be invited on a panel–-to be
sandbagged by wits of bent dimension.

If in the audience with other
intellectuals, ask questions
with extensive prefaces which

prove you're smarter than experts
on the dais. All the exercises, any-
way, intending to straighten out

the Administration with rigors
of Right or Left glimpsed
through rhetorical fog.

There's always lunch, subsidized
by rail-headed billionaire hogs.

Labels: Think Tank

Saturday, November 14, 2009

Flirts

Some plane lakes of snags
with glittering spirit.

Others hove
to rancid coves.

Labels: flirt

Sunday, November 15, 2009

Cycles

CHAIR
First question to the panel comes from our own Horace Broadblent.

HB
Those of you up there who know me
know I’m the last person in the world to...but...

— ----------
(We have The Ring Cycle in Opera, Arthurian Cycle
in Literature, others in the Arts, but as important
should be, of course, The Self-Referential Cycle
in Horseshit .)

Labels: panel

Monday, November 16, 2009

Bigtime

-Competition is the lifeblood of The American System!

-Nice speech, but how do we rig it in this particular case?

Labels: American System, competition

Tuesday, November 17, 2009

Representatives

-Once inside the hall there’ll be people to help them to their seats, etc.

-Well, tell them to speak roughly, so they won’t start tearing off their clothes.

-We’ll make their pockets so heavy they can’t get anything off!

-Hilarious! I heard it so often as a figure of speech, but there are really blind whores representing the GOP.

-Amen.

-Is that corporate or religious?

-Yes

Wednesday, November 18, 2009

Banking Q & A

-Must I lose my home so that bankers can command obscene salaries and bonuses?

-Not necessarily.

Labels: banking, executive compensation

Thursday, November 19, 2009

Bigtime Liberal, Smalltime Bleeding Heart

Mailbox deluged &
Amnesty International

even phoned. So my plan
is to ignore them all
despite hauntings.

After giving once,
I pass the ball.

Thought I’d stick every-
thing into Salvation

Army kettles because
of anonymity. But, hey,

they also got me from
sucker list & have mailed!

Oh well, always little kids
& their canisters for
Little League.

Labels: Charity, solicitation

Friday, November 20, 2009

Terrorists

Strong extract rights
from weak & naked

grab soon equated
to Justice, Integrity.

Founding papers
quoted, igniting

Patriotic Fervor.
Weak fight back &
branded traitors.

Labels: power grab, terrorism

Saturday, November 21, 2009

RIP Benny Hill, Parody Master

My cable picks up BBC
Palladia Channel fea-

turing guys in wandering
stages through multi-

colored lasers as amoebas
in audience percolate.

Singers lack Sinatra's diction,
thus words form mishmash.

At this point, can’t keep Benny
from striding in with crackers

expression, ragged sleeveless
sweatshirt. Really miss him
in interview format, though

don’t know that reality doesn’t trump.
Star reclines, archetype of insouciance.

Answers laconically to light-
en the burden of genius
he so tragically hefts.

No posts till 12/1

Labels: Benny Hill, Palladium

Tuesday, December 01, 2009

Star Worn

Send 30,000 more
or none? The Empire
hasn’t got a fuckin clue.

Democrat, Republican,
This much is true:

The Empire
hasn’t got a fuckin clue.

Makes no difference what you do
when The Empire got no fuckin clue.

Makes no

fuckin

difference.

Nowhere.
No way.

After, they’ll spin,
but you can’t
shine

shit.

Labels: Afghanistan

Wednesday, December 02, 2009

Ripened Crisis

If a commonsense solution,
I don’t want to hear it. Or
any other type. The time

has lapsed for any
solution at all, if one
existed. We must extract

with the appearance of saving
face. Fools prefer disaster from

their safe distance. Theory
most often operating thus.

Labels: Afghanistan, crisis

Thursday, December 03, 2009

Advice

PRs adjure
Get it all out!

Public loves
forgiving.

Including 1-
nighters

other party
has forgotten?

& they’ve forgotten
themselves?

Labels: PR

Friday, December 04, 2009

Beef Recall Omitted Schools

Hey kids strong with hell
of a immune system! So

they can easily ingest
filth and germs. Prepare

them for adulthood. Al-
ways the idea, no? Besides

symbolic value of children
upholding our particularly
toxic brand of Capitalism.

Labels: beef recall, Capitalism

Saturday, December 05, 2009

Is It Granada I see or Only Asbury Park?*

Most live and die
in AP. As Shaw

sez if you don’t get
what you like then

you better like
what you get.

*At Long Last Love

Labels: Asbury Park, Granada, Shaw

Sunday, December 06, 2009

Celebrity Peccadilloes

intensely analyzed
by a public who
should duck

stones instead.
Oh well, hypocrisy
the Golden Mean.

Labels: celebrity, hypocrisy

Monday, December 07, 2009

Karzai: U.S. must have patience*

We all need more.
Except the sucker.

*CNN

Labels: Afghanistan, patience

Tuesday, December 08, 2009

Evolution

Tea Partiers ripen,
elected to office, find

some few attendant con-
undrums not so delicious-

ly partisan. Retire in a huff
to Hilton Head, shoving out

The Jews. Not as
forceful as all that.

More of a Gentle-
men’s Agreement

gradually, smilingly
enforced. Good
Will bristling.

Labels: Gentlemen's Agreement, Jew, Tea Partiers

Wednesday, December 09, 2009

Severity May Come To Thee

Far-out Liberal
mounts a chair
and leads us

in cheers, ostensibly
for ourselves. Pocket

meetings follow where
dogmas talked over.
Interminably.

Far-out Conservative
bashes us with The Bible.

Those unbloodied still
risk execution for dis-
agreement or timidity.

Under both, posing agree-
ment forestalls grief,

usually. Mistakes made
and followers wasted.

They die for Truth.

Labels: Conservative, liberal

Thursday, December 10, 2009

Finance Bigtime

The money exists on computer screens.
Treasury sends it forth. Banks do their
insane dicing. Some say Ponzi.

Whatever. Illusion, at least in greater part.
So what is real? Nothing much. Can we
go on this way? More than probably...

with hiccups. But it’s all crazy and
dangerously so! Uh huh. Successful

people will take demented routes.
Can nations? Stay tuned.

Labels: banks, finance

Friday, December 11, 2009

The True Religion

Righties coo
over president’s hawk-

kish views
accepting Nobel.

A temporary truce
since he’ll refuse

their proffered sacrament
of perpetual war.

Labels: hawk, Nobel, presidential debate, Right Wing

Saturday, December 12, 2009

“This Time I’m Gone for Good”*

False alarms practically forever
& then somebody truly walks.

You want the phone to ring
& don’t, or the duck-out

to show, or not. Aw what
the fuck! at last you must
proclaim to yourself, I need

to get on in this
Cavalcade of Crap.

*Bobby Bland

Labels: relationship

Sunday, December 13, 2009

Dual Vanity

On Homes-TV, get-
ing couples coo re
twin bathroom sinks

where they’ll adjust
face in married club-
biness. Uh huh.

Better she mid solo
bathroom, unguents
ranked in magic.

Tools, also, clean.
Plus, not the least,
a private throne

upon which
contemplating
whatever

thrust her hence.

Labels: bathroom, marriage

Monday, December 14, 2009

TV Debate Recipe

Mix Liberal Harpy w/ Conservative Harpy.
Add their milkier male counterparts trying
to keep things from plunging off a cliff.

Fold in a resonant mediator who has nobody’s
respect, for reasons obvious to a child or idiot.

Labels: Conservative, liberal, TV Debate

Tuesday, December 15, 2009

Prejudice Is Shorthand

Key words triggering
whole codes in a super
universe of reinforcing

sarcasm. One seeks friends
there for tender fulfillment.

Labels: prejudice

Wednesday, December 16, 2009

For Now

Not a bad time
to be a Jew.
Democrats in.

Code rants spew
from nuts on Right & not

from mainstream pols.

Labels: Democrat, Jew, Right

Thursday, December 17, 2009

Conservative All Over The Nanny State

For sure don’t require her but
’ll grab what Nanny proffers ‘n

even more! Gouging every
freakin nickel. Just
don’t want you to.

Bad for your soul, already
so depraved--not

the least by
Original Sin.

Labels: Conservative, Nanny State

Friday, December 18, 2009

Legislature

After all
this apparent
sound and fury,

the boys and girls
remain bribed and
boosters say Right!

That insures diversity of
interests. Coy, but Wrong.
It insures the interests

of the wealthy, thus
most powerful in this
totally corrupt system.

They reference Freedom and
Constitution. But, as been
pointed out universally

The Devil can quote Scripture.

Labels: Legislature, representative, senator

Saturday, December 19, 2009

Kids Say

Should explore
such a place.

Brochures show off
much that's new.

Shiny and pressed,
folks seem to dress
up for dinner,

though a hip snackbar’s
an option. Something
for everybody, uh huh--

Chef Andrew, Culinary
Grad, covering the bases.

Bingo appears to be
compulsory. This

last a wisecrack
in despair.

Labels: retirement

Sunday, December 20, 2009

There’s Art in Untruth

But the vicious per-

force must move

too fast

to check

it out.

Labels: lie

Monday, December 21, 2009

Station Manager and Reporter

-So, switching formats. From right wing zany radio to--?

-Soft Rock. Our studies said we were losing demographic under fifty. And, by the way, we always strove for a balance, so your right wing comment...

-Uh huh. Sure. Listeners' guts so torqued with hate, they can't shit. So, you may lose the laxative accounts, but you'll pick up cosmetics, cyber stuff and, concert promotions, etc. Unfortunately, of course, your staff spewers hafta go. Shame! All their unctuous-grease promos for Rush and Sean!

-Some not comfortable with the new format, and therefore...

-They'll find gainless employment elsewhere. No problemo! Ever try to listen to AM at night here. It's to the right of Hitler– and they haven't even started on the Jews yet. So maybe your ex-employees'll put them over the top--pick up a furnace sponsor or two.

-You're an opinionated young man. I'll be afraid to read this article.

-Nah. Don't be. It'll end up press release boilerplate. Don't worry! But I do let everything fly on my blog. Unfortunately that's only read by my mother and six or seven Lefties just as bat-shit crazy as your old Righties.

Labels: Talk Radio

Tuesday, December 22, 2009

Midwest Republican on CSPAN

The Old Hates in
slower draughts.

Race, for one, not
to the swift.

Labels: Race, Republican

Wednesday, December 23, 2009

True Gauge

So from nested quirks
you judge those
of others.

Never bringing them up.

Labels: judgement, personality, quirk

Thursday, December 24, 2009

Rocco and Sandy Andy Anarchist

ROCCO
Behavior of Republicans on this Health Care Bill is a treasonous disgrace!

ANARCHIST
I'd say a boon! They withhold their services. Unlike the whores they usually are. Whereas the Democrats are willing to service clients even beyond what's been paid for.

ROCCO
Oh well, you're down on all government, preferring even more chaos.

ANARCHIST
I'd say leave them alone to gouge their earmarks only, something like a ballfield in one's district named for you? Expensive but harmless.

ROCCO
So? No difference between the parties? Try and sell me that one!

ANARCHIST
Never said that. Democrats stir their rancid stew. Republicans spin their Fool's Gold.

ROCCO
Uh huh? How about some specifics?

ANARCHIST
There are none. Oh I will give the Dems a slight edge. A few of their more harmless ideas actually work. No Republican idea has ever worked. Ever. A spotless record! But massive failure has never deterred oratory.

ROCCO
So anarchy is the only answer, hey? Let's go to Hell in a handbasket!

ANARCHIST
We've arrived there and the sulphur totally stinks! Let's extract!

Rocco argues with all persuasions in S Philadelphia.

No posts till 1/5

Labels: Anarchist, Democrat, Republican

Tuesday, January 05, 2010

The Robot Feels Me Up

-The robot feels me up.

-That’s you. Sex in everything.

-You like it I suppose.

-Wish it’d go further.

-Men are filth! But that’s not news.

-No, it’s not. But I’ll inquire about plugging in a less intrusive module.

-Thank you. The Age of Electronic Chivalry is not dead!

-Something like that. Let’s…just get by.

-Can life become more stupid? Patted down every time you leave your house!

-Republicans wanted only if going on trip of more than five miles.

-Yeah they’re for FREEDOM. Cue laughter.

-So I could drive four miles with a rectum bomb and get on the Helo-Bus and blow it up over the city!

-For what reason?

-Don’t hafta have one. All the ridiculous causes are dead.

-Along with religion. All hail!…something.

-Whatever.

Labels: future, security

Wednesday, January 06, 2010

The Market Providing Its Magic

As I soft-pedal reservations touch-
ing safety of my investment,

the Banker, oleaginous
feline digesting a canary,
gives “I’m not worried!”

Shortly, reach only his
secretary. It’s all gone,

of course,
All of it.

At least the canary
left a few feathers

f-
loat-
ing down

on all
the suckers.

Labels: banking, Free Market

Thursday, January 07, 2010

The Listening

Black friend tells me some-
thing undeniably true, but

I can’t hear it
anymore. Is there

a duty to keep hearing? Or, as
I inevitably conclude, no
duty at all towards anything

at all. Just too down
or up rational, thinking.

One’s system filters
an aesthetic with
or without it.

Labels: duty

Friday, January 08, 2010

To the Barricades!

With a Liberal? I
say no thanks. He’ll
fuck it up. Con-

servative? No
problem.

He’ll get bribed
and stay home.

Labels: Conservative, liberal

Saturday, January 09, 2010

The Switch

We marry ourselves,
for convenience.*

*"We judge ourselves by our ideals; others
by their actions. It is a great convenience."
-- Howard Zinn

Labels: marriage of convenience

Sunday, January 10, 2010

Ah but when*

she’s very pretty
and you’re not,

can get burned.
It’s certain-

ly a gamble. If
you’re lucky, super-

ficial, she, as you, in
pressing concerns.

**10 secrets to approaching single women -Yahoo*

Labels: relationship

Monday, January 11, 2010

Big Tent in the Sunshine–Florida's GOP Chair forced to resign

"Florida Republicans
are tearing up the tent

and using the canvas
to make hoods."*

Close enough, but nice
people dislike such
harshness. Indecorous.

*TPM reader Boone's response

Labels: Big Tent, Republican

Tuesday, January 12, 2010

Latest Great Case

Supremes ponder on
the treacherous foot-
ing of whichever

amendments attorneys
degradingly tangle.

We have people in
our towns and cities
labeled bullshitters.

They hardly ponder
but their contribution

to American life proves
immeasurable as the basic
model for jurisprudence.

Labels: Supreme Court

Wednesday, January 13, 2010

Security

Republicans have been blowing
this Horn of Plenty since 9-11.

Result: we’ve surveilled & wire-
tapped just about everyone & got-

ten submerged by menace,
imagined mostly. & lists.

& lists of lists.
Time for clearer
guys & girls

to edit past this
shit of fear.

Labels: security

Thursday, January 14, 2010

A Marriage of Fury

Fringe-o Liberals
and Tea Partiers

impale each other
on satire's blade

with animating gusto.
Too bad. They could
make common cause. A-

gainst Wall Street, for one.
Those slicers and dicers

devising insane "products"
to boost bonuses of pirates,

then receiving government bail-
outs for egregious criminality. So

link hands in anger! The rest
being literary pose,
easy to dispense with.

Labels: liberal, Tea Partiers, Wall Street, Wall Street Casino

Friday, January 15, 2010

The Bad News

Our youngsters refuse
to blow themselves up.

A true lack, religious one.
Pro-active ecclesiastics

must gather on this.
The Good News
should include self-

destruction for
the Higher and
National good.*

*"Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully
as when they do it from a religious conviction" - Pascal

Labels: martyrdom, religion

Saturday, January 16, 2010

Even His Fantasies Clotted

Thus moaning actress
blocked by his 3rd grade
teacher, still young and pretty,

and likewise moaning. Actually,
actress groans on background, then

both shut down for his mas-
culine grunts. Say bye bye since

a clot speeds from leg to brain,
without stopping for coffee.

Labels: fantasy, sex

Sunday, January 17, 2010

The Combination

Add to the righty vitriol
pouring from late night radio

the Same Old Medicine Show
where Dr Gullroper promises
Cancer cures or more from

his magic powder. Studies done
at obscure British universities! No

zealots without suckers.

Labels: Medicine Show, Right Wing

Monday, January 18, 2010

Book Title

Corporate Welfare
or The Slime On Uncle’s Dime

Labels: Corporate Welfare

Tuesday, January 19, 2010

Latest Human Suffering

you see and hear
after Haiti Quake.

Answer appeal
for money.
Charity as sum.

And totem,
shaking a gourd.

Not for absolution,
but delay, since, by

the lyric of Mose Alison,
Your Time Will Come.

Labels: Charity, Fate, Haiti, Hope

Wednesday, January 20, 2010

Assured Myself

No decent person
‘d vote that way.
Well…?

Labels: election

Thursday, January 21, 2010

Republican Populism

Suckers convinced
to advance what
muggers wish.

When was “useful idiot”
minted? Did Lenin say
it first? Knowing crass

dynamics as Marx
our ruling class.

Labels: Republican Populism

Friday, January 22, 2010

Milestones on the Road To Fascism

Dred Scott v. Sandford

Bush v. Gore

Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission

Labels: Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission, Fascism, Supreme Court

Saturday, January 23, 2010

Nature Boy

Named before the syrupy song, I think, guy run-
ing roads around West Chester, Pennsylvania in
a sort of diaper. In his 70s by then, best guess.

Lived with sister--harking back, I, to news item when
he, as those owning all ranks & regimens, cashes in.

Elvis impersonator hereabouts lives with his mother.
Better for most to dwell with someone, regardless
of prattle from those knowing better about everything--

many of these so thoroughly alone it fulfills prescription
for dank existentialism.

Labels: Nature, running

Sunday, January 24, 2010

Our Song

The couples glitter,
moving through, hang-

ing on each other, day
or night. Everything new.

Later that song pangs
in lonely mid stride.

Labels: relationship, song

Monday, January 25, 2010

Constitution

Old Girl has been torqued
and porked by ideologues.

Yielding such inanities
as Money is Speech
when it buys elections,

and the vague militia
of humankind is free
to try machine guns in

wasting recalcitrant
neighbors or offing
faithless lovers.

A Convention is past due.
O Left and Right will shriek
at each other, but moderates

might true her with
some modern sense.

Labels: Constitution, Constitutional Convention

Tuesday, January 26, 2010

Pair o’ Top Guns

-He’s seeking bipartisan again. A chance he means it?

-No matter. Block everything! Nothing is too petty.

-That’s not a strategy. It’s a stance. And the people are getting fatigued with...

-We’ll hit him in more major ways when the next big disaster comes roaring down the pike.

-We’ll boost it!

-Amen! For the time being we know our brand is in the toilet.

-Hey! We’ve won a few lately!

-Piddling. Candidates who ran away from the label. Independents, hah hah, or poseurs in pickup trucks.

-Love that later one! How many times more can....?

-Even our licking media dogs will tire of that one. Bullshit can never really have legs.

-That’s why it’s bullshit. But I weary of our constant obstruction. It’s a loser in the long run.

-Yeah, but there’s an overriding virtue for now: Clarity!

Labels: Party of "No"

Wednesday, January 27, 2010

Pair o’ Dem Operatives

-They took Mass when we wuzn’t lookin!

-Shame on us!

-Another pretty face. Male model in pickup truck.
Thus semi-rugged man of the peoples.

-I love it! Both sexes can get a hardon. How many more of those they got back in the reactionary garage?

-Or beauty queens? Lift ‘em right off the calendars
hanging there.

-The total whacks got their divine Sarah already.

-Looking great and doornail dumb.

-Hey! She can learn.

-Plant a couple of chips in there and she’ll talk an hour on
Frederick the Great.

-Will that be required?

-Y’never know.

-Less she says the better! For everybody’s sake!

-Yeah, like the young quarterback. You don’t give him too much to do. Too many screwup factors looming.

-“Looming” is what we’re gonna get!

-Them too.

Labels: Democrat, Massachusetts, Palin, Republican

Thursday, January 28, 2010

State of Union

President touts his
laundry list to supporters,

raucous. Other band,
save when he fingers
schemes they feel

they’ve birthed, sits further down
on its hands. Why even be present
in such a pickling? For ritual and

for face time. Gangs
of Faces already too
familiar, collapsed from

the gravity of political angst.
Let’s vary the song and
send OUT the clowns.

Labels: Congress, President, State of Union

Friday, January 29, 2010

President Thrusts Hand. Again

to Republicans. They, block-
heads running for office

perpetually say no. Along
with their Rich Mantra. Join-

ing, thus, for un-legislation.
The Supreme Court purloins
that task.

Labels: President, Republican, Supreme Court

Saturday, January 30, 2010

Why Salinger Ceased

Adults stew
pollution. So

in on the joke
before becoming it.

Labels: adults, children, Salinger

Sunday, January 31, 2010

Plans

I state I can salve a controversy by
confronting female responsible. My

friend laughs “She’d eat you alive!”
Oh? Am I that…? Whatever. Incredulous

at first, but once thought permitted,
awful clarity. At other times, meaning
to spring inside political frenzies but

warned of accelerating wheels meshing
within wheels. Thus I’d show hopeless-
ly anachronistic, getting crushed
into the bargain.

Okay then, good intentions, so
Road to Hell when you act on ‘em,
track past chaos when you don’t.

Labels: judgement

Monday, February 01, 2010

The Rope

The Capitalist will sell you the rope
to hang him with.*

And gloat to his vile club how
he fucked you on price.

*attributed to Lenin

Labels: Capitalism

Tuesday, February 02, 2010

The Literary Process of Government*

When they came for my neighbor
and led him away after
shoving panties on his head...

I said nothing

When they came for my friend
and forced a bra over his
alligator shirt,

I kept quiet

Now they’re in my doorway waving
a pink nightie.

Inspired by Guantanamo anecdotes
(or Mock On, Voltaire, Rousseau!)

Labels: Guantanamo

Wednesday, February 03, 2010

Poseur From Pickup

2 dolls presently available.
1 anatomically incorrect for
The Bible Belt. Ah well, we've

attained Democracy in one trans-
cendent matter: Bad Taste.

Labels: political dolls

Thursday, February 04, 2010

Refinements of Republican Strategy

Hold it up.
Fuck it up.

Talk endless-
ly of nothing.

Let Dems preach
ideas–so called.

Hey! Our core
already furious.

Broaden the wrath
by jamming 2 by 4
into hornet’s nest.

All get stung, of course.
We’re betting them more.

Labels: gridlock, rabble rousing, Republican

Friday, February 05, 2010

PR Disaster

GOP lets Democratic President
dominate their meeting.

(Like Hitler inviting
Churchill to Night
of the Long Knives.)

More importantly, truncating
the gloat over taking Mass seat
with a poseur in a pickup truck--

informed them he’s independent!
Sorta. Uh huh. Yup. The Old in

Grand Old Party means
you do what you’re told.

Labels: Democrat, GOP, President

Saturday, February 06, 2010

Arrangement in Black and White

-You’re black.

-Astute–for you.

-And I’m white.

-Not just. The unhealthiest extreme: fishbelly.

-Ah yes, let’s get the degree right. No detail too small or tasteless for the thudding bore.

-As opposed to VistaVision here, the man who sees it all and sees nothing!

-You’re an idiot!

-At least some zest. Not like you. Moron playing a great game.

-Well, that’s something at any rate.

-My complements.

-Acid drips from them.

-You’ve noticed?

-Is insult the cure for racism?

-Golden!

Labels: friendship, Racism

Sunday, February 07, 2010

A certain slant of light

through my Florida window
highlights lost hairs on

a baseball cap near the computer,
and bars of dust across its screen.
You may shine at celebrations,

give speeches to much applause,
sing like an angel at Carnegie Hall,
but all is exfoliation.

Labels: exfoliation

Monday, February 08, 2010

Gathering

A vast convention of pelicans
has landed in Orange Cove.

Huddling by hundreds
are white ones,

the few brown outliers
scattered near the boats.

Labels: convention

Tuesday, February 09, 2010

Wall Street Execs, Bigtime

-Cargo pants hardly the look for The Street!

-I’m big enough to wear anything.

-Yeah! And besides, you like the huge pockets?

-This one for Republicans, this one for Democrats.

Labels: Democrats, Republicans, Wall Street

Wednesday, February 10, 2010

Epicure

-I can put ‘em away and still be clear.

-What’s that? About a dozen scotches? You’re an Iron Man!
Senator Iron Man!

-Still sharp enough to thoroughly enjoy my Surf n’ Turf!

-They have the best one!

-For sure.

-Well...you have almost a revolution in your party!

-The worst are full of passionate intensity!

-We know how things really run. And it’s efficient!

-Just have to possess the right fuel.

-Excuse me a second, Senator. Uh...if you wish
to skip dessert per usual.

-I’m sweet enough.

-That’ll be my house account, Charlie.

Labels: lobbyist, senator

Thursday, February 11, 2010

Much Partisan Poison

over speech aids.
Teleprompters,

notecards, prompts
inked on hands. Big

Deal! Matters complex
need crutch for memory.
Not to mention jitters.

Speaker who doesn’t is rare…
or a mammoth bullshitter.

The latter, legion.

Labels: Obama, Palin, speech

Friday, February 12, 2010

Very Shortest Dialog

-Both parties disgusting?

-Yup.

-Republican more?

-Mega.

Labels: Democrat, Republican

Saturday, February 13, 2010

Question Authority

What is function
of friction

within your
jurisdiction?

Do you enable,
table, or convict?

Labels: authority

Sunday, February 14, 2010

1,2

I told my agent to stop worrying. I'd wear the funny clothes
and give the speech. How do you say waste in Swedish?

What I'll say is they finally realized video games are
the new literature.

I actually read it once, got a pulp sandwich. Went on and on about a bunch of Krauts in a hospital.

By Mann, a winner like me.

Labels: Literature, Nobel

Monday, February 15, 2010

Art-Fags Make the Best Accidental Victims, or Cinna the Poet in Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar––torn to pieces
for having conspirator’s name.

The murdered included at least one accidental victim: Willi Schmid, the music critic of the Münchner Neuste Nachrichten, a Munich newspaper. The Gestapo mistook him for Ludwig Schmitt, a past supporter of Otto Strasser, the brother of Gregor.[42] Such unrestrained violence did much to add to the fearsome reputation of the Gestapo as the Nazis' secret police. -Wikipedia

Labels: Cinna, Gestapo, mistaken idenity, Nazis, political orgy

Tuesday, February 16, 2010

GOP Populism

Party of Rich
actually for
common folks.

It’s that there
Trickle Down.

Sorta like pis-
sing on you
from the rim

of the volcano
you wuz
throwd down into.

Labels: Republican Populism, trickle down

Wednesday, February 17, 2010

Christian Radio

Hymns,
bump-

er music
to gas

of alleged
heaven.

Labels: Christian Radio

Thursday, February 18, 2010

El Niño

Give us a break
we implore!
Shut the door

on hailish mix in
Dallas. Away with
Florida freezing.

Blizzards in DC where
Republican Senators
have kids make snow

forts gussied with signs
horselaughing glo-
bal warming. Provid-

ing, thus, a manifesto
the hicks can get.

O help us with the weather
little one! The stupidity past
your pay grade.

Labels: El Niño, Washington

Friday, February 19, 2010

Gossip Nation

Tiger performs Confession-
al Two-Step today. Pundits
intone: Not enough! We're

Gossip Nation. Vicious,
by great service must
atone. Rest of us?

Pick up a vagrant
scrap of paper from
the gutter. Place in
receptacle provided.

Labels: gossip, sex, Tiger Woods

Saturday, February 20, 2010

Two Cellists

-He owns supermarkets in the
South and bought me my Strad.

-Most beautiful I've heard, but...
oh I don't mean to sound pure!
But there’s a price...in the matter.

-I screw him when I see him--
which isn't that often, really.

-Well, I suppose it's for Art.

-That too.

Labels: morals, Music, Stradivarius

Sunday, February 21, 2010

Request

So you’ll not celebrate this day’s
anniversary, but just before flat-
lining, whisper of the last combat

won. Be graphic. As
if it’s a video game
featuring assholes.

Labels: personal relations

Monday, February 22, 2010

Mr Smith Can’t Go To Washington

for less than a mil.
& kill the boy-
scout talk once

here! Didn’t ante up
for childish touting
of Jeffersonian claptrap.

So just do what the fuck
you’re told & go, older,
wiser, coyly flush.

Labels: Mr Smith Goes To Washington

Tuesday, February 23, 2010

Our Latest Apology For Slaughtering Innocents

From the bottom of our heart, hombres, we appall youse guys.

Labels: apology, collateral damage

Wednesday, February 24, 2010

Name Your Chaos

Right brags of guns to
make Revolution. Just

blab presently re blood
of patriots, etc. Traitors

call themselves patriots
but not vice versa. Left,

those not entirely
verbal, hold guns
too, indignation

as burning. Will
everyone wallow
in righteous agita?

Or shall we sic both
to it? Slaughtering in-
nocents into the bargain?

Fourth Reich or
Internationale?

Labels: revolution

Thursday, February 25, 2010

Ike the Communist

Return with me now to those
thrilling days of yesteryear...

Hey! O-Man trumps genial
Kansan in being Red, Moslem,

& born in Ragtop-Land. T-
riple fuckin header! ...when

from out of the past comes
the thundering wingnuts.

We know they can thunder. Reason
Town Halls fabricated. But how

fast can they truly spin? Is
there a university study?

Can’t trust, of course, since
they’re all Communists too.

Labels: Eisenhower, Ike, John Birch Society, Obama, tea baggers, wingnuts

Friday, February 26, 2010

“Patriots” Embrace Constitution

Then tease it
like the whore
her big hair.

Labels: Constitution, patriotism

Saturday, February 27, 2010

The Reunion*

We’ve been,
known, &
employed.

Syracuse Prof deployed
against with self-
congratulatory wit, so

students made a game noting
his own clichés plunging forth
as lectures left cautionary port.

*“Two clichés make us laugh but a hundred clichés move us, because we sense dimly that the clichés are talking among themselves, celebrating a reunion.” -Umberto Eco on Casablanca

Labels: cliche

Sunday, February 28, 2010

Legerdemain

From a smock full of farts,
the banker derives

diarrhea. And more he
insanely laughs at us,
more we must hedge

him from bottom lines of his
harebrained, insidious
and murderous folly. Then

finds it, he, inside his base
interest to share our largesse
with high solonic enablers.

Labels: bank bailout, bankers, Congress

Monday, March 01, 2010

Who Colludes?

The question
of all time.

Take a future
where uniforms
worn at Yale.

If revolution from
Left, then baggy
threads indeed.

Mind being tolerable
thing to waste.

From Right, rich
fabrics, beautiful-

ly tailored, with jag-
ged lightning patches.

Either wing, it’s
still Yale, and you’ll

press the party
leaders to get your
kid in. One hand

washes, thus, the other
to infinity.

The real human tragedy:
the comfortable

sleaze of today giving way
to the incompetent
and the vicious.

Labels: Left, revolution, Right, Yale

Tuesday, March 02, 2010

Republican Dwarf Automatons Repeat
Talking Points at Health Plan Summit

ad nauseam. Where went
the Giants? The Dirksens &
Bob Tafts! They’d thunder

one central, firm idea, thence
on to solid Midwest principle

with wit unforced--Robert
as steely as Everett rhapsodic.
I’d settle for a cowboy gallop

into an odd draw
from time to time.

Labels: Dirksen, Health Care Summit, Republican, Taft

Wednesday, March 03, 2010

Xd Door

My mother gave a bum
a piece of pie and a dime,
feeling sorry for him.

My father warned her, “He
put an X on the door!” I
looked but saw none.

But in that deepest depression, really,
a mostly stick-figure language chalked
on doors and walls. (For one, “Mean

Man” looking very nearly electric!) Well,
Lefties have chalked up mine. Hard-

ly a day without mailbox solicitation. Last
from ACLU. Actually, they help Righties as
well, even though placed on their lengthening

despise-upon-mention list. Cacophony
in this country vastly out of proportion

to Right’s numbers. Threatening armed revolution
to boot. Uh huh. How many farts make a windstorm?
Have helped, though, to elect some center-right pols.

Who’ll of course get assassination threats
when they vote for sensible proposals.

Labels: depression, Right Wing

Thursday, March 04, 2010

Q & A – Republicans

-Party of No?

-Refusing to help govern.

-Why they were sent?

-By a crabbed core, yes. The rest, speechless.

-Isn’t it treason?

-Yes. But a mushy kind, like fallen fruit.

-Nonetheless, shouldn’t it be punished?

-Impotence is its own reward.

-High talk wins no elections, though, correct?

-Their strategy thus far working on a short basis.

-So they’ll keep saying no?

-Boxed in, but as more and more voters sicken,
they’re courting yet another disaster!

Labels: Party of "No", Republicans

Friday, March 05, 2010

“Bankers Own The Senate”*

A golden investment
mid the Bundles

For Bozos
they dealt suckers.

*attributed to senator

Labels: bankers, senate

Saturday, March 06, 2010

Prevailing Intellectual Question

of late 20 & now 21 is:
how far to camp it up?

Decency kicks against such,
often viciously.

Dirty people lampooning good-
ness rend the fabric of nation. Hey!

Let them! They’re silly, most laugh.
But True-Righteous, stung, blurt

“String ‘em up!” Thus purchasing
dignity with choking blood.

Labels: camp, satire

Sunday, March 07, 2010

Winslow Homer Never Finished

paintings, according to
critics and academics--

who glimpsed promise
nonetheless. They itch
universally

to finish art, rendering
it pretty

as the fussy wraps
of gifts from
frigid spinsters.

Labels: academics, art, critics, painting, Winslow Homer

Monday, March 08, 2010

Crisis Interview

PARTY CHAIR
I’m glad you came to me with this.

LEGISLATOR
Couldn’t sleep!

PARTY CHAIR
We all need our rest, though in some of your fellows it’s rest from rest.

LEGISLATOR
I’m…still at sea wondering what it is

PARTY CHAIR
I can clear that up. It’s an idea. You’ve had an idea.

LEGISLATOR
That doesn’t sound so…

PARTY CHAIR
But it is. The party has enough ideas. Yours is a menace unless
nipped in the bud.

LEGISLATOR
But doesn’t that sound like we’re against creativity?

PARTY CHAIR
We’re not. How you employ our Talking Points can demonstrate tons of imagination.
Smash ‘em in
or sneak ‘em in!

LEGISLATOR
I never rest on that.

PARTY CHAIR
Good! Remember, there’s no such thing as too much repetition.

LEGISLATOR
I’m on Meet the Press Sunday.

PARTY CHAIR
Great! Let the other chump show fairness.

LEGISLATOR
A losing hand!

PARTY CHAIR
You’re learning. Now go forth and spew!

Labels: party politics

Tuesday, March 09, 2010

Tabernacle

-Due to our stupid retirement policy, we've lost Gladys.

-Queen of Denial!

-The rare times she approved claims, she grew irritable, sour.

-The body language. And that face!

-Ah but when she was in form?

-Metamorphosis!

-It was even...

-Sexual. She came like a machine gun!

-One time I walked by her office and the coffee vibrated in my styrofoam cup!

-You felt Insurance!

Labels: claim, health insurance

Wednesday, March 10, 2010

Republican Plot

to eliminate stale hippies?* In
an unintended consequence,

proceeds from memorial
garage sales hence, featuring

shredded jeans, Eastern robes,
bongs of remembrance &
banners saving whales, a mis-

cellany of tie-dies, all sold
to crazy kids, could ding
the Party, grand & old.

*Trader Joe's Company of Monrovia, Calif., is voluntarily expanding the recall of the Trader Joe's Chocolate Chip Chewy Coated Granola Bars...potential to be contaminated with salmonella... -AP

Labels: GOP, granola, hippie, recall, unintended consequence

Thursday, March 11, 2010

Moving the Species Forward*

SC stuck? Or
reversing

w/jammed
accelerator?

"The adoption of some evolutionarily novel ideas makes some sense in terms of moving the species forward," said George Washington University leadership professor James Bailey... "It also makes perfect sense that more intelligent people -- people with, sort of, more intellectual firepower -- are likely to be the ones to do that."-CNN

Labels: South Carolina

Friday, March 12, 2010

Rocco and One-Solution Jim-Jam-Jerry

ROCCO
What’s today’s thundering solution, Jim-Jam?

JJJ
Do away with Statute of Limitations! Eliminate most Republican politicians at a stroke!

ROCCO
Most’d have a stroke if that accomplished. Including some Dem-

JJJ
I said Repub-

ROCCO
Larceny built into their philosophy, but a few from the other side succumb.

Rocco encounters all types in S Philly.

Labels: political corruption

Saturday, March 13, 2010

I never quarrel with people I hate*

Great! Dead breath at
any rate. Like factions
horselaughing facts for

vile gotchas. Feverishly
championing Saturday
what was scorned Friday.

*Lady Is a Tramp

Labels: faction, gotchas, hypocrisy

Sunday, March 14, 2010

Saturn

Come closer,
she moans.

But one sees
debris.

Labels: Saturn

Monday, March 15, 2010

Wall Street

Patsy of Last Resort,
Uncle, acts Bagman. So
criminals turn off panic

mode & party instead,
toasting bonuses.

Labels: Wall Street

Tuesday, March 16, 2010

The Representative

-Three quarters of my constituents’d benefit from Health Care Reform.

-So you’re against it.

-Clarity! You don’t run on compromise.

-Fuck the citizen for the career!

-Am I the first?

Labels: Congress

Wednesday, March 17, 2010

Texas Textbooks

adjusted for Right’s sanguinary
vision. Guess establishments
indoctrinate elsewhere too. In

my highschool, NAM bestows cer-
ebrations of Utopia worked with
gears & oleaginous hisses sans

unions. Metropolitan Insurance,
Christmas Hymnals--nobody co-
erced, though a few Jews try

parody. Sucking Night, regard-
ing an amorous nun, concludes
Sleep, you heavenly piece!

Subsumed, though, by Christian
Righteousness. & just routine.

Labels: indoctrination, Texas School Board

Thursday, March 18, 2010

Comfortable Mentality of Losing

-We won! Our Party
is now in charge,
and I, believe me,
will lead!

-Well, now, that’s all
well ‘n good but, well...

let’s not just be
overhasty here.

Labels: Democrat

Friday, March 19, 2010

Collateral Desire

GOP bent on rout-
ing President,

alongside Presidency.
Self-defeating? Not
if they get to install

perfect boy or girl,
plastic enough

to mouth their
borne again
pestilence.

Labels: destroy President, GOP, Republican

Saturday, March 20, 2010

I Take Standard Deduction

Don’t wish to lie.
Too good? you ask.

That & nervous
& fearful.

Labels: deduction, income tax, standard deduction

Sunday, March 21, 2010

Distinguished Scholar Passes

having chosen similar paths.
But of clarity, not neurotic mishmash.

So, a wallow in jealousy becomes
the reaction. Then the rush

to catch up my adult, who doesn't
despise, but laughs, rather.

Labels: disitnguished, jealousy, scholarship

Monday, March 22, 2010

House

1 party finally has the votes.
Other jams everything it can,

repeating
tired
old
defeated
points

for its base troglodytes. Joyful stooges
unveiled to say the same lame sentence.
It’s unclear if they are hangers-on or

goofy guests earning ham sandwiches.
At any rate, there's a lot of ham.

This whole mess gets saluted by some
as democracy. It's crap.

Parody badly staged. Embarrassment
to thought and culture.

Labels: houses, Law, party politics

Tuesday, March 23, 2010

When Apostasy Required Course

-Well then I am totally fucked! Goddamn it I was the point man for the cause! Statement after statement. Look at the videos–hundreds. And now I’m to change 180?

-Sounds like you’re meeting us halfway.

-Well that’s the wrong sound! Saturday Night Live‘ll have a field day!

-What’s that expression, “Fool For Christ?” Well, be a fool for the party.

-What about my previous statements? The speeches.
The Town Halls!

-Say you were wrong…or don’t say anything. People expect blatant hypocrisy from your ilk. Don’t worry about it! It’s the Golden Mean in most of American Life anyway!

-I will worry. And I won’t do it!

-You will. As others have. The party has switched and the troopers must fall in line, period.

-Not me!

-Especially you!

-I might surprise all of you!

-Then we’ll let the dogs out. Won’t be pretty.

-You’d do that?

-Well I’d rather pull up the sluice gate and let the cash flow. That wacky Communist, or whatever, gains in the polls as we
fritter here.

-I can beat him without you.

-Not according to our experts.

-Okay then. Okay. I’m forced to deal because of money. Rape is horrible!

-Relax and enjoy it. You’re taking a big one for the party. And that’s honorable!

Labels: Apostasy, loyaity

Wednesday, March 24, 2010

Candidate's Resume

-I've already seen it. Impressive, if padded.

-Bottom line is he has served the public.

-I'm more interested in how he has served himself.

-He hasn't stinted there.

-So, another thief?

-Much more clever.

-Will he be caught and embarrass the party?

-Highly unlikely.

-Well, there's a risk. And Washington is an overreaching place.

-This is a wheel within wheels guy. Nobody'll ever wade through the complexity to nab him.

-Will he be a good senator?

-He looks like one already--half the battle.

-I mean, will he do what he's told?

-Simply put: His loyalty's for sale also.

-Good! That's easy.

Labels: candidate, loyalty, senator

Thursday, March 25, 2010

When Dems Celebrate Legislative Triumph

they cheer mildly, but it’s more like Midwest
school for nuns where an instructor has just
published a book of poems so sensitive it’s
a wonder the paper can bear the weight of ink.

Whereas Repubs make it stink, whoops &
raucous black & fag jokes, followed by wit-
ticisms touching spics & sluts.

Labels: Democrat, political celebration, Republican

Friday, March 26, 2010

So, Who Let the Dogs Out?

Congressmen getting death threats.
But surely a vile few routinely taped

before this latest brawl, y’all.
The real question is who feeds

raw meat to render vicious?
While taunting them far past

their delirious chaos
of barking.

Labels: Congress, death threats, zealots

Saturday, March 27, 2010

Too-Brilliant Mozart, 35

thrown into unmarked grave. So,
if you wanna go

geniusing around, kiddo,
do it for itself.

Labels: genius, grave, Mozart

Sunday, March 28, 2010

Apt Furnished or Unfurnished

If furnished,
you’ll follow
a man gathered

to one side, crawl
crookedly after
him through filthy

sub basements, among
soaked bags of lime
and broken appliances,

gathering period
pieces from puddles.

Labels: furnished apartment

Monday, March 29, 2010

Modes of Class

SUBURBANITE 1 (jocular)
Let's face it! Us Republicans grind the face of the poor!

SUBURBANITE 2 (more deeply)
As long as it's not anywhere near Buffy's school.

Labels: Republican, Suburbanite

Tuesday, March 30, 2010

24-Hr News Cycle

Emptiness
of nut under
microscope

gets styled
ogre.

Labels: Cable News

Wednesday, March 31, 2010

Rocco and Mickey One Word

-Kids submitting CSPAN videos on The Greatest Strength of America. What's our greatest strength, Mickey?

-Suckers.

South Philadelphia remains heavy with nicknames.

Labels: CSPAN

Thursday, April 01, 2010

Drill, Babies, Drill!

Off of everywhere.
1st the black balls
on the beaches.

Don’t be silly, say Chambers of
Commerce. It’s nothing! & then

the Perfect Storm coating
everything with oil.

The Caribbean Hurricane
making its monster way over

our Eastern Mainland in-
to the Atlantic & back with
lesser fury. But enough.

Although, with newer safeguards,
it just can’t happen. Sound!

Uh huh. Prince William Sound.
Florida Tourism, for one,
shot for two years at the least.

Though publicists will toil mightily
lying us back. Perhaps with the line

that the beaches resemble
the volcanic ones of Hawaii.

What do the birds and fish resemble?
Nature’s Brand New Minstrel Show?

Labels: offshore drilling

Friday, April 02, 2010

Texas Fascists

hammer history
texts rightwards.

Some osmotic effect
will surely bedevil
highschoolers, but

the more optimistic
outcome is no matter

if the books are slanted
by Communist, Fascists,
or Nudists, youngsters re-

main secure in their own knowledge
that adults are full of shit anyway.

Labels: Censorship, Right Wing, Texas textbooks

Saturday, April 03, 2010

During Early TV

linguistic theory
evolved stating
regional speech

would die out,
supplanted by
all talking like
the national news.

Didn’t happen. One can
still hear the Southern

Strategy of wil-
ful ignorance

for one. Other truly lout-
ish accents unlike mine.

Labels: accent, linguistics, regional, Southern Strategy

Sunday, April 04, 2010

Remembering Dates

gives hurt
a time

& place,
isolates.

Labels: dates

Monday, April 05, 2010

Grand Auld Party

At Obama rallies lately, lots
of youngsters percolating be-
hind him. They can't, naturally,

sit still. GOP might exhibit a few,
better behaved, alongside scores
of dun-white oldsters whose faces

lock ‘neath Legion caps,
set for death masks.

Labels: GOP image

Tuesday, April 06, 2010

The Movement--A Saga of Feeling

With simpletons allied, he
dumbs it down. In re-
sponse, they amp it up,

such righteous noise prompt-
ing young reporters to indulge
their gift of daft sarcasm. In all

the tinny racket he confides
to the most fiery spokesman that
he’s Hamlet to his Fortinbras.

Who transmutes the latter
to Farts n’ Brass,
adopting it as his nickname.

Later poised as our
sensitive intellectual's
sole contribution.

Labels: dumb down, Fortinbras, Hamlet, movement

Wednesday, April 07, 2010

After Exiting Whorehouse, Operatives Pen
Thank-You Note to Christian Contributors

Go right on
and think
us slime

but we got fucked
on your dime.

Labels: Christian, contributors.GOP

Thursday, April 08, 2010

Now THAT'S Affirmative Action

In hearings investigating
the appalling financial disaster,

we usually get paunchy execs called
onto the broadloom, or their wolf-
ish accountant-henchmen. But today

we have women! And they fucked
the doomed American Public just

as efficaciously by shoving up
these meretricious fantasies.

Labels: banks, brokerage, credit default swaps, depression, finance, women

Friday, April 09, 2010

Exotic Loan Products

are much discoursed in
this horrendous aftermath.

Exotic. What soft connotations
compared to Greasy Thievery.

Keeping the same gauzy scrims
bewitching regulators and
the rawly perpetual sucker

making so so
much possible,
good ole John Q.

As a specimen, how
I tire of taking bows
for the amusement

of betters!

Labels: bankers, exotic loan products

Saturday, April 10, 2010

Sleeve of Mini Snickers

to slake Chocolate Fix
for a week lasts 3 days.

By such little accountancies
shall ye know me! Oh well,

work on the pampering. To-
morrow brings another new,
small scheme. I’m doing

the best I can. Never true,
but trying bravely stamps it.

Labels: chocolate fix, Snickers

Sunday, April 11, 2010

Crime

Dash into convenience
store brought ticket
in Atlantic City.

Drove to station and paid.
Hey, you’re a sucker! scoffed
friends back in Philly. Like,
they’re gonna extradite you?

Well, the way of the transgressor is hard-
ly sans irritation, what with mailbox re-
minders and legal warnings following.

So, give the man the two dollars
a la the old vaudeville routine.

Labels: parking ticket

Monday, April 12, 2010

Rogues’ Thumbnail Gallery

of prez hopefuls at Southern
GOP Conference touts 3rd
Bananas. Performance artists

& therefore useful tools.
1 & 2 must be out there,

waiting for the lunatics
to cool.

Labels: extremests, GOP

Tuesday, April 13, 2010

Rocco and Bitter Bart

ROCCO
So how's it goin’, Bart?

BB
Same-o same-o. Just bought a shitbox car to get me to my
shitbox job--which I'm suppose to be grateful for.

ROCCO
You mean you're FREE to be grateful for. Such freedom, according to the Right, being a gift from God.

BB
Yeah, Free to be fucked by The Man. Like, continuously.

ROCCO
Hey, you filled out the Four Freedoms with that last one! Where's Norman Rockwell when you need him?

BB
Outsourced, so the boss's whore can eat butter creams.

Rocco reports on his short meetings in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Norman Rockwell, outsourcing, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Wednesday, April 14, 2010

Anthems

Frank Yamasaki said
“Don’t Worry, Mom.

This is America!” Later,
allowed 2 suitcases,

interned in Idaho.
Well it wasn’t

& isn’t. Furiously operatic Right
covers The Constitution so

keep 2 packed & savor
the rendition, since

even Idaho impure, defiled
by diffusing Liberal stinks.

Labels: Idaho, Japanese internment, Right Wing

Thursday, April 15, 2010

Space Coast

Prez coming here to reassure on jobs
being lost due to shuttle phase out.

Many of the reactionary engineers
give not Shit-1 about anybody

else's loss and grief. But,
you know what? I say
preserve their jobs too,

because that's the end I come from.
As did Hubert Humphrey, lampooned
for such by the minuscule group
of Republican wits. Shame we

didn’t have more of him shoving
out the showy corporate whores.

Labels: corporate whores, Obama, Republican, Space

Friday, April 16, 2010

Exist

Lived in cube,
drove another
to another

for work.
During church

or the ballgame,
faked participation.

When he got home,
exhaled and farted.

TV fun but partly full of
those who kicked. So

one pressed to ridicule then
hate.

Labels: cube, TV

Saturday, April 17, 2010

The Ban

Karaoke joints and the like
have banned I Did It My Way.
Too many fights. I can see

2 reasons why. 1st, Milquetoast
who did it The Man's Way, period,
& takes umbrage at less than coy

abuse. 2d, the obnoxious
prick who trampled everyone
& rants to this gushy melody.

Labels: Karaoke, My Way

Sunday, April 18, 2010

Regions

Female singing voice instrument of wonder
as it carries the joyful clarity of birds through

silken gauzes to the smoky resonance
of seduction. But when it sets

on edge by going off a ledge shrieking,
it leaves the lovely category of woman
for that of whorish shrew.

Labels: female, singiing

Monday, April 19, 2010

Nothing Should Be Free

Indeed charge double at
The Great Foreclosure Party.

These people still haven’t
learned their lesson.

Wealthy often say "I can’t afford that."
Attention must be paid to them!

Labels: Foreclosure

Tuesday, April 20, 2010

Booms

“Carleton Terrace in Cocoa
prohibited stables, hog pens,
outhouses, and people of color.”*

Elsewhere on
the peninsula
a resort trumped

ALWAYS A VIEW
NEVER A JEW

In this piece of Florida,

rockets
lift free
of us.

*Florida Today

Labels: Florida, Jew, people of color

Wednesday, April 21, 2010

Protesting America

My closest big intersection
at A1A and 520 a regular Hyde
Park. Bluster under blister-

ing sun, usually by those Rawer Loony
Tunes knowing President a Kenyan. This

being Florida, fuller-fledged All-Whites
amidst them bristle with I got mine so
the rest of you can go fuck yourself.

But today a tonic! Medical Marijuana!
Not acquainted with Mary Jane, though
do have glaucoma. If it gets fierce,
might just like meeting her.

Labels: Florida, Medical Marijuana, tea party

Thursday, April 22, 2010

Staging

Einstein downplayed
his role in the The Bomb.

More and more as he aged.
We replay dramas, casting
ourselves differently. Light-

ing better sides mostly.
Though it’s also possible

to flip from hero to villain.
But not for long.

At any rate, we hobnob
with motley selves daily. So

hail dear, dazzling Albert,
same as us. Whether wrong

or wronged, God rest him
all road ever he offended!

Labels: Bomb, Einstein

Friday, April 23, 2010

At Democratic HQ

-I like that Dutch door, top and bottom opening separately.

-Yeah we open the bottom to let the thieves in.

-How does that differ from Republicans?

-They open the whole door.

Labels: Democrat, political larceny, Republican

Saturday, April 24, 2010

Rich Dad Buys Him

out of all trouble, but
stark plan flunks at
murder. Best outcome

is Father barking then
"I have no son!" Nice

solidarity learned
eventually among
the other Lifers.

Labels: murder, wealth

Sunday, April 25, 2010

The Wave Form

When Russians come to Brooklyn, they’re
babushkas and their stolid beaus, mostly.

Rest, criminals, highly educated, thus
swifter than Italians formerly entrenched.

Fortunately for FBI, some
Doctorates in Vocal Music.

Labels: Brooklyn, Russians

Monday, April 26, 2010

Waiting

Not being one
and thus immense-
ly distrustful I know

they’re dangling
fools in front of us.

They owe them as useful
tools I must suppose. When

The A-Team final-
ly ushered in, fear
& trembling all round.

Media drumming
on us to shape up
ecstasy.

Labels: candidate

Tuesday, April 27, 2010

Illegals

Republicans require cheap labor,
their supine rednecks having
gotten legs under them.

Democrats want new voters.
So it's Social Darwinists vs
Tammany Hall. I'll take latter as

more fitting the warmer tradition
of thumping American Corruption.

Labels: Illegals, immigration

Wednesday, April 28, 2010

Question for Senate Committee Investigating Financial Shenanigans Gone Even More Awry
Than Usual

Are the smartest
guys in the room

acting or actual-
ly dense?

Labels: banks, Financial Shenanigans

Thursday, April 29, 2010

In Selling Smoke

on Wall Street it
is understood.
Divert a shaft

of light to lend
dimension, so

calf can stagger
back to teachers’
pension fund or such

& blurt “I purchased it cuz
what I saw looked good!”

Labels: Wall Street Diversion, Wall Street, Wall Street Thieves

Friday, April 30, 2010

Big Enchilada to Pleasing Operative
(some divine Wall St parallel)

I don’t have time for this bullshit. They say A and we counter with B? Prissy crap! Just fuckin lie! Lie! And pound it pound it pound it!

Did I say pound it?

Of course I’ll answer a question. Or QUERy, considering the source.

Truth got no edge. Period. End of story. So, fuck it till it dies!
Then start on the corpse.

Labels: campaign, Wall Street

Saturday, May 01, 2010

At the Big Box

-Where's the advertised one?

-Just as good, with the added feature of actually working.

-Where's it made?

-Need you ask? Built in Communist China by Capitalist slaves.

-And you want me to be complicit?

-We couldn't do it without you.

-Without sarcasm anyway.

-Coping mechanism.

-Mine's to buy endless shit.

-Building the nation!

-Yeah, China.

Labels: big box store, China, manufacturing

Sunday, May 02, 2010

A Novel in 10 Lines

Why does a middle-aged woman explode
in bitter tears at a lighthearted event?

Several reasons, but one remembers
the boy who loved her so true.
Husband consternates anew

as children wonder, but she’ll suck it up
and even lead a joyful song. Which

is what to do so far away from
her Red River Valley, its
flowers. Its flowers.

Labels: regret

Monday, May 03, 2010

Governor, Adviser

-Don’t sign this bill! We'll be a laughingstock nationally!

-Our core is frothing at the mouth for it.

-And a great many can't walk without their knuckles dragging on the ground.

-Some are pretty enough. All are beaucoup furious.

-Call in the leaders and craft a compromise.

-Ask them to withdraw it so I don’t have to veto?

-Let's stay in civilization. A tenuous hold at best.

-They won't. It's suicide.

-I'm still hoping they can…and you…still possible to…

-Nonsense! I'm boxed in.

-There'll be boycotts, parades. Demonstrations! Maybe even more anger than even now!

-I’m forced to embrace our maniacs. I'm signing it.

-And may God have mercy…

-God stays out of politics.

-And Satan laughs his ass off.

Labels: immigration

Tuesday, May 04, 2010

Energy Executives

-Image kills.

-Oil ever-spreading.

-And now the fishermen bleat at meetings.

-Norman Rockwell with a Cajun accent.

-Soon the piles of dead fishies and birdie-wirdies. Oh my!

-Hey! Fish, birds, miners. Costs of doing business.

-Spoken like a greedy Capitalist pig!

-Too much talk of systems. We could be Communists working our magic for The State, principle still holds: John Q is to be fucked up the shit chute for his own good.

-And deep down in his shallow soul he knows it!

-That’s the beauty part.

-And there’s beauty in everything.

-Ah the aesthetic of oil!

-Do I glimpse a manly tear, Lochinvar?

Labels: energy, oil, spill

Wednesday, May 05, 2010

Preferences

-Got my computer opening with sports photos.

-No more oil-soaked birds?

-Nor from elsewhere, bug-eyed kid starving on a pile of steaming shit.

-Easy solution: Eat the shit. Preparation for adult life.

-Surprised you don't want to sell the father a shovel.
With instructions.

-Got me there. I’m too dense for your rapier wit...
oh now I get it! On the model of give a man a fish...
but teach him HOW to fish and he...!

-More baloney.

-Boss! Savage their ideas not ours.

-All ideas got me sick to my stomach.

-Watch ballgame. What it's for. But come back! We need you!

Labels: idea fatigue, oil spill, Right Wing, starvation

Thursday, May 06, 2010

Variation on Murphy’s Law

Can’t fail, will.
Hold in yr
bashed heart, it.

& believe nothing.
Nothing!

Labels: Murphy’s Law, oil spill

Friday, May 07, 2010

How Wall Street Works

-You have a stake in your house, naturally, so you take out fire insurance. I have none but I take out fire insurance too. On your house!

-You’re betting it burns down!

-Precisely. Just a side bet, nothing meant by it. A flyer. A long shot.

-Unless you help it burn in some way.

-I'm not an arsonist!

-Yeah, but what if fire department passing out brochures: Ten Ways to Prevent Home Fires ? Pretty young woman rookie. Wife invites in for cookies and tea and you say, "Hey I'm going over there in a little while. I'll give him the brochure.” Knowing you're going to trash it.

-That's so vague, small, and amateur. I should be able to come up with something heftier.

-But legal?

-Just.

Labels: How Wall Street Works

Saturday, May 08, 2010

Wrung

To be right,
completely,
doubtlessly,

closed case in
your face is
to be wrong.

Labels: right and wrong

Sunday, May 09, 2010

Jokes (w/notes)

A horse walks into a bar.
Bartender asks, "Why the long face?"

My meticulous and exhaustive analysis: funny!

Why? Read Freud on wit and humor to fry your brain as efficiently as Don Quixote's on bushwah knightly romance.

My father to brother and me. No circus this year. Elephant shit in the coffee pot and they couldn't find the grounds.

Now THAT is American Humor: verbal, surreal, and scatological.

Labels: Don Quixote, Freud, humor, joke, scholarship

Monday, May 10, 2010

Fear and Ballast

In the most sensational development ever in American Politics, The President, his staff, cabinet, and all Democrats in Congress admitted they are Communists.

Fox News thereupon ceased broadcasting.

“Our work is done here!” explained Roger Ailes.

Labels: Communist, Fox

Tuesday, May 11, 2010

Starbucks “Fiery Red Head” Mug

Most I remember are like pale
Eddie Poe heroines receding

weakly into dank light, just
steps from mausoleums.

But that red hair a-
gainst whitest skin
trips your breath!

Labels: Poe, redhead, Starbucks

Wednesday, May 12, 2010

Without Parallel

Conservative Brits moderate-
ly happy to be at 10 Downing
again. But forced to deal with
minor party to rule. True nit-

wits here seeing exact parallels to
Republicans and Democrats now
fight ignorantly on the plain,

cyber that is. Experts, though, claim
Conservatives closer to temperate
Dems. And Labor simply off our chart.

At any rate, loads of do-nothings
not brought aboard as venerable
Civil Service runs things, regardless,

knowing the levers forever and where
the bodies have been buried, properly.

Labels: British election, Civil Service, Conservative, Labor

Thursday, May 13, 2010

Message From a Nation Tragically Short of Moats

Conservatives have jettisoned leaders
who had government clean their moats.

Well and good, I say, but they must
be weeded out and made presentable,

the moats that is. No matter who or
what pays. But the true patriot cleans
his own, of course, hiring those then

instructed in appreciating heritage, &
at adequate rates. Noblesse Oblige.

Labels: Conservative, moats

Friday, May 14, 2010

Two Attitudes

EUROPEAN CITIZEN
Why remain here if no advantage? Charm and culture will sustain,
but only after health and decency. I expect social benefits and realize
they're expensive and we all of us must pay.

AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE
Butt out, Nanny! Oh there are rare instances when your massive cash
needed by me to avert disaster for everyone.

So, privatize gain and socialize loss, yeah! I love it!

In any case, it's advantageous for all to help out, as it is for me to pay
little or no tax.

As a general rule, though, GIVE ME ELBOW ROOM AND GET THE HELL
OUT OF THE WAY!

As to day-to-day enigmas, well the weak sisters will always be with us.
Much as I enjoy their begging the government, preferably in English,
they're best handled by the those tireless do-gooders in churches.

Amen. And fuck you!

Labels: Annals of Capitalism, socialism

Saturday, May 15, 2010

The Odd Family

Growing up in the place of
drenching guilt and dried blood,

H refused to read the scrawls
on walls, so was judged

simple. When Mrs H entered
she proved of that spirit.

The little H's, too, came to be
laughter and bubble. We waited

for divine retribution
but it never arrived.

Labels: guilt

Sunday, May 16, 2010

Strategies

Ceaseless hurts.
In rare instances
genuine.

But always
torrential.

Therefore you avoid,
seeking spaces free

of very probable
insanity.

When trapped, try-
ing the curt Hi,
must run!

The paranoid seething
tunes, you dance on
all occasions

away.

Labels: paranoid

Monday, May 17, 2010

Welcome to Arizona USA

“One woman named Alma Chacón
gave birth while shackled
with a 12-foot long chain.

She wasn't able to hold
her baby for 70 days until
she was finally released.”*

*Christine Ahn and Linda Burnham,
Foreign Policy in Focus (FPIF) Arizona Rising

Labels: Arizona, immigration

Tuesday, May 18, 2010

Street Telling

A leak! We're no better than politicians. But let me set the stage here: blackest week in the general plunge. Everything in the toilet, so we had a party! And, understandably, some satire emerged. And, yes, we did perform the now-famous Fuck the Widows and Orphans Dance. But only after mega gallons of booze.

Anyway, I fell down in the general hilarity but others soldiered on, our latent homos even trying to give it some artistry.

But, don't worry, no females, so no sweet vacancies offended. Well, the waitresses, but they don't count.

Labels: Wall Street, Widows and Orphans

Wednesday, May 19, 2010

Triumph of the Idea

-First winner who is wholly our guy!

-So he says and I do in part believe him.

-Just in part? I didn’t work and contribute for “in part.”

-Ever see a World War Two propaganda film? Everything peachy and all the actors sparkled.

-We won didn’t we, then and now?

-Uh huh. Back then all the noble ideas returned to business as usual.

-Are you implying…?

-Now that he’s in office, they’ll be leaning on him from everywhere.

-To be expected, but there’s a core of ideas he stands for with us!

-His God is money, not ideas.

-Are you saying that he just said these things to…?

-That he’s lying? Not really, I think he believes what he says when he’s saying it. On that instant that is.

-Wow! I’m high as a kite and you drag me into the mud! Well I'm going on believing! And you’re just a cynic.

-Enjoy yourself! Be my guest! And cynic? Time always tells if the cynic is a fool or a realist.

-I’m betting fool!

-Let’s talk when the rosy glow wears off. Might be

differences with him that’ll have to be compromised.

-No compromise! Period!

-As you wish.

Labels: cynicism, idealogue, political victory, realsm

Thursday, May 20, 2010

Directed Thinking

Past the generally minor elections
I must work to garner mere facts
from the hysteria of interpretation.

Somehow an Indiana podunk tests
pivotal to the tragedy of Dems or GOP!

A place where cows,
and morons,
contribute methane.

Labels: elelection, interpretation, journalism, opinion journalism

Friday, May 21, 2010

Party of No

-How do you counter Party of No, Mr Candidate?

-I say Party of No all right! No to stealing
our Constitution! No to Socialism, No...

-Get the idea. And it's lousy. Every time you repeat
the language of a charge you lodge it further in the
sucker's head!

-Well what...?

-Positive! Party of Yes! Yes to Founding Fathers' Vision!
Yes to...!

-Too highbrow! How do you smash them with Socialism
that way? I mean really smash!

-More snidely. We don't want the reporters to bring up the
frozen-ass countries like Sweden, Denmark and Norway
where it works.

-Shit! Nothing works! Aren't they broke too? Like us?

-You have a tendency to steer towards academic discussion.
It's okay to appear fair. But ram it up Dems' ass
every second!

-They'll point out that some social programs loved
by our own people.

-Insidious! Tearing the fabric of Freedom!

-Doesn't everything? Really?

-And you're not running for mayor of Copenhagen!

-Wish I was. Tivoli nice.

AFTER

-Don’t take this unkindly, but your candidate's the dumbest bastard I've encountered in this work.

-Kind to his dogs.

-So was Hitler, but he was smart before the Jew hate ate him from the inside out.

-Well nothing’s gonna eat our boy! We keep him simple.

-Watch out for Race: he’ll blunder.

-Hey he’s married to a Black!

-What?

-Well, deeply-tanned from Alabam. Beach bunny.

-Better bleach her up!

Labels: Party of No, Republican, socialism

Saturday, May 22, 2010

Young Classical Musician

-B Flat is interesting there, Mr__, though not what Mozart wrote.

-Should have.

-Well, I'll discuss it in heaven with him. In the meantime...

-let's pretend to live while dying.

-I'm sorry?

-I said my apologies, Maestro. Please continue.

-With your permission.

Labels: classical music, Maestro, Mozart, young musician

Sunday, May 23, 2010

What makes you happy? –innumerable news sites

Alone, any stray
anything can.

With another,
observance of
your way.

Labels: happiness

Monday, May 24, 2010

Freedom and Hygiene

Oldsters can't buy
toilet paper with food
stamps, so they, in

The Land of the Free,
get a steak for 12 bux

off their balance, then
sell it for 7 in cash to

stock up for the health
of their keisters. They're

free to perform such
a Free Market transaction
midst the many well-sung

by the well-fed Right. Admire
the According to Hoyle
Capitalism of it all: losing

fin being typical of little
guy's engaging these
witching protocols.

Labels: food stamps

Tuesday, May 25, 2010

Party of No

-How do you counter Party of No, Mr Candidate?

-I say Party of No all right! No to stealing
our Constitution! No to Socialism! No...!

-I get the idea. And it's lousy. Every time you repeat
the language of a charge you lodge it further into
the sucker's head!

-Well what...?

-Positive! Party of Yes! Yes to Founding Fathers' Vision!
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by our own people.

-Insidious! Tearing the fabric of fuckin Freedom! Get it?

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-Don’t take this unkindly, but your candidate's the dumbest bastard I've encountered in this work.

-Kind to his dogs.

-So was Hitler, but he was smart before the Jew hate ate him from the inside out.

-Well nothing’s gonna eat our boy! We keep him simple.

-Watch out for Race: he’ll blunder.

-Hey he’s married to a Black!

-What?

-Well, deeply-tanned from Alabam. Beach bunny.

-Better bleach her up! To be on the safe side.

Labels: Party of No

Wednesday, May 26, 2010

Texas Changes History

so that Phyllis Schlafly
and Jerry Falwell together
breast the breastworks

of the Liberal Fort,
Reagan soaring past
on a restricted sky.

Labels: Texas textbooks

Thursday, May 27, 2010

The Personal Question

Strolling central London
with posh & hoi polloi, all
snared by 700 cameras.

Stitch results together for
paranoid kaleidoscope, but

how many show my good side?--
Muslims, of course, having none.

Labels: London, surveillance cameras

Friday, May 28, 2010

In the Clusterfuck

from beginning to present,
everybody’s on point: Rich

screwing poorer & hedging
their increasingly humongous
piece of the pie with bribes.

Enforcement has to get its head out
of its ass & jail these noisome bastards!

But the more power you give government
the more tyranny you get. And tyranny,

so it goes, runs through big fish and,
flustered, hooks into you. Round

and round and round we
go and where it stops....

well it never fails. Buck, though,
stops in particular pockets with
little or no trouble. Japanese exec

to be transferred to US informed “It’s
like Indonesia: Everything’s for sale.”

Well it’s not like Indonesia! Insult!
Indonesia is bush league.

Labels: bribery, rich, tyranny, USA

Saturday, May 29, 2010

Solution

-The question is: How do we deal with this reality?

-With babytalk.

-You’re not serious.

-You've always been a snickle-nickedy poopie doop!

-That bad?

-Yeah! So there, hah, nah, and a half!

-The half, even.

-The babytalk world is merciless.

Labels: babytalk, relationships

Sunday, May 30, 2010

Bob Mitchum Takes off His Jacket

and his shoulders,
pretty much.

Ponder Miss Joan Crawford, too,
resembling a vengeful linebacker &
I once sported a mid-nutty Zoot

Suit--Nail-head Samurai tone.
Fashion exists to roll us

into goddamn fools.
In perspective, that is.

At the time, vile-
ly conformist dolts.

Labels: fashion

Monday, May 31, 2010

Ford CEO/analyst won't address...Mercury demise–Google News

Say! Much of Florida slides
its old upholstered ass into

The Grand Marquis.

The heaven--as soft is it--
that they’ll never see.

Icon! Like, that’s what it is,
a freakin icon! Get rid?

Nay, worship rather!

Labels: Ford, Grand Marquis, Mercury

Tuesday, June 01, 2010

Permutation

Well you’ve slid 180 and just
as impertinent. Problem is

those peckerheads at
a roar here. Strange bed-
fellows, as proverb tells.

So? Don’t let them near
the property. For they’re

dribbling and gross where
you’re elegant. Graceful nub

installed in acid core, though,
by your similars. Meeting with

exquisite pastries and them,
you wittily decry reigning as

wryly cerebral in such
a desert of cretins.

Labels: political intellectual, political switch

Wednesday, June 02, 2010

Comparative Jurisprudence

-Now with Treason, we shoot the bastards first, then have the trial.

-What if the dead person is found not guilty?

-That can't happen. The execution being the original verdict.

-Sounds like there's a little coercion in the law.

-More like a little law in the coercion.

-Like here.

Labels: jurisprudence, treason

Thursday, June 03, 2010

Miranda Refreshed

Suspect must break silence
to assert it. Is Law fatal-

ly trapped into fatuity?
No matter

how many strive?
Wrapped in such
because of us?

Or language
itself?

Labels: language, legal language, linguistics, Miranda, Supreme Court

Friday, June 04, 2010

Hillary Clinton: Rich aren't paying fair share

Hey we innovate! New
Lords of Real Production,

hiring while John Q shits
and fucks and sleeps.

Soak him more
and us even less

if you desire,
as you must for

your own sake,
our nobility.

Labels: Hillary Clinton, rich

Saturday, June 05, 2010

No posts till 6/15

Tuesday, June 15, 2010

Celebrity Dies

after misery,
so it seems

just enough
freak to
hold our sick

focus, still
passes on

buildup as legacy,
bizarre.

Labels: celebrity

Wednesday, June 16, 2010

Review

Catch Tint-Zell last evening at Bruno & Kelsey.
Formerly a solo, Milky Gritti has added Lil-Eye Akimbo,
and to good effect. Sort of a marriage of Below Deep
Grunge and The Conservatory.

Her opening monolog, which I miss, entitled
I Fuckin Graduated!

They keep the transgendered bit of the original act,
she in tux resembling a prize fighter at a banquet
where the awards go elsewhere, he in a dusty
Victorian dress being hauled to the asylum during
a fit of butch.

When I walk in, they emit Celestial, a series of protracted
sexual moans accompanied by toy pianos.

The mid portion of the program, forgettable, at least
transcends his former interior stuff where one strained
to pick up a note or two.

In what will become their signature, Tint-Zell ends with
Patriotic Rag-Rage, several national anthems played by
flatulent horns of their own invention and recorded
on an old reel to reel. On playback they do a striptease.

Satire lost on one audience member who marches
and salutes variously, well past final nudity.

Labels: music group

Thursday, June 17, 2010

John Q and the Rich Man

-You have just about the whole pie! We’re left with sliver.
What more do...?

-To leave you a sniff.

-Ye have made of my house a den of thieves!

-Prefer the Jesus of the pretty pictures, leading faggots of the time in a Kumbaya dance. Doing the same in heaven,
if you can wait.

-Won’t meet you there.

-Nope. We make one here. Get some guts and join up.

Labels: John Q, Kumbaya, rich

Friday, June 18, 2010

A Soft Spot

for crazies
in both parties.

One scorns international,
other wants Internationale.

Either’d AK47 each other,
those wily moderates agraze

at the margins ex-
piring ambiguously.

Labels: moderate, radical

Saturday, June 19, 2010

Gilbert & Sullivan--Updated

I'm for The Rule of Law
when it favors me.

O when it favors,
when it favors etc.

O yes it favors! etc.
Ah yes must favor etc.

improvised patter follows, with softshoe

And that is why I’m completely for
The Necessary Rule of Law!
My Necessary Rule of Law!

Labels: Rule of Law

Sunday, June 20, 2010

The Ralph Bellamy Part

Nice guy losing the girl. Question in
the industry becomes Well, who’s got
The Ralph Bellamy Part? Upon more

serious soil, women often
lured by bums. I know of one
living with adventurous lover o-

ver Chinese laundry. A boy, still, he dies of--
whatever. Slow ponies, other women, sad booze.

She, destitute, works the front
of the house for the Chinaman.

They eventually marry
and she forevermore
smells of fresh steam.

Labels: marriage, Ralph Bellamy Part

Monday, June 21, 2010

Gardner executed by firing squad–CNN

4 in the chest I hear.
Utah did same favor

for Joe Hill: a few
across the left side.

Don’t know if aim-
ing for the heart
or Mormon wit.

Labels: firing squad, Utah

Tuesday, June 22, 2010

Youthful Question

“Mission Statement? Oh the younger members! Okay then, we’re the Party of Business. The faster and looser the better.

Other party wants to apply the brakes! In a timid, scattered, confused manner.

Easy choice then: like, between a man and a pussy.

Everybody laughs! Shows we’re on the right track! No pun intended.”

Labels: Democrat, GOP, Mission Statement, Right

Wednesday, June 23, 2010

Republican Apologizes to BP

& hulla-fuckin-baloo! Jeez!
Just a dope trying to help his

buddies. Everyday thing re-
gardless of party.

Labels: BP, Republican

Thursday, June 24, 2010

Primary Candidate, Incumbent

Be-LIEVE? I believe in nothing.
Oh I can recite our mantra: small
government, tax cuts, etcetera

fuckin etcetera, and bash a gay
when it becomes–-Family!--
my turn.

Not to mention torturing
Constitution to give
every man an AK47.

Slash spending! Unless it involves
agencies where I place your
retarded nephews Elmo. Just

put one in FBI. He can’t tie his
shoelace, might as well be
a black one. Anyway,

Tea Party money pours in thus
I’ve really commenced the super-
babble.

Why is everything so funny?
It’s a gift from God!

Labels: Incumbent, Primary Candidate, tea party

Friday, June 25, 2010

Republicans Stop Further Payments to Unemployed

We're going all in! And fast!
Our soundings encouraging,
wealthier sailors ebullient.

If you're not one of these, in-
deed a drowning swimmer, then,
what part of go fuck yourself

can't you fathom? We'll help:
explications, too, trickling
down our brave mast.

Labels: Republican, Unemployment Compensation

Saturday, June 26, 2010

"They all laughed at Christopher Columbus"

For he was a cutup,
command dulling his edge.

Strain goes into others
and then you get-
ting the true, final cackle.

Insane concept that, more
Heisenberg than hilarity.

Labels: Columbus, Heisenberg, last laugh, laughter

Sunday, June 27, 2010

Linguistic Cramp

–
to

bath
rune.

Labels: linguistics, rune

Monday, June 28, 2010

“Don’t you wish ‘d go on forever?”*

R
Our astrologers tell us to keep on keeping on and we’re due for thumping wins!

D
Sabotage and obstruction?

R
More like smarts.

D
More like treason.

R
Then we’ll take care of your “boy.” Beat or impeach his black ass!

D
For your racist core?

R
They vote.

D
As do women, I hasten to remind you.

R
We’re talking that game. But then it’s back to the kitchen! Nudies except for frilly aprons.

D
Sexists must be patient then?.

R
That’s correct. Not politically correct.

D
You’re proud to have the worst elements in our society!

R
It’s a big tent.

*Surrey With the Fringe On Top

Labels: Democrat, racist, Republican, sexist

Tuesday, June 29, 2010

Gun News From Supreme Court

Something about my being
able to keep an AK47 in
the entertainment center

as my portion of the militia,
well regulated. Yahoo News

got hundreds of comments
equally as dumb as this one.
And the original amendment.

Labels: Second Amendment, Supreme Court

Wednesday, June 30, 2010

Ohio never formally admitted to Union

I’m still mad that Right Wing Thieves there
cooked votes for Bush’s 2d term electoral “win.”

But since they look to be a state, let’s admit.
Might we thereupon keep, therefore, keener eyes?

Labels: Bush, electoral, Ohio, Right Wing

Thursday, July 01, 2010

Election

Last time I’m in this kitchen we paint it. Takes a case of Bud.
He has promotion so it’s Heineken now. Hot on our task,
we’re grabbing Heinies left and right.

We’re election committee and counting for club president.

Something seethes in. H is a prick and leading by two.
Nothing said, but we toss some ballots: “Unclear Intention.”
Hey! We’re not supposed to divine the vote! Must be clear.

Y ends up edging H and we sign on to it and finish
the case heh heh.

Nothing ever makes a difference. Club folds anyway year or so after. Grab captain’s chair before Sheriff.

It’s in my garage. Have breakfast coffee there on huge old dog
of a console TV, picture tube removed. Listen to Fox.

Not dumb enough to believe Fair and Balanced, but who’d want that anyway?

Labels: election, Fox

Friday, July 02, 2010

Words

A particularly robust
set of words precedes
and upholds death

in war. Funerals, though,
are more succinct, direct.

Brevity becoming our soul
under unspeakable duress.

I prefer expunging these words,
but imprecations shower

down from those caressing
their resonance.

Labels: linguistics, patriotism, war deaths

Saturday, July 03, 2010

American Aesop

When the plum dips
you must twist and twist
into a position to pick it.

Labels: ambition

Sunday, July 04, 2010

Insights

After the mishap
at the textile factory
he tweezers out the threads

from the technicolor gash.
The whole thing oft reprised
to steer clear of memories

of pain and nausea. What
could have been done
else. But facts and their

manipulation bring
no closure. Some say tack

to metaphysics, answer lying
in a large book reposing
at a miscellaneous port.

Good luck with that.

Labels: regret, thinking

Monday, July 05, 2010

Adjusting the Scenario

Seems truly bent
when you refuse
the deal. Over-

complex, you say.
Shady, you mean.

Sad, for such
compacts require
a nice hand thus

for Feds
to nail.

Labels: business, deal

Tuesday, July 06, 2010

How Can Ideologues Sleep?

Every few seconds an outrage!
Raping Truth, Honor, Justice, all

in a row. Clots of viral electrons
fly round the net, often hoaxes

meant to harrow ignorant and
stupid. They’re succeeding.

Labels: Ideologue, net

Wednesday, July 07, 2010

The Hypocrisies

Democratic monument
pretends proletariat

whilst joyfully pocketing
Rich Money. Republican?

Ranting on homosexuality
whilst planning a tryst with

a boy. Which greater? Latter
gets the press if not the prize.

Labels: Democrat, homosexuality, hypocrisy, Republican

Thursday, July 08, 2010

Rocco and Heavy CSPAN Viewer, Ricardo

RICARDO
Man! You should see these conservative women! Flames shooting outa my TV.

ROCCO
Same with liberal women. We men being more temperate.

RICARDO
Cozy, you mean.

ROCCO
Uh huh. Being the ruling group involves lots of declarative statements followed by wink wink nudge nudge.

RICARDO
So the ladies is angry!

ROCCO
That'll continue so long as they keep eating shit.

RICARDO
Feminine Revolution has a way to go, you think?

ROCCO
That's why they make so much noise when they’re
given the chance.

RICARDO
Noise lends power?

ROCCO
Gets you on the doorstep.

RICARDO
If you don’t move off of it, equals impotence.

ROCCO
Jury’s still out.

RICARDO
When’s it come in?

ROCCO
Maybe never.

Rocco listens, learns, often spouts in SPhilly.

Labels: feminism

Friday, July 09, 2010

Legislature

Each ass branded,
thus plots cross

hatch & nothing
done. Polls warn so

arrogance grows
even more smug.

In a locked kitchen
toxic stews bubble.

Philosophical question
lingers like their stink:

Can coming mess
possibly top this one?

Labels: gridlock, Legislature, politics

Saturday, July 10, 2010

A Short Story Involving Cleanliness

After his third divorce, retired banker purchases 2-bedroom condo in Palm Beach.

Guatemalan woman cleans it weekly. He wishes it neater, though, and has her come three times instead of one.

Then she lives in, having the second bedroom.

Place immaculate and stays that way even after she sleeps with him.

He studies her country and they visit her relatives there.

Tasteful Guatemalan artifacts now decorate the apartment.

When his children pay a call, she moves back into the second bedroom but doesn't fool them. They complain to the banker and he tells them to mind their own business.

In a way–-financial, the important one--it is.

Labels: divorce, financial

Sunday, July 11, 2010

"Decision

'll be right since
you're making it.
It's your decision!"

After many years, soft-
ly wacky charm to
that advice. But I've

made doozies, bereft
of any sense. But they
were right, too, according

to my lights--which were
on dim. Oh well, consider
the process anew. Picture

matrixes of rationality,
quirk, and randomness
all going in and out

of each other. And the result?
Number with 10 brilliant
and 0 insane? Fanfare please!

Fanfare for the Common Schlub.
What’s that? Model too complex?
Let’s sample slot machine then.

Labels: decision, decision making, personality, rationality

Monday, July 12, 2010

Every Investigatory Panel

intending to get the unsurprising truth
concerning our being screwed again

features a bumpkin. “You fellers
is making it all too complicated!”

Recognizable American Type
of someone who removes

your underpants from
under your pants

as you wonder that it’s
suddenly cooler.

Labels: bumpkin, panel, politics

Tuesday, July 13, 2010

Neanderthal Glee

Believing polls true, they've
begun that overreaching
in their DNA. Get ready

again for blue noses a-sniff in
your bedroom. Guns & Greed, too,
replayed in front of Ronnie statues.

Make sure also to pencil in reserva-
tions for them at the posher prisons &

appointments with the New Wave
of boy whores in Vegas.

Labels: Conservative, Republican

Wednesday, July 14, 2010

The Fete of Nonsense

No individual gun right in
Second Amendment. Court’s

reading, Alice in Wonderland.
Collective, yes. So, though maybe

there should be, & devoutly
to be wished, it ain’t there.
Guessing most’d favor

new amendment,
modern clarity
enshrining it.

But no right without boundary, so
zealots honor fog to maneuver.

Labels: individual rights, Second Amendment

Thursday, July 15, 2010

Choices

Choosing a span,
the historian
draws it out.

Owns its lust-
re and stupidity.

Have the one you're in,
making what you will.

Jury out on it.
And you.

Labels: choice, history, modern

Friday, July 16, 2010

What Hath Web Wrought?

Exploited his chaos
once, but imbecile
has talking points

now, and how
he spits 'em!

Labels: talking points

Saturday, July 17, 2010

Two Friends and a Wife

FRIEND1
He shook apart. I'd seen him tremble before, but this time parts of him flew off. Leg over the plasma TV as an example.

FRIEND2
That's too much high definition for me. But we all
come close. I fall to pieces sang Patsy Cline. At any rate, something prevents it. Filters shove in, or friends.

FRIEND1
His dog had just died, and on top of everything else…no job, no wife, no girlfriend.

FRIEND2
That's just it! Too much of a loner.

WIFE'S VOICE
If you two philosophers intend to replace that shower diversion valve, I suggest you hop to it!

FRIEND1
There's a prime example: a sarcastic wife will filter life
for you and thus prevent your own flying apart.

FRIEND2
She has rescued me on many occasions, most when I didn't wanna be. At any rate, got the Home Depot part right here. Would you deign to accompany me to the bathroom?

FRIEND1
With pleasure! … Oh! A good bit cleaner than mine!

FRIEND2
Who desires to crap in a literal hole?

FRIEND1
Is that a rhetorical question? Hey! Such great acoustics in here!

FRIEND2
Thus will our learned discussion gain resonance.

FRIEND1
Let’s start with Budweiser. Allow me to pop both. Now, a toast to all the trouble in a world which tragically misses us when we’re occupied doing these pedestrian tasks.

FRIEND2
Amen to that. At another time, we’d be swimming in peasants to perform the dirty work.

FRIEND1
Sound from outside amplified in here too. What’s this newest resonance?

FRIEND2
The boyfriend.

FRIEND1
Isn’t it a strange world?

FRIEND2
People made it.

Labels: friendship, wife

Sunday, July 18, 2010

Fashion Contest

Men are sad. Over-
bright slacks, boring-

ly straight blazer. Add
golf shirt’s penitentiary

collar to twitch macho-
embarrassing “style.”
Whereas gals great

Birds of Paradise cleav-
ing the industrial air
with flagrant hustle.

Labels: fashion, men, women

Monday, July 19, 2010

Leaving the Conservative Economics Discussion

-Actually there’s also a good deal of homegrown common sense to “Trickle Down Theory.”

Response is collapse into hysterical laughter, then a fighting for breath.

-Are you all right?

-Completely so! That’s why I don’t need lame theories!

Labels: Conservative, trickle down

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

The Tradition of Never Giving a Flying Fuck in Florida

Town fathers meet in general store
to discuss Post Office turning down

proposed name as too long.
Baker's Cocoa reposes

on counter and one shrugs
What the hell let's call it Cocoa.

Labels: Cocoa, Florida, tradition

Wednesday, July 21, 2010

Regional Capital

Cell phone buzzes in my supermarket
and I tell my PA buddy the prices here

compared to his Acme, pronounced AK-uh-me
in Philly. Everything much dearer there but he's

on affluent Main Line. I tell him tourists have money
down here and retired, some. And space engineers,

but it’s ending. Ordinary workers from town have the usual
Southern shit jobs and lousy wages, when they work at all.

It doesn't stop them from vehement anti-unionism, of course.
Chumps forever. Apropos of much preceding, he concludes

“You gotta hand it to Capitalism.
They fuck you until you like it.”

Labels: Capitalism, Southern wages, supermarket

Thursday, July 22, 2010

Racist Tea Party

Well, look at some of the signs!

Just a few nuts maintained.
And Talk Radio plumps thus
with third grade sarcasm.

Signs just symptom of toxic
decay in all their racist hearts!

Uh huh. Such round spec-
ulation favors no soul. So,

bottom lust: They’re
an embarrassment.

Trouble is disgrace
falls on the family.

Labels: Tea Party Racism

Friday, July 23, 2010

Two Republican Operatives Running Tea Party

1) Man! We've done wonders!

2) But never a rest for old wheeler-dealers!

1) Why we could schedule a moon-in at the White House and thousands...!

2) Nobody wants to see old assholes.

1) Just an example. At any rate, a toast to our patron saint, Ronald Reagan!

2) Barry Goldwater.

1) We can have two.

2) Three. Include Joe Goebbels.

1) You're kidding!

2) Take away the alleged atrocities, and a communications genius light years ahead of his time.

1) Yeah but...

2) Now don't get all politically correct on me!

1) I'm shocked. And...wouldn't want our little conversation to...

2) I trust you.

1) Shouldn't, or anybody. What if I went to Washington Post?

2) I'd have you killed.

1) Uh huh?

2) Remember that scene in Bourne? Where he snaps Guardian reporter to: This is not a story in a newspaper.

These people will kill you.

1) Sounds deadly serious. You’re pulling my leg, yes?

2) If you wish.

Labels: Republican Tea Party

Saturday, July 24, 2010

Decorators on Home TV

They do make the dreary
less so with touches
I'd never dream. But,

often contemplating
Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyich ob-
serving his promotion by

getting fancier digs &
dressing them a la mode.
Every pot on message. In

short, utterly luxe &
fiercely individualistic--
like everyone else.

Inpatient to achieve this anemic result,
he hangs some drapes, a task far
below his pay grade, falls,

bashing his side. Big C posts domestic
saga from here on, & poor, grave Ivan
inches along smelling of dirt. Indecorous

death, as it must to all, finally comes
to him, & Charles Foster Kane,
and will you, Rosebud.

Labels: death, decorating, Home TV

Sunday, July 25, 2010

Higher Advice

-So here we sit, twin cliches in a cloudbank.

-Well I don't like that! But I do like the language of it.

-And after the arduous journey, the harrowing climb
up this mountain, you toss me a chestnut my old aunt'd
crochet in a sampler?

-That's all there is in essence.

-And I'm to take this back and...?

-If the foo shits...

-Add lame humor to my monstrous defeat!

-Just turning words a bit. At any rate, you harbor such endlessly falling shelves of griefs and guilts and spites,
I thought that...

-Already wasted too much time. And thus, the return
to brutal existence. Until, again, I can't stand choking up
the gorge further, and embark on another journey.
To another such as you!

-May I come?

Labels: guru

Monday, July 26, 2010

Fox News

stages for Race
and takes

itself lightly in
A Dance of Delight

for pissed Right.

Labels: Fox News

Tuesday, July 27, 2010

“Cheese-Eating Surrender Monkeys”

Best example of Righty wit--yes it
does live! Target: French in this case.

Fulfills vision of self-chosen
Lords of Highest Lucre too

busy raking it in: nasty,
brutish and short.

Labels: Conservative wit, French

Wednesday, July 28, 2010

The Alcohol Hick

bitches at dawn
and President.

Itches for guns
he's pawned.

Labels: alcoholic, guns

Thursday, July 29, 2010

The Party Leader

talks over scraping
chairs. But, one falls.

They're leaving. He
skips explicating
platform and pounds

most clamorous plank
as people haul on
coats and hats. Thanks

them for coming.
They don't look up.

Labels: party politics, political meeting, politics

Friday, July 30, 2010

Democrats’ 2010 Strategy Against Republicans

“These people brought ruin
& have gone crazy to boot!”

Will this screed succeed?
...being only true.

Truth? What’s that?
rapped posing Pilate.

Labels: Democrat, political strategy, Republican

Saturday, July 31, 2010

Music

Strike your bitterness
and cynicism and you’ll

not hear resonance, so
that’s the full idea, no?

Others bring it
to the table. They

lack your wit and
sharp renown
but laugh a lot.

Boss promotes them
to chat up his scat wife.

Above all, you’ll
float away eventually

into a daydream
without sound.

Labels: bitterness, cynicism

Sunday, August 01, 2010

Order

He sits in the clearing apologizing to The Moon Goddess, her light made jagged by the clutter where materials from
The War Dance have been abandoned.

Nooka-nooka he pronounces. Then just moves his lips
knowing that the evil spirits still hear. The new dancer playing
First Chief had left out the end of the dance where he should stomp into the five recognized directions screaming
nooka-nooka!

In a vision, the new Chief informs him, "Yeah, we got rid of the nooka-nooka shit. First of many."

The party noise swells from the cove beach and then stops.
"All passed out!" he explains to The Moon Goddess, but she has departed.

Soon, Qua'wie will sweep the clearing with a palm leaf.
As he has for sixty years, even during typhoons. But first they will put the dance artifacts back into the ritual hut, an exact prayer for each.

He invokes Pei-o the comedic Chief of The Second Period
singing Be cheerful and stupid. And wait.

Labels: order, tradition

Monday, August 02, 2010

The Public Person

flashes in a rank
aquarium, faces
pasted on the glass.

Sporadically desires
secrecy. The coral dies
without it.

Labels: celebrity, public person

Tuesday, August 03, 2010

Edge

Wouldn’t know from coverage, but
Tea Party musters out-pulled
by Single Payer ones.

So media privileges
reactionary slime
against benign pinkos.

Labels: media, single payer, tea party

Wednesday, August 04, 2010

Certain Moralities

-At the auction of males for the fashionable charity of the month, girls bid to win a date!

-Will any screw that first time? Be that much of a whore?

-I don't restrict that term by gender. But, anyway, I’ve given up making moral judgments. Just cultivate my garden.

-Full of pansies!

-Pretty, isn't it?

Labels: auction, gender, morals, sex

Thursday, August 05, 2010

Courting the Candidate

-Hat in hand, hey?

-Just an expression, but...well, somewhat appropriate.

-What leads you to believe I'd change my mind?

-Last time you were a wild hair, driving everybody nuts.
Now, you’re older.

-Thus wiser? Doesn't always work that way.

-More measured. And speaking of measure, I have a check for your campaign from National.

-Made out to my campaign? Which doesn’t exist?

-They're hoping. As I.

-Catch?

-Just reasonable sticking to these two talking points.
Here...

-Uh huh?

-and especially here! Simple.

-You heard I’d been nauseated? Wanted to induce puking?

Labels: candidate, party politics, talking points

Friday, August 06, 2010

The Discourse

Once these furious cretins
gain power we'll nod, dis-
tracted and amused.

They'll accept that for
agreement. Good thing
for the Reign of Terror

will exclude us as
purity enforced
on all

but the smallest
children, whose

sun-slashed games
of war we'll observe
from attic windows.

Labels: political purity

Saturday, August 07, 2010

Romantic Boundaries

They meet and
become French

art films frequented
of afternoons: laughter
and passion equally.

He’s married but she
doesn’t request papers.

Wife and kids train in
for Family Day at zoo.

Lunch at Mise En Scene thus
scrubbed, Andre puts away

their Cabernet. Blanc. Perhaps
she’ll find an empty cage

to bleed a Piaf
chanson réaliste.

Labels: affair, chanson, French, French film, Piaf

Sunday, August 08, 2010

Riffs

As you age you dismiss
cagey riffs, everywhere

fatigued. Take music.
As classical stations pitch

frosted chestnuts, pop ones dish
new "arrangements" wrench-

ing banal to pompous. Forget
jazz, so ingrown, layered, solo-

ist proving the melody: him.
And nobody’s that interesting.

Labels: classical music, jazz, pop, riff

Monday, August 09, 2010

Executive Direction In Time of Crisis

-Metaphor? Out the door! Leave the figures of speech to the fairies!

Later, recipient of critique to wife

-Most shit-headed of bosses yet!

-I'll write you a note attesting your literary manhood. I grade on a curve.

-Be forewarned. I can seethe only for so long. One day I'll just quit.

-The question is: Will indignity continued be preferred against bottomless unemployment?

-Yeah yeah yeah! We're all eating shit now! For sure!

-Some growing to be connoisseurs.

Labels: boss, demeaning employment, unemployment

Tuesday, August 10, 2010

Presidential Candidate

-Do I hafta chime in on every fuckin thing? I mean some of these matters are local, really. Best handled by the local shitheads.

-Once matters get the ink, and the opposition lards on the toxic symbolism…?

-Then I’m to show I’m informed and…

-strong!

-Especially when I don’t know what the fuck I’m talking about!

-But we do, and John Q senses it.

-Yeah? How do you know that?

-Focus groups.

-Then you’re divining it. I’ve witness such groups. Clots of inarticulate suet.

-Revelations!

-Yeah, uh huh. Like, such black magic’ll get me the presidency!

-We’re sprinkling you with incense as we converse.

Labels: focus group, political advisors, presidential candidate

Wednesday, August 11, 2010

Case At Hand

-Country splitting into two psychological classes:
paranoids and those afraid of ‘em.

-Yeah. Republicans and Democrats.

Labels: Democrat, fearful, paranoid, Republican

Thursday, August 12, 2010

Old Program Applied to Mega-Horrendous Problem

1 Air travel in the US is just awful! Brutal!

2 So an attendant deploys a slide at the airport and down,

3 brewski in each hand. Fleeing an intractable passenger and

4 Air travel in the US is just awful! Brutal!

5 More particulars, ask you?

6 OK. Air travel in the US is just awful. Brutal!

7 Even more? Pretend this is an old basic program and goto 1

Labels: air travel, airline attendant

Friday, August 13, 2010

Tchaikovsky

Was Peter Ilyich
a sexy sonofabitch?
Cashing in his chips

to mask a fatally queer mess?
Or did he swig--more likely--
polluted water? Oh well, booze

and nicotine and compulsive
wandering rip in. Plus what is
noted depression today. And,

oh yeah, he wrote music
that one critic quipped
held stink you can hear.

That latter more often closer
to roses--and applause. So, on

balance, a surpassing romantic
composer. As for all the rest,
who has a skin thick enough?

God rest him
all road ever
he offended.

Labels: classical music, music critic, queer, romantic, Tchaikovsky

Saturday, August 14, 2010

Crass Dialog with Lovely Accent

-Well, I've perused the script. And I can't see for the life of me how an actor fits into it.

-You'll be the Force Field!...it'd help to have read
Confla-great-O Comics.

-I'm not sure we have them in Britain.

-Confla-great-O is everywhere!

-Oh dear.

-Besides, the audience does see you as a person briefly.
Before you morph into Force Field.

-Well, I'm really not sure. Perhaps if...

-Hey! It's a fuckin payday! And they want a cultured voice, not
the usual corn-fed yokels hereabouts.

-Force Fields as British. Should I feel some pride in that?

-Cut the arch horseshit! You need the money.
Upside down on the house and car!

-And, soon, the career.

Labels: actor, comic books, Hollywood

Sunday, August 15, 2010

The Academy Stamps You

talented! So, do as the other
boys and girls there and wait
out a dainty career. But let

you affect rebel in some
toying, inconsequential
aspect of technique then

critics pile on full
throated, and confreres

tut tut. Best to fess up to
goofy missteps, writhing
away from pincers.

Labels: academy, art, critics, experimentation, rebellion

Monday, August 16, 2010

Sarcasm

Fuel and "wit" for
corporate-fascist

talk radio. Over-
arching and

-reaching. Crashing
next. In rueful mean-

time, nothing stings
like taunts of fools.

Labels: hubris, Talk Radio

Tuesday, August 17, 2010

Americans Can See What’s Going On*

as always, determine
to join the mob,
or no.

Such a choice
not compulsory, so
Constitution remains

good for something.

*Right-wing media have responded to President Obama's comments that he "believe[s] that Muslims have the same right to practice their religion as everyone else in this country" by falsely claiming that opponents of the proposed Islamic community center in Lower Manhattan have not talked about restricting Muslims' religious freedom. In fact, opponents have advocated using government intervention to restrict construction of the center or have asserted that the planners don't have a right to build it at the proposed location. -Media Matters

Labels: ground zero, mosque, Republicans, Right-wing

Wednesday, August 18, 2010

Plenty of Nice Nazi Picnics Around Auschwitz

where everybody had a perfect-
ly lovely time with the wind
favorable. Half of life consists
of getting the wind right.

Labels: Auschwitz, Nazi, wind

Thursday, August 19, 2010

Rich Man Buying

Senate seat. How
will he be recompensed
for ample portion spent?

Virtue is its own reward.
Now that should settle it.

Labels: buying seat, rich, senate

Friday, August 20, 2010

The Party

goes where the votes
are & slips 'em hate

they wish. Don’t
feel superior

to the clods GOP
demagogues.

We all hear
what we want.

Labels: demogogue, GOP, hate

Saturday, August 21, 2010

Front Row at Mass

Suddenly Latin struck us
as hilarious beyond all else
and snuffle-giggles contaged.

After, retribution, both instant
and celestial, vowed by priests

and rampaging nuns. But God has
mercy up till now. Orthodoxies

can be antic: how the being
in the straitjacket beams

“You think me uncomfortable but
I'm ecstatic to be contained thus!”

Labels: Catholic, Mass, orhtodoxy

Sunday, August 22, 2010

Charity

Was easy
getting a Jew
or a Catholic,

but Protestants
often demurred

unless the purpose
suited the model

of producing boys--
later girls, even --

capable of advancing
Capitalism robustly.

And with such good noise,
never was heard the wet
assurance of asskissing.

Labels: Capitalism, Catholic, Charity, Jew, Protestant

Monday, August 23, 2010

"Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel.”

Samuel Johnson embodies the 18th Century
love of directness, usually in a prose balancing
parallel structures of polished art. But he's no

prophet of our frame, so doesn’t get the under-
statement in this particular utterance.

Labels: patriotism, Samuel Johnson

Tuesday, August 24, 2010

Buoyed by The Supreme Court

Billionaires can bug me endlessly
on my answering machine with their
brand of politics. I'm complaisant,
praying for all depraved above.

Labels: Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission, election, Supreme Court

Wednesday, August 25, 2010

Best Tippers

Waiters, waitresses
and barkeeps out
after their shift. Now,

at The Thunderbolt.
Worst? Those birthing

sermonettes upon
each sticking: how

crummy gratuities actually
aid the economy and fit
a larger moral picture.

Leesy, favorite Thunderbolt server,
will get Air Jordans for her son.
They'll make him feel cool.

Labels: tipping

Thursday, August 26, 2010

Battered Nation Has Endured a Singular Viciousness

The Republican Primary. Winner intends to prevail the same bloody way over a despised Democrat.

Petitioners will line up should this comes to pass:

We are the rich and want more!

-Done!

We are the poor and want anything!

-Get yourself off awaiting the Great Trickle-Down!

We are the workers. Stop your friends from shipping our jobs overseas!

-Next, you. Be Chinese now and shut up about it!

We are the middle class. Preserve our entitlements!

-We'll rip the Socialist tit from your sucking mouth.
Not really but live in perpetual fear. That's our keystone.

We are the Neocoms and Armaments Gombahs. Give us another colonial war! Iran overripe!

-Keep shoveling the cash this way and we'll check the entrails.

Labels: Republican Primary

Friday, August 27, 2010

Miners Trapped, Chile

For additional three months,
but claustrophobic a lay term
not theirs. Systems setting to

send down food, meds, take up
wastes, etc. Guess mostly lefties,
so that'll help. Best thing going,

not Americans with smatterings of
fractious my-wayers, or those

whose faith sustains
while destroying,

or Mamas boys
bleating "Me!"

Labels: America, Chile, mining

Saturday, August 28, 2010

In Some Russian Novels

the leisure class teases
out love from tangles,

ponders nuance in vain
aesthetic exercise.

The peasants wolf their
way, wily, realize less
of a mess.

Labels: love., peasant, Russian Novels.leisure class

Sunday, August 29, 2010

Sorry, but in most court cases I’ve seen

live and on TV I’d
never vote to convict.

State weaves dreamworld of, not just
circumstance. More, innuendo show-

ing wretch in dock one badass dude.
I know he is, but that ain’t proof

in the particular case, it’s crap!
Oh well, he probably did it, and

some of his other dreadful acts
have gone un-revenged. Uh huh.

God speaking is it?

Labels: jury, Justice, trial

Monday, August 30, 2010

Power Brokers

-So it boils down to two?

-In our minds, yes, but the convincing of others must follow.

-Money sways powerfully.

-Doesn't it? Anyway, let’s decide A or B.

-No names?

-In case some wandering secretary with a boyfriend
in the Fourth Estate has rabbit ears.

-OK, case for A then?

-Speaks beautifully, in blinding generalities.
Patriot to his jockstrap! Fiercely independent!

-Meaning he'll do what he's told?

-Precisely.

-Rebel for our cause!

-B is more ideological.

-But it's our ideology.

-Well, that scares the decent majority, so he
has to soften up if we choose him.

-That's not hard. He's a politician.

-Plus he shares the same marvelous central quality with A!

-Doing what he's told! Well, then, the other factors
for both?

-None.

-Got a coin?

Labels: party politics

Tuesday, August 31, 2010

Dem’s “Nutball Strategy”

fizzles re Cardinal Beck’s
God as #1 Righty Booster
Rally. Haters behave.

Hard to get invited
to Lifer’s Picnic
at Graterford Prison.

A great honor. These men
murdered, some so viciously

you can’t possibly fathom it, just
get a feel for the mad chaos.

At the picnic their manners
prove completely beautiful.

Labels: Beck, religion, tea party

Wednesday, September 01, 2010

Talent Search

-You got your token Black, so now you want a token Spick?

-Don’t talk that way! We’ve never talked like that. Ever.

-Only your racists and haters.

-Big Tent! And they don’t really mean it. Mostly humor–-healthy venting.

-Sorry, but you’ve come to the wrong man. I can’t run in the present hatred of all things Mexican. It hurts-–if you can understand that.

-No such hatred! Illegals, yes. Hey, some are Guatemalans, midgets down from the mountains.

-Your big contributors are the largest employers of
all such wretches.

-So…we don’t quite start with Utopia?

-You’d give anything for a voice saying in Spanish
“I’m Señor So and So and I approve this message.”

-It’d help.

Labels: politics of immigration

Thursday, September 02, 2010

The Handler

“That the crazed are righteous hardly en-
lightens. They naturally forge purity tests.

Well my candidates are men and women--
not boys and girls raptured out by lout-

ish terpsichore. Politicians! who'll rock n’
roll with angels and with devils to get it

done. Too impure for present?
Only the vote tells, but the force

of the practical trumps noise
when people gather themselves.”

Labels: practical politics

Friday, September 03, 2010

Victorian Melodramatic Novels

Lose patience with the stuffy
camp of lady overmuch pro-

testing innocence, and man
declaiming full-of-shit-isms.

Yet, keener women “fall” even
today as men preach less than
blessed assurance between

beer and ballgame.
So what has changed?

Labels: women's rights

Saturday, September 04, 2010

Impressing Judges

Running to beat
the ball at first

base, one must rush
through the bag, not
slide or leap, gamboling

so the umpire might be
hoodwinked by a rapid

change in attitude. As
a later judge might keep

you around or divide the assets
in your favor, or sentence you

to ride beneath
the streets of
Boston forever.

Labels: Baseball, first base, judge, umpire

Sunday, September 05, 2010

Actually Had a Dream About Interpreting Dreams

Neat fellow with spade beard there. Let's call him Sigmund, who asks

-Does z’emphasis on zexuality disturb you?

-Makes me squirmy. But that's okay since it's just a part.

-Who says dis nonsense! Merde! “Everything!” you don't understand?

-I don't really have to talk to you. Most clever people today have assigned you to the dumpster.

-Vot ist dump--?

-Dust bin.

-I’ll speak God! Plagues! Job had picnic, believe me!

-Wow! Is there a lot of revenge in the profession?

-You can't know half, Dummkoph!

Labels: dreams, Freud

Monday, September 06, 2010

Working Intrigue

Flown to a remote site to solve a unique problem,
he returns to the office without sleep, only to be greeted
by a guard with a box containing his personal items.

Later, to his wife:

-I'm fired!

-I don't think so.

-How could you not--?

-Take a peek at my car. Therein sits a guard.
Without doing justice to his macho vacuity I recite:
“Please return. Those responsible dismissed.”

-What a headache I'm getting! How? Why?

-A cabal discovered and snuffed. But why did it
focus on you?

-I just do my job!

-That's it.

Labels: firing, office politics, working

Tuesday, September 07, 2010

More etc Change

Every fiery revolutionary wave
wills its own orthodoxy, yet roots

through despised predecessors
when it suits. Thus the personal

testaments of freedom of both sexes
to love whoever, whenever, breaks

down with sexual jealously
eating from the inside out as
it has always, and systemically.

Labels: jealousy, love, revolution

Wednesday, September 08, 2010

Celebrity Dies I Never Heard Of

I’m incomplete con-
sumer of mass culture
and an educated snob bob-

ing through famous for allusions
by astringent wit, uh huh. All in

all, satisfied missing out on much.
TV the great time machine, yes?

Catch what was memory-
holed 30, 20,10 years ago.

Shows pretty good though
I condemned back when.

You sniff hypocrisy? So be it
for any particular moment.

Eventually we all prize some
half-ass stance from another.

Labels: celebrity, hypocrisy, snob, time, TV

Thursday, September 09, 2010

Why Are Republicans Greater

thieves? Dishonoring joke
states they steal the train

while less-inventive Dems
light-finger tickets only.

But a something’s there: a di-
vergence of rank vision! Now,

bring it to a solon who concurs,
“Amplitude! Opposition swanks

cramped views, pretends
to aid the peasants. While
we don't even pretend,

knowing where our bread
gets buttered, and how!”

Labels: corruption, Democrat, graft, Republican, vision

Friday, September 10, 2010

The Way of All Fish

Government Gouge!
roar the self-minted
guardians of us all,

but they're as pur-
ring kittens while

Capitalist Rottweilers
devour us hourly.

Labels: Capitalism, government

Saturday, September 11, 2010

The Visit

-They’re religious now. So get ready for prayers and grace--

-Latter should have more severe rationing.

-I meant grace before meals.

-God bless these eggs and our egos.

-Well, be polite.

-When was I not? But we're martyrs to a motion
not our own. Last time it was...Eastern?

-Not really, some guy on PBS.

-Ah yes! Temporary social improvement and perpetual
fund raising.

-Well, anyway, they're old friends.

-Their flavor of the month notwithstanding?

-Ooo you’re mean!

-Yeah, heaven's out so long as it's filled with bleating assholes.

-Just thinking of your soul’s a good thing for you.

-(sings) O let the midnight special turn its ever-lovin’
light on me!

-I know that one. For once. Guy's in prison. You think our marriage is a prison?

-Strangely, no.

Labels: fashion, friendship, marriage, religion

Sunday, September 12, 2010

Reaper

He's obvious, of course,
heavy tread in the carpet-

ed corridor, plywood squeaking
underneath. Door-click from 14E

effectively means cessation
of rosy life within. In 14D

I hear little, dreading
more the shapelessness
abiding in the courtyard.

Labels: anxiety, death

Monday, September 13, 2010

Etiquette

Friend hints you're on list so
you go to Feds. They insist

upon solo prolix,
of wide complexity

to square their crated
evidence. Having sung

thus, duly awarded a tract
home in a strange place mid

alien corn. American-Dreaming
neighbors big on Little League.

At old digs, despised:
ratted when, instead,
one for team required.

Labels: gangster, loyalty, witiness relocation

Tuesday, September 14, 2010

Dynamic Dialog

-So everything I learned is wrong! My beliefs a shit pile!

-That’s about it.

-And that leaves what to do?

-Nothing. Or reinvent yourself.

-Been a long life, and jammed full of reinventing as it is.

-Yeah, the new remains the enemy of the old.

-Same old shit, I’d say.

-That view marginalizes. Let’s them label you the old fogy.

-That’s okay so long as I can have brews with other condemned, go back of the ballfield when everything has shut down for the night, and laugh our ass off pissing!

Labels: new, old, reinvention

Wednesday, September 15, 2010

Them

So like a scowling
NBA forward, rich
take elbow room

for ballclubs and ballet
troupes, congressmen

and whores. Now add
slyer miscellanies we

also dare not tax
by low critique.

Labels: Congress, rich, taxes

Thursday, September 16, 2010

Benjamin Franklin

was a lot of things o
goodness was he!

But not the least a sex-
ual firecracker! Presently,
it’s mostly crackers.

Labels: cracker, Franklin, sex

Friday, September 17, 2010

High Visitor

-I'm here because you're in trouble!

-We're leading!

-Yeah, but opponent just congratulated you
on clean campaign. That means their polls see a lean.

-I needn't ask further...

-Three weeks left. Lifetime! First two: Communist-Socialist-
Atheist-Scumbag-Thief!

-Plus, he'll vote thumbs down when on Grandma's Death Panel? Uh huh. Well there went our Mr Smith Goes To Washington pure outsider!

-Professional Wrestling! Your glowing virgin couldn't take opponent's filth one more minute! So he's compelled
to fight back even dirtier!

-And the last week? I'm guessing fag.

-Bingo!

-Well our own person isn't the butchest knife in the drawer.
Prefers dancing with your son whilst wifey bottles preserves
as a matter of fact.

-U-tube him wrapped in bandoleers at gun nuts picnic!

-He might be queer but he's truly queer for Second Amendment?

-Bingo again!

-We'll cover the board, and I'll never again be able
to face this vilest of un-patriots at my church.

-You don't face anybody in this town, you face 'em down!

Labels: political strategy

Saturday, September 18, 2010

The Terrestrial Saint

When I inform the wise man that
so and so is an obnoxious prick,

I'm advised that he’s to be judged
on other-earthly standards only.

For he glimpses the mystic and
the holy. Those in the same line,
who might lose tooth, instead

praise him to heaven. High-
er loyalty ‘mong such char-
latans forsooth touches moi.

Labels: religion, saint

Sunday, September 19, 2010

Hoary Questionnaire

? lol
4x wk

btw nicer
w/partner

Labels: btw, lol, sexi

Monday, September 20, 2010

Big Wheel Keeps on Turning*

Look for a soloist,
find a chorus. Though

the song remains
traditional, entrenched,

despite the fresher
strains we release.

When we leave it
will stay, resounding

over mountains, boom-
ing down through valleys.

Composing, thus, their own paradox-
ically steady and improvisational
brand of music forever.

Afghanistan--*Key Karzai Aide in Corruption Inquiry Is Linked to C.I.A.-Times

Labels: Afghanistan, capitalistic corruption, CIA

Tuesday, September 21, 2010

The Couple in Art

Publicist finds maestro alone in dark theater.

Can’t relax.

Suggests park to listen to summer band.
He winces at expected clinkers.

Art Tatum like improvs at night club etc?

Good, but late hours.

Then, small experimental theater company?

Ever see genius color up? “I’ll have my secretary phone!”

So, newer twists on kitchen sink glazed
with four-letter words. New to him
and his enthusiasm grows.

He becomes investor.

Enter Kyre, stage left, right, and everywhere else.
Other company members call her

Rhymes-with-Fire…or with Dire or Liar.

As in “Rhymes-with-Fire told the playwright
to dump the entire second act. He’s muttering
in the alley.”

At any rate, when she was actor the director drank,
when director the cast mutinied.

As Fate will mishandle it, romance ensues
between our sweet maestro and this incendiary
who'd be a handful to a man thoroughly experienced.

All expect flameout, of course, but they marry shortly after

at a stockbroker's digs in East Haddam.

The prognosis is, of course, less than poor,
however, until Kyre's great decision:

She leaves acting and directing to produce.
In her first try she stages

The Tempest in a roller rink, asking
Maestro to write the music for barrelhouse

organ. It proves more than a smash.
You can’t get a ticket. Scalpers ask
three thousand a pop!

A year later most of the whole caboodle
moves to Broadway, of course, and there’s
a film with Johnny Depp.

Maestro asked to write other scores
and conduct all over the world.

Kyre and he buy a place in Tuscany
and spent a month there a year,

Maestro totally adored and
Kyre battling all the merchants.

Well, flip the milestone years off the calendar
as in old black and white musicals and
place a foot near the grave ledge for both.

The marriage remains in a state of
incipient explosion which amuses

Maestro and spurs Kyre further. She has added
menacing metal bands to her production stable.

He wears noise-canceling earphones
to auditions she coaxes him to attend.

Labels: art, couple, marriage, Music, theater

Wednesday, September 22, 2010

Where It's Heading

-Piled too high in the warehouses. Something falls
on a guy, we got Workman's Compensation nosing in!

-Don't want either. Workman hurt or government butting in.

-So, let's sell something? That's the revered model.
Not hoarding.

-Old model. Something new evolving here.
Buy another warehouse!

-As your accountant I'd like to snap you to your senses
by saying you can't afford it, but...

-No end to warehouses I could buy.

-Then how 'bout rent? I'll run the figures if you want but...

-Like to own things. You go there and it's all yours.

-But there's a limit!

-I don't think so.

-Can become a pathology!

-Don't doubt it. May I point out to you that I got rich
by being considered nuts.

-And you can add to your wealth by peddling what crams
your multitudinous warehouses!

-I don't think so. We'll see. We'll just wait and see.

-Like King Midas.

-Always a favorite!

-Perhaps you figure it’s great collateral for loans?

-I’ll consider that. When I get around to considering anything. If.

Labels: hoarding

Thursday, September 23, 2010

Oh Say Can You See to Pray?

When you know it's a lie
and pronounce it anyway,

you're a politician apply-
ing a strategy. Awful certainty

of a final reckoning’d militate
against such bopping, meretri-

cious sinning in a Believer, but
doesn't seem to: Staunchest

Upholders of the Faith laying down
the most egregious whoppers.

Labels: Faith and lies, religion in politics

Friday, September 24, 2010

Rocco and Wiseass Wally

WALLY
Your Democrats are below pitiful! Republicans throw
bushel baskets of shit at them hourly and they
lisp "Ith a lie!" And girly-pout at such awful meanness!

ROCCO
I have more tolerance. They refuse to legislate
and must have something to do. So, Big Lie
Technique Repubs have learned at Mama's icy tit.

WALLY
They're just filling the vacuum of Democrat's dumbness!

ROCCO
Nature abhors etc. Or is that Nature's a whore?

WALLY
Keep wandering! Your opponents go straight to the jugular!

ROCCO
They’re a a dopey burlesque and fool no one.
Death Panels indeed! Just got Grandma off the booze
and now the Democrats are gonna execute her!

WALLY
Laugh on, Macduff, but that kind of egregious shit sticks.

ROCCO
Only in the voting troglodyte's mind!

WALLY
At any rate, Democrat and their professors are
gathering themselves right now to compile a dossier
of Republican whoppers. And forge something forceful!

ROCCO
Be a long meeting!

WALLY
In two rooms.

ROCCO
Why two?

WALLY
One's for footnotes.

Rocco argues with any who come into view in South Philadelphia. He’ll even chase some down.

Labels: Death Panel, Democrat abstraction, Republican Whoppers

Saturday, September 25, 2010

Lunch With Charlie

Ow! said I.
Too bad, remarked
Charlie the Ant.

I browse my paper at
the same outdoor lunch

spot and Charlie or
his ilk get me often.

Hey! Throw down a few crumbs
and we'll go crazy over ‘em
and thereby spare you.

Next time I did and--I want
to say thousands--but maybe

hundreds formed black seas around
tiny pale islands. The Nabisco Islands.
Oh a few outliers came my way still,

like poets leaving men
and women at picnics

to commune with
the sappy pines.

Labels: ant, lunch, poet

Sunday, September 26, 2010

Short Conversation w/Song

-(singing) Better to have love and lost,
than never to have loved at all.

-Your music captures the thud-
ding resonance better than the words.

-They're a team.

-Uh huh. How about Better to be free
than entangled?

-Flat, stale, and unprofitable.
Not to say anti-romantic.

-Love pays?

-Of course!

-Love costs.

-Yes, it's dear.

Labels: entanglement, love, Music, relationship, song

Monday, September 27, 2010

Gold!

I live in Cocoa Beach, Florida, and if the shooting war between staunch white Republicans and undocumented brown workers coincides with a Category-5 hurricane, blood will flow down from the causeways.

I hope to have a brick of Kraft cheese to strike a deal with a shattered guy bearing a loaf of bread.

I won’t sell my cheese outright. No way.

And neither I nor my future survival partner will accept a bar of gold.

Labels: Golden Gate, hurricane, immigration, survival, White Republicans

Tuesday, September 28, 2010

The Bill Collector's Wife

-How'd it go?

-It went.

-Ah the usual gaiety then! But, pray tell, any highlights?

-Got a sobbing grandmother on a gouging pay plan.

-A service! Like doctor, priest, teacher!
She was underwater then?

-House, car, everything.

-I was...being witty.

-Wave a red flag. My brain is fried.

-And is she still heaving?

-Without doubt.

-Buck up, Macduff! Pays our bills. Thus no obnoxious prick calls us.

-I'm the bulldog face of American Pig Capitalism!

-Halt! Before you mix another metaphor! Or wave the
real red flag!

-Too hammered down to be Socialist rebel.

-I wonder if most of them are ditzy utopians, or have choked overmuch on plutocratic gorge.

-I don't need theory. I need a decent job among decent people.

-Rarer and rarer. Way the bosses prefer it.

-Well, now some cheap incendiary booze and letting the TV paint my face.

-Oh joy!

-I used to be a man!

-Miss that part.

Labels: bill collection, Capitalism, gouging

Wednesday, September 29, 2010

Two Reactionaries Presently in Office--
Indulging in Aged Bourbon

-How come you never hear legislative ladies
talk about their husbands?

-What's to say? They're pussies! How could it be
otherwise, married to a dragon?

-Can’t we run history backwards and take the vote away?

-Back to '17? Nah. Let's look forward! We're modern, hah hah.

-All right then, I'll introduce an amendment forbidding
them bicycles.

-So they can't pedal their ass around the block?

-Good one! And the car!

-Chip away, huh?

-Making up in the rearview mirror and babbling on cell phones! Danger to their various communities!
And we know they can't park one: All that particular silly pantomime disrupts commerce!

-Agreed. But the big one is voting and, not incidentally,
opposition gets the lion’s share of them.

-So many bleeding hearts!

-I got it! Science! We commission a huge study by a Christian
college: Women temperamentally unsuited to vote, therefore...

-Not at present, but let's not give up on this.

-Where there’s a will...

-there’s a slow, sneaky program.

-How can I get a dick implant?

-I don’t know but our party needs one. We shouldn’t have to even bother with all this feminist crap.

Labels: feminism. women's vote, reactionary, women

Thursday, September 30, 2010

My Pocket Starbucks

has four wall outlets for
those of us possessed
of weak batteries. Get-

ting next to one can
take craftiness plus

shoving. Call us
Pricks with Bricks.

Labels: brick, Starbucks

Friday, October 01, 2010

The Show

INTERLOCUTOR
In a way, Hamlet can be seen as conflicted
between the right way and the political.

REPUBLICAN
The political is always the right way. No pun. Its...

DEMOCRAT
I'm sorry, lost the thread. It's...Shakespeare is it?

REPUBLICAN
Its corollary is pay to play--as I was saying when I was
foggily interrupted.

INTERLOCUTOR
Can political and right be in consonance, or forever at odds?

DEMOCRAT
Odds? A ballgame?

REPUBLICAN
Won’t pick the Raiders again! They never beat the spread!

DEMOCRAT
Can we get back to--?

INTERLOCUTOR
We're out of time but you two have genuinely given the
audience much to chew over.

REPUBLICAN
Indeed!

DEMOCRAT
Whatever.

Labels: Democrat, ethical, political, Republican

Saturday, October 02, 2010

Twin Sisters

Our real Daddy travels.
We get many packages
wrapped by foreigners.

Our at-home Daddy is “Clint”
nicknamed after Eastwood. He

actually says GO AHEAD, MAKE
MY DAY! First line of The Moron's
Natural Anthem. Understood that

Mom keeps him for the bed-thrust.
Viagra adds to it, presumably. They

worry about us as sexual beings
but art's our lust. Mom, in one
of her cogent moments bought us
memberships in the town art center.

We’re there late hours, so
Clint picks us up to shield

against the army of perverts
patrolling its borders. Sisters,

ordinarily reserved, babble all
the way home like we-we piggies!

Also, throw in a lot of sleazy expressions
and sexy hints for Clint and Mom to con-
duct a CIA analysis over kitchen espressos.

So, off to college next year!
And different ones. Hey, we

tweeted before it was possible--
don't have to live together. Clint

and Mom toyed with boutiquey ones.

Dad thought Ivy, but we convinced
him and his money that huge state

universities with thumping art departments
would make it in our identical eyes. Been

lectured as to large, licentious temptation
there, vice multitudinous! Oh well, be nice

to have boyfriends. If they
don’t get in the way.

Labels: art, sex, twins

Sunday, October 03, 2010

Friends Discuss Alien "Language"

-Language? laughs he. We never bothered! Transmitting, as it does, imprecision, exaggeration, and lying.

Oh? counters yours truly to him or it, how about “Bring home a dozen eggs, Honey.”?

-Well, enunciation of the Honey depends on mood or could be mindless--like the one of blowsy old waitresses.

-You're splitting hairs. Or breaking balls--which is the same thing to you.

-Anyway, after your trump card, he, of course, smiles.

-Yeah! So damn superior!

-Anyway, they have no language. A chip implant kicks in when you talk to them and handles things automatically. In their culture, thought-recipient, aka Honey, just shows up with the eggs.

-Big deal! Someday we'll wipe that damn smile...

-Whoa! Wanna get both of us zapped?

-Baloney! Have you ever seen anyone...?

-It's not like old Buck Rogers movies. Dissolved into visual marmalade. It’s one nano second you're here, the next...?

-Oh yeah? Well just maybe we’re smarter than...!

-We're not.

Labels: alien, language

Monday, October 04, 2010

Ass Like the Back of a Hack

So like older
forms of jazz.

Syncopation im-
pinged by vast
circularities.

Labels: fat, jazz

Tuesday, October 05, 2010

The Hyphen

When he was diagnosed with a disease containing a hyphen, interest grew within the hospital.

Physicians visited from departments which had no
hyphen diseases.

A group of doctors even came from Buffalo, asking him questions and texting their impression to each other.

They further asked him to recommend a strip joint
and he told them he knew only of Peaches Flambé,
a Gentlemen's Club, but only because Channel Six
had interviewed neighbors objecting to sex
in the parking lot.

This news inflamed them, so much that one apologized,
"It's all the snow."

It proved time for his cocktail of drugs which brought him diarrhea and hallucination. An hour later the nurse administered the countervailing dose bearing constipation and headache.

One day they told him he could go home and he did.
He put the drugs in the freezer because throwing
them into the toilet would be a toxic, thus antisocial, act. Friends came by with herbal teas, a few of which
he actually liked.

A year later he went for tests and they told him
he no longer had hyphen disease.

He went back to his apartment feeling comme ci
comme ca.

Death would come someday, of course, checking
into a local motel and watching a football game
with the sound off.

Then leisurely walking over, knocking softly
because of the late hour.

Labels: disease, doctors, hospital

Wednesday, October 06, 2010

Blogger

Usually blog politics but lately
mix it up. What the hell!
Same old same old:

Dem prez must rule w/o alienating
the left loonies, of which I’m one.

Repub, same for right loonies,
whom I viscerally despise, to
understate a natural issue.

Labels: blog, Democrat, political extremes, Republican

Thursday, October 07, 2010

Radio Call-In Show

Caller’s premise: I am vast-
ly superior in breadth of
intellect. Yet fair, balanced.

Listen on ye vile bastards
and despair!

Labels: call-in shows, politics, Talk Radio

Friday, October 08, 2010

The Hypothetical Candidate

Say I run for Congress as
the anti-Walmart candidate?

That's taking on an entity
mightier than most nations.

As a sort of nation then, with
a domestic and foreign policy.

Its workers--excuse me, Associates!--
menaced by even thinner pay envelopes
should I succeed. The Chamber of Com-

merce exercising its greasy mouth &
money; China, of course, leading ally, coy-

ly chipping in to boost my adversary: True &
Thoroughly Dependable Pillsbury Doughboy.

Not legal, but where there's a way it
gets willed. I’m routed! Hammered
also by the Cross of Jesus--in a land

of bribery, the religious
proving the easiest.

Labels: anti-Walmart, bribery, China, election, politics, religious, Walmart

Saturday, October 09, 2010

Negotiating Sequence

Single brownie on white plate. Aesthetic! Need none
but I'll eat half.

Oh well...pretty small anyway!

“You’re leaving me because I ate the last brownie?
I'll buy you a dozen! What do you mean, character?
You're being silly!”

To the lowest sports bar then! No women except
the raunchy waitresses.
–--
Enough of such overindulgence! Cotton mouth and
I'll still be queasy going into work Monday!
–--
Well, faint heart never won fair maiden.
So, bold thrust! But no Mr Nice Guy this time.
They like, demented as they are, the bad boys!

I talked to the DA's staff and thank God they see you as a
total bumbler, because together we found a sexy
misdemeanor you can plead guilty to. No jail time
and just a thumping fine and a lecture from the judge--
I heard it before and it's scathing! But your mother
and father needn't be present.

Just a bit of non-legal advice: Hang with the boys more.
Get some street-smarts.

Labels: diet, legal, selfishness, street-smarts

Sunday, October 10, 2010

Reality TV

You're sent home.
Another dud, or fix
in for drama? Cagey

you, so we can't probe
your contract for fish-
y closing costs.

Labels: closing costs, fix, reality TV

Monday, October 11, 2010

The Fiscals

TEA PARTY REPUBLICANS
We can't afford the future. And never will. Let all the infrastructure keep crumbling away and maybe we'll
all of us learn our lesson!

OLD LINE REPUBLICANS
Hey! Have Treasury float humongous fuckin bond issues whilst we're in power! Borrow from China!

Grow the glorious deficit any which way! What's the diff?
That way we get to name the roads and bridges and
airports for our conservative heroes.

Junior gets stuck with the bill? If he's smart he'll
borrow too. Keep it going until fiery rocks render
the Earth smoky-black, and nobody ever
ever really pays.

Totally fuckin beautiful!

DEMOCRATS
Fix the whole shitty infrastructure mess and
put our voters to work doing it! Soak the rich
to pay for everything. Tit for tat.

RADICAL DEMOCRATS
Level it! Start new with everyone wearing surplus
army outfits. Expropriate all standing hotels:
you shouldn't have to screw outdoors.
THE NEW DECENCY! That's the brand.

We want to start, like, immediately, but three
on our Executive Committee have lost their keys.

And the other members are not ready to issue
their report just yet--disagreements as to phrasing.

Some being acerbic revolutionaries, others,

florists of glowing syntax.

Labels: Democrat, Republican, revolutionaryfiscal, tea party

Tuesday, October 12, 2010

Branding the Banks

We Fucked Millions:
Trust Us!

Labels: banking, branding

Wednesday, October 13, 2010

In Place

At the lesser Presbyterian in
Philadelphia, minister sure
to dismiss moments

early so that chauffeurs
could propel the Pierce-Arrows
and Duesenbergs to the Greater,

there to throb at the curb, merging
with the virile faith of Dr Therefore

marching through the open windows
until the final bell.

Christianity
once represented industry, masculinity

in America. Blood has been deposited
in less orderly places to keep it thus.

Continues to be.

Won’t you help?
Or do you feel

you’ve logically done enough?

Labels: Capitalism, Christianity, class

Thursday, October 14, 2010

Celebrity and Soon, More

FUTURE SENATOR
Trusted adviser!

ADVISER
Even for this new life?

FUTURE SENATOR
Hell yeah! Let's drink to it!

ADVISER
Lemonade, I hope.

FUTURE SENATOR
Yeah, since we've both ceased all forms of ingested shit.

ADVISER
I found out there's such a thing as morning.

FUTURE SENATOR
Me too. Pretty nice, mostly.

ADVISER
Depends on who you wake up with.

FUTURE SENATOR
Doesn't it?

ADVISER
Will you miss the variety?

FUTURE SENATOR
Huh?

ADVISER
Only present wife from now on.

FUTURE SENATOR

No Betty...or Butch?

ADVISER
Uh uh. Doesn't play in Peoria.

FUTURE SENATOR
What other way do you wanna put my balls in a vise?

ADVISER
You'll say what's pre-approved by me and the Party.

FUTURE SENATOR
Impotence to gain power.

ADVISER
And after also. The rest is illusion.

FUTURE SENATOR
I must be crazy to want the job.

ADVISER
Unparallel opportunities to steal.

FUTURE SENATOR
Check and double check. As you know, I pissed away just
about everything from the mega-celebrity days.

ADVISER
Everything but name recognition!

FUTURE SENATOR
Yeah, I got that, for better or for worse.

ADVISER
About half and half. They'll go after some of your quotes,
which I and my group have analyzed as one third inane,
one third incendiary, one third so vague as to indicate a cognitive disorder.

FUTURE SENATOR
Uh huh. Well I was flying or crashing when the
rabbit-ear reporters came around.

ADVISER
Our take is to laugh and then state that everybody grows up.

We're hoping like hell for a flood back home and you hoisting
the sandbags and pouring out the coffee for Real Americans.

FUTURE SENATOR
Hey I had enough of them! They stink, for one.

ADVISER
Just lodge this in what’s left of your brain:
they stink like money.

FUTURE SENATOR
Consider it lodged. It’ll fill the space where a
whole shelf just fell away.

ADVISER
And, of course, I was just kidding about stealing.

FUTURE SENATOR
About what?

Labels: celebrity, political adviser, senator

Friday, October 15, 2010

Daring To Call It

Republicans refuse role
in governance, duty
under Constitution. So

mere treason or deep-
er moral treachery? At

any rate it's prospering,
according to polls.

Yet their sheep try rol-
ling for revolution. May be

acutely dammed by
direction it comes from.

Labels: evil, Republican, revolution, treason

Saturday, October 16, 2010

Relying on PAX

I’m so tempted
to assume command
of my tiny fiscal estate,

but knowing myself
as one who shifts
halfwit strategies

for wildass hunches on
Yahoo Football, I
steer wide of investing

pros at Pax. I don’t know
where they are and what’s
doing there or why and,

probably, they don’t either,
that much, but at any rate,

always a baby
step, I’m, from
addictive ruin.

Labels: addiction, investing, Pax

Sunday, October 17, 2010

Honeymoon in Cairo in a Brand New Autogyro

Ah love songs!
More exotic by locale
& transportation mode.

Plus exigencies of rhyme
& rhythm. In a grim-
mer genre, Brother

Can You Spare a Nickel?
just doesn’t cut it.

Labels: depression, love song

Monday, October 18, 2010

Re Mortgage Mess

With the infinite slice-dicing of loans,
nobody can figure out who owns
these crap residences. In Florida

an entrepreneur will haul a whole-
sale hundred or so off a bank’s hands.
Then sell one to you, benign John Q.

60% you save, you fast old dog, gets
eaten up by lawyers eventually.

Well, lot more than that actually
to the extent you realize
The American Dream

goes up your ass.

Labels: American Dream, Law, lawyers, Mortgage Mess

Tuesday, October 19, 2010

To the Virulent Saving the Nation

If you succeed, then
History decrees we'll

soon enough
be saving it
from you.

Labels: cycle, history, saving nation

Wednesday, October 20, 2010

My Team Loses

and I restage
incidents which

might have gone
another way.

But, get over it,
being a tepid 5 on
the Fan Scale. 10s

weep and gnash, forever
resembling let-
down patriots. Well,

the mouthier variety.
New Haven Arena once:
an old man refusing to rise

for National Anthem and
viciously menaced by
a trio of drunks. Is he res-

olute or ill? Fortunately, hockey
game flashes into life. Actually,

a drunk makes the best patriot.
In initial fervor.

After berating your pansy diffidence,
he suddenly crawls in apology,

then bawls over an unjust rain
of personal tragedies always re-

sponsibility of others. Must be,
at any rate, a parade some-

where. Or mercurials
anxious to start one.

Labels: fan, patriotism

Thursday, October 21, 2010

Democracy In Action

Y heads for the local school
to pick between

a Democratic incompetent
and a Republican moron.

Easy, since the Dem
might sort a problem out

by chance while rooting
for lost keys, whereas

the Republican will do nothing
and never shut up about it.

(Y has boned up on the all but
incomprehensible ballot questions,

yet knows zip of the judges
he could keep or jettison.)

Polls favor the Republican but
within the margin of error.

Last commercials of moron suggest-
ing, therefore, the Democrat queer.

Most advisers prefer stopping there.
Decided thirst persists for a scream-
ing flagwaver, though, positively HD.

Labels: Democracy, Democrat, Republican, voting

Friday, October 22, 2010

Q What Happen To

In the roaring traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room ?

A Smothered by Be bop a loo bah she's my baby!
Be bop a loo bah I don’t mean maybe!

Q I mean where did it go after that?

A Nowhere. Nothing goes anywhere. It’s still here.
Everything mishmashing together!

Q Isn't that all too headachey? Noisy and busy?

A Can’t hear a word you’re saying!

Labels: Cole Porter, Night and Day, popular songs

Saturday, October 23, 2010

Two Families

-I've spoken to Mrs Murphy.

-How Fifties! Mrs Murphy's Boarding House.

-Not really. Just a pretty spacious bungalow with an empty
in-law apartment.

-I see Dad more as an intrepid captain! Pushing that shopping cart through billowing seas!

-Uh huh. Well, Mrs Murphy'll take three hundred a month
to house him. Though Mr Murphy acidly insists, that it should
be a thousand! So, anyway, hundred from each of us, if...?.

-Have you even looked at the stock market lately?

-And Marcus wouldn't allow me to give even a penny.
He's, like, freedom!

-Well, perhaps we could work out a method whereby...?

...

-Well...anyway...that's it, then? A shame you two
can't help. But I'll talk to her again.
And the social worker. May be other ways
to get him off the streets.

-We think he likes his life just the way it is!

-Yeah! Not really a question of money then, is it?

At The Murphy's

-Well that's family, isn't it? Can you handle two hundred
on your own?

-I suppose. But Mr Murphy, now rapidly approaching us...!

-‘ll do what he’s told.

Labels: Family, homeless, money

Sunday, October 24, 2010

After Scorching Alleged Drug Damage
“Beat” Speaker Blanks

okay
shelves fall away

up there moreso
w/you guys just

from the wry debris
and junk

DNA can’t fish out anything
resembling thought it’s

Labels: Beatnik, drugs

Monday, October 25, 2010

The Wealthy Buy the Election

to re-seize their
feudal rights.

The Middle Class
lives on its knees,
the better to climb.

Others into the toilet
and, once under the rim,

can’t see loyalists
touting freedom.

Labels: election, Feudalism, Middle Class, rich

Tuesday, October 26, 2010

Senator and Campaign Director

-Five hundred K is a hunk of change.

-Best thus far.

-Who are they?

-Americans For Adjustment.

-That doesn't tell me anything.

-Oh the usual suspects among pissed billionaires.

-What do they want?

-Evidently fog. Can't make head nor tail
from their website.

-Well, give me the Readers Digest version.

-They wanna go up everybody's ass. Midst flags.

-Achieving patriotic greatness by enforcing behavior.
The America of Convenience.

-Yeah, theirs.

-So, people give money for themselves? I've got to juggle
them with real people.

-What?

-Okay, real people is a fiction. Let me have some fun here!

Labels: campaign, Citizens United, fund raising, senator

Wednesday, October 27, 2010

Mickey Mantle

Early for the first day
and note his grace,

even in the mild
horsing around of
outfield practice.

So, for once, hype
true. In retirement,

glad-hander at Atlantic City.
Not long after that seedy
whore gussied up: like

pouring glitter in-
to a corpse’s armpit.

Labels: Alantic City, Mickey Mantle

Thursday, October 28, 2010

The Bank–a Vignette Set in the Near Past

-Jesus Christ, Charlie! We're giving a million dollar mortgage to a short-order cook!

-Hey, whatta we know? Maybe Aunt Tillie and Uncle Mark are helping out. Besides, we'll peddle it to sharpies who'll slice all these bastards up and sell 'em to dense Indonesians.

-Uh huh? And what'll we do when the shit eventually hits the fan?

-Well in my case, I had no idea what my mortgage officers were up to!

-In the meantime?

-I'm taking Sweetie to The Lion King, and that new French Restaurant with real Frog waiters, who I'll tip so generously they'll be happy they left their stupid socialism.

-Sounds like a good time.

-If it is, I repeat next week with the wife.

Labels: banking, bundling, mortgage, subprime

Friday, October 29, 2010

Rocco and Worrywart

ROCCO
So, Wart, what sky is falling down this morning?

WART
The fuckin Republicans. They're running these reactionaries
who wanna take us back. And not to Reagan but...

ROCCO
I always thought he was a pretty good actor,
in movies and after.

WART
But to the period before Teddy Roosevelt!

ROCCO
That's when some of the bosses beat the workers.

WART
Yeah and when that happens, what will the Left do?

ROCCO
Well, they're most comfortable doing nothing, but in this case get guns.

WART
So they'll shoot each other?

ROCCO
Not a worry. Even after the bloodbath, the proportion'll remain the same.

WART
So, what should we do? You’re not encouraging!

ROCCO
In the old fashion liberal sense, nothing. Listen, if these poseurs gain office, they'll swing with the status quo.
Most of them'll even hire faggots for the staff.

WART

So, you’re saying, the more things change
the more they stay the same?

ROCCO
No, there are changes at the margin, thus Senator So and So
can pose as a champ at deadening hearings.

WART
Nothing really gets done, though.

ROCCO
Lots get done. As a matter of fact, if you watch these
hearings, he’ll first convince you he’s intelligent.
Pretty soon, he’ll use the most exotic word in his
vocabulary: Work! Congratulating the chair and
staff and himself on all the work accomplished.

WART
You sound as if the biggest firebrand becomes a mild functionary.

ROCCO
That's exactly right. Ever hear of a song called Big Noise From Winnetka?

Rocco lives in voluble South Philadelphia.

Labels: Left, Reagan, Republican, revolution

Saturday, October 30, 2010

The Drama Queen

She requires understanding, he
understands, and plunges in dur-
ing hopeful Spring. With Summer

he has sorted the hysterical from
the legitimate and is quite smug
about it. But Fall brings a vibrancy

where nothing can be proven
small. By Winter he has numbed,

smiles incessantly, one
strangely content. Others

visit the Mary Kay bungalow
on La Dee Dah Lane, bringing
their toolkits. His man-cave

in the basement declared off-limits,
but no one cares about it anyway,

only the intriguing case exhausting
oxygen in the chintzy living room.

Labels: Drama Queen, man-cave, Mary Kay

Sunday, October 31, 2010

Two Wretches

Returning after flood,
quake or eruption, one,

bucket of possessions
over sunken shoulder.

Another escorted out by
guard, work-life in a box.

Labels: firing

Monday, November 01, 2010

Election Night, Not So Large Market

DIRECTOR
Okay, Talent, let's try things out.

TALENT
This is a set? Looks like an elephant shit in a paint bucket!

DESIGNER
This is a set like you're definitely not a commentator!

DIRECTOR
Oops we hafta go on! Quick, powder his nose. It's like a beacon!

DESIGNER
No big deal, just a souse.

TALENT
I heard that, Fairy Designer!

DIRECTOR
Now girls. Ten seconds to airtime, Talent.

TALENT
Whaaa...?

DIRECTOR
Just read what's in front of you.

TALENT
Eighteen votes are in from Chester’s third precinct
and it looks like bad news for Democrats.

DIRECTOR
Cut!

TALENT
That's it?

DIRECTOR

We're weaving in and out of Football Highlights to begin. But don’t worry we go big in a couple of hours. Bring in the experts! The winners to gloat and the losers to analyze.

Later

TALENT
Nearly seventy votes are in from Chester's third precinct and Republicans are worried.

DIRECTOR
Cut.

TALENT
It’s still dribbling, despite your promises.

DESIGNER
Like a drunk pissing. Just a generic comment.

DIRECTOR
Your set is beautiful and we no longer need you.

TALENT
Yeah, go way and give us the chance to destroy it.

DESIGNER
Why do we always get hasbeens from the network?

DIRECTOR
We do the best we can and we're perpetually for sale.

DESIGNER
Not much job security.

TALENT
You can always paint shithouses.

DIRECTOR
And go! Talent.

TALENT
Most of the vote is in in Edgemont and no clear winners yet due to tallying write-ins for, among others, Mickey Mouse.

(off) He always gets a vote or three!

TALENT
It's our own resident wit, Patty Kleinhoffer, returning from the field on this historic...!

Labels: election, small market TV

Tuesday, November 02, 2010

The Pollster

Bottom line you ask? Ah yes!
That’s what you’re paying for after all!

I’ve digested tons of figures and
Bottom Line: More than likely, it’ll
go your way, and big, or fairly big.

Of course, it could go the other way
but that’s not as likely. And if it does,

won’t be as big--as if it went your way, uh,
if it goes–not likely–the other way.

All possibilities are in the universe,
of course, but I like yours better,

or somewhat better.
You have my bill.

Labels: polls, Pollster

Wednesday, November 03, 2010

Our Paramount Difficulty

is language. Inadequate
to describe the pirates

and egregious thieves
massed in the private sector

who tell us “Leave us alone
to make financial magic for all!”
Uh huh. How is that working out?

And “Just enforce the laws on
the books! We need no fresh ones.”
Uh huh. Like, let’s privatize police
in a city of 100,000 and hire one

illiterate a shift to handle the whole burg.
In the high public sector? Well, lines blur,

but they're florescent green
money. The Democrats engage;
Republicans find God

free-wheeling. The Right desires revolution
because depravity hasn't gone far enough.

The Left wants to start over by
first nabbing the worst, but
the prisons aren't large enough.

Besides, if you fill them with such
conniving talent, they’ll corrupt

that system even further
reasserting power from there.

Stalin, of course, went too far, but
his earlier game plan might merit study.

Labels: Democrat; Republican, Left, revolution, Right

Thursday, November 04, 2010

Wave Election, Fuckin Wave

sweeps in re-masked versions
of corporate whores.

Fox News (pause for laugh)
excoriated for being the RNC

but meaner and more crooked--
if that's even possible.

(cue Send in the Clowns)

Ah there’ll be laughter in the House!
So isn't that worth the billions cooked

after the supreme court
can opener?

Labels: wave election

Friday, November 05, 2010

The Pirate Ship Has Docked

Our officials rushing out
to fawn and surrender.

The captain is mercurially
disinterested, thus murder,
rape, and pillage will proceed

normally. They have
other words for it.

God has designed the very worst
persons to be politic. When

they do something totally unspeakable--there
are degrees for the stomped and dispirited--

we'll recover life and, mid their snoring,
stick them like the pigs they are.

Labels: if the shoe fits, Pirate

Saturday, November 06, 2010

Rural Wit, Thus Short

-My one soap opera stopped with the Republicans gloating.

-Like drunks. Bible says that if...

-Then old ducks come on there and tell you why.

-Ain't no mystery. Unemployment! Why look at that guy down at the bridge. Out a year or so from sawmill.

-Only one not the family there. By the way, he's selling that little red car he got.

-That thing? Useless crap! By the time you reach decent road, whole ass end be tored out!

-Well, he’s selling it.

-Wonder what that perky wife'd fetch?

-Never mind all that! And wondering what I'd...!

-Why you're as pure gold to me, as the Bible says.

-It don't say that. You're full of it like always.

-Well, something like.

-I know what you'd fetch. Nothing!

-You was always a harsh woman! Why the chemicals in me worth five bucks!

-They’s all played out!

Labels: Afghan election, Democrat;, gloating, Republican, rural

Sunday, November 07, 2010

Photography

Coyly practicing on the stone
gnomes in her garden,

Grandma becomes proficient
enough on the digital camera

to catapult up the aisles
at Graduation in a frenzy
of angles. All save the rear

view of the hemorrhoidal
commencement speaker.

Labels: digital camera, Grandma

Monday, November 08, 2010

Stow Honor Badges

cuz Mr Smith al-
ready a Street slut

when he survives
to arrive

in Washington.
Payback time,
never mind

the broil of lofty
words and anthems.

Daily a roiling crib of pigs
who’ve paid to play
him.

Labels: Mr Smith Goes To Washington, pay to play

Tuesday, November 09, 2010

The Popeyed Revolution

We're seeking players
who slide in spikes high.

Not Lou Gehrigs but Ty
Cobbs. Those cruel in order
to be kind. It all devolves

to a particular grammar:
not those extreme adjectives
that count the most anyway,

but the noun. Order. Your security
will depend on your knowing

your place on the team
and acting accordingly.

Labels: Baseball, revolution

Wednesday, November 10, 2010

Blunt Grace

-Meeting’s at Ronald Reagan Office Building.

-Lovely ring!

-There's of course a Ronald Reagan Airport and...

-Music to my ears.

-Well, he deserves the honor as...

-Never mind that shit! Best part is they stand as symbols!
A symbol beats whole fuckin dumpsters of words.
So you can look at the building or whatever and buck up,
even in a fallow time of socialists and crybabies, with all
the women compliant whores and half the men fags.

-At...uh...any rate, honoring RR is great for the nation.

-Fuck the nation! It's great for us. Wipe the mother's milk from your mouth!

Labels: political symbol, Ronald Reagan

Thursday, November 11, 2010

The Process Works

“Bold suggestions” from boards,
those not running for anything.

Working pols applaud,
promising study, and flash

the same choreography still
bringing them fame. They’re

studied by fresh-elected,
drilling steps in dark corridors.

Labels: bold suggestions, panel, working pols

Friday, November 12, 2010

Auditor

-Ten thousand a month for an apartment for a...

-very good friend!

-mistress.

-Such a sleazy tone, that word, whereas...

-And under a foundation you created for the bank.

-We do a lot of Little League too. It does.

-Look, I'm losing friends at Justice referring anything less than
a few million for possible indictment. Just start paying for Sweetie out of your own salary and the matter's closed.

-That’s decent of you. I'll withdraw the account from the foundation.

-Miriam Foundation, huh? What...?

-My Mother's name. God rest her soul.

-Really? I find that touching. Very touching.

Labels: audit, banking

Saturday, November 13, 2010

None So Vile

-So this guy appointed to lit department at prestigious university.

-But a serpent in the fescue?

-Lunch.

-Harmless enough for most. Even academics.

-Allusion combat. Much out-clevering whilst zapping the other with the table wit of lit.

-Did our champion acquit himself with valor?

-Mostly, but often his stomach churned going to class.

-Is it a story with this acid end?

-He left for a small college where they really respected his specialty and baked each other casseroles.

-What was his specialty?

-I don't remember.

-Emblematic of the weight of your tale. Of a whole lot, really.

-Oh well, anyway, every profession must have its silly pseudo-contests.

-None So Vile

Labels: academic, allusion, table wit

Sunday, November 14, 2010

Conclusion

The party leans forward
as if to say and? But

story chokes and won't
go on. In a parallel
world it does, and aptly.

But this one imposes
haze when crazy
for a wrap.

Labels: story

Monday, November 15, 2010

Madoff Auction

Fercrissakes let the Jew thief
keep his underwear! Co-religionists
want to stamp him sub-human. Anti-

Semites, the tribe itself. Goethe said he
never heard a sin he couldn’t commit.

Meaning for the sex fiend low inside
us all, a sleazebag latent too.

Labels: Madoff Auction Goethe

Tuesday, November 16, 2010

The REPUBLICAN and the MANUFACTURER

REPUBLICAN
Freedom!

MANUFACTURER
Keep on with that one. We need the room to swing our elbows and knock out what's left of the unions.

REPUBLICAN
It's not free.

MANUFACTURER
A card of dedicated plastic says GOP!

REPUBLICAN
We can't afford a cooling off period.

MANUFACTURER
Believe me, smoke comes out of it. But you gotta help
me with these bankers. We're sitting on billions,
but with them it's trillions.

REPUBLICAN
They’re afraid.

MANUFACTURER
Just a hangover after their crooked pipedreams. That's what’s different with us: we make a product, real and palpable!

REPUBLICAN
Is it any good?

MANUFACTURER
I've lost track.

Labels: freedom, GOP, manufacturing

Wednesday, November 17, 2010

Disease & Prognosis

It’s the second Gilded Age.
The rich grasp everything,
the rest table scraps. (Since

duds, we do
get to wildly rap.)

Looking to the sorry crop
in front of us for a TR?
Not bloody likely.

Labels: Gilded Age, rich, TR

Thursday, November 18, 2010

The Long Unemployed

are pressed to become messiahs
for ordinary soap or the like.

Friends and relatives gain cupboards
groaning with the crap. Hey it's all
disguised charity. Better straightforward
thirties with rent parties where players

threw a buck or two in a hat
and proceeded to drink a bathtub
of gin and lose a spouse and gain
another's for the nonce. In screaming

over the roar, some excoriated Capitalism, but
the gin made the vile monster not worth spit.

Labels: Capitalism, unemployment

Friday, November 19, 2010

What the Butler Saw

was everything.
What he said was nothing.

The gentlemen and ladies of
the household dwelt far above
reproach. So he

enforced his snooty vision
to mere staff, threatening
dismissal sans reference.

Well, not enough has been done
to honor such Americans who see
and pretend.

O say don’t you say what you see
being the true anthem of greatness.

Labels: anthem, butler, vision

Saturday, November 20, 2010

Wave

Via cell, reporting
you can see the wave.

Rescuers aim their craft
elsewhere. Thus your

final instant serves us,
mattering not at all

if you set marks
ever higher

or pissed your life
away before this.

Labels: tsunami

Monday, November 22, 2010

No posts till 11/30

Tuesday, November 30, 2010

The Senator and His Critic

-Let me put it to you this way. If you're three-quarter owner of a small company in a little town, and some of the citizens have bought in, do you go around the tables at the annual celebratory banquet and insult your partners?

-So, you're corrupt.

-I swing with the system, not heroically but...

-The best Congress money can buy!

-That's glib. Money doesn't buy me but gets my ear.

-Uh huh. And then you do what the big boys whisper?

-Well that's often because they write the laws. Ones I submit are things of beauty. Compiled by legal geniuses, not ham-and-eggers.

-The aesthetics of treachery.

-Look, this is a burg of circling knives. To do the good I do-- and there is some...

-Accidental.

-I hafta keep one of em outa my back!

-You have many counterparts on the other side.

-But their platform is bananas. Not that anybody cares.

-Those are merely ideas. Money is not an idea. It has a palpable stink.

-Aroma is the word.

Labels: American System, bribery, Congress, senate

Wednesday, December 01, 2010

Trombone

-You'll recall we bent a few rules to get our Senator's retarded nephew, Elmo, into Interior. Graduated from nothing.

-Dumbest sonofabitch ever to draw breath. Apt pupil, thus, when homeschooled in Communist conspiracies by mad parents.

-I thought we could forget him, being Interior’s problem now, but oversight gombahs want to cut them fifteen percent. Axing the new hires for a start.

-That's Senator Dressler, aka Trombone. You call him and inform him of the magic circle around ole Elmo.

-He's making independent noises lately. What if he refuses?

-Then tell him we'll take away the one around him.

-Should I call The Secretary too?

-Don’t be ridiculous!

Labels: patronage

Thursday, December 02, 2010

Only after Bill to Shield Millionaires,
Will Repub Senators Pretend to Work

The hens,
all told

smug &
fussy,

'll lay
no eggs

save gold.

Labels: REpublican philosophy

Friday, December 03, 2010

Rocco and Packy the Painter

ROCCO
Yo Pack! Still working on those abstracts of abstracts? Beautiful to me. I'll buy the one in Time.

PACKY
Still available. That story supposed to make my career left me in the same unsalable rut.

ROCCO
But you hang in museums!

PACKY
Does that make me well-hung?

ROCCO
I'll check with your girlfriend.

PACKY
Don't bother. It's her week not to speak to anybody.
Her PhD's in Depression.

ROCCO
Christ! Does chaos make art, or art make chaos?

PACKY
I don't puzzle much out. Intellectualizing ices the
balls of painting.

ROCCO
At any non-sexual rate, presently working on–?

PACKY
Complete 180. Photographic realism so acute it hurts.

ROCCO
Any subject I'd know? Twilight on St Monica's?

PACKY

Remember that waterside industrial ruin in
French Connection? Set up my easel there among
crap and shattered toilets and graffiti. Not to mention homeless turds with steam still rising.

ROCCO
Lovely! What’re you calling it?

PACKY
The United States of America.

The artists, too, return to South Philadelphia.

Labels: art, industrial ruin, painting

Saturday, December 04, 2010

Story Conference

-We gotta smooth out Rhomboid Roger’s life
for the Bible Belt. Now about that song,
“Who’re Y’Fuckin this Christmas?”

-Now it’s “Aesthetics of Tinsel.”

-Wow! Creative! Are you a fairy?

Labels: Bible Belt, movie, script

Sunday, December 05, 2010

Cable Crawl

A man and a woman get thrown together shortly after a one-night stand.

Two men get...

Two women...

Two Martians...

Two dwarfs...

A dwarf and a giant...

Two bacteria...

Labels: cable TV, plot

Monday, December 06, 2010

Campaign In Gear

-It's official! Squeaker, but we won!

-Well squeaker’s your fuckin fault. What the fuck
you been doing?

-Anti-incumbent fever. We hadda beat that!
But, let's celebrate now!

-Let's not. We start in the office tomorrow first thing!
And turning up the jets right away.

-Of course. What...?

-Well you dropped the queer hint into the last week.

-Might’ve been the edge.

-Possibly, but I want ten, twenty point margin next time!

-But, caution! Just still hints at first--we want him
picked again.

-Of course they'll pick him: he fuckin near beat me!

-I got you. We built up to a crescendo where he's
a flaming faggot by election time.

-I like those little cartoon-y ones where a dress
floats around and then lands on him, like.

-We can do that, of course, but, we don’t wanna
one-issue campaign!

-Who says? You gotta get more prick in you fast!
Like Karl Rove!

Labels: compaign, homosexuality, one-issue campaign, Rove

Tuesday, December 07, 2010

Right, Left, Center

R
No compromise!

L
Ever!

C
Speeches nice. Sentiments likewise. But we have to run things.

R
RINO!

L
DINO!

C
Well, can’t be both. Now, why don’t you two just…?

R
Down in flames, rather!

L
In flames!

R
They’re throwing out the baby with the bath water!

L
They haven’t made the turn at the Twentieth Century,
let alone the Twenty First!

R
Mad experiments with everything. Tons of sex. Our money thrown at all of it!

L
They wanna come to my bedroom to watch. Disgusting voyeurs!

R
Fund the slacker bums!

L
Embrace the rich as they screw the rest of us!

C
See you around.

R&L
We doubt it!

Labels: Center, compromise, Left, pragmatism, Right

Wednesday, December 08, 2010

Concision

-Republicans have clarity. You know where they stand.

-Yeah, for the rich.

-Well it isn’t old Europe. We don’t hate them.

-Not yet.

Labels: culure war, Democrat, Republican

Thursday, December 09, 2010

WikiLeaks

Visa, MC, and Paypal
phalanx 'gainst them,

Corporate Pennant snap-
ping in the militant wind.

Ike served as general and
president. At acid last,
wry prophet.

Labels: Corporate, MC, Military, Paypal, Visa, Wikileaks

Friday, December 10, 2010

Prognosis

Evening AM radio hereabouts
infected by rightwing scolds.

Pitches get pinched between
prostate meds warranting stream

and flow: however furious, old
men pissing robustly. Uh huh?
And from mountebank heights.

Labels: prostate, Right Wing Radio

Saturday, December 11, 2010

Shape-shifter

If bells turn to fish
do you get Chagall

or his life before? So, that
of antecedents too? We’re
all fetched back surreally as

our present gathers itself
like a coat.

Labels: Chagall, shape-shifting

Sunday, December 12, 2010

The Director and the Writer

-Jesus H. Christ falling off a bicycle! Full sized SUV under Christmas Tree, and then Mr Dickless Dude drives it through the house and out onto the roadway. Let’s pause a moment
to honor the true paucity of imagination exhibited here!

-I’m the writer exhibiting such. Can‘t you do it?
Is that the problem?

-Not in the least. Just a little electronic shrinkage necessary.

-Well, you’re the expert.

-Excuse...?

-Morocco?

-Oh that was definitely in another country, and besides the wrench is bent.

-Shall we share a libation later?

-Not on your biography! The women have readmitted me.

Labels: TV commercial

Monday, December 13, 2010

Round

Both parties avow
looking out
for John Q

as they vote
to fuck him
today...as both etc.

Labels: tax cut deal

Tuesday, December 14, 2010

Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake

A perennial feature
of the newspapers
around this season

holds fruitcake doesn’t
have to be anchor. True

in a small gourmet
percentage only, for
as the Irish sing, "Sure

‘twould kill a man twice
just to bite off a slice."

Labels: fruitcake

Wednesday, December 15, 2010

Religious Music

The nun hides Mozart
crush. Mother being
pure Bebop, Dizzy

on a flash drive. Prayer-
ful works seem un-jived,
but one never knows.

Labels: . Prayer, Bebop, Mozart, nun, Religious Music

Thursday, December 16, 2010

The Compromise

Today we trade
the tired brand
for a vile deal!

Amen! affirms
the virulent
adversary.

Ours been talk
forever.

Labels: compromise, deal

Friday, December 17, 2010

Arrangement

Wondering of the first caveman to say "Put it in writing!"

Extraordinary feat, since there is none.

So our two invent it: an arrangement of emblematic stones.

And since promises therein, they’ve devised, also, the future.

Not bad for such violent slobs.

But they're not done yet, at least one.

For he stumbles into the arrangement on a cold morning
and, instead of restoring things, likes the way it now looks,
favoring him--and reasons the gods want it that way.

And thus founds he modern life.

Labels: caveman, future, modern life, writing

Saturday, December 18, 2010

Prima Ballerina Replies

The sour bubbles in the teeth,
the weak, sad, walking dream
with so much triste else. Worth it?

“What is Beauty worth?
You must answer for
it never will.”

Labels: art, ballet

Sunday, December 19, 2010

Fanfare For Uncommon Man

evolving in fits and starts
but nonetheless diminishing

the frequency of tragedy,
and of farce.

Labels: Fanfare For Uncommon Man

Monday, December 20, 2010

Leslie Nielsen, Rest In Mirth

Paper in Brazil devotes entire front page, so
humanely appropriate for genius, instead
of down notches in Google’s news machine

below goings-on in harlotry, or
gaudy trade embracing Washington,

a burg tsunamied by vicious clowns
with freshly-engorged pockets.

Clueless onscreen, he saw his characters
through sly actor’s eyes, as did others
portraying knockabouts in Shakespeare,

or Peter Sellers dealing Strangelove
multiplicities. At bottom, we surely

must pose the serious question
distancing slapstick genres: When

authorities grow crazy and venomous-
ly scattered, what then? The homicidal
shove arrives from the Right just now.

It can reverse, and then the Left admonishes
“Do what you’re told, if you desire living
with your witty integrity.”

Labels: crazy authority, Nielsen

Tuesday, December 21, 2010

Winning and “Grace”

My team pulls one out
we should have lost.

It's a miracle and so crush-
ing to the other club

whom we hate. How rich
to lord it over them,
gloating. So so easy and

decidedly so Un-Playing Fields of
Eton and other gentlemen's crap.

Thus a kind of short, social rap then,
giddy revolution of the impotent.

Labels: athletic tradition, athletics, fan, team

Wednesday, December 22, 2010

Necessary Historical Element

Beaming Hitler arrives
for routine ceremonial
in long, open limousine,

is extracted to assume
flowers from lively pretties.

Then subordinates
catapult out from it.

To asskissers,
every mission hot.

Labels: courtier, Hitler

Thursday, December 23, 2010

The Free Market

gives him a nine buck
toaster, Chinese,
for little toil.

Hammering him, thus,
into useful foil.

Labels: Free Market

Friday, December 24, 2010

Rules

The Rule of One

Missing my coat
in Florida. It’s

warming some recipient
of Northern Charity.
I need it back. O

I could bring a photo
to my favorite store
and they could uncover

a duplicate. But not
the particular coat.
Never, ever, the particular.

The Rule of Two

A cat occurs on my sofa,
just a wispy white cravat
breaking her midnight black.

Gather unto docile arms
and out the door. Upon my

immediately returning, she’s there
again. Or twin. Or something mystic.

I don’t speculate but just reprise action. Whatever. There’s a Rule of Two in some removals.

If that’s broken, and she’s once more there,
the universe, itself, is massively adjusting.

Labels: rules

Saturday, December 25, 2010

My Christmas Story

Somehow my parents knew a family as poor
as we once had been.

Visited Christmas afternoon, after my tearing open innumerable gifts, including a tripod-mounted
machine gun which spat out sparks.

While the parents hoisted a few to the coming year,
I played with the boy. He had received two gifts,
toy cars, a blue and a red.

You must be a racer guy and I'm another racer guy who...
ran the script along with sound effects and real crashes.

Minor disagreements followed, but patched up
for the game's sake.

All in all, though, we got along, and when adult
conversation was finally ditched in order for
my parents to leave, I was still charged up from
the action with my new friend.

He tried giving me one of the cars, my choice.

Labels: Christmas

Sunday, December 26, 2010

“Ride to the Ridge Where the West Commences

Gaze at the moon till I lose my senses.”*
Well, go ahead, or not. Didn’t Alan
Shepherd hit a golf shot up there midst

the Mother of Pathos and Pity?
With a football tie they say
it's like kissing your sister.

Well, the moon has been wrought in-
to your sister, but with less drama.

*Don’t Fence Me In

Labels: moon

Monday, December 27, 2010

Presence

No one calls rehearsals
you happen into, but do
you learn the roles later

defining you? Or know
you must step away
from type? Little of both.

Thus and so are
you comprised
and compromised.

Labels: acting

Tuesday, December 28, 2010

Outre

We relish our "strange" friends
as they point up the bourgeois
absurdities. The accepted cliche then

is they marry and the babies come
and they become their timid parents.

But some stick to their humor anyway,
our beacons through a world
of cloying shit.

Labels: bourgeois, friendship

Wednesday, December 29, 2010

Exhibit A

Those paid well
to whittle down
small people.

“They’re unemployed
because they’re lazy…

or clueless” etc. Carry-
ing water for the tru-
ly despicable.

Labels: unemployed

Thursday, December 30, 2010

Rocco and Little Mikey the TV Director

LM
Had hell of a time finding an astronomy broad not a dog.

ROCCO
Many icy nights and Tastycakes. Not the best for girth
and complexion.

LM
Finally gave up and got an actress--to stretch a term.

ROCCO
Usually Science or National Geo for this sort of
spacey project. I think of your channel as two
quarter-wits belting each other inside a cage.
Or whores retreaded to serve mankind
without donating disease in the syrupy process.

LM
Yeah, not our usual bag, but Wall Street uncles of the Ivies
who wrote the dreck are backing it.

ROCCO
So, can’t offend such children?

LM
Must take the risk. Have retained about seventeen words
of the artzy-fartzies. I’ve fictionalized most, and the rest is
talking heads with a scientific bent. And, of course,
the necessary animation to give ideas of scale.

ROCCO
Yeah. (basso) NOW take our baseball pitcher throwing his curve from a barrio in Los Angeles to a catcher in gorgeous downtown Camden!

LM
That’s about it. We gotta show there’s a lot of room up there.

ROCCO

Yes, it makes us seem so petty, except when we’re being petty.

LM
I thought we were talking about me.

ROCCO
Of course. The industry runs on ego, which is a monster or a mouse depending on the possibility of work. Anyway, which sexy actress will rescue these out-of-this-world cliches?

LM
Nessley Irdum.

ROCCO
Who?

LM
You may know her as Peaches Flambé

ROCCO
Stripper most toney! Thus, most appropriate to high subjects.

LM
Once you see the white jacket hanging from that balcony...!

ROCCO
Astronomers don’t wear white jackets!

LM
Poetic license.

ROCCO
Ain’t science grand? Like totally fuckin grand?

LM
Gonna be.

Little Mikey started in the business by interning on Channel 3’s children’s shows. His initial task was to keep Uncle Wesley sober.

Labels: astronomy, cable TV

Friday, December 31, 2010

When Revolution Comes

Be from
disgust-
ed Right.

They'll know
Moderates gross
and waste them

wholesale. Left
enters then,
aligning its

algorithms and
reports. But fire
enough to force

a stalemate.
Negotiations
manufacture

new government
of fringe roarers

combined with those
moderates not dead.

Acting president,
one thought

deceased before
hostilities.

Labels: revolution

Saturday, January 01, 2011

Young Man Between This and That

I go with Belle Canto a bit
but we split

due to her candying everything up.
Not facing our reality.

Down the pike floods Bertha Barker.
Yow! Iron voice and man-balls.
Figuratively speaking of course.

The oldsters start advising me. Say fun
ceasing for them counting more miscues.

"Use it before you lose it!"

Labels: singing

Sunday, January 02, 2011

The Director and the Drunk

-A ship is in the bomb!

-It's a wrap, everybody!

-But I said it wrong. I...

-Outa money. Producers murderous.

-But it'll sound foolish. I'll sound..

-We have computer program: move words around.

-But even then, the intonation!

-Does that too. Not a worry.

-I have my reputation to worry...!

-Not any more. John Barleycorn took it.

-See here!

-Go AA if you wanna work again.

-I'll kill myself and it's on you!

-Obits nice. Some good work. Early.

Labels: alcoholic, cable TV

Monday, January 03, 2011

Camp #

The superstitious hear
screaming

but it’s wind
through the ruins.

The village funded
a hospice nearby and

the very last of
that generation
passes quietly.

Labels: concentration camp

Tuesday, January 04, 2011

Inner Fires

At One AM, the moderator--
requested from another town--
announced discussion

closed. Good thing for all
of us had little breath left.

He saw no compromise path
and scheduled a vote

the following week.
That night a landslide
carried away the upper village.

A few day later I happened to meet an
agreeable party at the mud-splattered list
of deceased posted by the town clerk.

Soon, he was pounding my back, most
of the dead on their side: "We've won!"

Labels: local politics

Wednesday, January 05, 2011

Rocco and Andy the Milkman

ANDY
You know I’m up anyway. 4 am every morning, but I haven't really slept lately.

ROCCO
You always look awful. Who's to tell?

ANDY
Like you're Rock Hudson? Oops, I can't say him.

ROCCO
Yes you can, if we're judging on looks. On macho code, I edge him out.

ANDY
Anyway, I listen to right wing crazies on the radio.

ROCCO
We shouldn’t scoff. They've taken over the House with foul-haired boys and girls. Are they gloating?

ANDY
Not a bit. Everything is till shit!

ROCCO
Oh well, crazy is a choice then. They could allow some happiness.

ANDY
They can’t knock it off. Maybe it’s the insanity surrounding them in commercials.

ROCCO
Yeah, the dick hardeners and prostate miracles.
All of it decked in gold.

ANDY
I could hide a bar under the yogurt.

ROCCO
Orwell said you put on a mask and
then your face grows to it.

ANDY
So it’s with them?

ROCCO
I don't know. They're too crazy.

Rocco and Andy frequently meet for an egg and pepper breakfast sandwich at Celebre's

Labels: Right Wing Radio

Thursday, January 06, 2011

The Freshman And His Oldest Friend

-So, you're telling me you haven't served a day yet
and you've already raised your reelection money?

-They also serve who only gad about this golden town,
leaving each soiree with a bushel of cash.

-Like, they're giving it to you out of love?
They want something back!

-Nothing to do with me.

-Gotta be.

-Nope. Leadership handles everything.

-And then tells you how to vote.

-You always put things so crudely.

-Bribery, once removed. Well, all that aside, you still
got a job to do. Constituent services for one.

-Old pros handle that. No need to get my hands dirty.
Same with boring committee nonsense.

-Looks to me that you'll be doing nothing!

-Talking. We've got a lovely mantra.

-A Parrot!

-With such pretty feathers!

Labels: bribery.leadership, freshman legislator, fund raising, House of Representatives, special interests

Friday, January 07, 2011

The Legislators Recite The Constitution

A Freshman idea and no
one plays Send in the Clowns
as overture. But that's harsh.

Maybe the durable girl lends
resonance to grimy matters.

Chief of these economic:
Rich having scarfed
most of the pie.

They, of course, have done so
constitutionally. Mr Smith, though,

has come to Washington!
Their new best friend.

Labels: Legislators Recite Constitution

Saturday, January 08, 2011

Formulas

A flatters B,
a coy poison.

B upon B,
parody.

Labels: flattery

Sunday, January 09, 2011

Thinking

of a little re-
minder of a fine

habit I'm trying
to suggest to me.

Local store sells
little animal figures
in pairs. Okay, 1 to

represent it on the frig.
Other? That's more
amending than desired

presently. Into a drawer
to resonate ducking
possibilities.

Labels: self improvement

Monday, January 10, 2011

Complaint of Talk Radio

When the mad
act out

our vicious
truth,

the rest miss
the humor.

Labels: Right Wing Radio, Talk Radio, violence

Tuesday, January 11, 2011

Right Soft-pedaling Usual Calls to Murder

Biking past us, smile
a long, beatific smear.

Labels: murder, Right

Wednesday, January 12, 2011

Cell Dialog

-Forgive me for not believing you! Just moved in and I’m literally being carried off by cockroaches this very moment.
It’s Kafka! We just left the bedroom. Ceiling waterstained.

-esque.

-O I wish that I could shimmy like my sister Kate!

-You’re starting on it.

Labels: Kafka

Thursday, January 13, 2011

Western Conversation

-Getting rid of your Glock?

-Like, no. But might get more magazines
‘cause they're making more n--

-Mine's specific to spicks.

-Illegals or--

-We don't discriminate.

Labels: Glock, gun control

Friday, January 14, 2011

He chewed metal

and shit bullets!
So said we once
of our fierce, tough

guy. How like most of us
now after a bad nap.

Labels: tough

Saturday, January 15, 2011

Dates, Bridgeport, CT

New to much,
but not bad

at snowing
each other,

we motor in rain-
y darkness and
finally spy

the dive to
serve us--
underaged.

Shiver in un-
heated dining
room and order

drinks. Waitress
leaves and a large
black dog enters,

craps middle
of dance floor.

Labels: dates, youth

Sunday, January 16, 2011

The Office

-You’re undergoing changes appropriate to your age. I'll have to copy your insurance card. Stella's out sick.

-Not star-steady, she.

-How did you know she's a Hollywood buff?

-Figured.

Labels: medical

Monday, January 17, 2011

Radio Strategy

-Rat ta tat tat! Yeah!

-I like the recording better than your lame sound effect.
What's it, AK 47?

-Nah, AK one sweeping fuckin combined explosion!–aural smear from hell! It's a Glock. Like...you only wanna
take a small room out?

-Yeah, like Lefty meeting! Well I want all our radio hosts
to substitute it for bumper music.

-Corporate says temporary soft pedal. Mayhem in the news and all that?

-Fuck them. Their own shit scares them.

-How about language, then? No quiet pseudo-rational?

-Bonfires!

-Aren’t you afraid of crazies acting on--

-Hey, crazies are consumers too. It's Buy Baby Buy!
That's what keeps you and me in five-buck champagne
with dollar store mac and cheese.

-You'd think we'd get more for prostituting ourselves.

-Might someday. No openings presently in Penthouse of Blood.

Labels: AK47, Glock, guns, Talk Radio, violence

Tuesday, January 18, 2011

Greatest Patriots

seem to be at ballgames.
Open with National
Anthem, God

Bless America at
seventh inning stretch

Hemingway wrote
whores generated

same, but another
time and place.

Labels: Baseball, patriotism

Wednesday, January 19, 2011

RIP Hugh Scott

Moderate GOP senator
and expert in ceramics
of the Tang Dynasty.

Let's not condescend:
Reagan on Velvet
can also be art.

Labels: art, Conservative, Hugh Scott, moderate, Tang Dynasty

Thursday, January 20, 2011

Republican Recipe

Take a generous portion of Greed

Coat it with crumbs of Patriotism

Deep fry in God-Lard

Labels: Republican

Friday, January 21, 2011

House Repeals Healthcare

Their mouth painted them
into absurd corner and
they look, thus, fools.

But, onward!
To further taints.

There’s work to be shunned.

Labels: Healthcare, House of Representatives

Saturday, January 22, 2011

Time In the Twenty First Century

Get the real-time surveillance video on your cell phone!
insists my car radio.

I start to after walking into Walmart, when the doors burst open and two gunman stick Glocks in my ribs.

One black and one white, checkerboard kids.

Black says “Say your prayers Grandpa!”

White says "You're in the way for the last time!”

“Whoa!” pipe I, “You're behind the surveillance tape!” Thank God I could play it for them on my phone. “See, I'm not here yet and you're off into the store! There go your floppy pants!”

“How the fuck could that happen?” Black asks White.

“Who the fuck cares? Let’s waste him!”

“You do and you'll be in a lot of trouble!”

“What? With the surveillance camera God?”
White can really scoff.

“Bigger than that. I mean tremendously bigger than that!”

“All right we pissed away enough time with this pain in the ass,” Black screams. “Run out the fuckin door!” he tells me.

I start to but White yells “He can't do that! The outside
camera will show it and it never happened.”

“All right, crouch down then.” Pointing to the floor with the Glock. “And next time stay in the fuckin time frame
where you belong you nosy old bastard!”

They flap further inside the store and I collapse. At that point my phone shows me

coming in, so I leave for the logic of it.

Labels: surveillance cameras, time

Sunday, January 23, 2011

The Punishment

Our oceans hold vast
islands of trash.

To those who scoff
so what? And laugh
Where is the punishment?

Our oceans hold vast
islands of trash.

Labels: environment, ocean trash, oceans, pollution

Monday, January 24, 2011

CRF

-Weeks are going by and it's all CRF.
Crap with Rhetorical Flourishes.

-You may call it that. But it's our platform.

-But it's doomed. The other house will ignore it
or shoot it down. If by some miracle it reaches
the president, he'll veto.

-Meanwhile, the great ideas mature. Waiting for...

-What great ideas? Same shit your gang has been trotting out for a hundred years!

-Aging like fine wine!

-Meanwhile there's urgent business!

-I hope not. My constituents are anti-government.
They sent me here to do nothing.

-You’re becoming the patron saint of that movement.

-Amen amen I say to you that if a man is given a fish
he eats it. But if you teach him to fish...!

-Uh huh? You promise such and never deliver.

-Not a perfect world.

Labels: political strategy, Republican

Tuesday, January 25, 2011

Home Truth

-Little Joey came home from school with a book about Hitler.

-I don’t know if I like that.

-And he read the whole thing, even skipping video games.

-What was his eleven year old’s conclusion?

-“He hates the Jews, just like Grandpa.”

-Well, that’s extreme. Your father...

-would’ve turned the handle to let the gas in.

-My God, Joe, do you really mean...?

-Hey, there’s a lot of hatred in this country, against blacks, Hispanics. But the real keystone is Jews. Too much sugar-coating: let’s admit it. When Fox and those others go after Liberals, who do you think they see in their diseased mind’s eye?

-It was a code word as far back as Agnew. Not so much now, methinks. Anyway...more time passes, more it goes away.

-Yeah, time that is. Not Jew-Hatred.

-Well, he’s your father.

-We’ve long ago given up on screaming over the kitchen table and are just waiting for him to die.

-Yeah, but he must know how you really feel.

-I hope not. He’ll change his will.

-So, it has become go along to get along lo these many years?

-Pretty much.

-And when he buys the farm, you get a string

of hardware stores?

-Yup.

-Are you interested in hardware?

-Not in the least. They've all got good managers,
so it'll be more of a cash machine at first.

-Send little Joey to Yale?

-Probably. Maybe he'll get interested in the
family business then.

-Too capitalistic.

-My plan is to make it pretty much profit sharing: every employee getting a stake.

-Too socialistic! The old man'll start spinning in his grave and never stop.

-Devoutly to be wished. Maybe I can bury a Jew beside him.
They can spin together.

-Uh uh. More like in opposite directions.

Labels: antisemitism

Wednesday, January 26, 2011

Holy Wars Prove

endless. For
if the impure

seem running short,
the definition dilates. Yet

the warriors do get steered,
to the table in time, by

God. Possessing, He,
just so much patience.

Labels: jihad

Thursday, January 27, 2011

Shaken Apollo

stood in his temple un-
der a banner announcing
APOLLO ROCKS!

after his week as a man.
"These Gleek Plicks!"
he pronounced,

revealing the speech defect then
leaked, by lesser gods, to Alopex.*

*TEUMESSIAN FOX (Alopex Teumessios) A gigantic fox which ravaged the countryside of Thebes and was destined to remain uncatcheable. The hero Cephalus set the hunting dog Laelaps on its spoor, a beast destined to always catch its mark. Zeus perplexed by the contradicting fates turned the pair to stone. -Theoi Project

Labels: Fox News, Greek Mythology

Friday, January 28, 2011

Minority Financial Disaster Report

Republicans spread widest
the blame, banker thieves

perhaps not gaining their
just proportion thereby.

Though I believe that
they believe what

they believe, it's mostly
Grand Old Wall Street Love!

The object of
such awe

still spinning straw
from gold.

Labels: Financial Commision, Republican, Wall Street

Saturday, January 29, 2011

Development

And onto the docket
went paradox. It
confounded

the scholar and
person in turn.

Labels: paradox

Sunday, January 30, 2011

Prolog

We've been good together, but she's catching, again,
the distance disease.

Telling her “I get the feeling you're not here."

"Went."

Labels: distance, relationship

Monday, January 31, 2011

Cartoons

So you sit on a limb
sawing between
you and trunk?

And plunge! This
doesn't happen.
Except in metaphor.

But there with
amazing frequency.

Labels: metaphor

Tuesday, February 01, 2011

Freshman & Leader

-My constituents seem to like some of these health care provisions.

-Kill the bill! Burn the corpse! Dance round it chanting "Communist Conspiracy!"

-That would seem to settle that. Now about jobs? Reason they sent me. Infrastructure a sore need! And that would create...

-Talk that up to show your independence, but we're stuck in a period of EFA till we dispatch Monkey-Boy back to Africa in the Presidential.

-E. F...?

-Endless Fuck Around.

-Christ!

-Talk him up, too. Every opportunity!

Labels: Republican politics

Wednesday, February 02, 2011

Freshman and Leader,2

-Well, finally had a judge do as told, but your freshman class
can't stop blabbing about it.

-I thought that was good.

-Too many voices moshes up the message. Leave it to leadership now. And your biblical nitwits back home
have already performed their obscene dance
of celebration. Speaking of which, their intelligence
network--using the adjective loosely--has determined
you're not going to church.

-What with all the moving...

-Go! For show! Jam your eyes shut in apparent faith,
and sleep through the baloney. But go!

-Okay, yeah. Church is important.

-For reelection it is. But there's really only one
church is this town. You should refer to it as I do:
Church of Me.

-Kinda selfish?

-On the contrary. Never lets you down and
no sticky theology disputes.

-I'll keep the faith.

-It's easy.

Labels: Healthcare, religion, religion in politics

Thursday, February 03, 2011

Moving To China

-Project complete when Mr H in other chair sign.
But is what you call crank. And the outspoken.

-Good! I'm tired of going round and round
Robin Hood's Barn.

-I no translate Robin Hood, his barn.

-He'll get it from the round and round.

-Mr T has worry, environment. The many laws you broken.

-Hey! You can't put all your money in sucking out the toxins.
There's a risk in the process as there is everywhere in Capitalism.

-He's says you leave states after poison American worker,
and now want poison Chinese!

-I visit the factory often. Take a chance like everyone.
There are risks as I say! But everything gets overblown
when Democrats in.

-But he says now--I think change the mind--we have
the many workers.

-That's the spirit! Sounds like Confucius.

-He pleased by Confucius!

-All right then! Rock n’ Roll! Will that translate?

-Perfect!

Labels: Annals of Capitalism, China, outsourcing

Friday, February 04, 2011

In the Tunnel

-You can stop worrying now. You’re dead.

-Oh yeah? Well who knows where they'll put you?
And with what creeps or seditious aliens?

-Buzz here is heaven full of liberals.
Their hearts were in it. Even though they just
went about everything in a manner that...

-Nobody'll be on time with everything half-ass!

-God’s notable softy, unfortunately. At any rate,
that leaves Hell!

-Be better than listening to girly liberals!

-Actually not bad. Forget the heat imagery–
that's just bad PR. It's wall-to-wall conservatives
trying to chuck out the least pure.
And doing it loud!

-Punch my ticket now!

Labels: Conservative, heaven, liberal

Saturday, February 05, 2011

Nerves

Tensions interlocking, he
counts breaths when told
it's a Zen thing. But re-

mains the wreck he’s
always been. His friends
accept it, and him, though

he plans to surprise them
next with a zombie-like

demeanor from the last
remedy he’s read.

Labels: nerves, self improvement, Zen

Sunday, February 06, 2011

The Church Performed

a surgical liturgical
and most followers
towed the line,

but rebellion flowered
in verbal Europe.

In America, guns
necessitated their use.

After, though, the seventh
skirmish, a truce

was sealed, embodied in
a new Article of Faith

mandating the holding
of opposite truths at once.

This combined with a memorial
service highlighting famous
musical groups.

Dead-enders unfortunately persisted,
heaping scabrous satire on believers.

Their leading blogger was assassinated
but his wife continued the blog,
adding recipes.

Her fried chicken especially
celestial.

Labels: liturgy, rebellion, religion

Monday, February 07, 2011

Reagan, Neos, and the Whole Nine Yards

From calling a strike
to breaking one.

From pounding a CCNY
table for social justice

to gracing another at
Corporate HQ. Why

the coat practical-
ly turns itself.

Labels: CCNY, neocon, Reagan

Tuesday, February 08, 2011

All This Red-State, Blue-State Masks

Even in South Carolina, liberals
agitate for a fresh dawn over
the scarlet swamp. And in bluest

northern cities, insanely Free-
Market Libertarians crawl
the gouging bodegas. They

sanction such damage.
Theoretically.

Labels: blue state, Free Market, Libertarian, red state

Wednesday, February 09, 2011

We all speak only in light now--

the one holdout, a professor at the Polytechnic who claimed
audible speech should be preserved the way things are
in a museum sentenced to lose his tongue.

The judge's opinion, while harsh, was brilliant, literally.

Labels: future, speech

Thursday, February 10, 2011

What is the sound of one hand greasing?

Prez wants leeway for polluters. His
underlings might be suaded
to feel, then see, then hear
a possible way.

Labels: Capitalism, polluters

Friday, February 11, 2011

Watching Watchers

Look! Will you please roll down the window? Press the button there? I know what you're doing here! We have something to talk about. Good! Thank you.

Now I've seen you with notebook and that nifty telephoto camera--wanna ask you about that beauty. Anyway we're both in the same business.

I won't tell you which of the two I'm surveilling, and expect the same of you.

What you might want to know, in addition, is that two other shamuses are on the case and might be in other parked cars. That Doggie Dip van's suspicious to say the least. The very obvious is not obvious? Anyway, one detective is even an industrial espionage guy!

He can’t be after Asshole making the romantic toast over there. Though slick as owlshit, just another horny dentist. And candlelight doesn't flatter him! Grease popping out all over.

On the other hand, Pale Pretty Thing works for GE and could reveal some revolutionary ice shaving design at climax.

And there's also a woman detective! Almost forgot. I don't know WHO she's watching. Well...yes I do, and don't have to keep the confidence. She blabs at bars.
The mistress employed her.

Not the one in our field of view, sucking in oily compliments,
and champagne, but another. Romeo Root Canal cheats on
the mistresses also. So what else is new?

Get another grip ‘cuz there could be a lesbian angle as a bonus--stop me if I'm boring you. Both mistresses, uh,
know each other, and have been observed at faggot
watering holes. Straights go there too, so weak evidence
for the time being.

So, bi-triangle? Plenty of those. Some quartets.

But, I'm stopping. Getting dizzy in all the human complexity. Whew!

To the present! Both mates out of town, in a fortunate convergence of the stars, and

our couple will snuggle
under the same comforter tonight. And shake the condo's very walls with prodigious fucking. The Painter of Light might just fall off the walls.

Anyway, a business proposition. I'll have one of my young squirts watch the apartment while the mortar grinds between the bricks, and'd like us to meet at Leaky Larry's down at the river.

Listen! Thirty years in this business has given me a dirty mind--excuse all the past vocabulary--though I had a head start to be sure, what with the seminary, army, and police force before I hung out my shingle.

And the sem is not a joke. In the interest of full disclosure!

I'll get the others to Larry’s too--got their cell numbers through a buddy--and let's work out a schedule that's more efficient. May be impossible, since one of us could slant any report to our individual client.

But we at least could keep it to two operatives at any one time, each representing one of the parties. That may not work either. Where would we put industrial espionage guy? He's not interested in screwing around, except corporate. Big-Time only!

Well, let's talk about it later, and around it, not revealing what we shouldn't, and at the end of the night, reading between the lines, I bet we can agree on a labor-saving schedule.

Nice to have seen you up close. I think we're involved in a record here. Two cheaters and five watchers! At any rate,
my treat tonight. Got helluva expense account, no shit.

Labels: infidelity, private detective

Saturday, February 12, 2011

"He quit modeling."

Profound news via
Butterfly Effect.

Labels: Butterfly Effect

Sunday, February 13, 2011

When you turn

to a someone not there
to say of the film “What

a surprise! This plot twist
showing up."

Thunk goes the resonant air,
but you've chosen this life.

The difference between alone and
lonely conflicts a body at times.

So what? Like some cheese
with that whine?

Labels: loneliness

Monday, February 14, 2011

Surveillance Team

-Did we get on the cool side of the senator’s firewall?

-Piece of cake, but it's totally boring rightwing boilerplate:
We're exceptional and God better watch his shit!

-How about personal?

-Via cell phone. Two. One for business and ball and chain, other dedicated to mistress.

-Cagey. That second may be tough nut.

-Not a problem. Either one. Old bitch gets platinum watch with gold tennis charms along the band for birthday, which is under same sign as young bitch.

-How sweetly astrological! And other lady? Incendiary panties embroidered with the names of Republican heros?

-Same watch, but pink knick-knacky miscellany for charms, mostly tiny rockers.

-Outside of the fact that some jeweler owes him a hell of a favor…?

-Whole apartment pink too. Everything Sears sells that is pink.

-Charming! I’m trying to ask if he spills any state secrets to her.

-Nah. He’s just perpetually giddy. Especially when she wears her old Catholic schoolgirl uniform.

-So we’re spending hundreds of thousands to keep tabs on a horny idiot?

-What made this country great.

-I’ll inform the director as to the Catholic angle. He might employ a bit of budget blackmail.

-Another thing that makes…

-This work makes your mind decay. Pluck another string on that guitar!

Labels: hypocrisy, senator, survillance

Tuesday, February 15, 2011

So

the rational serves
a bit

till things go
from bad to worse

courtesy of The Imp
of the Perverse.*

*E. A. Poe

Labels: perverse, rational

Wednesday, February 16, 2011

Changing the Game

Prez throws dinky curve
from off his shallow hill &
vocal opposition gets

tied up. It's nine-inning contest
& they've come back before, but
not from looking this silly.

Labels: budget

Thursday, February 17, 2011

The Hidden Amendment

A terrified pack necessary for they deification of obscene wealth, the rights of bribing Oligarchs are never to be abridged.

While running dogs rise on their hind legs
in a “backwards” swath of the restless planet,

midst yapping filth of legislative kennels here,
the Big Dog is worshiped, pampered thus
while lesser breeds get siced on each other.

Labels: Divide and Conquerr, Legislature, oligarchy

Friday, February 18, 2011

Legislators On the Ground

-How odd!

-That from the furthest edge of weird!

-Proudly! I mean that teachers are demonstrating.

-Why can’t they learn their place and relax enough
to enjoy being sodomized?

-Governor might call National Guard.

-A few corpses'd be good, but not martyrs.

-Some cops and firemen could picket in sympathy.

-Adding to the list of former Americans? The shame!

-Don't look anywhere for patriotism today.

-Blessedly, though, Labor is finished in this state!

-It's God's way.

-Well, we’ve destroyed enough lives for now.
Let's leave a few on the table.

-Agreed! I need ice cream.

Labels: anti-labor, Republican, Wisconsin

Saturday, February 19, 2011

Asking Joe Six-Pack

What’s Heaven?
Watching NFL forever!

What’s Hell?
Shopping with women.

Labels: Joe Sixpack, NFL, women

Sunday, February 20, 2011

Ever Closer To the Pure

-I could pack up and move to China you know!

-To save my ten percent increase? I'm just keeping up with inflation.

-That's the trouble. But not just! You’re adding to it.

-It's always the same with negotiations. You bellyache so, we can't move it along.

-I gotta lot to bellyache--!

-One employee running an entire factory of robots! Try finding that in China or anywhere else!

-I suppose you want more vacation too?

-What vacation? Running the place through my laptop in some dump of cracked toilets and stinking food? And surrounded by other slaves like myself on "vacation."
No thanks.

-Slave indeed! You can't stay away from the hyperbole!

-Well, we're negotiating.

-My stomach is shot dealing with you!

-I can't do anything about that. Do you want me to run two factories?

-Funny you should bring that up...

Labels: automation, labor negotiation, robot

Monday, February 21, 2011

Grandpa's Jew

-He's dead a while now. We didn't have to hear that!

-Well, part and parcel. We're an interesting family in that he was in German army.

-Was he bragging or--?

-He was completely matter-of-fact guy.

-Yeah. Fact 1: Encountered ragged old Jew in bombed-out attic. Fact 2: Begged me to shoot him.

-"I've stopped running."

-Fact 3: Your grandpa complied.

-Could be looked upon as mercy.

-It's all horror!

-I'm going to read. I'll try to steer the light so it doesn't hit you.

Labels: German, Holocaust, Jew, war

Tuesday, February 22, 2011

Future of Water

-Rotten eggs and…shit.

-Think…mountain steam, clean firs overhanging, snowy mountains reflected in placid eddies, ah!

-I can’t drink this crap! Can’t we get another?

-The chief beauty of Mountain-Stream Icy Elixir is that it’s the only brand available. Although the corporations and their Republicans have polluted all surrounding waterways,
we still have this marvelous source of…Nature’s…!

-Whoa! It just caught on fire, right in the bottle!

-Too bad you opened it. No refund possible now.
Go to the website, the test for combustability in unopened bottles only ten bucks--the technology is incredible!

Labels: drinking water

Wednesday, February 23, 2011

The Condo Board

-Using washer-dryer room for your unit is Tuesday. Yet you used the machines Monday.

-I moved in just a short time ago, and found I literally had nothing clean!

-Washer-dryer schedule was voted in unanimously. Did you not understand...?

-No one was in there, so I thought I could sneak in and–

-I've conferred with my colleagues and the sentence is Death. Of course, you won't be allowed to return to your unit.

-I protest! And appeal!

-Not in bylaws. Sentence will be carried out by our retiree's NRA chapter.

-Please! You can't go this far. Absurd!

-Last fella thought that. He hanged up wet swimsuit outside his window!

-Well that's flaunting, whereas I just–

-Will you require blindfold? Minister is on his way from Arbor Building, Unit 5-E. He's bringing video camera for your goodbye...give you chance to say something literary.

-I refuse to die this ignominiously!

-You got no choice. Without rules we have chaos!

Labels: condo board

Thursday, February 24, 2011

Two Wags Analyze Badgers

-What's happening in Wisconsin?

-The Koch brothers and political fellow travelers
are grinding the face of the poor and middle class
and murdering the unions.

-That's all? People screaming about that little thing?

-What would you do?

-What all good Americans and Wisconsinites do!
Say "Yes, Massas!"

-You mean after you beats yoh feet on de Madisonian mud?

-One brother he say t’other: I don't care what nobodies say--

-And other he complete de thought: That’s Natural Rhythm!

-But first brother he say Nonsense! Anybody can do it.
Now watch me! It’s as easy as bribing Republicans.

Labels: Koch, Madison, Republican, Wisconsin

Friday, February 25, 2011

Comparative Political Larceny

-Our Limey Cousins cleaned out the moats of
their heavy contributors.

-That's no good. Gives the lefty smear sheets a field day!
Besides, Midwest tragically short of moats.

-And, as my mentor proclaimed: K. P. S.

-?

-Keep it portable, and silent.

Labels: Comparative Political Larceny

Saturday, February 26, 2011

So stately his form, and so lovely his face

As little girls and silly matrons
genuflect, I can’t deflect their
adored pipsqueak’s name.

But switch whatever media
it’s slithering through. In

future, this shunning, im-
perfect as it is, will plainly
not be lawful. Big Brother

not only watching you, darkly,
but thrusting down your throat
the latest, awful Lochinvar.

Labels: Big Brother, celebrity, media

Sunday, February 27, 2011

The Odd Demise of Certain Intellectuals–
a Soft-Boiled Detective Drama

-What’s story here? Who's this corpse?

-Former professor of ours. He helps us, has helped us,
with our startup company. I can't believe this!

-Believe it. Makes it easier.

-But how...?

-I'm betting he wasn't into the bookkeeping end of things,
or the manufacturing.

-No, the theoretical.

-Yeah, I thought so.

-Can you figure a cause of..?

-Yeah, I've seen it once or twice: vagued himself to death.

-But how can that be?

-It be.

Labels: academic

Monday, February 28, 2011

Dishonoring a Noun

His henchmen can't possibly subsist
on half-mil a year moans the banker.
& if we, triple-fucked USA, insists,

he'll lose this “talent.”
I use talent, say, to refer.
to the pianist who studies

at conservatory & goes on
through a series of demanding
teachers, until pronounced fit

to play in public. Such a person
deserves our support, not those

smashing the keyboard
with both fists during
masturbation fantasies.

Labels: bank bailout

Tuesday, March 01, 2011

Rocco and Chickie Rainbarrel

-Rainbarrel! It's you. Almost as big as life!

-Rocco! Still pretending sarcasm is wit?

-Among other things. Tell me, how came you by this ridiculous moniker? Relatives tab you thus?

-Who cares what old ghinnies do?

-How about Garibaldi?

-Fuck him especially.

-At last! How I waited for an "Italian" denier!

-Hey! I live in Cherry Hill now, in the middle of grasping Jews. And they're as full of shit.

-But let us, please, get a good word from you. Now how about the Egyptians revolting?

-Correct word.

-And the workers in Wisconsin standing up to the reactionary toads and their oligarchic wingnut bribers?

-Like, make a movie, Rocco! Dip Brad Pitt in grease for the Egyptian. Oprah can knock off fifty and be the Wisconsin workette! They got black people there? I know they color the cheese.

-Like some bread with that acid? But shall we go to family? Specifically, your teens?

-Sharpening shivs to shove into the old man's back.

-Well, at least little Marie can’t be doing that.

-She's my sweetie-pie!

-That answer makes you Shakespearean!

-Don’t give me the college crap. They just teach fancy language to lie about the shit you swallow.

-Whoa! Leaving without a traditional transition.

-Have a miserable day.

Rocco thinks the types met in South Philadelphia can’t be duplicated elsewhere. Of course he’s wrong.

Labels: Egypt, South Philadelphia, Wisconsin

Wednesday, March 02, 2011

Vitally Important Question

What will the future do
with the sonofabitch
who hurts you

and your family?
Government deals
with him now by

making him wealthier
and more powerful.

How do we counteract
his bribes to them?

With our own, or
something moral-
ly substantial?

Labels: bribery, power grab

Thursday, March 03, 2011

Respecting Larceny

In freezing mega billions
sly dictator purloined,

the large boys should at
minimum leave a sock to

maintain him and staff
in a rambling villa midst
orange groves some-

place. (Where is Franco
when you need him?)

Maybe he can join
his rainy day fund

in the Caymans, along-
side American familiars.

Labels: Caymans, dictator, Larceny

Friday, March 04, 2011

Rocco and Communist Chaz

-Democracy is a flop! Look at the right wingers it puked up this time!

-What’s the cure, Communist Chaz?

-To the fuckin barricades!

-I was willing to go one time, but the liberals kept losing their keys and we spent hours looking. Then they wanted to read interminable papers, footnotes first!

-We found the keys and today's young people won't listen to any papers.

-Are you advocating the overthrow of government?

-Yeah! The Right keeps asking for blood and we're gonna oblige!

-At present, everybody's just totally pissed! But don't you think there are honest righties?

-About seven.

-Will you spare them?

-No one. No fuckin one!

-Christ, Chaz! You got at most ten percent!

-That’s what they got, really. Did you ever hear such fuckin noise from ten percent?

-Billionaires and media built megaphones.

-Yeah? Well we’re shutting ‘em down. Blast ‘em right outa their filthy hands!

-Good luck. You ten percenters will destroy each other, leaving the moderates to rule the country.

-So be it. It would leave a better world for the kids than these wagonloads of pricks we have now!

Is Chaz anachronism? If such, should he register?

Labels: Communist, revolution, Right Wing

Saturday, March 05, 2011

The Absent Diva

-Just needed toilet valve.

-Yeah? I used to be a plumber in the old country.

-Oh?

-It's a new profession there even yet.

-That a joke?

-A lame one.

-Will I get to see...?

-She's not here. Argentina or someplace. If she sweeps in with hairdresser and assorted fruits, you'll know.

-Is she really a diva?

-When she has a man, yes. When not, it’s worse in a way: she's the brutalized child from Rahway mostly.

-Anyway, I like her music.

-Most do. I'm lukewarm.

-Wouldn't say that to her face!

-I say a few things there, but never that.

-The office'll send a bill.

-And I'll pay it, which is the right and proper thing to do.

-Well, I got another call.

-To aid a bottom less rarefied?

-Something like that.

Labels: Diva

Sunday, March 06, 2011

Mentor

-My clipboard shows you reverting hundred
percent to old habits.

-Accurate.

-Do they make you happier?

-Don’t know the concept. Just know I got totally
fuckin sick of the constantly improving me. Prig!

-So, the sick neurotic preferable?

-It takes a beer and screams at ballgames.

-You could’ve become decent and still enjoyed some pleasures.

-Yeah, guilty pleasures they’re called.

-Ah hah! You feel guilt?

-Not a bit of it.

-You’ll come back.

-I’ll talk about it when drunk, lending the goody-goodys hope.

-We can point to many who have come…

-And may God have mercy on their milky souls!

Labels: mentor, morality, priggishness, righteousness

Monday, March 07, 2011

Death of a Racist

-His rants disappear from unfairly balanced radio.

-Thank God for any aural peace!

-And his kids turn their inheritance over to black causes!

-Other charities exist having little to do with race.

-It's justice!

-Justice can have bad karma.

-I can't see that.

-I knew you'd say that. Look beyond.

-That’s always the chicken anthem.

-So, present dogma makes good?

-I only get to live in my own time.

-But we resonate in others, for good or ill.

-Or nothing.

-It may sound like that to you.

-Big...Fat...Nothing!

Labels: karma, Race, racist, Right Wing Radio

Tuesday, March 08, 2011

Candidates The Right seeks to Rush- more a one whose time passes in favor of a champion re- installing Slavery. History points up their employing it as caustic metaphor heretofore, but mincing intellectuals cannot prevent the massive sculpting of the head.

Labels: Right, Right Wing, Rushmore

Wednesday, March 09, 2011

Rowing the Boat

It’s a business: They keep
the crazies who keep fab-

ricating news & such
crazies get crazier

so Fox continues
keeping them etc.

Labels: Fox News

Thursday, March 10, 2011

GOP Wants It to End

in Blood Everywhere,
Martyrdom being

a stronger Crush
for them even
than Sex.

Labels: GOP, martyrdom

Friday, March 11, 2011

Wink-Wink Nudge-Nudge + Social Analysis
at the Triply Très Exclusive _____ Bay Club

“And jump down Lefty’s throat
when he says we don’t pay taxes!
We lay out our fair share, no?

George! Freshen the Congressman’s drink!
Yeah, the class warriors desire the class war
that they’ve already lost. Democrats and

ACLU are trying to cast medals for them,
and that’s harmless enough--pitiful really.

Most are sad sacks, actually,
and yet we must all of us help
them save face after each rout.

They’ll catch on when we
ship the remaining jobs out.

But that won’t stop the whimpers.
What will? Learning to do
with less. Why George’ll tell

you: We had our own little budget
crunch here and had to knock off
for a month those lovely appetizers

we’re inhaling right now.
Can’t stop!

Hey, George, any
calories in these
hors de ovaries?

I always ask the same question
and he always answers ‘Not a one!’
Sweetheart of a guy!”

Labels: outsourcing, Republican, taxes, wealth

Saturday, March 12, 2011

Ireland and Apparition Jilly always took girls to Ireland for a summer seminar. Ruth joined her towards the end this time, prior to researching Expressionist Art on the continent. Dr O'Finerty returned that evening after his fortifying pub dinner and did a q&a with the girls on Folklore. They in their pyjamas and fuzzy slippers. Jilly and Ruth had cocktails in next room, where Dr O'Finerty proved an agreeable drone. But a certain regional legend filtered through, to their giggles. A blacksmith had been struck by a local beauty and actually told her "I'll come to thee by Moonlight though hell should bar the way!" "Uh huh?" whispered Ruth, "I know that chestnut poem!" "Shh! The girls don't." "Well mostly her high-born family barred the way, but the lovers persisted and eventually married. She became pregnant and the village couldn't leave off praising her beauty." "Too great a cost!" Ruth opined. "Then...awful then...she died in childbirth and the baby too. Their home atop the cliff became his silent refuge and he was never again seen in the village. One night, the moon like a sun, so large and bright, he walked off the cliff." The girls moaned, but Dr O, the girls called him, hedged all round with disclaimers. "Of course only the old crones believe he did it. No body ever fished out of the cove. More likely he just moved away...sure and it's all of it enough to destroy you without his dying!" Quite a bit later, Jilly heard the front door quietly close, and knew Ruth was embarking on one of her late walks. Next morning her room is empty. just a forgotten gold lipstick atop the battered bureau. She texts her. "Wha! No gdbye?" Answer: "Nut-Air changed flite. Hadda lv b4 u rose. C u for din in mo?" Jilly puzzles, it not feeling quite right, but has to get the girls packed for the following morning and into the airport limo with minimum drama. They meet after two months at Michael's Italy for an early dinner. And don't mention Ireland at first. Then Ruth looks up over spumoni and pronounces "I saw him walk off the cliff." Jilly laughs, and they finally agree a misty atmospheric that night, coupled with Dr O's barrels of blarney, caused the illusion. They go on to gossip about both of their oddball Chairs. Ruth insists on a taxi since the traffic's excruciating, and she doesn't want Jilly to suffer the long drive home after depositing her. The sky forms fiery layers and it has rained. Ruth takes out the lipstick, perhaps just to see it in the fire. Jilly waves goodbye as she plays with it, the driver calling in his location. Ruth forming the words behind the streaked window: "I saw him..." as the cab pulls out.

Labels: folklore, Irish

Sunday, March 13, 2011

“No drama!”

So goes raw imperative
of certain ads. But we

all emote, yes? And with
some frequency. Guess it’s

a proportion thing. Don’t
Sarah Bernhardt a dry

brownie, or rain when
not promised. Whatever

ads insist
or we hope,

the irrational lies
flawed within us.

Labels: ads, Drama

Monday, March 14, 2011

The Game

“Mustn't just play. You've been chosen for this assignment because you know how to play, but in these exercises, the decisions are severe ones. That is, if you kill an opponent on a screen, someone literally dies.

We have brought in populations of criminals or prisoners of war, but one can't indiscriminately zap them. Laws.

So, killing is a last resort and it is expensive.

What can you do, in the game, to avoid it? That’s what we’re learning here.

If you’re left with no choice, then you're left with no choice. You must, of course, win, whatever the strategy.

We’re pointing towards more merciful war, but we don’t want to become silly about it. Trivial.

And even though you sit in a chair, there will eventually be military honors.”

Labels: modern war, war, war games

Tuesday, March 15, 2011

NFL

Players want share
of additional funds
owners earn or extort.

Their retort: Uppity! Not,
too PR savvy for that.

Labels: Annals of Capitalism, Labor, labor negotiation, NFL

Wednesday, March 16, 2011

Which Republican Plank?

Smash down the middle households
on wages and benefits and work up

resentment against union ones for
surrendering less. (Hey it’s The Market!

sacrosanct. So why not get off your ass
and move to a Right-to-Starve state?--
study Mandarin at the junior college.)

At any rate, it's not let them eat cake
but get them at each others' throats.

Money never lost a war. It has, though,
a class war. Madame Defarge knits.

Labels: class war, Dickens, money, unions

Thursday, March 17, 2011

Convergence

Claude and Andre confer in dark French before switching on the pencil spotlight to illuminate Madame’s upper lip.

Outside, Mexicans edge the paths with noise. Nearby, Rickey,
chauffeur retired from a police force on Long Island with
phantom disabilities, smokes while leaning on the Rolls
wherein Mantovani and A/C purr.

At her private bank, Mr. Tomkins sprays Spring Floral anticipating her depilatoried entrance.

Above all, the tall Palms seek air.

Labels: Palm Beach, Palm Springs

Friday, March 18, 2011

The Power Couple

He, Senator. She,
by dint of brilliance
none fathom, Head

of an agency, once
obscure. Together

they grease the sluice-
ways for those who
later employ them.

“Serendipity!” they shout,
joyously. “Just lucked out
by so exclusively serving

the public!” In old London Town,
you walked the middle of

the cobbles since
shit showered down
from establishments.

Labels: bribery, Nepotism, political corruption

Saturday, March 19, 2011

The Lamp

Wore out dictionary,
thesaurus, Bartlett’s.

Seldom went to bed.
All to flesh his wit-
less thoughts.

Presently, he inches
up the learning curve
of Writer’s Software.

Well, so what? Why
shouldn’t morons
get some mention

amidst the wryly
half-assed crowd?

Labels: research, writing

Sunday, March 20, 2011

Adverbs Rounding Corners

Manage to duck her as
a matter of survival but this
time, full frontal preface:

"I am so so so so so disappointed!"
--re man, event, movie, cataclysm.

Five, this time. The future
is limitless.

Labels: adverb, avoidance

Monday, March 21, 2011

Manufacturing Consent Among Robots

Most students cowed
by decreed testing
of the repetitive

steps best scholars all
but forget in getting on
to the good stuff.

But a few incipient wits
will manage to conclude

the majority of adults
are goddamn fools.

So tyrannical flatulence
is never entirely wasted.

Labels: education, educational testing

Tuesday, March 22, 2011

The Organization

-What am I to think in this tank?

-It'll come to you if you're really in the tank.

-A benchmark or two wouldn't hurt.

-What our benefactors do is sacrosanct.

-You mean even if their products kill?

-Especially then. You are to make
coherence out of greedy chicanery.

-Pays reasonably well. Many have put kids
through college with lies.

-We're building towards a philosophy,
of course. A systematic program to be
taught at universities.

-My strength is writing. I can write
the basic tome for such and...

-Forget it. We'll bring professors
on board then. They'll 180 for cash.

-Then I can fictionalize the principles
at that point. Knock three inches
from the thickness with some drama!
And the film will out-Fountainhead
The Fountainhead for the unwashed!

-No matter how thin or thick you slice it,
it’s still baloney!

-Is sarcasm the lingua franca of this institute?

-Of all haters.

Labels: bribery, chicanery, greed, Think Tank

Wednesday, March 23, 2011

Most Great Fortunes Based on Great Robberies*

But there’s the actual and the metaphor.
Consider the full frontal holdup

at a bank. Grim threats with guns
terrorize associates and customers,

latter staying down on the floor
as per spat instructions.

How gauche all that compared to
the Board stamping the latest

gouges and fashion-
ing the half lies

to cover them,
and themselves.

*freely translated from Balzac

Labels: bank robbery, bankers, banking, robbery

Thursday, March 24, 2011

Idiots Onboard

I like the cable crime
shows from Europe. Dark-
ly complex. & when

there's a political back-
ground, same as here:
Nazis versus the rest of us.

Latest pseudo-intellectual
suck-pop is that Nazis
are actually LEFT Wingers.

Exposes yet another Euro-delusion.
Why those poor idiots abroad
contend, too, that their high wages

& month vacations & strong
unions & universal medical care
& unemployment safety net

are actually good things. But fools
have traded Freedom for them.

Heil Freedom! The true bread being
that for the spirit, not the gross body!

Labels: American Fascism, European Socialism, Fascism, freedom

Friday, March 25, 2011

The Office of Raw Desire

It's told they gave each
other aps for outdoor
underwear. Will a one
of yodeling be next?

Labels: aps, office romance, relationship

Saturday, March 26, 2011

Legal Philosophy 101

-(reading) "Running Pig Hollow Road in his underpants."

-Ah but to understand that, you must attend to a long story.

-No I don't.

Later

-Release him with the suggestion that he run
in another jurisdiction.

-Can't we charge him under decency statutes etc.?

-His hairy balls and ass were covered. And his lawyer will produce photos of teen girls lounging around shopping malls in men's boxer shorts. "Why is my client being singled out?" and on and on.

-Law carries on, doesn't it? Like bullshit.

-I'm gonna stop hiring college grads: Everything's
Philosophy 101!

-The law fascinates!

-It does? Thank God I got just two years and twenty one
days left of this fascination!

-About right for me to occupy that chair.

-Adding insolence to incompetence, are you?

-I'm off to do my duty!

-You still here?

Labels: indecency, Law

Sunday, March 27, 2011

A Year and Kaput

-I hear she’s moved to a spot as geographically distant from you as possible.

-I haven’t measured.

-So? Too hot not to cool down?

-That’s in a song.

-Will you join the battalion of the bitter now?

-I remember some nice moments too.

-Nice? Condemning with faint praise?

-She said some genuine things.

-Beats the average.

Labels: breakup, relationships

Monday, March 28, 2011

How Glows the Nominee

Truly scrapes The American Grain
that a wealthy and successful person
can be a dunderhead. Secretly laughing,

cynics manipulate idiocy
into a run at the Presidency,

boosting endless blab of
God and Free Enterprise

(synonymous) while lining up
the ducks on the fetid pond.

Labels: campaign, cynic, idiot, nomination

Tuesday, March 29, 2011

Many a good story has been over verified.*

So let’s, at Fox, go with
the hot sucker punch.

Sorta apologize later, re-
gretting the inconvenience

to the sordid lefty
whose nose got bloodied.

*Many a good newspaper story has been ruined
by over verification. - James Gordon Bennett

Labels: Fox News

Wednesday, March 30, 2011

Tax Purposes

“Gotten too musty in there. Hygienist says leave the door slightly open. At any rate, that American flag is particularly foul. Send it out for cleaning.

And I've ignored that email request that you enjoy
lunch in there. That's not a Swiss question.
Are you sure you're Swiss?”

Labels: tax evasion

Thursday, March 31, 2011

Republican Acronym

Pronounced the way you'd think:
Hands Off the Rich,
or HOR.

Labels: Republican, rich

Friday, April 01, 2011

The March of Whatever

Something feels not right and the machinist stops the process
to measure with his precision micrometers. Should scrap the piece, he thinks, but work has piled up.

The mechanic who must make the part function ends up cursing and applying a few mickey mouse solutions.

The consumer receives the product, its aesthetics promising
a rare perfection.

He ends up on the phone with a person in India.

Labels: India, manufacturing

Saturday, April 02, 2011

Snap Course In Municipal Progress

When Marcy made Captain, she told the other detectives she could no longer be goosed. The announcement was greeted with sober applause, but none when she hinted that the horseplay should cease anyway.

Unfortunately, she became the next violator, goosing a young lieutenant who shrieked in such a feminine voice that the departmental sadist threatened to tease him forever.

But was brought up short by having his nose rearranged.
This fisticuff happened the very day the Head of Detectives expired at a Mets game.

Marcy was again promoted, and her first duty involved interviewing the splat nose, who threatened suit.
She fired him after saying he was the sorriest excuse
for a detective she ever saw.

He hied to the Chief of Police, who asked the mayor
to reign Marcy in.

His appeal was so successful that the mayor instead decided
to move Chief’s retirement up to one year from two.

This upset Chief so much he played even more golf that particular week, traveling to the state capital where a new Arnold Palmer Signature course had just opened. Incidentally, to appeal to his cousin, a legislator.

When the legislator phoned the mayor, the locks
got changed on the Chief's office and it was given
to the press he was immediately retiring
for health reasons.

Meanwhile, Marcy was confronted by Junior Detective Lillian___to the effect that she was lodging a complaint
with The Human Relations Commission regarding the
frat boy imbecility of the department.

She showed her a cartoon her boyfriend had drawn for the newspaper showing Marcy as shepherdess against a weedy meadow. The caption: Can fading Bo Peep tame

the stubborn sheep?

After Lillian departed, Marcy took the cartoon into the bathroom and held it up beside her face.

Burst into sobs at the fat, trashy figure. After framing it, tears splashing the glass, and hanging it in the bathroom, she made an appointment at a spa for the complete works.

After her first full spa day, where Harold saw her hair as the challenge of a lifetime, her new mentor in the mayor's office sent his tailor to measure her for the Chief of Police uniform!

Things were moving too fast for just about everyone, and prior to her swearing-in, she wore the uniform to a meeting of roiled detectives.

She apprised them of the fact that any incident of horseplay would result in the whole department being reduced to the rank of the most junior detective. Also, that the young male lieutenant was now Captain, Head of Detectives.

He proved to run a tight ship, and the wall behind Chief Marcy's desk eventually filled up with awards.

She brought out the cartoon from the bathroom and installed it amid them.

Labels: municipal politics, office horseplay, police

Sunday, April 03, 2011

Will's Scratch

stayed open until fishing boats came in.

Everything cooked from scratch.

But now: small freezer.

“I lost my women to Walmart. They did all the slicing,
cutting, mincing, filleting the fish, shucking oysters,
and what have you.”

“You pay less than them. That's pretty lame.”

“Well, they left in tears, so maybe something else was here.”

“You know, Will, everything still tastes great. How come?”

He waves one arm along his shelf of spices.
Then taps his head.

Sears my thick steak, lost in the vapor.

Labels: chef, cooking from scratch, restaurant, Walmart

Monday, April 04, 2011

Kicking Grandma to the Curb

DEM
I don’t know how I feel about this.

REPUB
That’s not news. But look, I get sick of being accused in the metaphor all the time. I’m not a figure of speech! I feel like literally doing it, but I’d like your help.

DEM
Well, maybe after you really get some good ones in, I’ll just
administer a gentle, uh, leggish nudge or two.

REPUB
Symbolic, almost. You’re good at that.

Grandma enters.

GRANDMA
I didn’t get my medicine and every bone aches!

REPUB
That’s so? Well here’s something for your trouble!

Screaming ensues.

(To DEM) You getting in on this?

DEM
Actual thumps and shrieking not as aesthetic as TV.

REPUB
I’m bushed. About broke my own ass in the process!

DEM
You got her to the curb. My input not needed, fortunately.

GRANDMA
God will punish you!

REPUB
Doubt it. It’s the Party foists the God-Malarkey.
I believe in nothing!

DEM
Rare point of agreement.

Labels: Kicking Grandma to the Curb, medicare

Tuesday, April 05, 2011

The Party of Business

wishes to inflict further disaster
upon our heads in its besotted name.

In principle anyway (cue laughter).
Screwing the worker

to a board of decreasing resonance,
and kicking Grandma to the curb
(in endless loop, for the vicious).

It's Austerity, Chums! But not
for Consiglieres, nor Godfathers

with stashes in Switzerland
and The Caymans.

Labels: consigliere, Godfather, Party of Business, Republican

Wednesday, April 06, 2011

Headline Style

SENATE OF CONSIGLIORES
AND HOUSE OF WHORES

MEET IN COMMITTEE

"HOW BETTER TO SERVICE BILLIONAIRES"

PATRIOTIC LIES
PRETEND OTHERWISE

Labels: billionaires, bribery, House of Representatives, patriotism, senate

Thursday, April 07, 2011

GOP Budget “Cause” Expained

Goddammit! Low Class,
Mid & Senior Moochers
gotta go with less.

What’s not clear? Truly?
Money Tree bare-branched!
Hey! Hamburger good as loin!

& the Rich? Oil ‘em!
They’re the engine!

Ah yes! Thus
stop puking,

boys & girls,
& join up!

Labels: cruelty, Republican Budget, rich-loving Republicans

Friday, April 08, 2011

Republican Conundrum

We’re having this little time-out. Backing up from the horrible frustration: Trouble is we can’t get the money to the wealthy fast enough.

Yeah even in the speeding cyber environment.
Our frenzy moves faster!

One of our wags suggests we shrink wrap currency
skids like Bush operatives did to begin Iraq.

Just deliver it that way. Fork lift.

Hey these people fund ghinny operas! Too gauche!--
not to mention brutal larceny enroute. (Even Dems could
get a hand in there.)

Anyway, if it don’t get delivered, it don’t get back to us!

And they say we haven’t principles! Well that’s one!

Labels: political larceny, Republicans and Wealthy

Saturday, April 09, 2011

Two Inspectors

1/ But how...?

2/ How!

1/ I beg your pardon. I fail to recall that
you’re the only American Indian Inspector
in Scotland Yard.

2/ Understandable.

1/ You've solved it then?

2/ By dancing. The way I do all my cases.

1/ Who?

2/ I'll write his name.

1/ But that's my name!

2/ Doesn't the shoe fit?

1/ He...insulted my old school tie.

2/ A bounder! I saw him bounding in my dance
and you watching him from the chairs
the old ladies usually sit in.

1/ That's quite enough detail. Where do I surrender?

2/ Why right here. Scotland Yard. Unmatched facilities.

1/ I forgot they did that here.

2/ Vacant brain defense.

Labels: Scotland Yard

Sunday, April 10, 2011

I went, in desperation, to Philanthropy.
The interview:

We don’t usually fund individuals. Groups carrying on our ideals, yes. For example, we want privatized education only. Put a buck in it and fuck the unions. To put it crassly.

There’s a real return for us there, ideologically.

Now with you...? Well, there’s one way we’ll go ahead:
The Ball Vise.

You see, you’ve splashed opinions this way and that.
We require focus. The Ball Vise is a bit uncomfortable
at first, but once we get the screws set right...that’s with a capital R heh heh...you’ll be just fine for yourself and for us.

And, of course, for the Nation.

Labels: Philanthropy, Philanthropy and Political Control

Monday, April 11, 2011

Summary

Endless fuck-around?

Thus do you encapsulate our last twenty years or so?
Fairly enough. The rest is eyewash.

But in the midst of your furious rant, I hear our Signature.
Why that’s all even Dr Goebbels would desire!

Signature what? Idea? Legislation?...you ask?

Just Signature. With that we have you.

Labels: party philosophy

Tuesday, April 12, 2011

Past kept around

only for reasons
of Catholic guilt.
Otherwise, full

speed ahead,
moderately.

Means I’ve learned
nothing? Not so.

Just don’t know
what it is yet.

Labels: Catholic, Catholic Guilt, guilt, history

Wednesday, April 13, 2011

Four AM Radio

Roswell & freak-
out Republicans.

Jesus babblers
for gross measure.

Labels: radio, Right Wing Radio, Roswell

Thursday, April 14, 2011

Calliope

ACCOUNTANT-1
He must be our most infantile client!

ACCOUNTANT-2
Probably. How manifested this time?

ACC-1
He heard that GE has a 227-page return and got jealous.

ACC-2
How long his?

ACC-1
A mere 114, so he wanted to add pages of deductions.

ACC-2
Already Creative Writing. We mustn’t let it be turned into Farce.

ACC-1
I told him that the more we conferred, the higher our fee.

ACC-2
That stopped him?

ACC-1
His lawyers did. Told him he was ruining an
Ignorance Defense, if Justice came after him.

ACC-2
Which will never happen. Too big to jail.
But they could seek us.

ACC-1
Same defense. Our raft of brigands, aka the legal firm of
Allsiz, Belleer, and Rancini, gave us bum advice!

ACC-2
Why it's just a Carousel of Ignorance out here!

ACC-1
Accompanied by The Calliope of Greed.

Labels: accounting, itemized deductions, tax return

Friday, April 15, 2011

Danielle and Andy

How can he be a Republican?
thinks Danielle, pouring his
coffee, and yet so nice
and fun? And a gentleman:

no little ass-pats in passing
back from dimming the lights.

In her cubby over the planes,
Lillian sorts out the flights

in her little rhymes. "Dainty
to Danielle," she snorts, "but
randy with Andy."

Labels: personal charter, Republican

Saturday, April 16, 2011

The Nanny State

She pays us
for peeing,
buying us toys.

Whereas in Nazi nurseries
she orders us when.

Enforcing, for our own good,
schedules. Followed or beaten into.

Though midst posher precincts
she'll croon, "And how are all
my little boys and girls today?"

Labels: Nanny State

Sunday, April 17, 2011

Horses

shot out from under
during the personal war

include, most obviously,
Pride. In daily skirmish,

they decline and fall
without names.

Labels: horse, Pride

Monday, April 18, 2011

Futures of Pop Entertainers

Gnashers & folkies
stay malcontented
Democrats;

Toodley-Doo
Commercial
Cornballs

embrace
Republicanism,

rending anthems for
minor league baseball
& weeping on cue.

Labels: ; Republican, Democrat, pop

Tuesday, April 19, 2011

Ex-Folkies

-Well, how does that handle feel, Vandal?

-Comfortable enough.

-Back when we dug the music, we were gonna
change the world!

-I was willing, but then Dad died and Mom wifted
to Palm Beach. Nobody was running the outfit, so
I stepped in. I mean, leave it to the bankers, brokers,
and lawyers and you'll be raped blind.

-Amen. I never stepped out. Even when we two shared
folkie wisdom I stayed on the phone with the family.
Now the blogs want us guillotined because we pay
no taxes--allegedly.

-It's a complex picture and you can't really explain complexity.
It operates on Faith. And bribes.

-In one seminar in grad school, prof claimed economic show
we have now is unsustainable. Something'll detonate!

-Revolution? I expect that. But maybe in ten, fifteen years.

-I'd say sooner. Huge marches on Washington, etc.
Turning violent everywhere! And our solders
and national guardsman won't fire on...

-That's where you're wrong. Thousands killed.

-Well, you can't kill everybody.

-Wrong again. You can. What's the difference? Get rid of
the bitching work force and bring Indian units in.
Our stability will come when most of the workers
are Indian.

-Man have you gone Right!

-Just factual. And I’m not playing the Trombone of Freedom like the charlatans.

-O the humanity!

-Wide-gauged like this, you’re in love! A boy or girl this time?

-He’s a complete heartbreaker!

Labels: folkies, Republicans and Wealthy, revolution

Wednesday, April 20, 2011

September and April

Searching WebMD
for symptoms.

Other sites,
home remedies.

Thus science and
Grandma. Feeling

ascendant next to youngsters
who fiddle with video games--

paying to cheat onto
gaudier levels. But

at least their attainments
have Colonial utility
in a future where

some ensconce before
gorgeous consoles to
waste peasants.

Labels: Medicine, video games, war

Thursday, April 21, 2011

Hypocrisy

We've all displayed, yes?
The best revealing
later shame.

In politics, it's
mothers' milk afresh.

There we must assess
less harshly. Sadly,

the hardest time today
is borne again by racists.

Thus, where's the birth
certificate of non-white
president? Trying justice.

In the Turkish proverb: If
you can't beat the donkey,
you beat the saddle.

Labels: birth certificate, birther, Racism

Friday, April 22, 2011

Irish Deconstructionism

Cardboard chest of drawers
assembled without
the plan and it worked

fine--well, in its flimsy way.
Then I decided that outward-
facing tabs should toe in,

ideally. But in correcting,
found when tab A connected,

tab B popped out,
vice versa & etc etc.

& oh well you know
the whole middle class

cheapskate drill--
& its tortures.

By this sweaty time a rip
manifested itself,
minor, hardly showing.

Who could have said this
infinitesimal flaw

would lead to the frenzied
destruction of the entire

objet d’art in-
to the smallest
possible pieces?

Labels: Deconstructionism, do it yourself, Irish

Saturday, April 23, 2011

Highschool Variety Show

Football team, in drag,
butchers a dance
to yowling laughter.

Wry Mr Peterson, Shop, labels it
"The Dance of the Eleven Whales."

The English Department, resentful
of wit displayed elsewhere, launches

caustic digs of vague allusions
against him and the performance.
In a parallel universe, the Eleven's

movement is lithe, the audience breathless and
Peterson speaks of terpsichorean brilliance.

The English Department? Well, they’re
already a parallel universe.

Labels: English Dept, highschool, parallel universe, political dance

Sunday, April 24, 2011

I got in touch with my feelings,
and all that crap-- Annie Hall

-Crap nailed after
a fervent phase
of it, almost
religious. You?

-Fool, but so what? Another
vehicle slides to the curb

and all swerve apeshit.
It is, at last, the definitive

marvel! How could we
have missed it earlier?

Labels: Annie Hall, fad, herd, psychology

Monday, April 25, 2011

Saying a Little Prayer

Well, where's the harm?
“Great!” sneer atheists,

“fixing you on the Super-
stition Chart ‘tween

Mumbo & Jumbo.” Locale
not worst, if noisy.

I've done rational too.
All proofs get extruded to

nonsense. Soldiers coy mid
either Bivouac in Truth.

Labels: . Prayer, atheism, rationality

Tuesday, April 26, 2011

Disgusting Acts

-She finds the act disgusting.

-Thus can a flatly uninteresting woman have an opinion.

-He's finds it quite the opposite.

-And the zombie ladies he pays have no opinions at all.

-At any rate...they’re going to therapy.

-He gives, she gives. They're discharged slightly more adult.

-Going to one of these Point of Agreement guys. They start the couple with a point of agreement and spend hours on that before any problem thrashed around.

-With those two, the agreeable ground is Right Wingnut Politics.

-How'd you know?

-Just a wonky guess. Listen, I'm a few beats behind the field: Who's champion there presently?

-He calls himself “Pure-O the Constitution Man.”

-Does he now?

Labels: Constitution, relationship, sex, therapy, wingnut

Wednesday, April 27, 2011

The Industrialist

-That hole up there died twenty years ago but nobody told em.

-And our operation there?

-Phasing out. Skeleton crew now.

-As the India factory grows?

-That's the formula for a brief period.

-Then?

-We raze the buildings on the beautiful Hudson! Improve the view for the time being.

-Whoa! Historic?

-They never got round to designating. Tough-ski shits-ski!
Hey we already sold the machinery to a startup in India!

-Helping a competitor?

-Not really. Our machines in India will come here...
along with the workforce.

-And into a brand new building?

-What else?

-That's what I wanna know: What else?

-India Town! Like a little Disney thing to color up the drab Hudson burg!

-Make it easy to navigate the river with all that curry stink!

-Never thought of that. Hey they bring Grandma and Grandpa
who subsist on a few beans and a handful of rice.
Instead of farting all day, let's put em to use in India Town!
Dress ‘em in gorgeous rags. That armpit’ll leap to life up there!

-It's the American Dream!

-In a way, it is!

-You'll need beggars to make it really Indian. May I suggest Americans?

-Wouldn't be genuine.

Labels: Hudson, India, outsourcing

Thursday, April 28, 2011

Law and Order in 21st Century America

Last Chapter: Branches of Government

1) LEGISLATIVE
Rubber stamps laws the lobbyists write.
Thus angling for bribes.

2) JUDICIAL
Interprets these laws according to the Constitution.
Some are Strict Constructionists, and this trying

pose somehow emerges from the legal thickets
after same Lobbyists instruct in its niceties.

3) EXECUTIVE
Enforces the dictates of such wrath-
ful power while raising those predecessors
who underwent the same corrupt bath.

Labels: Branches of Government, Executive, Judicial, Legislative

Friday, April 29, 2011

Joe Heller Anticipates Today’s Republicans

-You haven't got a chance, kid. They hate Jews.

-But I'm not Jewish.

-It will make no difference. They're after everybody.*

*freely quoted from Catch 22

Labels: Catch 22, Heller, Republican

Saturday, April 30, 2011

Rocco and Jimmie Various

ROCCO
So what’s the latest, Jimmie Various? Novel? Short…?

JIMMIE
Travel essay in anthology. I scope out a few small highways through the people alongside.

ROCCO
Could be pretty good.

JIMMIE
Times critic sniffs "The LAHST piece deals with quite minor American roads."

ROCCO
Well, he didn't say they should’ve stayed that way!

JIMMIE
Might as well have.

ROCCO
If you were a horse, be said: "Jimmie Various also ran."

JIMMIE
That’s me all right. I wouldn't mind just being quoted a bit. Like, my words count.

ROCCO
You’re after immortality and it keeps receding
the more you trudge.

JIMMIE
Look at Catch 22. It's said in every language of the world!

ROCCO
Yeah it is. But that’s because of its thumpingly insane atmospheric. That’s the writing part.

JIMMIE
I'll take anything I can get.

ROCCO
Then pay attention to Yeats. Didn't he say something like you ought to be satisfied to distract a young girl with a poem?

JIMMIE
Mine have distracted, I suppose.

ROCCO
Why isn't it enough? A lovely closes a book of your verse
and says That's just beautiful!

JIMMIE
Well, I’m not writing here! That’s for sure!

ROCCO
Maybe when you're shoving up daisies in your impatient
ghinny way, you’ll think about what I’m telling you.

JIMMIE
I will. Thanks. I’ll slow down the shoving up.

Mid poseurs, Rocco encounters a real writer in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Catch 22, immortality, Rocco, writing

Sunday, May 01, 2011

College President and PR Man: Window

“I don't think we've really had Public Relations up to now.
As a result, perhaps, we've been mostly forgotten.
But we have, of course, a story to tell.

Look at the buildings alone. Most ivy-covered and decaying.
Going back to the earth. Isn't that something of what
Frank Lloyd Wright was getting after?

That monstrous hulk is Old Recitation Hall. A homeless man lived there for seven years before he was discovered. Well, his body was when the place stunk even worse than usual.

And the human resources! That mess of dawdling affectation on a six-thousand dollar bicycle there is a poet. Girls are digging his vagueness.

Off he goes!–backpack and beard flapping in the wind.

Anyway, wander around. His like inhabits most departments. Along with relics, grinches, and creeps. Oh there are normal people, but they’re overwhelmed. You'll find some muttering to themselves, prior to taking walks to strike out
at invisible evils.

When all the trees are in bloom, nobody notices a thing.”

Labels: campus, college, tradition

Monday, May 02, 2011

Destinations

“Hey! We're kicking Grandma
out the door, down the stairs,

to the curb, under the bus, up onto
the highway! Who gives a shit anyway?

Or to any spot we designate
(might shove temp voucher, too,

into her gray panties). And you
know what happens then?

Churches come along, gather up
the whimpering lumps. Governing

involves hard options and we’ve
stopped throwing serious money

at the useless.”

Labels: budget, medicare, Republican Budget

Tuesday, May 03, 2011

The Challenge to Statistics

-You can't say a group is crazy. Most likely the individuals
can be plotted on something like a Bell Curve. Thus Republicans are not crazy, as you aver. Some are,
some aren’t, most in the middle.

-Uh huh? All your surveys and wily questions lead us to the usual lump of suet floating in dishwater.

-If it’s clear science, it often doesn't grab headlines.

-How about women?

-An absurdly large group.

-I withdraw it. I know the answer and it's not their fault.
Each one's a changeling, exchanged at birth.
Bred to be totally impossible.

-Where are the original babies?

-Growing up on a Deathstar, ready to collide with Earth!

-Why is it that every discussion with you ends up
as nonsense?

-The norm.

Labels: ; Republican, statistics, women

Wednesday, May 04, 2011

Two Know It Alls In a Jammed Field

-RNC has instituted a suggestion box.

-How can that be? Since they're open to nothing?

-It's a clever thing. Animated. But unless you submit something wholly supporting the rich, it spits it out and screams COMMUNIST!

-How'd they get this Righty? Once, triparte: Liberal Republican, Moderate Republican, Conservative Republican.

-God willed it.

-And through the old mists of history, they’re revealed as the Liberal Party! In truth!

-Will be again! A 180 turnabout!

-Can't happen with Dems.

-How so, fellow wag?

-They'll never know where they're turning from!

Labels: Democrat, Republican, RNC, suggestion box

Thursday, May 05, 2011

The Lousy Artist Explains His Work

and so well, he soon heads
The Museum of Explanation,
next to the original.

It prospers, as he later
tells Osgood Carruthers on

Peripatetic Dockings: “For
people truly don't have time!”

The original repairs to bake
sales, and wry chamber quartets
engaging Romantic Hillbilly Rock.

Labels: art, criticism, funding, museum

Friday, May 06, 2011

Wisdom

“How do I get to Carnegie Hall?” you ask the cop.

“Practice Practice Practice!"

Chestnut anecdote, but sentiment true in all fields.

Better yet: Work yourself into a soulless nerd! Not.

Rather, go to the occasional ballgame and scream mid friends.
Drink and dance and eat and flirt with a boundless fury after.

Complement to practice.

Labels: practice

Saturday, May 07, 2011

Conversation with Undertones Nautical and Moral

-Fled ship in St Thomas. Flew home.
Steward handled it aesthetically.

-Put him in a museum. Revolving under single spot.
LAST DECENT MAN.

-A few.

-You wonder about Romeo Kinks receiving the news.

-"I never forget What-her-face!”

-Much of that scant teaspoon of self-respect left?

-Bit. Depressed.

-Is it embarrassing being us, or just being female?

-Yes.

Labels: female, self-respect, shipboard romance

Sunday, May 08, 2011

Art

Some say upend your suit-
case of tricks. Others,

one or two you
buff. But, wrong

end, both. Start
with nothing
and watch it go.

Labels: art, process, tricks

Monday, May 09, 2011

The Route of Thought

You know, till all suddenly gets proven
counterintuitive. Then don’t know what
you don't immediately, but must slip-

slide away mid formerly despised.
They rule by vengeance for a time.

Then relax. Even laugh at Young Turks
satirizing their limits, infelicities. So, in

the air you should pitch in with those,
but it’s a career. You await

the watch, but speed
melts the gold,

helter-skeltering
numerals antique.

Labels: career, change, science

Tuesday, May 10, 2011

The Mob Screaming For Rich Blood

after the seedy circus
of immorality compris-
ing the financial debacle.

Give ‘em cake.
Entenmann’s nice.

Labels: Financial Shenanigans, rich

Wednesday, May 11, 2011

Lyme Disease

Some doctors who actually helped
the wretched sufferers have been
disciplined by august state boards.

The "scientists" and insurance
companies find no proof that
what happened happened.

Many of the former are paid
by many of the latter.

The newly-wretched are informed
they're suffering the usual aches
and pains of everyday life.

Cautioned not to go so crazy
about it! (Many are women

and prone, thus). All are free, of course,
to keep quiet. Our central freedom, really.

Labels: disease guidelines, doctors, insurance companies, Lyme Disease, medical boards

Thursday, May 12, 2011

Political Truth

A lie half believed in
half the time.

Labels: politics, truth

Friday, May 13, 2011

Q&A with Big Oil

We screw you
with impunity.

That's a given.
Next question?

Labels: Big Oil, consumer

Saturday, May 14, 2011

Kitchen Privileges

The dirty t-shirt lifts his
eggs to smellier heights.

“Hey Mac! Like, don't fry them
to extinction. Give some-
body else a shot at the stove.”

Easy familiarity at these places
as you're informed to cool it.

Could be nut, someday.
Who stabs. One, perhaps,
you've cut in front before.

Nothing in their heads
but trash, and
they remember.

Labels: Kitchen Privileges, poor, shared

Sunday, May 15, 2011

The Tsunami of Trivia

proves expensive with many
so overwrought they’re
institutionalized.

Government steps in with
sophisticated screens
which allow one area.

Many men choose football.
Women, the Royals.

Impromptu frenzies break out
at bars and shopping centers.
Concentration invites faction.

Government installs civilian police to
keep everyone moving. Actual cops bag
a few trophies of the New Era.

The populace comes under control,
though the madhouse inhabitants and

their outside doubles see everyone
as foils to aliens.

Labels: cable TV, internet, trivia

Monday, May 16, 2011

Trouble With Compromise

You sign on to the other
side's daffy nostrum, proven

to fail. Will again, and you'll
never shake loose that
particularly vile tar baby.

Labels: compromise

Tuesday, May 17, 2011

A Dangerous Place*

At the stoning
I stared. After,

lamenting it
by force of wit.

A form of riches,
righteousness.

Blood facts
enough and
you age

revered.

*The world is a dangerous place, not because of those who do evil,
but because of those who look on and do nothing. -Einstein

Labels: Einstein, evil, responsibility

Wednesday, May 18, 2011

Post

Bankers catapulted
through their own

caution lights, laughing at
the manual they wrote.
Well, the frenzy, if

not the bankers,
arrested.

In American Style, TV makes
over sows' noses to posies as
the empty preach substance.

Buy a turnip from a farmer’s dirt,
you can thump the fuckin thing!

Labels: bank bailout, bankers, banks, cable TV, makeover shows

Thursday, May 19, 2011

Returning from a Muddled Power Point Display

-You can call it Socialistic Capitalism or reverse
the terms: It's still a mess!

-Oh? Did you prefer the old regime with its
utter corruption by the billionaires?

-In some ways. The more they preached competence
for all, the more incompetent they became.

-There was an art to it.

-More elbow room than now anyway. I can’t go to
any more dog and pony specials explicating
how we fell into this sorry state.

-Well, righty revolution beginning in the valley;
lefty in the mountains.

-I was always a mountain man. First thing is to
buy off most of the righties. Then exterminate
the maniacs.

-Some plan!

-Some sarcasm! I leave tomorrow. Keep collecting
my wages. We do so little here anyway,
I won't be missed.

-Payroll ghost?

-Try not to spend it all.

-Isn't that illegal?

-It will be under the new constitution.

Which is why I stopped two years later when
my friend, The Commandante, marched in
with his army to assume power.

Labels: Power Point, revolution, working

Friday, May 20, 2011

Recruit

-You're with us then?

-Jumping in with both feet. So, yes and no.

-Meaning?

-I object to some of your methods. And personal lives too messy even for politics.

-My original question stands.

-Where do you want me and what do
you want me to do?

-Sounds all the way to me.

-Yes. I can find nothing pure, or even remotely so,
in any part of life.

-At the core, we’re a brilliantly pure heart!

-Don’t try snowing both of us.

Labels: politics, realpolitic

Saturday, May 21, 2011

Schwarzenegger reveals he had child with staffer–AP

All that doping
and groping.
But not to gloat.

Unseemly: Most
gifted with bits
of sex de-hinging,

no? Fling not the first rock,
Sinner in deed or hock.

Labels: Schwarzenegger, sex, sex scandal

Sunday, May 22, 2011

Careers

When used cars went bust
he leaned back on rust-
y psych degree, repaired

to marriage counseling, prin-
ciples of sunny salesmanship
upon despair.

Labels: marriage counseling, salesmanship, used cars

Monday, May 23, 2011

Who Could Have Known That

Well Poisoners
had ideas? Wit-
ness past turkeys

presently foisted.
They're expired but
that's hardly the point

for zombies ideological.
Nor whether they’ve
historically bombed: Their

pride in them remains
a vast enterprise
of feathers.

Labels: idealogue, well poisoners

Tuesday, May 24, 2011

To France

Kindly send few-
er sexual imbeciles.

Being truly generous-
ly supplied at present.

Labels: French, imbecile, sex crime

Wednesday, May 25, 2011

Musical Story

“After the kid at Cornell joined a madrigal group, His Hugeness thought he'd like some at the plant.

Soon male voices bounced off puddles of industrial filth and
through cranes. I'm being caustic: sounded pretty nice actually.

Females exempted--they’re risk-adverse anyway.

Well, somebody always monkeys around in peacetime, and
one bunch decided they'd sing barbershop instead.

Fired! He can't do that? Yes he can, legally. Our worker rights
about on par with Central America.

Insane? He does Insane.”

Labels: arbitrary firing, Capitalism, worker rights

Thursday, May 26, 2011

The Moderate Discussion

-Where are the young Everett Dirksens to throw a comfortable fedora into the ring?

-Solid Midwest Republicans? Howled to the fringes by the Loon Coup!

-And Savaged as RINO?

-Bingo! Besides how much of the past you want? The guys smelling of booze and tobacco and armpits swinging their deals under a bare bulb?

-I see them now: hitched up suspenders. No nerds with banks of computers there.

-Well, do you want to return to that?

-Fervently!

Labels: Midwest Republican, Moderate Republican, Republican, RINO

Friday, May 27, 2011

Wisconsin Recalling Republicans

But some understanding requisite.
Overreaching in their genes became
frenzied in pleasing wealthy patrons.

Labels: Democrat; Republican, recall election, Republican Overreaching, Union Busitng, Wisconsin

Saturday, May 28, 2011

Hippies begin checking in

to that Great Weed Patch
In the Sky, tie-died

trickle. Ridiculed also
for Peace and Love by
those knowing better.

Labels: hippie, love, Peace, weed

Sunday, May 29, 2011

Rocco and Cyber-Dating Ralphie "Romance"

ROCCO
So, how went the latest?

RALPHIE
She had two notes: yelling and shrieking.

ROCCO
Unlike your preferred compact Italians, silent and ripe to sexually explode.

RALPHIE
We met in a coffee shop on South Street.

ROCCO
Check your ID? Pretty old for the venue.

RALPHIE
Her too. But we enjoyed ourselves.

ROCCO
She could talk? When not actually yelling or shrieking?

RALPHIE
Football! She doesn't like West Coast Offense.

ROCCO
Me neither. Throw the fuckin ball down the field! Nothing to lose but the game.

RALPHIE
She agrees.

ROCCO
I'm guessing, too, resembles a smallish linebacker.

RALPHIE
Bingo! And after, she says "Let's run!" So we run down South Street. But she slips on some trash in front

of a Goth boutique and breaks a fingernail!

ROCCO
The expected tragedy ensues? Though a tomboy,
she's still a girl.

RALPHIE
Nah! Takes out a bandaid from her backpack. No drama.

ROCCO
What’s next?

RALPHIE
Saturday we shop Reading Terminal Market for picnic
lunch stuff, walk to Rittenhouse Square for--

ROCCO
Why not pull up a spot of grease on the riverside? Closer.

RALPHIE
The long walk's part of the plan.

ROCCO
And will the next be a tryst in your hastily-cleaned
studio apartment?

RALPHIE
I don’t think so. If she proves a yeller there,
my landlady pounds on the door!

ROCCO
Wait just a minute! That shrieking you first described
involves her laughing at your lame jokes!

RALPHIE
Bingo! And I don’t miss the twelve-mile stares of the
condescenders one little bit!

ROCCO
Your ex-wives thought you were funny.

RALPHIE
Pathetic, more like.

S Philadelphia's Rocco turns off the politics for matters personal and sociological.

Labels: cyber dating, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Monday, May 30, 2011

Athlete

-You’re the only pride this town got left and
you’re about finished.

-Ghost from a ghost town? Not quite.

-You’re okayed to play Sunday for the championship?

-Docs say so, but they don't give a shit if I die.

-Well, give it your best.

-When did I not? Media gets me both ways: if we win:
Gallant warrior's last triumph etc. If we lose:
The last and most bitter defeat of the once-gallant...

-See that you win. Winning trumps the blather
about gallant and all the rest!

-Agreed! Win for the glory! Well, actually, the money.
Three ex-wives depending on it!

Labels: athlete, big-time sports, career

Tuesday, May 31, 2011

Been There, Done That

Info button on remote
gives plot capsules.

_____begins relationship
with _____. Shortly, obsesses.

Run through hundred or so
to assess your bio entire.

I'd quote more, but won’t risk
sickening you.

Labels: bio, cable TV, plot

Wednesday, June 01, 2011

Criminal Justice

Fell in with Vigilantes when
police and prosecutors em-

bodied corruption. Turned since,
and the fresh ones persist in
asking me the odd question.

Labels: Criminal Justice, police corruption, prosecutor, vigilante

Thursday, June 02, 2011

Reenacting

FATHER
Kids wanted to know should they soap Jew or Jude on the windows? Told them I like Jude for historical resonance.

FRIEND
Won’t the merchants be mad? Especially the nons?

FATHER
Just after we booze-out here, you and I stagger downtown
and wash the windows by dawn’s early light.

FRIEND
I knew was catch for that terrific steak.

FATHER
Catch? Educating youngsters is hardly that!

FRIEND
Oh well, cleaning up after youth can be a moral imperative.

FATHER
Until they can do it for themselves. Jeremy won’t be inclined, methinks. He says Hitler had the right idea.

FRIEND
My God! You can’t let him persist in that!

FATHER
Not sure.

Labels: antisemitism, education, Jew, Jude, reenactment

Friday, June 03, 2011

Fox Fawns

on the Fascist
of the Day.

MSNBC leans forward
like a drunk.

CNN keeps delineating
itself into truer chaos.

Where do you get your news?
Flip subject and object.

Labels: CNN, Fox, Fox News, MSNBC, News

Saturday, June 04, 2011

Multis

How many me’s in
parallel universes will

prove boring pains
in the ass? I tend
to concur with

the Shakespeare
I combine and
pluralize: Poor

forked things crawl-
ing between
heavens and earths.

Labels: multiuniverse, parallel universe, Shakespeare

Sunday, June 05, 2011

Male Conversation

-She screams?

-Fay Wray.

-Well she was fending off the moves of one, King Kong. Not a blanched-out puke like you.

-At any rate, noisy love.

-That's one kind.

-She prefers it and me.

-I had you. You weren't so hot.

-That was in another pay grade.

-Is it all shit from here on? Getting scattered women into filthy sheets?

-‘bout best we can do for the nonce.

-The married seem remotely happy.

-Zombies. Study them at Home Depot.

Labels: married, sex, single

Monday, June 06, 2011

Corporate HQ

-Our take is that we engage our critics, have a no-holds-barred discussion, and change ourselves for the betterment of mankind!

-Oh yeah? I just thought we were mining coal. Look, our critics are a bunch of weak hillbillies. Every sentence trails off.

-That’s the problem. Public pity for them is killing us! So, the thing is first to beef them up!

-How do we do that?

-Send a leader in. One of our own who can mouth Lefty.

-Good idea. He’ll hog TV time and make them appear to have fiber.

-Then we’ll have that discussion!

-What if he turns traitor with all the good home cooking?

-We got more. It’s the beauty of the system.

Labels: Capitalism, coal, mining, mole

Tuesday, June 07, 2011

Leaving a London Club,notable couple disheveled -caption

Dwelling in Florida,
is there a way

I can leave
a London club?

Some teleportation
causing Paparazzi
frenzy at my mess?

A dolphin plays
below my window:

I can’t get infamous
like this and he,
Big Brain, knows it.

Labels: celebrity, dolphin, fame, infamy, Paparazzi

Wednesday, June 08, 2011

Voucher Can't Win

for perpetually losing
and some insist it's

the name. Want it changed
before next race. For my part,
I desire a horse with heart.

Labels: Medicare Voucher, voucher

Thursday, June 09, 2011

Trailing Off For God & Country

-You Republicans, through your fellow-traveler boards and executives are keeping unemployment high to hurt the president!

-Now that's too massive a conspiracy even for us! What I will give you is: tight race the last few months, some hiring decisions might...

Labels: Republican, Republican Conspiracy, unemployment

Friday, June 10, 2011

Armageddon

In some American elections,
the argument gets biblical.

A joyless wasteland
where your gnawing roots
of sooty trees pledged

if you dare install
the awful opponent.
Scripture freely quoted.

Which Devil employs also,
and more gracefully.

Labels: Armageddon, Bible, Bible Belt, election

Saturday, June 11, 2011

Exhausted From Enforcement,

the Puritan has been
institutionalized,

babbling of sex-
ual kinkiness.

Though various, most
untaught among us,
luckily. His vile own.

Worst for him, though,
multitudinous duties
left undone by Sloth.

Labels: kinky, Puritan, sex, sexual kinkiness, Sloth

Sunday, June 12, 2011

Rocco and Chickie Discuss the End

ROCCO
Chickie, the Brave! Went back to one of the wives!

CHICKIE
Brave? I don’t know. Lots of time brave,
lots of times cowardly. All jammed together
in the latest episode.

ROCCO
Is it over? Again?

CHICKIE
Emphatically!

ROCCO
Bad idea?

CHICKIE
Not at first.

ROCCO
Be all that domestic folderol as it may, you’re getting
up there, Chickie.

CHICKIE
Yeah, the Gathering Up’ll grab my ass up outside
Pat’s Steaks one of these ambiguous days.

ROCCO
Lifted in a vapor of onions.

CHICKIE
Like a bush league ghinny saint!

ROCCO
So what’s the final verdict? The existential question!
Did you shade more towards brave in life?

CHICKIE

Who the fuck knows. I’m busy dying then.

While other regions have quieted, South Philadelphia remains voluble.

Labels: death.Rocco, South Philadelphia

Monday, June 13, 2011

Billionaires

REPUBLICAN
They are our ALL!

DEMOCRAT
We nod to others.

REPUBLICAN
A most confined nod, since you, in strangest paradox,
have gathered up some we sought to worship.

DEMOCRAT
Visionaries.

REPUBLICAN
Traitors to their class.

DEMOCRAT
"Up for auction now: The Presidency! Opening bid already made of one billion."

REPUBLICAN
Who...?

DEMOCRAT
Supreme Court.

REPUBLICAN
I can't believe it!

DEMOCRAT
Proxy.

Labels: billionaires, Democrat, election, Republican, Supreme Court

Tuesday, June 14, 2011

The Quiet Man

-We’re corrupt but it’s hardly an art form.
Crass, pretty much. Example: Congress.

Check big contributions and then how your
representative votes. Precious few anomalies.

But in Egypt, most of the Middle East, a revered
and entrenched tradition of centuries!

A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

-So long as it not a Jew forever.

Labels: bribery, Congress, corruption, Egypt, Jew, Middle East

Wednesday, June 15, 2011

Sixty Cents

to speculators with
each gallon of gas.

The swifties got
June Cleaver out
to work for starters.

Thus began fracking
485 Mapleton Drive.

How June and Ward scram-
ble to map purest America
by piling up Chinese junk!

Beaver and Wally now delinquent,
The Criminal Justice System rec-
ommends their dearest advocate.

Labels: June, Leave It to Beaver, oil speculators, Wally, Ward

Thursday, June 16, 2011

New Foreign Leader Sits with One of Ours

-Lots of talk about “Democracy,” Excellency.
Somewhat welcome, but not our version exactly.

-No, that's too corrupt.

-We're speaking theory here!

-Oh? Well that's easy. What do you wish me to say?

Labels: corruption, Democracy, Middle East

Friday, June 17, 2011

New Mideast Rule

-This new government--revolutionary they claim, though many
of the same toe-cheese eaters seem to be in power--threatens
us directly! No more bribes! Giving or taking.

-We've balanced the two. An aesthetic to delight in!

-But execution is now promised! This is no longer play!

-Already bought us out of that possibility. Indeed, any enforcement at all. It proved quite inexpensive.

-But unfortunately not so for God's poor,
who will be indicted post haste.

-The more things change...

Labels: bribery, Mideast Revolution, poverty, revolution

Saturday, June 18, 2011

Bottom Lines

"I've gone through all the junk fees and, surprisingly, many are legitimate.

Some, mysterious! Resubmittance Regulatory Charge Per Legislative Act as an example. But for 348.27, well, you can't fuss over peanuts on a 500,000 mortgage-- Worldly Accountant’s Rule.

As to your overall suspicion that the re-financing was really a screwing? No more than ordinary.

Over the term of fifteen years, you end up saving a little more than a thousand.

You're gonna give me a thousand, so you end up pennies ahead.

Consumer of the Month!"

Labels: accountant, banking, mortgage, refinance

Sunday, June 19, 2011

The Affair Commences Each contriving the ultimate image, and fashion- ing one of the beloved. Such Kabuki frays in time, though some persist: a walk- through without mind. Oth
ers break up, their acid recall the fault of the former, the universe, or another boring set of abstractions.

Labels: affair, relationship

Monday, June 20, 2011

Party of Rich Condescends to Debate

JOHN Q SUCKER
Your clients hammered me!

GOP
Fighting the last war! You lost, so get over it!
Morning in America, Asshole!

JOHN Q SUCKER
Just hafta make it through the night.

GOP
And you will! Slowly. Trickle-Down, Numbnuts!

JOHN Q SUCKER
Planning any Nuremberg rallies?

GOP
Bankrupt Lefty Line. We're not Hitler.
He was stupid, Birdbrain!

Labels: culture war, GOP, Hitler, Nuremberg, Trickle-Down

Tuesday, June 21, 2011

5-4 Encore

The Enchiladas savor
another day, evidently

the Law's, and God's, intent,
as the workers grind to

their truer place, slip-
ping again in the process.

Ah what Majesty vile
screwing assumes!

Labels: Conservative, Supreme Court, Walmart

Wednesday, June 22, 2011

Discussion Political and Theological

-They live under that bridge because that's exactly where they wanna be!

-You mean they’re happy?

-Who the fuck is? Marshmallows and moonbeams. Let's get on with the work of the world!

-Shame, though. Isn't there anything we can...?

-God will provide.

-And his mercies cost nothing.

Labels: Charity, homeless

Thursday, June 23, 2011

The Big Investor

-How about a small medical bldg in a postcard American town?
Doctors, dentists, maybe a daycare on the first floor.
You can listen to the tykes while getting your teeth cleaned.
Delightful!

-I want you to buy two elections.

-So, filth as opposed to the laughter of children?

-The winners won't be ungrateful. Besides we
have to hedge against legislation regulating
your less Norman Rockwellian enterprises.

-Life proves complicated.

-You stack the deck before they stack it against you.

-Darwin.

-Let's not ever forget it!

Labels: bribery, politics, wealth

Friday, June 24, 2011

Symbols

Senator So & So plus
Representative Whats-
hisface have walked

away! Will negotiations
sludge on? A little

like young couples
with their crushing

hurts, but they
have the cure

of makeup sex, where-
as nothing can relieve

politics save more
agony exposed
to the Nation

of Contributors.
Farce means stuffed.
Guess with what.

Labels: bipartisan, farce, Negotiation, party politics, political farce

Saturday, June 25, 2011

Nobel For Graham Greene, Not

Never! spat one panelist
who lived and lived. And
Greene died. Literary dust-

up? Well, GG noted Little
Black Book addict, art
aside. Who cares?

Puritans despise shadow-
ing fantasy or lust.

Labels: Graham Greene, lust, Puritan

Sunday, June 26, 2011

Night of the Long Nails

Though the lovemaking was awful,
what with all the beauty cautions,

her swell gave her a touchscreen
tablet, but she couldn’t risk her nails.
Hedged round by such additions, it

became murder to breathe.
The mirror, only, gave relief.

Labels: beauty, Narcissism, relationship

Monday, June 27, 2011

"Under God"

The pledge parenthesizes this
before a judge issues a Constitution-

al no. Pissed senators bleat
as religion hyphenates
with patriotism.

The most fervent patriots turned
out to be sluts in Hemingway’s "In
Another Country." (Within

this title, fornication commits
elsewhere and in a lit-

erary way, thus
it’s perfect-
ly all right.)

Labels: "under God", Constitution, fornication, Hemingway, literary, patriotism

Tuesday, June 28, 2011

Right Education Philosophy

-We want to destroy public education because it's a failure!

-Stick with that! But it's a mixed bag. Handsome success
in communities with some money.

-But the others?

-Producing sordid little units. That's where we take over.
Because that’s where the humongous profits are!

-From poor districts?

-Mais oui! Hire idealistic kids from college, pay peanuts,
give them a bushwah lesson structure purporting to spit forth
sharp little citizens...

-But really manufacturing the same sordid little units.

-You can't shine shit.

-Then why bother?

-Because privatization is the golden goose everywhere.
Education is by light years the very plumpest one!
My mouth waters!

-I...still worry about the future.

-Nonsense! You make money you buy the future!
What could be simpler?

Labels: ; Republican, education, privatization, public education, Right

Wednesday, June 29, 2011

What the Towel Boy Heard

-Got Supreme Court in my pocket.

-Oh come on,_____! You have influence, as I do. But we're talking about a sophisticated mix of lobbyists, politicians, movers and shakers, Party bosses, Money, newspapers, TV, opinion leaders, Law, internet, the Constitution, historical ideas–- why even puny old John Q! All that's in the air!
Court tries to steer clear of much of it but...

-Yeah, sophisticated.

Labels: political influence, Supreme Court

Thursday, June 30, 2011

Reinstate Draft

to shorten wars
say CSPAN callers.

So why do I suppose
Republicans’d head
deferment line? (Again?)

In proportion to twirl-
ing "Patriotism" or mere-

ly sustaining designs too
Olympian for churls?

Labels: deferment, draft, Republican

Friday, July 01, 2011

Mapping the Humanities

Easier with the web but
in my scholar days, I'd
grab a pile of books

from library stacks. Then
the fun of blending
to assist my own design.

"But how could you write
on this matter without
quoting Swirtzky?"

How indeed! What I have to add
to knowledge is primarily me.

If I’m the hack, so be it. Fatigued
Germanic method stifles all,

though its deadening
thoroughness impresses

a few professors
as the game to go.

In truth, I a bit halfass,
they, wood. Turned
out well enough.

Labels: Humanities, scholarship

Saturday, July 02, 2011

Dimensional

This one's due
to run out soon-
er than later.

Trick's to find
the forever model,
grace perpetual.

Some feel they have,
that it's their due, but I'm

thinking secular: thus and
so, no angels need apply.

Their wings be scrunched up
anyway, by all the infinite folds.

Labels: dimensions, physics, religion

Sunday, July 03, 2011

Portraits of the Author as AM*

1-To the barricades in army jacket, many-pocketed, and
against no urban ruin of black, flattened Newark,
rather backyard garage, plastic barrels
cropped.

2-Irish Buddha in tweeds n’ pipe.
(Sure n’ enough said on THAT paucity.)
Fireplace.

3-Oh Summery porch! Oversized t-shirt
picturing endangered species, creeping
shorts. wrinkly-

winkly asexual nebish, ultra
politically correct.
Ocean.

4-Shiny lumberjack--has worked with hands,
clearing underbrush ‘round

hot tub, visible scratch on one. Soft-focus
tree.

5-Wall Street Clone (the times they were a
changin’) no bone to pick or
in his pants. Harmonious buildings,
half-lit.

6-Baseball jacket and cap, yet tie, a
blasted urban visionary loosened plus Joe Fan.
Playground.

7-(Inject latest example here.)

*AM=asshole of the moment

Labels: author's pictures

Monday, July 04, 2011

Patriotism

is a good. Many
have sacrificed, and
to them all praise!

Understood, too, loud-
mouth charlatans remain
vile, cheap threads in

a dear fabric. Speak-
ing against them
is patriotic.

Labels: patriotic, patriotism

Tuesday, July 05, 2011

Political

The factions, dismissing
murderous intent for now,

hammer down a deal, re-
sembling for a wry moment
superannuated clowns

at a benign convention. O
where are the sneers
of yesteryear?

Labels: compromise, dealmaking, faction, party

Wednesday, July 06, 2011

Story Conference

-Trial's over and she walks! Thus does the shouting and
the tumult die as media folds its sleazy tents.

-Not on my watch!

-Oh? Keep it going?

-Why lose ratings?

-But, suspense factor gone.

-Hey, our addicts don't live reality-based.

-I suppose you mean you get actors...?

-Already cast.

-The flattish Prosecutor?

-Totally evil rightwing sonabitch!

-Too much melodrama even for TV!

-But we surround him with decency for his team.
One pretty flutterer has a cop boyfriend really stacked.
He comes into the courtroom, the very air fucks.

-And straight arrows on Defense?

-Looking better: suit sponsor. We added one uncontrolled squirt. Dirty, unshaven look the ladies love, though they
might take a Brillo pad to him before they screw.

-It's all a filthy business!

-Yeah it is! Even better than life!

-How long?

-Forever!

-People die.

-What’s easier to replace than an actor?

-I get disgusted with us sometimes.

-Do!

Labels: TV, TV trial

Thursday, July 07, 2011

Country

-You're finished with your tramps then?

-More like they finished me.

-Now you show up here!

-Not a one could find that spot on my neck you massage.

-Never mind that! There are spots and there are spots.

-Don't we know it!

-Stop this stuff! Not a prayer for you here. Not anymore!

-My crap is in the car.

-Well, leave it there.

-Been sleeping in it.

-Where's that old violin Grandpa played? God rest his soul.
Well, go back and play a solo for your whores.

-You talk like a hard woman, but I know better.

-The last time was the last time. I…

-Don’t cry. That hurts more than anything.

-Let me relieve the pain. And don’t let the door
hit you in the ass!

-Don't think I got much of a one left.

-I know. Nobody can cook out there either. Just fuck!

-Not that either. I just…went crazy.

-Uh huh. Well...

-My junk is in the car.

-That's where I came in.

-When I came in, was the prettiest girl...

-And look at me now!

-Can't stop.

Labels: country, country music, infidelity, marital, rural

Friday, July 08, 2011

Peasants on the Grass, Alas

Pitchforks waving against Republicans’
posher clients scratching up no income tax.

Mustn’t hurt these wily ones,
of course, so they trombone:

Reform the Whole Tax Code! What
about majestic widths of stance
cannot you fuckbrains understand?

Labels: income tax, Republican, tax evasion

Saturday, July 09, 2011

Hester’s A

be flesh-branded today
& twittered endlessly.

Though a few refuse
to cast first stones,
others put on offer

flashy souls indeed.
Satan takes priority
over these.

Labels: Hester, hypocrisy, Scarlet Letter

Sunday, July 10, 2011

Modern Style

No showbiz personality
so repulsive, won't ac-
quire a following. Add

new social media &
disgust factor zooms.

Monday, July 11, 2011

Warren Buffet’s Secretary, Receptionist or Whatever

Anyway, his pointing out she
pays more of her income

in taxes than he.
Democrats drive

this narrative. Republicans
go out of joint, despising

boring old movies inciting
Class Warfare!

Labels: class war, Democrat, Republican, Warren Buffet

Tuesday, July 12, 2011

Saving Ryan's Wine

Much fuss over
$700 wine shared
with two other snif-

fing Ayn Randians. But
Grandma on her shove
under the bus remains

whimsically free to sip
2004 Echezeaux Grand Cru
if she so wishes.

Labels: Ayn Rand, medicare, Paul Ryan, Republican

Wednesday, July 13, 2011

Value

Step in
to stop

child from
killing

another.
Family sues,
citing

freedom.

Labels: freedom, Law, murder

Thursday, July 14, 2011

Commonweal

To Purest Conservatives,
abhorring government

and stealing from it
are moral imperatives.

The purest liberals, though,
block any grease at the wheel.

So we lumber in-
to being held up.

Labels: Conservative, liberal

Friday, July 15, 2011

Journalisms

They want me to ask
Congress to probe

Rupert Murdoch. Must
think about that, motives.

Mine especially. Besides,
long tradition of sleazy-

y news. As liberal,
I'm for elbow room

in expression for re-
pulsive Fox too, &
even regal NYT with its

ongoing grad seminar knows
to keep the tits above the fold.

Labels: Fox News, liberal, Murdock, NYT, sleaze

Saturday, July 16, 2011

Maladies

curbed with meds,
I nonetheless

think much, worry.
Determine to cheer
a team, and trap

the natural
with a camera.

Labels: malady, meds, worry

Sunday, July 17, 2011

Physics

Problem becomes math
untethered, a poetry

infatuates can't release
from purity.

Labels: math, physics, purity, science

Monday, July 18, 2011

A Certain Party at Golf

-You’re in the bunker, the deepest one, and the only way out is to hit backwards.

-That’s always the best way.

Labels: golf, politics, reactionary

Tuesday, July 19, 2011

The Meeting Went On

without him. Several
excellent opinions
were offered then

forgotten. An old resonator
emitted nonsense. Since
the firm was being sued

for discrimination against o-
bese females, fat jokes ensued.
Finally a hysterical woman piped

“Our leader lies dead on
a Bangkok street!” She often

said it at coffee, but
this time proved right.
We broke for lunch.

Would resume for discussing
funeral arrangements.

Rancorous cliques existed
on that subject.

Labels: business meeting, committee

Wednesday, July 20, 2011

Mega Rich

Mega Entitled. But, in what seems
departure, testifying before a board.

Though widely prepared by Argus-
like advocates, one still must react

to wild cards infiltrating
those bought or

partially thus. (What hath
God wrought, really?) But

even mildest questions touch
chicanery. If it’s empaneled in
America, the affluent victim can

implore audiences to Remember
the Maine, Plymouth Rock and

the Golden Rule. If UK, to this
last add Magna Carta.

Patriotism has been known before
to keep sore patriots from prison.

So, as the untainted few craft queries
painting one a miscreant, blind fool,
or incompetent, Mea Culpas delivered

with understandable force. It's all, of course,
a common farce. The old courthouse maxim
applies: You get the justice you can afford.

Labels: entitled, investigation Panel, patriotism, wealthy

Thursday, July 21, 2011

Double Boom

announces their return
from space. Last due

to republicans &
democrats. Dwarf

visions echo flatly when
bottom-liners party. It’s

Festival of Ardent Glicks
we're arriving at, back
pockets sliced directly.

Labels: bottom line, shuttle, Space, vision

Friday, July 22, 2011

Conversation and Aftermath

-We have ten dollars left. All we have.

-Well we have vodka and lemons. We'll have a party!
I'll call Suzanne. She can make classy appetizers
from Ritz Crackers.

And though they had lost jobs, there was laughter and gaiety.

Until 2 AM.

Suzanne.

Shuddering.

Then, all.

As if an icy wind...

Labels: jobless

Saturday, July 23, 2011

Après

-That was a hoot, my panties flapping from one ankle.

-Yeah. A hurry.

-Let's face it. We're filth.

-You kidding?

-Nope.

Labels: lust

Sunday, July 24, 2011

Terminal

After Monday swam
with rumors, I asked

G to meet me at Starbucks.
He had seen the new VP's

spreadsheet axing two. We
kicked around strategies
but concluded no use.

"He'll pick D to fire us.
She's the most uncouth."

Labels: firing

Monday, July 25, 2011

Understanding Your Righty Neighbor--Q&A

-Is the gun-nuttery an end in itself, or the necessary background for massacres?

-Both. Throw in God so we can get on to something else.

Labels: gun nut, massacre, Right Wing

Tuesday, July 26, 2011

Routine

Lonely keep TVs on as
they go about the house.

Murmuring from
other rooms
a comfort.

Labels: lonely, TV

Wednesday, July 27, 2011

Come Back Little Deceiver

Parliament a bit raw, hey what? Here,
some insult on the internet. Diving

in various dumpsters too. But
nothing

can be wrought by messy law this
Supreme Court can't set clear-
ly Right.

Labels: testimony before Parliament

Thursday, July 28, 2011

The Deadline Lurks

in rankest shrubbery.
How practitioners hew
to party lines while mouth-

ing abstractions anew
of the rights of men!--
even of women. Rash

consequences are trumpeted
by talking heads who nonetheless
grow fatigued watching red meat

gray. Nothing sways the politicians.
The public hopes for conscience;
they for cash.

Labels: deadline, debt limit, party line

Friday, July 29, 2011

National Derby

When moderates race
they run in place.

Lefties, all over
the trying layout. For

Righties a frenzy
in straight direction
by richest applause.

Labels: horserace, Left, moderate, rich, Right

Saturday, July 30, 2011

Present Tense

The charity trolls us with return address labels, but
of another couple.

We become them, very briefly. Buy a silly card
and send to a fictitious address.

Will be returned to them.

Are you worrying yet? We’re disguised and pay cash–-
a new bill--wearing the thinnest of gloves, which we
keep on while addressing etc.

Moisten flap with a damp sponge. So, all in all, no DNA,
stamp being self-stick too. Mail in an empty shopping
strip without cameras. Go home to shred the other labels,
flush them down toilet.

I bring the pen to work, wrapped in tissue. Shake it out onto
a desk in another’s cubicle after he leaves for the day.

A little fun! Yes! But shakily complex due to the age.

Labels: paranoid

Sunday, July 31, 2011

Cautionary Tale

Do not take pill
2 hours before
or 4 hours after...

or is it the opposite?
The bottle reads like

a tweet from The Warn-
ing Sector. Report

suspicious behavior! Prior
to our summer storms

brows and lips purple flor-
escently and all of us look so--

though the old too fuddled
to plant bombs. I'm against
what we do, especially torture.

I blog, a fart in a windstorm. But
temporary relief works well enough.

Labels: caution, security, torture, warning

Monday, August 01, 2011

Spending Agreement Finally Struck

Might crunch littles
but C'est la guerre.

El Gordo will outsource,
and cheat with each
patriot breath,

legislators evade what
they've erected again.

Labels: corruption, debt compromise, deficit

Tuesday, August 02, 2011

The Rise of Thought in the 21st Century

DEMOCRAT
Political and Social Problems are complex but not intractable. We do our homework and then reach across the aisle to effect solutions for the American People.

(Please check footnotes preceding this thesis for actual cases.)

REPUBLICAN
Death Panels! Christian vs Muslim!–or secret Muslim as the case may be.

And don’t let your kids be turned into queers neither!

Labels: Democrat, political philosophy, Republican

Wednesday, August 03, 2011

Rorschach

South Carolina delegates
convene to pray before
their expected NO!

Please check

/ /Faith
/ /Hypocrisy
/ /Same Old Southern-fried Shit

Labels: . Prayer, Faith and Politics, hypocrisy, South Carolina

Thursday, August 04, 2011

The Old Prosecutor

"GOP as Rico?
I don't know.
Rotten enough, but

more like Aiding
and Abetting as

they take
the cannoli to

their flush god-
fathers in an
endless loop."

Labels: conspiracy, Godfather, GOP, Rico

Friday, August 05, 2011

News From The West Coast Remains

just. My team ahead, pros-
pering. Little time left

for a comeback by
the other when I retire.

Final score will be sent
to me over the net

in the morning. I'll check it
and click to read the story.

So? We've always done this
before, reconstructing history--
sans tech though. With loss

you put the best face on.
Even dictators can't reverse it.

Labels: Baseball

Saturday, August 06, 2011

A Political Story

The Government places me with Crystal family, murky
yet patriotic. And walking distance to the prison where
I go monthly to see my parents.

Both incarcerated for attempting to overthrow, etc.
Mother with explosives, my father, vague tactics.
In less hysterical times, he's sent home with a scolding.

After each visit, daughter Jeanette asks me five questions,
recording my answers in a marbled composition book.
Since the answers are glaringly obvious, she stops
after a few months.

In Dickens, an attraction develops but she has no sex,
and shares the family trait of periodically exploding for
no reason.

After both parents die in prison, I get sent to a recently-discovered uncle in Montana.
He proves pure gold!--
open, loving, fond of fart jokes. “Emotionally, I never
got out of the six grade,” he announces in his rusty pickup
as we bang over dirt roads on the way to fishing holes.
Yeah, it’s all too Norman Rockwell.

Saves my life.

He passes when I enter Missoula as an Art Education major,
a flight of flannel-shirted angels carrying him to St Peter,
who detains him until he hears every single fart joke.

Well, my fancy. I’ve others.

Strange to say, I now teach in the high school not far
from the prison. Jeanette warms up enough to marry the hardware store owner, who, noting a curt way with
customers, sets her up with an International Maids
Franchise where immigrant women clean houses.
Ostensibly in an old-world, scrubbing way.

I've got the best job in the world, teaching art to willing youngsters. And, blessedly, out of the political loop
run by a cabal of English and Shop teachers.
Being too “flighty.”

Live-in girlfriend considers me normal. We’re both,
of course, crazy.

Labels: art, government overthrow, politics, prison

Sunday, August 07, 2011

Risk

At A1A, a walk
light you request
to cross Marion Lane.

I address 2 women
from far Indiana:

“Be careful crossing
Marion Lane. She's
a Tartar!”

They giggle
to conceal
their strength.

I revel in wit, re-
maining apprehensive.

Labels: traffic light, wit, women

Monday, August 08, 2011

Two Campaign Advisors

-"I don't think it's that big a deal!" Times informs us
you emitted that.

-Wrong again! It's all a big deal! And did your numbers dive!

-We give you talking points. Hammer them!

-Not relevant, you say? To the topic under discussion?

-Who wants that egghead shit?

-Just hammer!

-And stay out of 7-11, where that cute Newsweek
chick cornered you.

-"It's the sorta thing that sorta sorts itself out."

-That Midwest Prose gem sent Leno into a tizzy.

-Hey! Okay! So you're right at last. Now get down off
your high horse!

-Yeah, one talking point gets us excoriated even in
our own media.

-C'est la guerre!

-At any rate, you’re out there fighting to make the streets
of America free! So you must step on a few toes.

-We didn't say fair. That's the other party's schtick.

-Besides, every ape knows you hafta risk to get bananas.

-Do we know where you'd like to put them?

-Do! Be our first thrill from this campaign!

Labels: presidential campaign

Tuesday, August 09, 2011

“We don’t work well together."

Well, pay's the unguent
covering much.

Shaw(?) sallies If you don't
get what you like, might
as well like what you get.

Shallow ponds of the wise.
Whatever. Bear the curse.

Better is coming.
Or worse.

Labels: cooperation, working

Wednesday, August 10, 2011

Rocco and Amiable Andy

ROCCO
Another Republican caught with a paid boy in his bed!

ANDY
Variation of the overwhelming carnal.

ROCCO
Media going back to gather up all his anti-gay pronouncements.

ANDY
Which he believed while pronouncing.

ROCCO
And now he goes to pray with a special group which aids when
hands trapped in the odd cookie jar.

ANDY
And they'll mean those prayers, as does he. Fervently.

ROCCO
What're you? Champion of Hypocrisy?

ANDY
Politics is narrow. Life is wide.

ROCCO
Hey! We got somebody to savage--the GOP does it for breakfast--and you serve up this tepid tea.

ANDY
Look to JC. He serves it up too.

Saints weave among the righteous in South Philadelphia.

Labels: gay, GOP, hypocrisy, tolerance

Thursday, August 11, 2011

Murdoch kept

The Faith
and the tits
above the fold,

sinking millions
in Republicans thus

Conservative Heaven beckons,
where old St Peter relinquishes

(via their trying Cable News)
his lax management to
a glitzy, flint-eyed, shifty

sonabitch, making
everyone comfortable.

Labels: Conservative, Murdoch, Republican, tabloid

Friday, August 12, 2011

Both Sides of the Pond--with starry moral attached

Republicans eschew
what sent to do

in favor of destruction
of the President.

It's not prospering, and thus
some dare call it Treason.

On the other side
of the broiling pond,

PM threatens SS measures
against rioting boys.

Pundits discuss Poison-
ous atmosphere where
slums hook into emblems

of foppish Versailles.
Also bank bailouts,

after which bonuses
get shoveled to execs.

We share this inclination
to confer largesse

on vilest flops and, not
to put too fine a point,
crooks.

******Politicos differ in what they dare*****
*****but bankers are brigands everywhere.*****

Labels: bank bailout, PM, Republican, riot, treason

Saturday, August 13, 2011

Finally Making the Decision

liberates briefly, then
tight brain vacations.

Once back, facets
examined, held to
shifting lights.

Result? Depression.

Labels: decision

Sunday, August 14, 2011

I see

she says
but doesn't.

Somewhere
some few

ease in
order to.

Monday, August 15, 2011

Free Discussion at the Right Think Tank

-Forget "Thinking Outside the Box"--that's the base coinage of those who can't even sustain a conventional thought.

-What do you propose?

-Exploding the box!

-“Violenth!” as our opponents would lisp.

-Reintroducing Slavery!

-They already shriek Race at the slightest provocation.

-Not this time. Slaves will be proportional to population.

-I love it! Politically Correct Slavery! Where would they be seized from?

-Here! And no force: it's a buy-in. Contract with everything spelled out.

-Can you, uh, beat...?

-Of course. One must retain that obligation. Besides, show me a system that operates without threat.

-Indeed! That’s the mother’s milk of systems.

-Again, it can't be capricious. You beat them within the law.

-But, except for the last–-and I’m not so sure about that-- all this hedging round with stricture resembles what we have now.

-Shhhhh!

Labels: Modern Slavery, Right Think Tank, Slavery

Tuesday, August 16, 2011

Significant

Other decides
alongside un-
savories. You

discover and jam
that particular
vehicle into reverse.

Then crow
to yourself.

Before waking.
Walking life also

hands one con-
trol issues.

Labels: control, control issues, relationship

Wednesday, August 17, 2011

Nice Guys Finish Dead

Here comes the bride,
there goes the groom.

Say, a doc. What does
he know of women?

What’s learned in labs
and practice? She

never relinquishes
a dark beau, and

obliterating Doc’s dough
by shopping doesn’t cut it.

Much more sits there in
insurance. They plot

and murder so
moronically, cops
on to it immediately.

Med school needs
a hardheaded course
taught by police.

A walk through
Murderer’s Row
of Blondes.

Labels: blondes, murder, nice guys, police

Thursday, August 18, 2011

Sandbagging, Revered American Tradition

Remembering my Dad's union, ITU, mostly linotypers,
Newspaper management dispatches a fresh Yale grad

to what they know will be a wild, raucous meeting,
& membership responds with shouts & screams, plus
an accomplished double-talker who commences

his questions clearly enough, but then mish-
mashes hilariously & at agonizing length.

“What? Excuse me?” sputters callow interpreter of
Plutocracy, furiously digging into his attache case.

Oh well, he’ll get chances to learn, including
this occasion, but, I suspect, remain a fool,
a prosperous one due to class, of course.

Labels: management, sandbaagging, Union

Friday, August 19, 2011

Flash Mobs

From London to Philadelphia, youths erupting over theft of their futures*

Dislike that Republican plank, do they?
Abiding one labeled Knowing One’s Place?

*Courtland Milloy

Labels: flash mob, place, platform, Republican

Saturday, August 20, 2011

Visions

-If she can see the future, how come she messed so much up?

-Trying to change a few things.

-Betting against herself. Shorting herself.

-Chuck the Wall Street crap! It corrupts us.

-This is the business we've chosen!

-Apt.

Labels: corruption, future, vision, Wall Street

Sunday, August 21, 2011

Parsing Rusty Wreckage

-She ruined my life!

-Ah melodrama!

-It's true!

-And what is truth? asked jiving Pilate. But the mush splattering where it may, it's jolly to be friends with
both of you. She as forceful, but switching that
personal pronoun before ruined.

-Yeah? Then I suppose like all you rancid old
fairies pretending to wisdom, you pronounce
gravely: The Truth lies in between.

-Seek and ye shall...

-flop.

Labels: anger, breakup, friendship, relationship

Monday, August 22, 2011

Hypocrisy is the Golden Mean

at several wheres,
but in politics

you'll find artists
in the general mix.

Nicer few even
art for art’s sake.

Hot purity mid
icy mechanics.

Labels: Golden Mean, hypocrisy, politics

Tuesday, August 23, 2011

God’s Whacked

for telling hacks
what to do.

"Hey!" he could retort,
"Why am I responsible
for delusions?"

Labels: Christian, God, politics

Wednesday, August 24, 2011

Transcendence

-She's lived here a while. I'll ask her to recommend a lawyer.

-I wouldn't. You'll end up with a batty Republican Libertarian like her.

-Well, for general, plain ole lawyerly work...

-Uh uh. Once they get that hair up their ass, it transcends.

Labels: Libertarian, lswyer, Republican

Thursday, August 25, 2011

S&G

“I'm not running the Sodom and Gomorrah of Drapery Hardware!” maintained Mr Y to the staunch Baptist of
the board. She insisted on Christian Counseling,
followed by the illicit couple imploring forgiveness
of mates.

Nothing was done, and said couple went on to
other sinners in the firm.

Then, in a decision more greedy than carnal, the manufacturing was outsourced to Haiti.

There affairs would be darker and French-
speaking, thus not likely to filter back.

Labels: affair, outsourcing

Friday, August 26, 2011

Let Sunshine Win the Day!

sings PM Cameron.
Riots impinge. It
may yet. For

we await The Shining
City On the Hill! (Sans

Shines, of course.)

Labels: Cameron, Reagan, riot

Saturday, August 27, 2011

The Old Contribute Nothing

O, the occasional bromide.
They're loved for their odd
selves. Try that on for size.

Labels: bromide, old

Sunday, August 28, 2011

The Married Couple

Each seeking counsel
from miserable friends.

Thence “professionals” charging
every small event with theory.

Lawyers next,
aiding and abetting
the wreckage. So, all

who’ve made a go of
nothing.

Labels: marriage counseling

Monday, August 29, 2011

GOP Legislators charging admission and pleading
for civility at Town Hall Meetings

Like scruffy bar upping tariffs
to keep out the riffraff.

Republican fundamentals,
nonetheless:

1) Everything's for sale.
2) Know your place.

Or are both the same?

Labels: Republican Fundamentals

Tuesday, August 30, 2011

Two Males in an Up and Coming Neighborhood

-I vastly admired that man, but could never love him.

-Why does that happen, do you suppose?

-I don't do why.

Wednesday, August 31, 2011

Pants and The Free Market

Having stitched up
the seat of my
last pair, I

prevent thus
the wind and
Invisible Hand from

proceeding Right
up there.

Labels: Free Market, Invisible Hand

Thursday, September 01, 2011

Two Floridians Discuss Their Reactionary Radio

-How much is genuine?

-Just a vicious ten percent. Rest is method acting.

-Will they achieve their Shining City on the Hill?

-It's there, but lights dimmed as they bus out José and Abe.

-Not to mention Ebonies, swishes, and Democrats.
Do you suppose there's overlap?

-Miscegenation! Anyway, Purity is in sight!

-Dachau!

-Pencil and paper! They got Crays.

Labels: Cray, Florida, reactionary, Right Wing Radio, shining city

Friday, September 02, 2011

America

-Does your father still recognize you?

-Sometimes the kid me, the nickname.

-That’s you too, right?

-Not after business dipped me into so many vats of shit!

Labels: Alzheimers

Saturday, September 03, 2011

The Breakfast Cook

catapults from low
apartments at 4AM.

They tick away darkly even
as the Harley's roar subsides.

What does he think, bent o-
ver the headlight? That he

despises the manager,
a self-proclaimed wit?

One day he arrives,
not, save at a thick

tree, and the hated being
shapes his ingenuity to flip

the popping eggs and steaming
pancakes on the grill. Next day
the agency sends an equal.

Labels: cook, Harley

Sunday, September 04, 2011

Boy Scout “Oath” On a Modern Note

On my honor I’ll do my best
to smoke cigars and cigarettes,

to curse and swear and all the rest,
and go downtown to see May West.

Kicker is May West. So
much sexier than board

broads in media presently!
Add wit also, as opposed
to laconic nose-picking.

Labels: Boy Scout Oath, May West, media

Monday, September 05, 2011

Sympathy

“My sympathies, Mr Mayor! Whole Three Corners area hardly there anymore. Never saw such destruction! All the TVs here are showing it as we speak. Now, unfortunately, emergency fund tapped out. Other communities had lobbyists here before the storm hit. My brother-in-law in that business.
No better or worse, but gets my ear more often.”

Labels: Politics and Disaster

Tuesday, September 06, 2011

“It's Me in My Little Chevrolet”

Some don't gray, but age orange, rather. My opponent.

And not a Chevvie but a little one-seater tricked up in a machine shop. Like a clown's car. Orange, as he.

Features a tinny two-note horn which he blows continuously.

Researchers dig into his past, though I swear I’d never campaign on anything like that.

Anyway, they find nothing. He lives with Mother
and shuns women. And men.

I stress the issues, compromising with my advisers in that I
fashion them as simply as possible.

He drives his mini car in commercials, breaking up meetings
of villainous politicians who flee. Most slovenly absconder resembles yours truly.

They give that little horn to kids and you can’t shop
anywhere without hearing it.

On election night everyone announces too close to call. I wait for a dead moment to ask Ringo Skelly, my oldest pro, even then running numbers. “We're cooked," he announces.

"Oh well," I sigh, "you never know what makes
a good governor."

"I always do. And that sub-moron doesn't qualify. Sock puppet for the greasiest crooks over there."

I lose by a point, and some months after, with the chairman pounding for order, in putts he down the central aisle of
their national convention, cross-lit by spotlights.

Reporters envelop him and the tiny car, both florescent
orange in the brilliance.

Moira Dill of Fox proclaims "O I just LOVE you!"

Labels: political advertising

Wednesday, September 07, 2011

Arrangement in Green

GOP
Be prepared to accept even more.

WEALTH
I'm continuously grateful.

GOP
That process is made up of continuously putting
you money where your mouth is.

WEALTH
My mouth IS money.

GOP
Who says you can’t invent a perpetual motion machine?

WEALTH
Not I, said the little snug hen! But what of the problem
of governing the rest?

GOP
A scrim.

WEALTH
Behind which…?

GOP
We take the cannoli.

Labels: GOP, Party of Rich

Thursday, September 08, 2011

Republican Debate

The same flat, stale, and unprofitable
(but to the golden vile) ideas. Repeat-
ing them here would weary a saint.

At any rate, Each wrought
“debater” anxiously burns

to shoot forth a brand,
however zany, but

their numbers militate against such.
Any question serves like shaking

a bottle of soda. Distant talking points
foam over. These, too, at bottom, never
worked and never will. But the essence

of politics is pretending
they will and always have.
The experts later parsing

can’t bring themselves to say it's
all of it a base and joyless farce,

turning mountebank
in lending it credence.

Labels: GOP Debate

Friday, September 09, 2011

The Prosecutor, A & Q

-I could make a Rico case against Republicans.
With the Democrats, too much aimlessness
of purpose, incoherence, and incompetence.

-A shame! Didn't they practically invent
the process with Tammany Hall?

-Well they've been vastly vastly outperformed.

Labels: Democrat, Republican, Rico

Saturday, September 10, 2011

The Dawn of Knowledge

An overwhelming stench
permeated my tent

as the beast eased by
to enter the faculty digs.
Last night our professors

argued that a) Victim
was eaten alive, versus
b) Victim was killed first.

Labels: acadenic

Sunday, September 11, 2011

Dream Accomplished

"Next slide, please," asked
God. And all the business
types were ravished.

Labels: business, God, heaven

Monday, September 12, 2011

The Free Market

looks to approach
divine art. So

crooks baked in
render the pie
necessarily tart?

One can’t live on
anthems.

Labels: Free Market

Tuesday, September 13, 2011

Forms of Violence

Football game or
political debate?

Choose former but
switch during lank
periods or unending

commercials. Players
on the field move with
smashing precision,

mouthing off after some
tawdry athletic trick
or other. Those fixed

mouth off continuously
as to feebleness of

opponent present,
and president not,

while casting raw
moral strength.

We like all this,
the violence.

Why the multiplex runs
the detonating thriller
on many screens,

the achingly sensitive
coming of age in rural
wherever, hardly one.

Labels: debate, football

Wednesday, September 14, 2011

All the Rage

OPERATOR
At one of their protests or prayer meetings,
we'll hustle him away. Then the De-programming!

MRS A
So expensive!

MR A
Don’t you want your son back?

OPERATOR
What does he say when he calls?

MR A
He doesn’t. He stopped!

MRS A
And won’t even text us back about anything!
One of us could die! And he...!

OPERATOR
A latter stage. They go from mild contempt to...hatred.

MR A
Is this the worst cult?

OPERATOR
Among them, though many feel the worst. Well, we start!
Further questions, browse Q & A on the website.

Exits, with check

MRS A
Oh my God what did we ever do...?

MR A
to make our son a Republican?

Labels: cult, Republican

Thursday, September 15, 2011

Law and Custom

A pink-steaming mess
emerges from the shower
to chase a chambermaid.

She kvetches,
sending him
to stir, but Pros-

ecutor reasons how her
tale too shifting.

Back home, others await
with female complaints

along the same line.
Cops sigh

internationally
He said She said

as Ladies thirst for justice
everywhere

accepting
less of it

to pickle tradition-
al style.

Labels: He said She said, Justice, Law, sex

Friday, September 16, 2011

Process

Anxiety floats,
Worry targets. Both

waste, though
defining in part.
Reaper notes

but dallies
until "Just

enough of all
of that!"

Labels: anxiety, Grim Reaper, worry

Saturday, September 17, 2011

Find the Nation

of biting proverbs,
and marry

into another.
Abundant life

requiring
critical passes.

Labels: marriage, proverbs

Sunday, September 18, 2011

Scientific Question

When Jill and Jason
dream each other in
their separate rooms,

does sexual quanta boom
a milli-millisecond
midst the fractured race?

Labels: dream, quanta

Monday, September 19, 2011

Girls Kissing Each Other

Unreal on reality show
though seemingly deep.

Raging Evangelicals format
Their Bible to reverse such

awful sex, and weapon-
ize The Constitution thus
staunching resonant license.

Labels: Bible, Constitutionm, Evangelicals, lesbian, sex

Tuesday, September 20, 2011

Tour

-And all their homes destroyed by the marauding poor?

-Who, when they took over, tired of rule quickly. Counterrevolution following, and then a purer revolution countering the etc. And then, etc etc. With, somewhere in there, nuclear weapons entering the mix.

-And that monstrous, rambling shell?

-Congress, where dwelt the wealthy’s spear carriers.

Labels: class war, revolution

Wednesday, September 21, 2011

With a Certain Senator

-Unemployment is brutal!

-A problem for the states. Not one size fits all.

-And we know in which you'll go naked and starve!

-You overstate. Your kind always does.
The churches will step in.

-Scattershot!

-Perhaps you're correct. We must amend The Constitution to establish our religion. It would take charge in the areas of social nuisance.

-Then must one profess Christ to cadge a piece of bread?

-It's what Christians do.

Labels: establishment clause, unemployment

Thursday, September 22, 2011

Health Is Wealth

Oh yeah? How about
megas more? JD

Rockefeller alleged to say
he’d give mil for young
strapper’s easy stomach.

W/Inflation be 50, 60?
At any rate, trump

deal bilious slick-
ster ever swung!

Labels: Health, Rockefeller, wealth

Friday, September 23, 2011

Miss_____’s Academy

-I can’t have a female teacher around every time he speaks with a student.

-Hovering not a pretty picture.

-No indeed. And the wrong message to independent girls being taught to handle things.

-Just a harmless old flirt, really! The quick breast-bloomers in his class tizzied him up!

-Well, I must act.

-The last investigation here brought medieval consequences!

-Nothing that extreme.

-Hope not. Just an affectionate uncle, really.

-Now. I’ll speak to him.

-He’ll be hurt.

-And in a particular way. Male.

Labels: Education of Women

Saturday, September 24, 2011

Man, Ever Questioning

-Where do all the little bugs go at night?

-Search me!

-Never mind.

Labels: joke

Sunday, September 25, 2011

Room and Exigency Round

-Think about it.

-No! Life is too short to mince another of your halfass theories!

-Oh? How much left?

-You and I, about twenty years give or take.
The guy peering up from his American Beauty Roses
as fiery ball approaches...?

-Milisecond or so.

-God bless!

-Will his life flash before his eyes?

-Old wives' tale, but he'll get to glimpse the
time-space warp in closeup.

-It's all warps. Think about it!

Labels: death, time-space warp

Monday, September 26, 2011

Cruel and Unusual Punishment

-This toxic atmosphere where all fear losing their jobs?
Well I’m speaking up about it!

-You’ll get fired.

-Then you’ll get my job in addition to yours. Crushing burden.

-Yeah, but insurance policy.

-I will eventually prove in court that it’s a concerted policy of management to promote unreasoned fear. Thus, too, enabling the place to crawl with Quizlings.

-All in collusion with Congress?

-Just the Republicans.

-Ah yes , the official party of this corporation as we’re reminded in the most subtle way by the pre-election letter adjuring us merely to vote. Then glossing the important issues with a subtext going the unspeakably evil way of the nutcase right.

-I’m taking this to Supreme Court, if necessary!

-Where the insane righties will desire language from the majority to equal that of the thundering left, but the reactionaries just lapse into tut tut mode. “For all the plaintiff's remonstrations, the matter remains to be resolved by internal governance of the corporation only. And by its goodwill so long fostered among the employees. Next case?”

-Well, I’m starting, despite your defeated cynicism!

-You’ll stop. They always do.

-Perhaps...an exception this time.

Email to a vice president follows: “We shd talk.
Flow probs.” Flow being a code word.

Labels: Cruel and Unusual Punishment Supreme Court, unemployment, workplace atmosphere

Tuesday, September 27, 2011

Topographic Boundaries

The actress cursed on
her prosaic errands for
not marrying a fellow

in a fiction. Many fold il-
lusion into drudging life.

Well, all do at one
or another time. It

doesn't define insanity.
It defines nothing.

Labels: fiction, illusion, reality, TV

Wednesday, September 28, 2011

Compact

Exiting Shibaraku, he
pronounces: “Eastern.”

The Master Builder, she:
“Western.” So that seals it.

Labels: Drama, intellectual

Thursday, September 29, 2011

Bat Masterson Expects Tourists

My three teams won huge
games last night. Trifecta!
Payoff emotional yet--no

gambling. Best left to pros.
My rare attempts show not

heedful scheme, but ham-
my plunge. Thus do poker

players know me.
They wait icily
for ill cues.

Labels: Baseball, gambling

Friday, September 30, 2011

Republican Talking Points

Stupid strew
lectures and TV,

heedless of con-
text or query.

Clever bend to
tradition-
al barbarities.

Labels: Republican Talking Points

Saturday, October 01, 2011

The Cost of the Deal

At the most frustrating point of the negotiations, L exploded into tears. Emitting, too, some sobbing home truths about us. Individually.

Both sides brought her tea and sweets and alcohol wipes.
Then we resumed.

In the wee hours we had our settlement,
histrionics forgotten. (Not including L in that,
hers being genuine.)

I’ve often thought of the things she said, especially
concerning me. But, too much truth is dragging
a useless leg.

Labels: emotion, insight, Negotiation

Sunday, October 02, 2011

St Peter re Having a Pet

-Heaven is full of dogs and cats, and any other pet you can think of.

-Good. I had reservations.

-No one has reservations.

Labels: heaven, pet, St Peter

Monday, October 03, 2011

The Field

All this hue&cry
about the creds

of presidential
candidates! I can

despise what they say,
especially in truly base

utterance, but they’re
representative public
persons. Live with it!

Labels: credibility, experience, presidential field

Tuesday, October 04, 2011

Dialog Concerning Query of the Day

-How dumb is Texas?

-Important question, since they’ve threatened to secede.

-Off and running once they found someone could spell it.
Well, anyway, undumb in the college towns. Austin, all the others.

-And oil roughnecks?

-They'd get killed. And their big execs ride in stretch limos
while punching up iPhones, so they're smart. Along with armies of accountants.

-Teachers and fireman and cops pass tests, thus can't be too...

-Some ranchers fly their own planes around the huge spreads.
That takes some brains. And their newer cowboys have to
keep track of things by computer. Believe it or not, they’re
almost like little businessmen.

-Scrub another romantic legend! Well, at any rate, what
does that leave?

-Bags of rocks.

Labels: dumb Texans, Texas.ignorance

Wednesday, October 05, 2011

Rocco and Pal, the Moderate Republican

ROCCO
Yo Pal, still fighting fiercely for the middle?

PAL
Yeah, tugging back the fiery reactionaries to common sense.

ROCCO
Good luck with all of that! Your present presidential
lot swings from icy libertarianism to warm racism.

PAL
Hey! Primary time! You run to the right of Attila the Hun!

ROCCO
They get to love that ferocious shit the more they say it.
Thus do the moderates fade into insignificance.
Well, less than that, really.

PAL
Yeah? Well, nobody ever came back from an exalted position.

ROCCO
Give it up, Pal! You're finished for all time!

PAL
We love Ike. His good Midwestern fairness will return. Trump!

ROCCO
Not a chance! Hey, starting a Museum of Moderate Republicanism. I'd like you to be a living display.
You'll revolve in a nice lighted case. Maybe wear
one of those baggy coat sweaters?

PAL
I got one stretched beyond recognition. But can I get pee breaks?

ROCCO
Of course. And almost minimum wage. Plus we'll
spring for lunch. Any preferences?

PAL
Nothing spicy.

Rocco encounters a spectrum in South Philadelphia, not much mid-range.

Labels: Moderate Republican, reactionary, Right, Rocco

Thursday, October 06, 2011

Finishing Thoughts for GOP

-OGAW!

-Ugliest anagram yet.

-“Only what we can get away with.”

-Wide application.

-Yeah, but let's talk Race.

-Race Card, Race whatever....

-there’s a fearful swarm gotta be served!

-And some live in Dry Cow Gulch, dustiest West. Three blacks passed through once.

-Just the place to bus Lurk-Negroes for a little visit.

-I can see Jingos, the old cowboy cook at the Destiny Diner…

-peering out from the kitchen as the scrambled eggs toughen on the grill.

-That's some image!

-It’s all image.

Labels: GOP and Race, political strategy, Race

Friday, October 07, 2011

Thundering Ibexes of Elocution

once seized this floor
where dwarf species pipe
party lines,

and thud the drum of
chauvinism to punc-
tuate decline.

Labels: chauvinism, elocution, Legislature

Saturday, October 08, 2011

Presentation

With ritual,
does it sell
the same

with man
and sex-
ual ape?

Labels: Presentation, ritual, salesmanship

Sunday, October 09, 2011

Piers

Chingle-chungle
bingle-bunkle
he docked it.

The others eased
in, having Swedish
Modern interiors.

Labels: yacht

Monday, October 10, 2011

Waltzing Sans Matilda

They had to learn, so
we had the hairy miners
dancing with each other.

“Is this a dangerous thing?”
queried Squinty. “Just

till we get women,”
answered I.

“That’ll be whores at first.
Then the pinched-nose Churchies.
Don’t know which more vile.”

“Well now let’s show them how.
It’s just lurching out there!”

Labels: Australia, dancing

Tuesday, October 11, 2011

The “Resignation”

He threatened to resign. Repeatedly. And always for
a principle. Which changed.

During one cruelly dull session, the Chair accepted.
In error, of course.

He protested, but the parliamentarian declared him
out of order.

Efforts to rescind the resignation led him to a fellow
attorney, who explained that this sort of double-dry
case necessitated the best champagne. Thus, 300,000
just to begin. Mega more to follow, naturally, the advocate
later exclaiming "We know you can screw John Q,
but give me a lawyer anytime!"

The case ultimately, and woolily, spun its way through various
courts all the way to the Supreme.

The plaintiff, now much grayer, IN-ching up the steps of that august edifice...only to be struck by a poisoned frisbee tossed by a rogue Department of Defense robot.

The department settled handsomely with the estate, admitting no guilt, though the robot was tried by the singer Hurcher Headley, playing a judge on Justice Now! The sentence was dismantling on How It Works.

The High Court went on with the case, declaring that a resignation threatened nine or more times can be treated as binding under the Commerce and Elastic Clauses.

Later christened by McClatchy’s legal reporter as “Nine strikes you’re out!”

The minority declared that Free Speech embraced threats and pseudo threats in any number.

The Wall Street Journal concluded The Court Produces Its Usual Unpalatable Pudding.

Labels: government, Supreme Court

Wednesday, October 12, 2011

Re Wealthy Owning Just About Everything
(including Congress)

Democrats: Learn to enjoy the stacked deck.

Republicans: Learn to love it!

Labels: Democrat;, Republican, stacked deck

Thursday, October 13, 2011

After the Film “Flame and Citron”

As German troops
march in they’re

swollen by units
of Danish Nazis in
proud step. Where

were they before?
They came from out

the same dark per-
sisting here as

zealots embark
on the 4th Reich.

Sponsored by the Right,
Corporations, Legislatures,
and The Supreme Court,

plus self-chosen
spokesmen for God.

Labels: Nazi, religion, Right

Friday, October 14, 2011

Zuccotti Park--Two Resident Wags

-We’re due to vacate. City wants to clean.

-Uh huh. And build a wall?

-Don’t mix up the imagery. Communists built that hulk in Berlin.

-Hey! Capitalism can build a WALL! You bet your ass!

-Covered with corporate logos like the hotrods at NASCAR?

-Nothing But Class!

-Why we’re here.

-Righties in Laughing-Uproariously-Mode. Most of us from affluent households doth they snicker in a superiority evident to themselves.

-Well I am. A million hours in a dining room smelling of dry-cleaned drapes and Lemon Pledge.

-Ah I miss it so!

-Arguing with Free Market No-tax Nazi Dad.

-Any other divine attributes of the Reactionaries?

-All of them. The same pail of Republican shit he slid down the polished mahogany daily.

Labels: Berlin Wall, Capitalism, Occupy Wall St, Zuccotti Park

Saturday, October 15, 2011

Change

-We have discovered place!

-I have already it. My village. Three Trees, Moon Entangled.

-Not any more. It’s Headley now, after Headley Russcomb,
our chief scientist.

-Three Trees, Moon Entangled!

-Well that was adequate once...you see the three trees
atop a hill. And the full moon etc. But we are naming
places much more simply, without the, excuse me,
pseudo-poetry. And, well, how do you say when to meet someone at Three Trees etc?
Headley is working
on a system, an exact thing. Oh we thought numbers
were just to play with, but he's figuring they can be
used for little bits of time, instead of moons and
the old silly rigamarole. Why what if it's clouded
over in your way of looking at things?

-Pray to Sky God.

-Uh huh. And all the other gods eventually.
Noisy multitude! We're devising a way to roll them
all into one God. You pray to him.

-Then all get angry! Don’t!

-But there are explanations for things now!
The snow melts in the mountains and the river
swells and floods! No God!

-River God know what he want.

-Uh huh. Well say hello to him and everyone at Headley!

He had to tell the River God who sped his dugout
canoe faster. Then he told the Three Trees,
Moon Entangled place god.

That night a fierce storm! He hugged his little family
as the fire blew out with the loudest noise ever heard.

At first light, he ventured outside to see everything below
the hill flooded. He knew that Headley and the rest
were swept forever into the realm of horrible gods.

The place of ideas.

Labels: gods, Ideas, science

Sunday, October 16, 2011

Devising Worlds

B consumed this life
with indignations.

Some blazing-
ly righteous,
others under petty.

Fantastia folded in with
a few hurts even cooked up.

So, off B, to a better world!--
will lose its standing, though,
if like congregate in nooks,

grouching of missing strife,
true and imagined. But

to most, Heaven is going
on the same.

Labels: heaven, indignation

Monday, October 17, 2011

Movers

-I had signed up with Lawn Care For Pennies
when I discovered a top executive right here
in our pretend-affluent neighborhood!

-Let me know if the boys aren't keeping things
florescent green.

-And a fellow drunk to boot!

-How bout some hair of the dog? What you got?

-Estelle just put in fancy-pants liqueurs. Any hope in
that bunch?

-If you wanna puke, yes.

-Well let's whip something up with a few ingredients
of a drier variety.

-Old is better.

-I had a question last week when you were incommunicado. Cell phone off.

-Working on hush-hush something in Far East.

-Anyway, I reached the 800 number in Calcutta.

-Globalism for better or for worse.

-Guy was helpful and mega polite. Oxford accent.

-I'll look into that. We specified American.

-I think it's more pleasant, sort of a lilt.

-Then I'll give your our UK number when you
give me a drink.

Labels: 800 number, globalism, India

Tuesday, October 18, 2011

High Strategist

“Listen! Who doesn't get a charge outa shine jokes, or spick or kike? Even dumb blonde?...dumb all-of-the-empty-female-heads really. Bless the gals!

But the thing is: be wary of your company. Liberal-shit reporters are out there with rabbit ears, and we unfortunately live in this disgusting, politically correct age.

It's depraved, but they’ll chip away at your integrity. But more importantly, of course, that of the party.”

Labels: GOP, joke, politically correct

Wednesday, October 19, 2011

Bill of Particulars

-When I need your vote, you deliver. Short and bitter.

-When you don't?

-Then you can go against us for your lovely Tea Party of racists and sub-morons.

-You got it ass-backwards. They’re actually…

-We know what they are. The old reactionary wing of the party, which has maintained its egregious self since just after Lincoln.

-One of us will sit in your chair some fine day!

-Why if that happens, I'll just be full of praise!

-One learns a lot in one's freshman year.

-Never too much in this town.

Labels: freshman, party leader, Republican, tea party

Thursday, October 20, 2011

Night of Disaster

-Hey! Like where’s the breathing space? Us to mourn,
them to gloat.

-My office seven am!

-Postmortem?

-We start hitting! Hitting! Smashing!

-Any particular…?

-Four-pronged attack!

-Fork them, hey?

-Sabotage everything they propose!

-They haven’t yet.

-Their platform leads us to ruin! Ruin!

-Socialism, Communism, and any other ism I can invent?

-Gattling gun!

-Don’t we usually start by pretending to cooperate?

-Not this time. It’s war!

-They’re…actually blocking the postmistress of
Glurch, Idaho from private gynecological care!

-Specific things like that. Bingo!

-I get it, but’ll become persona non grata among my Georgetown latte friends.

-Go after the fairies too!

Labels: political loss, political revenge

Friday, October 21, 2011

Two Opposite Operators

-Even if the economy is zero, you lose on demographics. Hard to find a Hispanic you haven't offended.

-Nineteen thick-skinned Cubans in Miami are sticking!

-O and won’t you be out a long long time? Sharing the self-righteous tent with pseudo-religious jerkoffs, and reactionaries pining for the day when you could whip the workers.

-Skip the hyperbole, what's the cure?

-Simple. Just become the party of Lincoln once more, thus assigning us to the wilderness for generations.

Labels: demographics, Hispanic, Party of Lincoln

Saturday, October 22, 2011

If Children Wrote Our Bios

He sells toasters and things.

She helps write books.

He works in New York about money.

She helps girls play basketball.

He shows people how to make cars.

(Gallons of ink conserved and so many trees!)

Labels: bio, children, conservation

Sunday, October 23, 2011

Premiere

Actresses arrive
in swarms of hair.

Fitzgerald had
Bernice bob hers

in defiance way
back where.

Labels: hair, Hollywood

Monday, October 24, 2011

Talking

-Why don't you name your name?

-Whoa! One too many there. Could give the name you already know. But no reason to.

-Then, instead, express it in a true expression!

-Life is short! Have you heard that expression?

-It drags. Unless we put language to it.

Labels: conversation, language

Tuesday, October 25, 2011

Fatal Choices

-He walled himself in as best he could and managed to salvage an old-fashioned phonograph. Real artifact. Played dusty LPs of Prokofiev. He loved Prokofiev.

-Upshot?

-Boys had a bit of fun. Point-blank mega-rocket.

-Overkill!

-Bit.

-High fives all around?

-You got it! Hey, we're cultural in the end. Bits of him and fuckin Prokofiev will float around the universe forever.

Labels: Prokofiev, rocket, war

Wednesday, October 26, 2011

I Don't Chase Every Buck

Time of receipts
asks accounting

I'm too cussed
to perform. Or

cussed lazy. But I'd
like monies I’ve

missed placed in a fund
for the poor. That'd be
my perfect age. Well,

in a perfect age, there’d
be no poor. Conservatives
adopt their usual hardeyed
view there too. Take the world

the way you meet it, then squeeze
whomever for a profit. Since

Christ ate with whores and thieves,
they never deign realistic company.

Labels: accounting, bookkeeping, Conservative, liberal

Thursday, October 27, 2011

Advising Innocents as to Right

Where's the astringency?
List or lists? Business!

Thrust up your Ghandi &
ML King as you wish,
but Accountants handle it

after “great words” nudge
reluctant history.

Labels: Conservative, innocents, Occupy Wall St

Friday, October 28, 2011

Wall St

I underwent homework when
financial scandals first smashed.

Searched “Credit Default Swaps” etc.
Deriving Wall St sort of smarmy pick-
up. Forgotten most. Do know it boils

down to crooks and patsies.
The crooks must ante up to
keep from jail. Who wouldn’t?

The patsies, us, enabling
the whole demonic coil.
I think now of a desert-

locked monastery, the monks fig-
uring how to screw God himself.

Labels: credit default swaps, Wall Street

Saturday, October 29, 2011

The Other Shoe

The man upstairs at my hotel on Lake Ware was noisy.
At about 2AM he dropped one clunky shoe.

Unfortunately I suffered a massive stroke then.

During the Great Recall of 5076, I was revived and,
as you can imagine, had to hear that other shoe drop,
so went to The Sound Registry as soon as I could.

After it played, granting me closure, a message charged
the surrounding air concerning Bisbee Landsome Hocknach,
74-term Republican Congressman, that he:

“climbs trees at night to blow sleeping apes.”

When I got home, my computer flashed that I was under
house arrest for generating that description.

I pressed my Law Button and was informed by my team
that they were having the order rescinded immediately.

They explained that since I was part of the Great Lobotomy Section of the Great Recall, I thereby lost the projecting
area of my brain.

I never missed it and don't now. Without it I’m safe forever.

Labels: future

Sunday, October 30, 2011

After the average

share of tragedy,
began learning

without the herd.
They remain apt

in sucking, though,
grass mid stones.

Labels: herd

Monday, October 31, 2011

Place

By the pool the upwards light lends Brace and trusted Jinky aqua glows.

In the middle distance, Jeanette and prep school chums urge shiny horses over stubbled pasture.

Beyond them, at the edge of the woods, Old Charlie drives the tractor, with new guy Bertie standing up behind him.

Brace speaks. “Tell the senator: Austerity! Even he
can understand.”

Jinky shrugs. “Will do, but, you know…well, maybe do
nothing a while? Wait for things to shake out?
You win in the turns.”

“True, but we ain’t so fuckin shabby in the straightaways neither!”

Marine laughter.

Labels: wealth

Tuesday, November 01, 2011

Uncle & Aunt, In Order

-You give a lazy bastard money for not working
and guess what he'll...

-“Keep it coming, Sucker!”

-That’s why we’re for Osgood Bemke!

-We're Bemke-ites!

-Proudly! He wants ‘em wearing yellow circles.

-But people blabbing about the Jew-Star thing.

-Those people always bring history in
where it don't belong!

-Amen!

Labels: Unemployment Compensation

Wednesday, November 02, 2011

Culture

In a Catfish for Breakfast locale
people know a thong or two.

Wrong for the biblical reasons
pulpits rail variously on. And

aesthetic ones: if the wearer
a fat woman or scrawny man.

On Planet Kallikah, all they use!
Except for the absurd suits
officials display greeting our

space persons. Who laugh.
No matter, for there they
understand Earth ways.

Labels: biblical, fashion, planet, Space, thong

Thursday, November 03, 2011

137 Jefferson County marriages dissolved

last month due to Sexual Content
beyond them. Aggrieved went
jungle then, meriting X-Ratings

neighbors confer. However, most
Jefferson relishes its G for Gentility,

though youngsters get fractious
moment by seething moment as
adult defenses exhaust everyone.

Labels: divorce, generation, ratings, x-rating

Friday, November 04, 2011

Not One of Us

He is not one of us.
To the outside, yes,
even distinguished, but

we can't paper it o-
ver. We can be nice:

nothing lost there. And thus
praise an admirable record.
But our final accolade proves

financial, and he can
never be promoted.
Out of the question.

Like Sisyphus then,
hustling that boulder

up the incline only to
feel it inch back. Camus

says he's happy in
just the task, truly,
let us pray so.

Labels: attitude, class, prejudice, promotion

Saturday, November 05, 2011

Après Passion

-Are you crying, me potent bucko?

-Just came back to me for some reason. You don't know what it's like to be dumb. Laughed at when the teacher calls you!

-No, I go to Yale. It's all attitude. And in my case...beauty. Audrey Hepburn anyone?

-I'd be afraid. I'm sure students there would enjoy humiliating me.

-Not this one. Hey! You got a dong belongs in a song. Quite a shame to bake it unnecessarily behind the grill at the International House of Pancakes.

-Giggling after what you construe as surreal aspects. I've noticed it before.

-I thought you were dumb.

-That's merely language I just said.

Labels: dumb, language, sex

Sunday, November 06, 2011

Village Metaphysics

The mayor wants it preserved. Easy for him to say.

The selectmen say not another penny.

The young persons laugh at it, and the controversy.
They say go ahead and do what you want. It's insignificant.
What's the harm in all the old farts believing in something
that doesn't exist?

The old people scoff that it lives, and we'll all suffer
if we dare to think otherwise.

A referendum may be proposed, which the old would win
since the young, our future, won't be bothered voting.

Now, an incident underlines the seriousness of what
outsiders consider a silly and foolish quarrel.

A gang of drunks watching Monday Night Football at
Chuckie's Chowderhead when lightning flashes
all around and everything goes black.

They stream into the street roaring O please great Wolka,
give us back our signal!

Some duels with garbage cans follow.

Labels: faith, generation, politics

Monday, November 07, 2011

The Assignment at the Golden Gate

-We've all been conned. Ripped off by thieves, despicable,
or pillars, community.

-What's the cure?

-For many, none. But I'd like to propose a ticket
that gets punched. But major league stuff,
not the usual daily screwings.

-And when it's all used up?

-You get to present it to St Peter!

-Your ticket in?

-Well, to a special branch. T. A.

-Terrible Agita?

-Total Asshole.

Labels: cheat, con, heaven

Tuesday, November 08, 2011

When Sex Accusers Hit,

trot out
the Frau.

Your deal
with her o-

verall no
one’s con-

cern. Es-
specially
latest flap.

Labels: marriage, sex scandal

Wednesday, November 09, 2011

The Majesty of the Law

Surprisingly they show up for the neighborhood picnic.

"Hi! I’m General Motors," shakes my hand an assertive male.

"You mean you represent General Motors?"

"No, I am. And this fellow here, is Dow Chemical."

“And the farmer took another load away!”

“We understand your reaction, of course, and that why we're here to counter it. Giving flesh to Supreme Court's ruling we're individuals."

“Idiots enabling other idiots!”‘

Dow speaks up then. "Nice embossed day planner for you!"

GM offers a Chevvie keychain.

“I'm taking nothing!–-already owned.”

Labels: corporate person, Supreme Court

Thursday, November 10, 2011

"Reform" -- a political primer

A Push-Pull Mechanism.
Zealots push you to in-
stitute glorious alteration

(cue Hosannas) as you pull
greenbacks from their pockets.

Long-term results: Negligible.
Immediate results: firing

of the base type, hiring
of the Right.

Labels: political reform

Friday, November 11, 2011

Character Impedes Message

a) Banks
b) Politics

c-z) from sea
to shining sea.

Labels: banks, politics

Saturday, November 12, 2011

Catching Your Death

Some old aunt pro-
claims it: “You’ll

catch your death!”
when you catapult
into the cold with

a flimsy jacket.
Wrong way round

in that he's the one
doing the catching.

I'm on the 2d floor,
accessible by outside
stairway. I'll hear reso-

nating trudge, s-
craping of the stucco
with that scythe. There-

fore won't answer thud-
ing rap. Will he leave

a card with silhouette
on one side, new ap-
pointment the other?

That one's taut,
no coy defense.

And will I do anything
super in the interim?

No, just relish
the ordinary.

Labels: death

Sunday, November 13, 2011

Logistics of Family

Old Corey will pick up Melinda
with her to-die-for potato salad.

She no longer has a car
due to cross eyes...getting

fewer “winks” on the personal
section of teachers.com now.

Pete and Eileen will deposit
their ham and Richard with

the Jimmy Jenkinses. Then will
proceed to the bus station for

Betsy, arriving after her shift
at Chrysler. Mick and

Millie will skip this year, taking
Delsey to college with her crates
and stuffed animals. Blinky2

shepherds them on his portion of
the trip since they can't be boxed:

don't get along. He’s dropped at
the Jimmy Jenkinses also. And on

and on, courtesy of Lucy, Mis-
tress of Logistics, who'd easily
array our military against any
other. And without a Cray. We

thank her ever year. Crisply nods, her
mind crawling with other gnarly

problems she is involving
herself with.

Labels: Family, logistics

Monday, November 14, 2011

Tones

If pipeline runs close
you’ll hear the chug. So?

That's money! say supporters. &
accidents can’t happen smothering
your wife & dewy daughters. No un-

dertaker scrub,
then, tones

them down
enough not

to contrast
lillies.

Labels: pipeline

Tuesday, November 15, 2011

Presidential

Another Republican debate
hard upon the last. Give these
righteous some vacation! To

go fish whilst delusions remain
hanging in the aether until
visiting flamingly anew.

Labels: debate, Republican

Wednesday, November 16, 2011

The Church Submerged

God responded with
bailouts of grace his
ministers sought,

plus bonuses of vast in-
dulgences, lest such

“talent” be lost
unto Satan.

Labels: “talent”, bonuses, finance

Thursday, November 17, 2011

House sez yr concealed weapon
shd be legal in all other states

Next Shitkickers' Convention
in New York, let's pick off some
of them thar Spicarickins.

Labels: concealed weapon

Friday, November 18, 2011

Conversation Defining a Place and Time

-The war ended within the hour! I feel joy! And yet...
immense sorrow.

-That would be Vietnam and it ended very many years ago.

-I can no longer trust you.

-Let's start all over, and without the war.

-That would be impossible.

Labels: Vietnam

Saturday, November 19, 2011

End of the World

Hysterical, even, counsel perspective.
It (some sourest brew) not being

“The End of the World!” Feels
enough like it as ashes settle in.

==========
no posts till Dec 1

Labels: End of the World

Thursday, December 01, 2011

Capital Generosity

As a portion of instruction to
ungrateful poor, a benefactor
has established a sort of

scholarship to a truly down rout
of a country. Where you dig
a hole for shelter then

eat the dirt. The question directed at one
grateful recipient, once on the ground,
became "Can we worship you?"

“For my time here it is appropriate.
And appropriate I do the same
when I return to my...” Presently,

a chorus touted him with a bombproof
harmony: "THINE ALABASTER CITIES

GLEAM!" So, at any rate,
in his dun portion thereof,

he will hereafter bet-
ter know his place.

Labels: Capitalism, Charity, poverty

Friday, December 02, 2011

What the Big Guy Needs

1) Stay-at-home wife, sugary, quite pretty and witty in non-threatening ways. As she runs parties etc.
The Ambassador and his wife love her! No exaggeration!

2) Mistress, much involved with hair and nails and him.
Talks celebrity nonsense easy to tune out.

3) Hybrid, tough businesswoman fighting alongside.
Sometimes falls grimly into bed with our hero--as if shoving down a peculiar MBA problem for the nonce.

Labels: business, mistress, power

Saturday, December 03, 2011

Near the Hills Where the Daffodils Grow

-He was your Red River Valley. The cowboy who
loved you so true!

-God yes! Oh my God yes!

-Well, we get over things. End of story! Fadeout, wipe, dissolve! Put it in the stupid can!

-No!

-Oh Christ you’re crying!

-Get out!

-I’ll...play Trivial Pursuit down at Jinky’s Sports Bar.

-Just...keep going.

Labels: old love

Sunday, December 04, 2011

Mr Squirty’s Demise

When_____DDS installed a new Mitchell-Belson he was taken by its beauty. Utility? What didn't it do?

The dentist leading the company seminar, dean all the way from Stanford admonished: “And given the tech firms
moving into your area, belay the babytalk! Squirt-Buddy
and the like! Explain the device to these engineers and point out its features. And, of course, how elegant it is!"

So, that meant no more Mr Squirty. Even to children, he
went over the Mitchell-Belson-–though more slowly.
As did his hygienists.

After not too long the appointment program was crammed, plus a waiting list...tech patients enthralled.

He took on another dentist, pediatric woman disillusioned
by paperwork and incompetent help at her own solo practice.

"Now no Mr Squirty!" he cautioned her first day.

Labels: babytalk, dentist, engineer, tech

Monday, December 05, 2011

Wanderers

range their ways
celestial. Thought
significant. I bought

a Mayan calendar, hardware
store, Malvern PA. Like

the one the bank hands out,
it's not perpetual. What

or who lines up is Miss
Americans at altitude:
a hill of boobs.

Labels: Mayan Calendar

Tuesday, December 06, 2011

CALL-IN SHOW IN A TRUER UNIVERSE

Q Sixty, Florida, Graduate Degree, unemployed for 2 years. What...?

A You’re too fuckin old. Find a posh golf course and caddy there. Most fatasses employing you will try to steer you right of Genghis Khan, but ignore it.

If a good player, tell him he's the best you've seen.

If wretched, praise his intuitive feel for the game.

Labels: golf, unemployment

Wednesday, December 07, 2011

Rocco and Special-Hate Jimmy

Over egg and pepper sandwiches at Celebre’s

JIMMY
I must be slipping. Saw a Republican on CSPAN I didn't immediately despise.

ROCCO
You are, Special-Hate! Won’t be long before you say: “You know, some of their ideas are not entirely idiotic.”

JIMMY
Don't hold your breath.

ROCCO
And--witness!--coming to the fore now, a Gingrich.

JIMMY
That sofa with eyes? He's as full of shit as a Christmas turkey.

ROCCO
Now now, patience! He can lose that stuffing, you know.
Anyway, what a generator of concepts! One a second!
A person gets quite dizzy.

JIMMY
Feather merchant. Carries a huge bag weighing about nothing.

ROCCO
My mother said if you can't say something nice, then ...

JIMMY
Okay okay! He's more personable than the usual insider thief.

ROCCO
That fills my Mom's prescription.

JIMMY

No mine. She was an Italian anarchist, incendiary follower of Enrico Arrigoni . Dad played bocce to get away.

ROCCO
Old school. We got iphones now.

JIMMY
So what? More things change.... Anyway, I'm better off talking directly, even to an imbecile like you.

ROCCO
Nicest thing you ever said to me!

JIMMY
I'm softening all right. There’s no longer a doubt.

ROCCO
Time to die?

JIMMY
Just about. Or walking around dead and not knowing it, like half the world.

All the isms exist in S Philly, even anarchism.

Labels: anarchism, Republican, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Thursday, December 08, 2011

Rocco and Pickles the Prophet

PICKLES
These occupy movements are preface to revolution.
Will it be bloody?

ROCCO
Inevitable, given Republican thick-heatedness! But...how do you know it won't come from the Right?

PICKLES
They got nothing to sell. You still need something to sell. Force, itself, is never enough.

ROCCO
Freedom!–that's their trump card.

PICKLES
Yeah, the freedom to be exploited. Some freedom!

ROCCO
Must you always uncover the subtext?

PICKLES
All you got in America.

ROCCO
I seem to remember some actual texts: Bill of Rights, Constitution.

PICKLES
Apply to rich. Everybody else shafted by greasy semantics
as practiced by Supreme Court. Bought and sold like everything else.

ROCCO
Sounds awful. Is. Can we start over?

PICKLES
That's the idea.

In R’s world, no idea off table. No, really.

Labels: revolutionRocco

Friday, December 09, 2011

Supreme Majority

Not Conservative.
(Why strip the word
of honor?)

Rather concert for
wealth and power.

Labels: Conservative, Supreme Court

Saturday, December 10, 2011

Fool to the Church

He read the letter as he dawdled outside Dr Abernathy's office.

"The old aristocratic saw was that the family sent its fool
to the Church. God help us but that's you. More to the point,
it's your absolute last chance. At least on my dime.
Drs Abernatathy and Swilp inform me that you're earnest,
and the finer theological points will come."

Once admitted by secretary “Icy” Eva, he felt reassured, for Abernathy smiled under massive eyebrows of snow. "That last moment of your sketch for the all-college diner? Your lisping What a meff, Iztopholez!" Wife and I still chuckling.

"Nothing offensive anywhere, I hope."

"Put your mind at rest. Even divines laugh and can
take a joke. What I really wanted to ask you...well to recommend something I could read...lend a little wit
to my sermons. Which are dull, I'm afraid.
And expected to be so." He frowned. Whitely.

"Couldn’t go wrong with Shakespeare for starters.”

“Ah yes! An hour a day. Lovely set in the rectory. Thank you.”

Later, skipping down a fertile lane, he told a mockingbird. “Send the fool to the church, by God! Then swooping from side to side of the pebbly surface, he imitated an airplane: “On his dime! On his freakin dime! If you got the freakin time, Shadrack, I got the dirty money. Check! Contact!
Now then, shall we bomb the Japanese?” The mockingbird
lost itself in a throaty staccato followed by majestic trills. “Those paper houses. Whoosh!”

He sat on a sun-baked rock. “Mr M-bird, no more
beautiful day ever! Ever!” Loam and roses carried on the breeze. The oaks stirred overhead. “It couldn't possibly be surpassed! Never!”

Now the girl from the inn made her quick way, skirt
swinging dapples.

"UnLESS...!"

Labels: Fool to Church, seminary, theology

Sunday, December 11, 2011

Association

One stuck-up old woman complained to the Association.
Teens were pissing on her daffodils and throwing rocks
at her mailbox. Of course it took a while to get this.
Hadda translate: Untoward juvenile behavior involving
even urination. And like that.

When she left, I asked a retired guy who helps out a few hours a week.

"What she's saying is that she remembers language when it wasn’t the shit it is today!" he snapped.

So, he's one too.

Labels: formal, language

Monday, December 12, 2011

South Carolina

-Well, some think the party getting TOO conservative.
We used to have moderates. Big Tent!

-Fuck all RINOS up their accommodating ass!

-But why give their votes away?

-We don’t want ‘em. Tainted.

-And...I can actually remember a liberal Republican!
Jacob Javits of New York.

-Jewboys don’t count.

Labels: Liberal Republican, Moderate Republican, RINO, South Carolina

Tuesday, December 13, 2011

Pillow Talk

-It's always good, that speech. Caught it on CSPAN.

-I'm a little tired of it.

-Then why not give another?

-It must pass under dozens of eyes beforehand. As you know
from your boss.

-Politics is tiresome. Worst the higher you go.

-You got that right. But I come here to forget it.

-That's nigh impossible for both of us.

-Well, just let's keep our little secret.

-I hope so...but your wife gave me that look. Some conference or other. I just dropped in.

-What do you mean, that look?

-Indescribable to males.

-You're just getting a little paranoid. She showed no sign when I gave her watch charges by light. No battery.

-Lovely! So, expect the same for my birthday?

-The strategy works. If I gave both of you different things,
I could get tripped up with her. Asking if she still liked something I really gave you.

-Not necessary anymore. She knows--I’m open to all
kinds of variety!

-Not a thing. Show me the look. Show it to me!

-No use. Too subtle for your sex. Especially a brain

factory like you.

-Nobody dumber mid the ladies.

-I'm training you.

-I suppose so is she. I'll be a total pansy before it's over.

-Now that’s just not possible! Besides...it's never over.

-Christ! Where are the mistresses without the PhDs?

-Yearning for what I got.

-Flattery will get you everywhere.

-What I’m hoping.

Labels: mistress, pillow talk, politics, sex

Wednesday, December 14, 2011

Why Should Women Agree? Nobody else does.

One school, explicit-
ly biblical at

the very least
has her keep-

ing self & children
hygienic. Even frig
& husband in order.

Thus does he rule
& she rate even

less. So, true felicity
knows scripture & place.

Labels: biblical, Christian, scripture, women

Thursday, December 15, 2011

Universal Questions

Statesmen abhor
the driving subtext

of Occupiers. Where
is Justice?

Their answer,
a question less

abstract: How much
can you afford?

Labels: Occupy Movement

Friday, December 16, 2011

Examples of Language

“Now what do you suppose this is all about?”
Mac's trademark sarcasm.

“Allow me to give you the summary,” offered
Lt Rautinberg, shooting him through the heart.

Then waving the Glock. “Look! The proverbial smoking gun!”

Homicidal Wit got its own webpage thereafter.

Labels: future, language, summary execution

Saturday, December 17, 2011

A Virtual Wichita

When Missy was seven her father took a foreman's job at Cessna in Wichita. They lived temporarily in Delsen's Boarding House where she had to perform being a good little girl at the dining room table with Miss Carruthers, retired
elementary teacher, Jingo Reilly, traveling construction boss, and others.

The neighborhood featured Merkin's Homemade Candies, and Mrs Merkin would cut you a sliver of rich fudge as a gift.
Missy avoided the shop when she saw Mr Merkin behind the counter for he was not quite as generous, insisting you pay
a penny for the principle of the thing.

Missy certainly had a penny but felt uneasy near
Mr Merkin’s sermons.

Her most lasting impression of the boarding house came
late at night with Chuck Greeson from the Chrysler agency,
and Lowery's Last Stop, trudging up the stairs cursing, bumbling into chairs, eventually dropping his heavy shoes
on the floor, one after the other.

One hot evening, only one dropped. She and older sister
Lil whispered of the absent other shoe.

It proved the last night there as her parents had rented
an apartment near the plant.

When she tells the story to new boyfriend she calls
Silicon Maxy-Mac, he informs her she must get that
second shoe to drop, that such incompleteness has
made bad karma since.

He therefore devises a virtual Wichita. For the shoe he synthesizes several catalog sounds, but they will not do.
He then fills a sneaker with coins, stuffs newspaper in
to keep them from shifting.

Buys the best fudge in Sunnyvale.

His research reveals Prairie Dog Philosopher led nighttime radio ratings. So he records a corny poem about looking a man in his face and seeing your own if both are honest. Then a raucous Jerry Lee Lewis!

Comes the critical night he gets Missy to relax and close her eyes, hand feeds her crumbles of fudge while playing the radio segment at low volume and in buzzy offstage mode. He then shoves chairs around and, after about ten beats, mounts a table and drops the weighted sneaker.

Next morning, Missy decides to run. Been developing a small pot.

After, sweaty and panting, she cruises the kitchen looking for something healthy for breakfast.

Her sister texts her from Wichita: sad! cndyldy x-(omg u luvd hr!

Labels: karma, Silicon Valley, Wichita

Sunday, December 18, 2011

Presences

See you in my dreams
Irene told, and others.

We wake to move
furniture around
our mind. Fresh

arrangements fix
or cover.

Stay dreaming and
meet the others?
No, they’ll hold.

Much marking time
in our dreams
awaiting us.

Labels: dream

Monday, December 19, 2011

Primer

“So, Estelle has her own ideas.”

Charlie said, “Have ’em all she wants, just don't act on ‘em.”

His sister Loretta chimed in. "She gets that from the college."

“Well…”--thinking I was ending it--“her business who she goes out with.”

“Is…and isn't,” Charlie hissed.

“Well, nothing we can do about it,” I added.

Loretta played with a matchbook and then looked up.
"May be something."

We all laughed.

After a bit, Charlie, a really good cartoonist, started working something up to send her.

Labels: Race

Tuesday, December 20, 2011

Barricades

When I joined the Republicans

on the barricades
a catered affair: lovely petits fours,

exotic teas and patriotic lattes. Furniture
mogul brought in non-union recliners. Under

later bombardment, speeches
became difficult to decipher,

though we knew of freedom
as text and subtext together.

When I joined the Democrats,

had lost their keys again, frenzied
air with everybody searching.

Labels: ;Republican, Democrat

Wednesday, December 21, 2011

Freedom, Right

God-given! You strike
the anvil that yields
talking points. Thus

the joy of freedom
that never gets old
doing what it's told.

Labels: freedom, party line, talking points

Thursday, December 22, 2011

Yahoo News tells me I

missed a deadly infection
by not buying something
desired, but aimlessly
forgot. How often saved

by fucking up? This
question not admitted
to Horatio Alger sites.

For it’s not time and chance, but
a fanaticism for free markets. Free,
that is, to those screwing you blind.

Labels: "Free" Market, Horatio Alger

Friday, December 23, 2011

On Florida's Paranoia Trial

President's Birth Certificate lodges hard within certain brains.

Nirvana won't be reached, however, until designated
Winn Dixie and Publix cashiers accept gold.

Labels: birth certificate, gold.Florida, paranoia

Saturday, December 24, 2011

The Woman Who Never Knew What She Wanted

A succession of boyfriends and husbands tried,
as did girlfriends, near and cool. The psychiatric

gang acquired Audis from her talking. If
St Peter gives options, she’s doomed.

Labels: Woman

Sunday, December 25, 2011

A Christmas Song

Actually smelled
chestnuts roasting

in New Haven. Drink-
ing club, ad hoc,
peripatetic. After

evening’s circuit, hit
the funky street.

Hot dog truck:
spice rockets on

soggy rolls with
incendiary mustard.

Aforementioned
chestnut roaster,

their blackening, be-
fore splitting on
a charcoal bed.

Our favorite, raw
clam man, opening

quick dozen under
open gas lamp, dousing

with chili and Mulligan--
stale beer with red pepper.

One upended the shell and
each slid down maw, leaving
sea flats and grains of sand.

This a whacked version of Where
are the snows of yesteryear?
Yeah, but substitute stomachs.

Labels: alcohol, Christmas, youth

Monday, December 26, 2011

Half of Iowa GOP Primary
Voters Evangelicals

God loves them
anyway.

Labels: Evangelicals, GOP, Iowa

Tuesday, December 27, 2011

A Small Dinner

The candidate sent back the chicken. Which led to jokes.

Lobbyist finally saying it was donated by his opponent.

Another pointed out the happy news that no women
were present.

“No,” laughed Senator _____, “that'd be cruel and unusual punishment!” He shifted to a story where uppity blacks get
put in their place by a comic ruse.

The pollster warned to go easy on the blacks, “a block or two
mysteriously leaning our way. But women are always fair game–why they tell the same jokes of their own voracious sexuality!”

“That’s cuz they know each other so well!” offered the Senator.

The parson stayed sober enough to give the closing prayer,
the rest trying not to fart during its intoning.

Labels: political dinner

Wednesday, December 28, 2011

The Result

His silver spoon
bought him Congress
alongside friends who

helped him, and them-
selves, many fold. And
in golden continuum.

Not to mind as a les-
ser constituent, for

Rapunzel will eventually
lower her glory it's pledged.

In the raw modern version
she enjoys hate radio in

her tower, hair coiled
to a sun-bright bun.

Labels: wealthy Congress

Thursday, December 29, 2011

Testimony

-I was a knee-jerk Liberal until I met a decent Republican. He explained things very patiently. Changed my life in that instant!

-And did a chorus of angels sing a mighty chord?

-Unfortunately, they wanted union scale.

Labels: Conservative, liberal, Republican, Union

Friday, December 30, 2011

The Greeting

The first time
you said the usual
hello and they swept back
"Your Majesty!" you glimpsed your life as
misery thereafter, since those who lick can bite.

Labels: courtier, position, Royalty

Saturday, December 31, 2011

Conservatives Want Their America Back

So return with us to those
thrilling days of yesteryear

wherein the slave’s back gets
opened for instruction.

Melodramatically rare, let’s admit.
More likely his luck holds with just
the occasional lash for comedy.

Labels: Conservative, Slavery

Sunday, January 01, 2012

Condition

The doctor said not to worry about the webbing.
“It doesn’t inhibit your doing much of anything.
Besides, you like to swim. ‘ll make you faster!

“And will I walk like a duck?”

“You already did!”

Labels: condition, doctor

Monday, January 02, 2012

Degrees of Brilliance

-The number coming back will be beyond massive!

-Take a chair. It's the opposite by infinite magnitudes.
Smallest I've ever seen!

-What...does it mean?

-Barking up the wrong tree for...

-My whole career! Wasted! And five years till retirement.

-Well, off into the sunset. Unless they bring it to you prematurely.

-I deserve even less than that. We should apologize to our students!

-What good would that do? As scientists, they know such a thing could happen.

-Yeah, to dunderheads!

-Don't be so hard on yourself-- and especially me!
Besides, a plan suggests itself.

-Oh?

-Jump on this new bicycle and ride the bejesus out of it!

-Can't do it that fast!

-You must! In five years, you retire a genius.
Work on your Swedish!

-And do those five geniusing years make up for...?

-That's not a scientific question.

Labels: science, scientific discovery

Tuesday, January 03, 2012

When the circus came to Iowa

the truly sly performers
got roundly boxed
in the corn, which

waves when you
fly over, but exudes
a toxic dust on the ground.

Labels: Circus, Iowa, politics

Wednesday, January 04, 2012

The limo glides by the homeless

man, windows opaque.
Inside, the rider
watches screens.

If prompted--after
eggs and coffee

settle--he'll speak
of freedom. He has

purchased much of it.
Outside, the freedom

to find the very best garbage,
to start a process by selling some.

Quite a stretch
to place him in the limo,

but not the acquisition
of a few tricks of hygiene.

Labels: culture war, homeless, limo

Thursday, January 05, 2012

The Bizarre Decision

And in disastrous aftermath, whence
algorithmic depth did you fetch
that from? As Wallace Stevens vacates,

you lay your brain upon a board and
pick the acrid colors out. But ex-
perience should provide a hedge

against missteps, no? Doesn’t, for
Mrs Poe's little boy Eddie posits
an Imp of the Perverse.

Who rides the bench, drying
his hands with a towel.

Itching to get in the game
and foul.

Labels: decision making

Friday, January 06, 2012

Cougars Swear That

caustic witness blocks
the softer angles. Ah

yes, the romance! Uh
huh? Overhead once,
matron to dry other

on bus heading to
Springfield Mall,
Delaware County PA:

“Got myself a young guy.
They can go all night!”

Labels: cougar, relationship

Saturday, January 07, 2012

When Baby-Talkers Grow Up

and life smashes down, they
file the oopy poopy doopy
in favor of something sharp-

ly hostle to each other, often
eliciting, appropriately enough,

tears. And going on
like this, and on

to old age when they shut
all together.

Labels: babytalk

Sunday, January 08, 2012

Artists

-The two little careerists get mentioned. Us, none.

-Oh well. They kissed much ass for such meagerness.

-Nonetheless, we're better.

-In the next world, justice will...

-I doubt it.

-Then why...?

-The work and our individual memory of it. Besides, I'm shy.
I don't want people suddenly asking me.

-I would: my explanations better put together than the original. Hey, it's not what you do but how you explain it!

-Sounds like another species of the fraud we despise.

-Even for me you're too pure.

Labels: art

Monday, January 09, 2012

Inevitable Republican Candidate

Lot of dull bastards out there
and they need a champion.

Labels: Republican

Tuesday, January 10, 2012

Conservatism Q&A

-Why does Conservatism, which seeks to foster traditional values and their concomitant responsibilities, end up a boondoggle for the rich?

-Fair enough question which unfortunately cannot be answered just this moment. A special assembly
for your class has been planned. You can ask anything
wished and be more comfortable.

Labels: Conservatism and Wealth

Wednesday, January 11, 2012

The interminable campaign slogs on

so the vaunted Independent
winnows the statements &

TV screeds & robo-lies, both half
& total. Thus does he decide?

Not really. Mostly turned off
to begin with & then a few
sloppy impressions. Even

while waltzing into the booth he
awaits a platinum hunch. Finally
closes the deal. Which? Depends

on whether he had BM
or is holding it.

Labels: idependent, Primary

Thursday, January 12, 2012

Another Chapter of Magnificent Capitalism:
New Haven Railroad

Brakemen et al knew
they were speeding
down the shithole

when McGuinnes took over,
wife as "Color Consultant."

Too, McGinnis and VP McGowan
had Chrysler Imperials adapted

to ride the tracks to their
Litchfield cottages.

Labels: Capitalism, corporation, New Haven Railroad, raider

Friday, January 13, 2012

Justice Delayed Is Not Justice Denied

Much blab inside the forums
of revolutionary revenge

against the 1%. Uh huh.
Well, laws exist to claw

molto back from their most
grotesque of brigands. Hearts

in righteous bosoms pray
legislators so rawly bribed,
and winking-nudged enforcers

will be broadly shamed thereby.
Good luck with that, and further
feel-warm moralistic fantasy.

Labels: 1%, bribery, Justice

Saturday, January 14, 2012

Future Expression

-Your Mr Pelham has carved himself a baseball cap from pillow foam.

-He's amusing. Does things to amuse the rest.

-Baseball caps are forbidden because of the haphazard ways they can be worn.

-Well, not strictly a baseball cap. Besides, where's the harm?

-That's always the first question on the road to chaos.

-I'll seize and destroy it.

-And him.

Labels: conformity, future

Sunday, January 15, 2012

Offhand Lore

She wanted to be loved
for herself. Thus we

worked at sorting,
finally isolating one.
Begged her love

it also. But she couldn't
be bothered.

Labels: love, loved for yourself

Monday, January 16, 2012

Talent

The Firm, ruined
for all intents and
seedy purposes

sucks bailout juice
from Uncle and amps
a truly magnificent

portion thereof for
bonuses, retaining
thus, executive "talent."

Any more of the latter
and we'll all be shoving
battered shopping carts

to rescue wretched lamps from
dumpsters and keep our place
at the raucous soup kitchen.

Labels: "talent", Wall Street

Tuesday, January 17, 2012

Love in the Afternoon

-(singing) with Celias up in...

-So long as it's not Carls. Your district wouldn't forgive that.

-Very high a few times and found short hairs on the pillow.

-Highest proportion of churchgoers in the world!

-Yeah but the sermons are abstract, really. Fiery but abstract.
And nobody wants to deal with sex.

-And what does your wife...?

-Like gunmen of old, she's got a partner.

-I hesitate to ask.

-Women soothe each other so much better. We find their network too fuzzy.

-Oh I can see the papers now and hear the TV jerkoffs.
Rural Cesspool!

-We have a small city or two in my bailiwick. And the activities in question are quite decidedly urban.

-Such a story’d have legs!

-Not a chance. There's been some nosing, but nobody talks down here. The few who have are shot dead out of
general principles.

-I'd throw in the sponge right now!

-Wise. This is my last term.

-Leaving a field littered with...?

-Hey! Show me a political field not littered with something!

Labels: sex and politics

Wednesday, January 18, 2012

Photo making the rounds

shows Wall St “talent”
with cash stuffed in
pockets and mouth.

In tableau and sketch
such alleged satire hard-
ly new. The crazy money

troopers have split our sides be-
fore with Victorian melodramas

of sobbing widows and orphans
thrust into the freezing night,

or the maiden forced to deal
you know what or face another
ruining. Audience jeers her on.

The sarcastic claim such hacks
lack all soul. Though not in their
profession, grace does manifest

in these hilarious takes on showbiz.
University psychiatrists retort, though,

the whole business demonstrates
deepest internal loathing. Oh well,

those good doctors pilloried
soon enough in mad
Germanic accents.

Labels: finance, parody, Wall Street "Talent"

Thursday, January 19, 2012

Impressive News Debut

-You're a first-termer and have already violated the cardinal precept!

-With embellishments. O what a head!

-Never be caught in bed with a dead woman or a live boy! You managed both at once.

-Well...been some drinking.

-The 9-1-1 call from the dwarf has gone viral. Was he in the bed too?

-Takes such little space.

-Your bible-belting constituents will never send you back.

-I don't care. One-T-R as we say.

-Meaning?

-You can get rich in a term.

-Meanwhile, small criminal justice problem?

-Lady died of natural causes.

-And the boy?

-Cute!

Labels: Never be caught in bed with a dead woman or a live boy, politics

Friday, January 20, 2012

How Whitely Pink In Pans,

massed audience pops
at SC's GOP debate. CNN

refuse to use its black-
seeking camera?

Labels: CNN, GOP Debate, Racism, South Carolina

Saturday, January 21, 2012

Mrs vanIderstine

heard the kitchen girls describing some base Romeo
as a sex machine. However the process, she never
cared for it. Oh Mr v had his various Conchitas.
The latest just graduated from college, so...
progress in the area.

Labels: class, sex, sex machine

Sunday, January 22, 2012

Staging

After Janky rearranged the furniture, he bumped into things during 3-AM trips to the bathroom.

He finally put things back the old way, but continued
to bump them.

Got tiny nightlight then.

Has dreamed, though, of loud scrapings and massive shadows.

Labels: rearranging, staging

Monday, January 23, 2012

Post

GOVERNOR-ELECT
Now let's get these union bastards!

ASSISTANT
Even though nary a word in campaign?

GOVERNOR-ELECT
Gave them a vacation. They’re big on that.

Labels: Union

Tuesday, January 24, 2012

Gingrich

takes down Juan
Williams for ask-
ing while black.

Hee-Haws shriek their
resonant ecstacy. CSPAN

later shows assembled
black conservatives.

They are home with
Republicans, but say
naught comfortably.

Actually, on the Shield
of Righteous Freedom is
wrought hatred of them.

Labels: Black Conservative, Gingrich, Republican

Wednesday, January 25, 2012

Boundaries

Those lines you've drawn
obliterated once more
by her or him.

Time again for
the little talk?

Uh huh. And on and on.
Or the final, fatal chop?
Bible says keep going

the same old way. Barnum
has another take.

Labels: boundaries, relationships

Thursday, January 26, 2012

Tour

He took me to a gigantic warehouse. Many people
revolved there.

"We call it the Turntable of Political Thieves. Just press the
button when a particular one is in position, and he or she fires out the chute."

"But how can I tell which are Republicans and which Democrats?"

"Does it matter?"

"To me it does. Republicans are artists!"

"Well, we can laser-dot them. You are forbidden, however,
to choose a masturbator."

Labels: political thieves, politics

Friday, January 27, 2012

Trickle-Down

When guys upstairs
take short vacation,

ask me to look in
on cat. “Keep shower

just barely on,”
they implore,

“she likes going
in there for
occasional drink.”

Being cat-quick,
can snatch drips
from the air, but

mostly licks
the tiles.

Labels: Trickle-Down

Saturday, January 28, 2012

New Death Problems

When Jerry came home from work he danced around with his infant daughter, her tiny fist closed round his index finger.

“My Princess! You’re my princess!” whirled he faster and faster.

Jeanette finally caught up and snatched the baby away as Jerry collapsed into a sofa, purple-faced.

When the medics came they shook their heads.

The new Jerry loves the dancing part, and friends can’t tell the difference.

After the initial diagnosis, the cloning had started, and Dr Ricky’s team had to put New Jerry into the accelerator when Jerry started failing.

Jeanette confided to Lucy-Lil, “Like to get him more interested in sex. Guess they didn’t plug that component in.”

“Let’s go to Radio Shack!” Lucy-Lil insisted.

Jeanette shook her off, having to worry about Prudential. They were refusing to pay off since Jerry wasn’t technically dead under the Cloning Act.

But they did offer half the policy amount. Lucy-Lil spat “Huh! They don’t even have HALF a leg to stand on!”

Labels: cloning

Sunday, January 29, 2012

Evolving Couple

-Be out with another couple and they’d say they wanna make the service at such and such. And we'd quietly seethe.

-How come?

-The shame from our parents forcing us!

-What changed?

-Gradual. Next time out with them, we mildly ridiculed.
After that, benign tolerance. Then...asked a few questions.
And, finally, went along with them.

-And now?

-Still going along.

-Look out the window. That's twilight.

-No hurry.

-Hardly Defenders of the Faith!

-They also serve...

-Time has of way of running out.

-We've got light-years.

Labels: faith, religion

Monday, January 30, 2012

LBO

On the platform one
flat, stale, and real-
ly profitable.

As with other Free
Market wonders,

more you uncover
the sleazier.

Labels: LBO, politics

Tuesday, January 31, 2012

GOP Primary Season

Checking pipe-
dreams & fears,
since never in

the history of mankind,
this much spaghetti hung
from this many ears.

Labels: GOP Primary, spaghetti

Wednesday, February 01, 2012

Sauna

-Well the Great Man! Pink and full in form.

-Yeah a disappointment, I know. Normal male...
no more no less.

-No matter. They bow and scrape when you got
your pockets on!

-Many do. I don't desire it, but can't deny it either.

-Let's see now: the right pocket stuffed with Republicans.
And the left...

-It’s very nearly balanced out.

-But you prefer the right, yes?

-Only because they believe such utter shit.

-Do the Dems believe in nothing then?

-It seems that way since they don't suck up the bribes
with the same ecstasy.

-It’s not a bribe if you believe it anyway!

-Good point. So my Republican parasites really
more honest?

-Yeah. I guess. But leave us not get theological whilst naked.

-Nor to the marriage of true minds admit impediments.

-Playing against type now.

-I have to do something.

Labels: bribery, Democrat;, Republican, wealth

Thursday, February 02, 2012

“Sup R Pac”

-Robot’s terrific!

-You think so? Great!

-How’d you come up with–?

-Since Supremes say we’re a person, we decided to run ourselves instead of pouring money into nitwits.
Charity begins at home.

-Every right to!

-Of course needed a spokesman who wouldn’t tire
of repeating bromides, nor get videotaped with
a live boy or a dead girl in his bed.

-Greatest nation on the face of the Earth! What does
the robot do for sex?

-We’re not there yet. We’ll eventually move in a girl
robot for him. But it’s hard enough now just to program answers for the wild yahoos attending Town Halls.

-Opposition have homo robot?

-What else?

-And is ours a right-to-work robot?

-Emphatically! But we can’t, of course, offshore him.

-No perfection save in Heaven.

Labels: robot, Super Pac

Friday, February 03, 2012

New Ones

When C And G move into the neighborhood, some call
their house Faggot Ranch.

But they grow popular, walk their dogs and chat. And laugh.

Become civic minded. Not hard here: we only have
the June Fete.

They take charge of the Beanbag Toss and a crowd of
youngsters gathers.

I ask my Jeanette. "They treat us like adults! Not the
shit-condescension we get from you and your
despicable friends!"

"What do kids know?" scoffs Bicky. "Let the world smash
them up a bit and they won't take fairies for hobbies.
Besides, those lovebirds are Democrats for sure!
All Fruits are Democrats and all D-”

“Too wide a brush!” I admonish. (He's actually a great guy when not on liberals or Jews.)

“Fuck you with that brush!”

Labels: prejudice, Suburban

Saturday, February 04, 2012

Like a blind horse, on

they plod at nothing
or at task.

Favorite song could be
Help Me Make It

Through the Night,
though they never ask.

Labels: blind horse

Sunday, February 05, 2012

A Process

When he chucks
his existence in-

to abstraction,
he understands it.

That, too, proves flat,
but no getting back.

Labels: abstraction

Monday, February 06, 2012

Rhetorical Rebels

told to mince
aside

for those with
physical
in mind.

Labels: rebel, revolution, rhetoric

Tuesday, February 07, 2012

Kissing the Blarney Stone

doesn't mean you go full
on from there. Stage fright
could bring terror, whence

you finally spew fragments
of nonsense. Or insult
render tongue-tied,

the gorge rising overlate
to excoriate vile malefactors.
During other events what

you think wit sets the room at
edge. And In matters of true love,

the signal might come anew
for a fast one, and you spin a-
way, a screwball. A googly.

Labels: Baseball, blarney, Blarney Stone, Cricket

Wednesday, February 08, 2012

Something Done at Board Meeting

“It's my outfit,” finally laughed Aunt Jemima,
“and I've a few things to say. Cease and desist
your Power-Point, Attorney Smerge!

And Tear down this chart! Mr Goring-Chuff.”

Labels: Aunt Jemima, board, Power-Point

Thursday, February 09, 2012

Political Consultant, 2020

-One of each, hey?

-Nirvana!

-Aren't you afraid this bi-life will...?

-Not about me, but my mighty fortress, Mr Pure!

-The reporters are exhausting themselves trying to find...

-He came in after midnight once. Donut sugar on his face, ukelele in hand. Been sailing with Sweetie along Moonlight Bay.

-But the darkies aren't singing in your version.

-Nope, pressed the mute button.

-You should do the same with him.

-Not necessary. He just recites Mother-Country- and Being Nice! Plus, of course, Wife.

-Twin empty heads once they debarked against the moon and into our political life.

-That's exaggerated. Why I passed him a lemonade yesterday and he took it to his lips, not his forehead.

-This is a nightmare fantasy. There is no me, no bi-you, no egregious halfwit of a future president!

-I'd pinch you but it would violate an oath.

Labels: Political Consultant

Friday, February 10, 2012

Justice

John Q clinks
quarter into
Little League can

& Loaves and Fishes!
it morphs 100x for

1040. Such increase
scorned by The Rich
as encroachment,

so clergy taught
to string it up mid
soft, apologetic bans.

Labels: 1040, income tax

Saturday, February 11, 2012

The Loner

-You've isolated when you should have knocked around with all kinds of people. Now, a crisis. So you fall back on principle or some other absurdity.

-Are you a psychiatrist?

-I have eyes.

Labels: isolate, loner

Sunday, February 12, 2012

Many women talking

jars the universe, yet
girls mid forests,

laughter skip-
ping trees and
static ponds, have

angels pausing
their sweet chords.

Labels: girls, women, women talking

Monday, February 13, 2012

GPAC, the fiercest con-

servatives meet up in
DC (where the 25-cent tip
reemerges from the vault.)

Overlap, of course, with GOP--
(though it’s hated periodically for
the few vilely RINO outriders. Kept

out by Bible Roarers, thank
The Lord!) When Republican Con-

vention lured NYC, pimps bought
their whores roller skates.

Labels: GOP, GPAC, RINO

Tuesday, February 14, 2012

Widows and Orphans--a Speculation

-So you bet on their eviction?

-Into the snow and ice!

-And you relish it!

-More if a huge truck flings by and throws up
frozen mud!

-Just deserts in your mind?

-The widow married a weak fool and taught the children
to revere his shoddy memory!

-Well, let's leave them in metaphor, still huddled!

-Let's not, for I'm also wagering that the Goody Two Shoes
of the church will rescue them. Warm food and beds!

-So you also make money from hope?

-I don't really discriminate.

-But the times they can be most volatile!

-Yeah! Thus the more I don't hedge. I plunge!

-It could end up you out there freezing and shattered!
Ruined!

-Then I would await the church ladies and steal their
pretty purses.

-How can you live with yourself?

-I just keep on betting I can.

Labels: speculation, Widows and Orphans

Wednesday, February 15, 2012

Washington Ritual

bespeaking near-exhaustion
when Chair and Vice aver so
much hard work performed

by each other. Of a higher order
of toil, of course, than plumber Hortie

and apprentice wrestling a waterheater
of a broiling August into the Achuff's
crawlspace. As is the reward: legislator

boarding contributor's private jet for
Kenya, there to rack up meat and
a coal black slut. Both worked into
the same story for the crackers.

Labels: Congress, junket, work

Thursday, February 16, 2012

When the Revolution Peters Out

Oh, massacres still inflicted
on Left, Right, and Innocents.
Not, though, with requisite spirit.

The Rich, who had joined their
money in the Caymans, return

to buy each side. Senate recalled on
proviso that bribe-taking less ad hoc
and more coherent. House, who had

purloined in even greater chaotic
measure, invited to stay home.

The Supreme Court has died--
God bless them every one!--

in the dilated struggle. GE
insists it remain thus.

Packing a bag in Jackson,
Senator Hilbo laughs
"Tits on a bull anyways!"

Labels: House, Left, revolution, Right, senate

Friday, February 17, 2012

Citizens United

Everyone knows it's wrong
and that fascist shitheads

on the Supreme Court
are carrying the day.

To understate.

Labels: Citizens United, Supreme Court

Saturday, February 18, 2012

Assembly

And if you're good
I'll search for wood.

One element. Let's
add looming love.

But the sort
not comfortable

when there's dust under
the bed. Takes all kinds.

Lil traveled with
a vacuum but

was flying
apart then.

Labels: cleanliness, love

Sunday, February 19, 2012

The Speech

Though L didn't like giving the speech to girls, he was next when the occasion came up at the country club.

Intelligence had revealed that agents listened to girls primarily, their news of boyfriends giving many clues as to troop movements.

“Ladies,” he began, “it's a simple enough message: Loose Lips Sink Ships. Was made famous in World War 2.”

“They're numbered! I thought it was a perpetual state!” moaned Lisa.

“Plenty of time for questions after!” he told her.

But she and Gwen never stopped chatting, newly impelled by the sight of a young man on the putting green.

“See! I told you! Cutest butt ever!”

It was as if the young man knew they were watching-- much leaning and stretching to retrieve golfballs from holes. Gwen and Liz emitted sucking sounds and said he was murdering them.

L soldiered on and finished his talk. There were no questions.

He gave an account when he got back to the office. Dr T announcing "Hey! I had three girls and they were empty heads for a good while. Then...overnight! And some have driven everybody crazy in the silly phase, but then led rebellions to shove Dad from the top slot in the firm!”

“Nice. There's hope. I...got the name of this young man who perfects his game while others fight and die.”

Dr T read the scrap of paper and crumpled it up for his pocket. "We can’t go there. Nobody can."

"But Sir, this kid...!”

“Stop there or you'll sound like the enemy. They DO take it to extremes.”

Labels: girls, security, war

Monday, February 20, 2012

Chuckie the Center

blows out both knees after
two years, switches to academics.

Highlight reel: Microbiology's Meershim:
“You'll get these unknowns if I must skip

dinner! Mrs M a Kraut too, but assembles ex-
traordinary lasagna! Your own assembly too

sloppy, but if you ever acquire technique,
you'll hear singing. Everything, deep down,

is art.” Mrs Leonard in English hits the same note:
“We call it Composition. Not smash-together!”

Memory of young math prof. Fuzzier. Taciturn save
when filling blackboards in chortling frenzies.

And now the Athletic Department, which shunned
when he went studious, elects him to its Hall of Fame.

He stares at the wall where Jilly has removed photos
and banners and highschool awards. Cleaning.

But she leaves for the last time, taking
her old cheerleader stuff. Lately, he tries

math apps on his tablet. He can answer
many problems by a sort of rote, but

how others fall to surprising intuition!
On the plane the Captain proves a woman.

Ends her staid routine with a wisecrack
re wastrel brother to a sparse audience.
He sprawls in back and whispers, "Well,
in my case, half a man better than none."

Labels: athletics, college, Hall of Fame, studies

Tuesday, February 21, 2012

NBA

-Got me one bent dude
lost nearly everything!

Owner helped get ‘nother
n’ he’s fuckin up what’s

left! Plus suckin all new
stuff for hisself!

-Yeah, but let’s put our
minds in the game!”

-I just fuckin can’t!

Labels: exploitation, financial advice, NBA

Wednesday, February 22, 2012

More Things Remain the Same

Celebrity buys it: un-
der crap-mysterious

circumstance. You
preceded, big toe
sporting tag. So,

your routine lab work
tossed aside. Thus...
chilling much longer.

Labels: autopsy, celebrity

Thursday, February 23, 2012

Power and Scattered Sugar Pacs

X finally promoted, how
he asserts himself
in the coffee room!

We thought temporary,
soothing old bruises,

but soon, the Mussolini
chin thrust. Now has

list been posted de-
manding we clean
up our acts: too solo

for order. After
Luther, what?

Labels: coffee room, Luther, Mussolini, promotion

Friday, February 24, 2012

Fear Obama!

Marxist! This
from the fascist

horrors on
American Radio.

(To the pros, he’s
Center-Left;

opposition being mostly
Center-Right--presently,

though, sucking up to
a furiously insane base.)

At any rate, these rank
“shows” have sponsors.
Boycott!

Labels: Fascist Radio, Marxism, Obama, Republican

Saturday, February 25, 2012

Victorian Author

-So how are you getting on, clean little person?

-Ever so prettily, Sir or Madame. Your story is wonderful, full of such lovely places and bully people! And talking trains and animals. Fairies that disappear and come back the very next moment!

-Enjoy it while you can, for soon you'll be slapped with a wet-mackerel moral

Labels: children's books, Victorian

Sunday, February 26, 2012

What Once Was Said

MANAGER
(Initially while charging Umpire) It’s a game! Baseball!
Heard of it?

UMPIRE
I’m acquainted.

MANAGER
Got rules! You don’t make it up. It’s not fuckin
Alice in Wonderland!

UMPIRE
And would you be Alice?

MANAGER
You had a mouth on you when you was a player–-
to use that term loosely.

UMPIRE
Well now I’m an umpire and you can use that term
any way you want cuz YOU’RE OUTA HERE!

MANAGER
I’d recommend eye doctor but you’re too stupid to read the fuckin chart!

UMPIRE
All going in my report. Hope you got fat wallet.

MANAGER (while players drag him off in dust cloud)
...fat HEAD!

UMPIRE
I’m guessing you just passed ten thousand bucks!–-
not to mention my just awful hurt feelings.

Labels: Baseball, manager, umpire

Monday, February 27, 2012

Mamba Snake in Coffee Room

At least the dream offhand.
Dr L in last-gasp Freud-speak

pounces "repressed Homosexuality!”
Dr Y counters with “slithering Evil!”
But Dr P scoffs at their “Theological

lies!” His trump, the latest: “Nothing
ever means anything. Period.” Quoting

Duke Ellington’s “It don't mean a thing”
then--to lighten the explicator’s touch.

“And it most definitely ain't got no swing!”
2 wags add. Anyway, P’s approach fated

to lose in Academy life. They
simply won’t promote you:
be meaningless anyway!

Our Freudian, though, frets
not, what with clinical Texas
and Virginia probing vaginas.

Labels: Freud, morality, Nihilism, Texas, vagina, Virginia

Tuesday, February 28, 2012

Firm

ASSOCIATE
Is it in hiding? Soon to flower forth in an old magnificence?

Has it been smashed down so thoroughly that we can't
expect it soon? And thus must we be patient?

Is it an abused child in a filthy ditch, thrusting forth
a dirty hand for a nickel?

HEAD
What's your point, Counselor?

ASSOCIATE
Simple! Where is Justice in this case?

HEAD
Never use that fuckin word in these chambers again!

Labels: Justice, Law, lawyer

Wednesday, February 29, 2012

BBC Interview of Virginia Anti-Abortion
Enforcement Group Members

BBC
I guess we must start with the controversies. As you might know, the governor is getting a document ready to curtail
your responsibilities.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
Hey! Being Cunt Cops, there’s not enough to do.

BBC
Which is what caused you and Commander Lincoln here and others to stop a Richmond motorist? He says you roughed him up.

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Well, Commander Polk did.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
Makes no difference who. We got immunity. Polk just wanted to make him a man.

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Besides, we all chipped in and bought him a nice pink purse.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
Eye-talian.

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Now that’s ignorant. We say ghinny where I come from.

BBC
Moving right along….

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
You’re not spose to make the jokes. That’s our job.

BBC
Quite right, uh, accurate.

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Let’s get to the orgy. You’re dying to.

BBC
Okay then, Roanoke Times called it a homosexual one.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
(singing) When I’m not near-uh the girl I love-uve…

COMMANDER LINCOLN
(also) We love-uve the boys we’re near!

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
All piddle-paddle. Who cares? This Twenty First Century for godssakes!

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Queer shit sells!

BBC
What doesn’t is the much more important accusations of persistent Racism.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
Stop there, Limey Person!

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Yeah, but you did nail it. Persistent!

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
That ain’t our fault. We’re just Cunt Cops. Look! You hafta be the biggest fool on God’s Green Earth not to know that these are political jobs. My Daddy a State Senator and Linc’s there, Mega Contributor.

COMMANDER LINCOLN
In a perfect world, they’d be co-auctioneers at Slave Market.

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
“What do you bid for this totally sexual woman?”

COMMANDER LINCOLN
“Coal black if that’s your preference!”

COMMANDER JEFFERSON
Did they start with a prayer?

COMMANDER LINCOLN
Nah! That’s now.

Labels: anti-abortion, GOP and Race, homosexuality, Law, law enforcement, Virginia

Thursday, March 01, 2012

Revolutionary Mid-East Societies

finally settling
on some form of
democracy. Suggest

American, since
vast matrixes
of bribery in place.

Labels: America, bribery, Democracy, Middle East

Friday, March 02, 2012

Insidious Minions

force the close
of the only toe
emporium in Duluth.

In truth, minister, padre,
rabbi and inman had

chipped in scathing verse.
T Hee, proprietor, calls it
an experience and

Paula’s Precious Pets grabs the spot.
Hee theorizes was his emphasis on
the whole toe, rather than just the nail,

doomed him. Moves the voluptuous lot
to Atlanta. At The Riled Cat, Bailey-O
orates: "His Southern Strategy. Desiring

to see the freakin sun
more than ten days a year!"

Labels: Duluth, nail salon, public pressure, Southern Strategy

Saturday, March 03, 2012

Worried Sick

many times.
Waste! confide
some who slip

through 25,
30, retire
to Florida,

stacking bathroom
closet with laxatives.

Labels: retirement, worry

Sunday, March 04, 2012

Whatever Mess

of splinters or
beastly marks
read out for intellect-

ual cover, we're
all of us walk-

ing dogma at
the least–-just so

an inner glimpse
can lower the pitch

to resonate
with angels.

Labels: dogma

Monday, March 05, 2012

Homeschooling U

STUDENT
Well, I read the first three Sociology chapters. Gibberish!

“PROFESSOR”
Well, we-uns gotta find head and tail.

STUDENT
Won’t be worth it.

“PROFESSOR”
Not your decision.

STUDENT
You’ll just use it to transmit your vicious prejudices anyway.

“PROFESSOR”
Well it’s homeschooling: its burning purpose! What do you think you get outside the family?

STUDENT
Greater variety of bias. Besides, I could play football.

“PROFESSOR”
We got Intro to Athletics. They haven’t sent that shit yet.

STUDENT
Can’t wait.

“PROFESSOR”
Have to. Shakespeare next.

STUDENT
Plays or sonnets?

“PROFESSOR”
Plays. Some good violent shit there!

STUDENT

No sonnets? At least they’re shorter.

“PROFESSOR”
Fairyland! Well, as much as I enjoy this academic happy horseshit, gotta help pick some alternate delegates to convention.

STUDENT
Let me guess which party.

Labels: Homeschooling

Tuesday, March 06, 2012

The War

Proverb Chinese know
and GOP will find out:

Women hold up
half the sky.

Labels: War on Women

Wednesday, March 07, 2012

Battle Hymn of the Old Republican

As many panties to sniff as I can.
Then I'll bomb Iran.

Labels: Bomb Iran, panties, Republican

Thursday, March 08, 2012

Iran--the Ecstasy Begins

Since it’s worth so little anyway,
minimum wage or preferably less,

Republicans burn again to spend
your children’s blood for money.

Labels: Iran, Republican, war

Friday, March 09, 2012

Discussion

"Well of course you're not June Cleaver!
Look! I don't have time for this Woman shit!
That's Democrat crap."

Labels: June Cleaver, Republican, women

Saturday, March 10, 2012

Fruitflies

live short lives,
a few yawns
and gone.

Some go all in
for a science

designed to trumpet
our thumping magnificence.

Labels: fruitflies, science

Sunday, March 11, 2012

The Visit

As he tried to enter the building, wheelchairs hemmed him round, the women having swung them into his legs with unbelievable force.

"I'm Claude Harrelson," he laughed while trying to extract.
"My mother is Mrs Harrelson. On the seventh floor!"

"Don't you try to fool me, Richard!" screamed one whose neck was horribly bent, the words bouncing from the pavement to meet ticking noises coming off her wheelchair’s underseat battery.

"His own mother!" scorned a fat woman plopped in a handlebar number, her skewed wig of a red not seen in nature. Others echoed her, popping up in their aluminum, mostly manual, chairs. Claude nearly broke free, the rows of letter boxes and the security TVs of the lobby beckoning.

"He was never funny until he married that bitch," sneered Crooked Neck, who had maneuvered behind him and now buckled his knees with a motorized thrust.

"Excuse me ma’am. You don’t know who I married, if anyone."

She had pinned his foot, and, as he ripped clear, the vehicle rolled slowly downhill, sparks and smoke flying from its hulking battery. The woman, able only to mutter as to his ungratefulness, couldn't stop the chair, tilting now towards the chrysanthemum bed and threatening to deposit her on the sidewalk. Claude felt obliged to give chase down the insanely gradual pitch, past a blue mailbox and a harpy waving a letter who shrilled, "Millard! Look what I was doing!
You can stop me now if you got the guts!"

He got to the chair just as it snapped into some briars.

It proved heavy to pull out and heavier to push back up the incline. Panting, Claude had leisure to discover that the woman at the mailbox had sunk to her knees and was wearing a floor length nightgown covered with rosettes. "It's too late now,” she sobbed. "Everything is."

Just as he is wedging Crooked Neck between two other wheelchairs, ("You ruined my chair, Bright Ass! How can I get to Rec for Bingo now?") he is also chastised by a white-jacketed doctor in a pencil mustache. Doors are open on his BMW coupe from which Mozart slides across the buttery front seat.

While counting out pills on the roof: "Life isn't the Keystone Kops my good young man. You have to be more careful."

Shortly, the physician dispenses ribboned prescriptions from a basket--to hands greedy and blue waving above the wheelchairs. "Now now! Enough for everyone, My Darlings!"

A black ambulance driver shaking a paper confronts Claude, requesting a clarification. "Fuckin Mrs Honderlee or some such? Look! Look!"

"I’m just here to see my mother when I got trapped into this wacky mess," Claude still pants. "Give me a break!"

The women, more emboldened by medication, shove him into the driver who roars at Claude "Don't you fuckin push me!" Claude finds himself careening into the doctor, now back
at his car.

In truth, could’ve stopped.

The surprised physician cuts his lip on the open door of the BMW, glasses clattering over the roof, counterpointing Mozart.

The women shriek the louder, a corkscrew humpback declaring "He's no son of ours!"

"You are insane as well as irresponsible!" the doctor hisses at the suddenly lunatic-grinning Claude, before fetching his glasses and wiping them methodically with a tissue. "And now will I hasten to cell-phone the police."

"Why not the National Guard? You can probably hasten them just as well!" Claude squeals.

The black driver shakes his head. "Out of control, everything, and the young dude, he’s completely lost it. Oh yeah!"

The woman from the mailbox has been crawling towards them on her knees, her nightgown pulling off her mottled shoulders. "It's still too late. It's all too late now!" she wrenches.

Labels: elderly

Monday, March 12, 2012

Even Olaf Q

knows, no free lunch
as Scandinavia lurches
to bankruptcy, cradle

to grave. Tops in quality
of life? Yeah, uh huh?
Socialist survey slop!

Almost past disquieting:
obsessions with sex.
Must be the cold.

Well everything gets old,
and we need moral fibre

to murder ragtops,
thus saving your frozen ass.

Labels: Scandinavia, socialism, Sweden, welfare state

Tuesday, March 13, 2012

Cash Card

Sort of liked the Canadian bank took over after the Florida one.

I think of Canada as not as mean or crooked. Anyway supposed to cut their old cash card in half, but had to make sure the new one worked from the Mega bank.

It did. Hallelujah! No real opportunity to destroy the old one until I got home.

I had the scissors out when the door burst open. A man and a woman, she fondling a machine pistol.

“So, Whitey, bit late with the required act, huh?” sneered
skinny male.

“I just got back from...”

“Yeah yeah yeah,” she impatiently fingered the trigger.

“Well we bodied two today. Trifecta?” male smiled at her.

“Are you from the government, or the bank?” I trembled.

“Like, there’s a difference?” he assembled a quizzical face.

“Love the question though. It’s cute!” She waved the muzzle under my nose and then into the general air.

“So’s old Fred Q here. I base that on the fact he hasn’t shit his pants yet.”

“There’s a lady in 31a who’s a total bitch. Made her family miserable for years and she refuses to cut her card in half!”
She pointed the gun to the splintered door.

“Well, Freddy’s rounds go into her. You lucked out, old fart. Here! Give me the fuckin scissors! Ever see hands shake like that?”

“Every day.”

Labels: banking, cash card

Wednesday, March 14, 2012

Legislator

Well I came here
a boyscout, real
Mr Smith. Proved

hard scrubbing
the scales from

my eyes too. Question A,
though, resolves everything:
“How does it benefit the Rich?”

Now, can sometimes help others
in the churning wash. That's

the moral bonus standing me up
on the platform at patriotic shindigs,
and getting me on the TV.

Labels: legislator, wealth

Thursday, March 15, 2012

Reaching the End of Something

Road washes out
behind, thus

not sure how
got here...some-
thing to find?

Anyway, what now?
Never your play.

Labels: lost, pilgrimage

Friday, March 16, 2012

Short History of Low Tutelage

In the Middle Ages, monks
penned instruction re female
behavior. Nowadays it's vile

Southern Legislators taking up
this latest White Man's Burden.

Labels: Abortion, education, South, women

Saturday, March 17, 2012

Enforcing Madness

DEPUTY
Started with fight between Mike and Marie outside Kippy’s Kool Kup.

SHERIFF
Been called for those two before.

DEPUTY
It wound down and then Mark interfered.

SHERIFF
On which side?

DEPUTY
Marie's. Offered to marry her.

SHERIFF
Pretty drastic on the moment. But, ah, cottage small by the waterfall! Did Mike rev back up in his hurt and anger?

DEPUTY
Huge wrenching sobs. By this time the quarrel has moved back to the bungalows.

SHERIFF
And the mischief makers among them?

DEPUTY
First, Melo.

SHERIFF
Stop with all the M's!

DEPUTY
Last one!...well not quite. Anyway he got a rifle for birthday and proceeded to shoot it into the sky. Reciting political slogans.

SHERIFF
Left or Right?

DEPUTY
Alternated.

SHERIFF
It can't stop there.

DEPUTY
One they call the Colonel?

SHERIFF
Interrupted his wet dream of glory to...

DEPUTY
obliterate concrete lawn jockeys and
plastic flamingos with his AK-47.

SHERIFF
No garden gnomes? Anyway, where are the Enforcers?

DEPUTY
Just arrived, Deputy Jerry getting colonel in bearhug.

SHERIFF
Thus restraining a sovereign nation!

DEPUTY
Other deputies grab other maniacs.

SHERIFF
Don't forget that love started it all.

DEPUTY
Whatever.

SHERIFF
But not over yet. PTT.

DEPUTY
Post Trauma Trauma? When it's all calmed down,
weirdness reappears? Bingo, Sheriff! When everybody
in cars for downtown ride, Marie's sister, Melody,

throws a harddrive out her window at Deputy Alice. She had been asked for a statement but was studying for a Calculus exam.

SHERIFF
Intellectual component. We lacked that.

DEPUTY
Anyway, Magistrate due to sort it out in morning at his office.

SHERIFF
Don't stand too close to him.

DEPUTY
Does he go that way?

SHERIFF
Not entirely.

Labels: law enforcement, love, politics

Sunday, March 18, 2012

All But Time

His impressed skin
after deepest sleep

tells him the children
have eaten Ritz Crackers

in the bed again,
while scrolling porn
titles on the program

guide. Joline will
come to handle them.

It's a short flight
on Sardine Airlines,
thank God! He wears

shoes with velcro straps,
the better to kick them off at

X-ray. Proper also for his des-
tination. The air aboard assaults
with historical BO. Picks

the youngest cabbie midst
an imploring horde.

He'll recite the history wrong
but spew great celebrity gossip.

Has him cut the AC and open
the windows to ancient odors,

their palpable feel. Once
again established, it's dinner

at the port where's he's remembered
with staggered toasts. Returns praises
with his own. Afterwards, Marco

takes the driver's seat of the tractor
in the moon-slashed courtyard.

"Since when?"
"It’s time."

Labels: aging, escape, memory, nostalgia, pornography

Monday, March 19, 2012

Formula

Take the sleaziest used car thief
polluting the industrial slime
of some Georgia backwater,

add the “salesmen”
being deposited
there from battered SUVs.

Levines the Machines to fleece
the hicks with promises of presents.

(There will definitely be pie in the sky.
But you must move fast or my manager
will withdraw this offer!) Take these

and multiply exponentially
and you approximate Wall Street.

Labels: backwater, sleaze, Wall Street

Tuesday, March 20, 2012

Subtext of Women's Plank, GOP Platform

When the devil
can't come him-

self, he sends
a woman.

Labels: GOP and Women, War on Women

Wednesday, March 21, 2012

All Heart

-The stable boys are acting up! They want quarter more an hour.

-I’m on the fuckin phone all morning screaming! And you bring me this, Chubby? Fire every fuckin one!

-Now, Chief.

-Now Chief my ass! What's next after uppity spicks?

-Be some trouble replacing...

-Your problem. Don't bother me. What Spanish for You’re fired?

.....

-Their spokesman, Jose begged me to--

-Your typical fat heart! Let him talk then, Chubby. I won't understand a word anyway.

-Please, Sir...

-Staring at his feet. Get that, Chubby! It's Dickens or something. Cap in hand! OK, give them another dime an hour. Get him out of here before he starts to thank me.

...

-They're lucky wasn’t my father or grandfather: Cut the wages in half! Well, what the hell! We live in more enlightened times. And I’m the tender heart. More bark than bite, I know. Oh what the hell! They knew they were dealing with a softy. I’ve lost millions with this heart of mine!

Labels: 1%, Hispanic, labor relations

Thursday, March 22, 2012

If there’s a War on Women,

then its foot soldiers are
Lady Republicans in

heels and wholesale June
Cleaver cocktail frocks,

(from sweatshops) and
marching down the avenue
like WW2 Waves! Not.

Labels: GOP and Women, June Cleaver, War on Women

Friday, March 23, 2012

The War on Women

flowers best in
depraved states’
legislatures. There

fat white men hath wrought
what needs to poor dears taught.

In The Alabaster City
such gleamings are
rheostated low

since attention must be paid.
So the righteous timid stay.

Labels: states, War on Women

Saturday, March 24, 2012

Hickory Dickory Dock

The mouse ran up the digital clock.
Not. For no grand assemblage of
gears, pulleys, and weights, but

a flat field with numbers backwards
on a billboard. Some mice like staring
or meditating, such as Marvin resting

inside there, fur glowing softly red
from numerals dimmed for night.

All is peace, then a power failure, and
terrifying cave. In the restoration, he

pulses red and black. Such indeterminacy
can prove death to the sensitive, and Marvin

the Meditating Mouse is heard to wail now
via Mouse Media, "O how flat, stale and
unprofitable this Mouse Life is!” Ultimately

fleeing--clock being set for the moment--
he flings back: “It hath made me mad!”

Labels: digital, Hickory Dickory Dock, mouse, time

Sunday, March 25, 2012

“Plenty of Blame

to go around.” Whenever the scandal de jour hit we were informed of this. But I never expected it to be enshrined in a law.

Now I have received a registered letter regarding the latest mortgage mess. My Guilt Index is .067. I called the 800 number and listened, not unpleasantly, to Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Eventually, a Ricky answered, telling me I had to be interviewed even though I had no mortgage, renting an apartment.

My interview had been outsourced to Zellseek, a corporation in a nearby industrial park.

Zellseek had recently organized flatly, and no one proved responsible for anything. But an obsequious robot gave me a t-shirt with .067 embroidered on it. He took me to three departments where they were too busy to speak to me.

Finally, a Rolden Excelsior rolled up with delicious coffee and scones. "Isn't it all so terrifically silly and stupid?" he asked rhetorically.

The scones were blueberry and heavenly. "Who baked...?" I began.

“I do everything around here!” Soon he was helping me into a green blazer. "Do you feel like you've won the Masters?” he laughed. “At any rate, please accept this gift from my robot associates to lessen the inconvenience of being subjected to such asinine incompetence.”

“A Rolden Excelsior?” my bud, Nick, gushed later. “Your path is golden from here out!”

Indeed I was friended on Robo-Universe shortly thereafter; also invited to a picnic where I proved the only human.

My Rolden scolded me for not wearing the blazer.
"Everywhere you go! Will protect you when..."

Labels: flat management, robot, scandal and blame

Monday, March 26, 2012

Dems Send Diogenes to GOP Confab

White robe cinched with
blood red rope (though,
modern lantern). Class act,

at any rate! Thus understood
by Prescott Withers and Soapy

Kleet who bribe him
to reverse course to

the Democratic meeting
at The Hotel Mel Sturgess.

The TV crew hasn’t set up, so
Kleet shoves Miley Days and

cameraman into the taxi with
Diogenes. She kisses Prescott
prior to departure--he owns

the station. “So I’m still looking
for an honest man!” gets

screamed on lurching away.
It commences to pour rain.

“Well good luck with all of that!”
toasts Billy with silver flask

as the lantern’s LEDS skitter
along the soaking pavement.

Prescott demurs a draught.
“My stomach!”

Labels: political dirty tricks

Tuesday, March 27, 2012

Demonstrators Outside Supreme Court

Clueless tools since
Justice is blind,
others say.

Though she's been seen
throwing as many elbows
as the NBA.

Labels: Justice, NBA, Supreme Court

Wednesday, March 28, 2012

Outside Supreme Court,
It All Plays out as Parody

Representatives get facetime.
Pickets also, in prides of signs.
Law professors invited to parse

common language until
it trails past farce and into
insanity. “Circus clowns” etc

bandied for this jostling caboodle:
a comparison much too wimpy.

Labels: clowns, law enforcement, Supreme Court

Thursday, March 29, 2012

The American Right

marshals its Petains
with talk of freedom,

especially in the market
for legislators. What

would a glorious future
be worth

if it couldn't be
purchased?

Labels: bribery, Petain, Right Wing

Friday, March 30, 2012

Two Political Wags Tackle the Vicious

-Then we agree that the present atmosphere
couldn't be much worse?

-Lincoln said we should rely on our better angels.

-Do they still exist?

-Bought out by corporatists and outsourced.

-Where to?

-What's the difference? Some place where no
self-respecting dog'd take a shit.

-And I was pondering a vacation there with the
ball and chain and little monsters.

-One can be unhappy anywhere, though
I still prefer a location where you don't see
dog shit to the horizon.

-I thought you said...

-I said self-respecting dogs. Like us.

Labels: Lincoln, outsourcing, poisonous atmosphere

Saturday, March 31, 2012

Excess

of Mulligans,
do-overs at
any rate.

How we jade
when you in-
dicate a tally

in reality,
but not. Even

your fantasies
begin to cease
counting.

Labels: cheating, do-over, mulligan, tally

Sunday, April 01, 2012

Distance as Style

“Please! Sordid details are women's things!”
His daughter's muffled crying permeates the house.

Has gotten enough from wife Mona to feel that
Christie is mixed up with a bounder in the disguise
of a Goth. He concludes, though, said Goth more
simple than calculating.

Knows a man who knows roughnecks at the lumber yard:
Goth scuffed around a bit.

The sheriff has been on a ‘random crime’ kick to prove
the community importing urban ideas.

"But not random this time. Just young men taunting
each other about homosexuality and then fighting."

Goth drops out, and Christie finds a suitor born
in a suit.

Now, labor stirrings at the plant. The manager
invites some leaders to sit down with him.

"Not working so far, and a union trying to elbow in.
It’s important you tell me how far to go...in all regards."

“Do what you have to do.” He walks up to his elevated office,
takes an alcohol wipe from the antique desk.

Methodically opening the tight package and unfolding one.

Labels: father, Goth, management style

Monday, April 02, 2012

O Paddy Dear

and did you hear
the Fascists are

buying the Presidency
for the Republicans?

Patriots, they expect nothing
in return. (btw Oakland Bay one
just had a spiffy refurbishment;
Brooklyn number still an antique.)

Looking to 2020: "Mister Chairman,
I rise in favor of HR 9188, that
states that recalcitrant workers
can be beaten--only though with
a physician present. Oh haven't
irresponsible managers walked
out on their responsibilities before!
Well those days are gone forever!
And before the other side pipes up
with their Goody-Two-Shoes-ism,
Supreme Court has found not
cruel and unusual punishment
but quite appropriate indeed."

Labels: American Fascism, Republican, Super Pac

Tuesday, April 03, 2012

Patronage Through Time

In an internet age,
Mozart is not cast
into a hole with-

out any marker.
Farthest up
the temporal draw,

a turning hologram
of this wizard on
a field of vibrating

eighth notes. Some few
criticize new taste,

but a bank pays, so
that must settle it.

Labels: arts patronage, Mozart, Mozart's grave

Wednesday, April 04, 2012

Silk Trade

I’m a lobbyist for the wealthy. Thus, in the slang, a silk merchant. And, naturally, rewarded enough to be
among them.

The public is beset with pie charts showing how much their own slice has diminished.

What to recognize is that my clients want the whole pie.

Historians tell us it can’t sustain. Unrest and revolution in the works. Uh huh. Some local unrest possible, in those places where people still have a pair.

Hey! Volkswagen wants to build a factory. Do they put it in Boston? More likely the South, where, for all the macho posturings and guns, you find the most docile workers in the world.

And for them, it’s not that far back to gnawing a turnip for a special treat.

So, if you oppose, start buying legislators. Most not anxious to leave the stable. You might have some luck with Democrats, since other side exhibits universal suck-ass zeal for our cause.

Labels: bribery, Democrat, lobbyist, pie chart, Republican, wealthy

Thursday, April 05, 2012

The 1% Rise in Protest!

They pay, they pronounce,
what’s legally owed in
taxes. Change the law!

rag they if you don’t
especially cotton to it.

In the Land of the Free
one man’s Law is

another’s screwing.
But it’s so important

for the Nation that
the Rich soldier on

as they face impiety
from all sides,
save the legislative.

Labels: 1%, tax evasion, wealthy

Friday, April 06, 2012

Riddle

Not unhorsed,
he rides forth,

shiny knight
for 1%. Free

to prefer
the Sancho
they force.

Labels: Republican Primary

Saturday, April 07, 2012

Location

Elsewhere, cops cut
oldsters breaks, pro-
moting a back-down, say,

from the neighbor in
the silliest dispute that
world-millisecond. But

this is Florida. Criminals
retire here too, keeping

a hand in. So a ramble
after wildflowers through

wealthy precincts
might be innocence,
or casing, so questions

asked, patrol cars impinging
with spinning red lights.

Drivers-by shake gray, respect-
able heads at the florid scene.

Labels: Florida, Florida criminals, senior, senior criminals

Sunday, April 08, 2012

Mason-Dixon

-Her father called me.

-Well you don't beat a boy for being a boy!

-This one I have in the past--for being mule-ornery!

-Just enough to start beating you back?

-You're right about that. Time to stop and admit failure.

-How about the young lady in the matter?

-The what?

Labels: relationship, South

Monday, April 09, 2012

Electoral, For Starters

Will those despising Blacks and Mormons
go onward, Christian soldiers?

Denying, too, Godless science for
The Cross of Jesus? So

proud to bear it through this
Heehaw Renaissance.

Labels: Blacks, Christian, Mormon, science

Tuesday, April 10, 2012

Justice on the Phone, or Those Who Have Ears

“Now you know I can’t talk directly about anything before the court. But I will say this…”

Labels: judge, Justice, politics

Wednesday, April 11, 2012

Playing By the Rubes

You feed them
a cornucopia

seething guns
and gays. For

their fathers lay
full fathom one,
their bones

already coral.

Labels: guns and gays

Thursday, April 12, 2012

When a new President sweeps

or sneaks, we
must worry of

The Hick Manifesto
called a platform.

No need. Mainly
eyewash for lunatics.

Who'll scream in frustration
early on, but then craft
speeches full of freedom &

justice, where they taunt
the rest of us for being

too vilely stupid to grasp
glory. Party moves through

its own taut version
of Hog Heaven at last:
transcendent graft.

Labels: election, platform, spoils

Friday, April 13, 2012

Citizens Disjointed

Raw monster ag-
gregates dasn't confer

with objects of their in-
fection. Law, and not

to be denied! Mean-
time, pigs fly

over our Village
of Idiots.

Labels: Citizens United, Super Pac, Supreme Court

Saturday, April 14, 2012

Housemates

-Checking email through tears?

-Nothing from whatsisface...just my mother...
informing me I'm the best and terrific.

-Not building character that way. Mine packages
blistering criticism towards that admirable end.
Goal is something called a lady.

-What are that, anyways?

-You start by simpering. But enough of family shit!
Let's order beer and Italian hoagies! Lots of hot peppers!
Fart all night!

-A contest! But who's to judge? Call some guys?

-Nah! Act like ‘em, don't want ’em around.

Sunday, April 15, 2012

Wishing Makes It Hence

Now how I wish you'd hurry
since I'm inclined to bury

hurts which turn
on your entrance.

Labels: wishing

Monday, April 16, 2012

Quizzing At The Golden Gate

-I’ve attended! More rules than Earth!
I’m okay with them. But I’m in terror
of having to listen to lunatic platitudes.

-Don’t worry. No Republicans here.

-Not even bible thumpers

-God abides them least!

Labels: bible thumpers, heaven, Republican, St Peter

Tuesday, April 17, 2012

The Inalienable Rightists

demand guns. The pre-
sumably alienable Left-
ists are rousing too.

They'll need for
Revolution. Will

it start with them?
No difference. Doubtful

you can tell during en-
suing wild and woolies.
Neighbor wasted, though,

in the confusion, his
hose in his hand.

Martyr! claim both sides.

Labels: Left, revolution, Right

Wednesday, April 18, 2012

In

-We came to this capital at the same time,
and neither from falling off a turnip truck.

-Almost as dumb in my case.

-Well you smartened fast. And you’re one of the
few who know you hafta spend money to get more.

-What do the others do who...?

-Sit on their ass and wait for someone
to pour gold into their laps.

-I guess we should cease talking now about what
we both know.

-Agreed. The point is that the planets are lining up for the first time in fifty or so years. Due to a change in lottery procedures, in road building, and adding stadium construction in two cities, there's an awful lot of money
floating through the air--and it's got handles on it.

-Even though there are handles, they're devilishly
hard to grab.

-That's where you come in. Some very skillful handle-grabbers are willing to share that knowledge.

-How much...of that knowledge?

-Don't worry about that. I'll settle it when I know
you're in.

-In.

Labels: state politics

Thursday, April 19, 2012

Best of The Golden Past

“Now now Dear” sufficed
for so many years, a tap

on the wrist or head
to recognize emotional
fogs. Now gals wade--

despite moon phase--
into varied forms of vile

male business. Lie
down with dogs,
get up a floozie.

Labels: War on Women, women

Friday, April 20, 2012

Solution

Some on dole
too shattered
usually to

make a living,
and won't
check out.

Terminal cocktail
proposed. Toast

on offer: “Been
great fun

but you're just one
of those things.”

Labels: dole, Euthanasia

Saturday, April 21, 2012

Families

-Used to think the very air’d catch on fire. She confided to my wife on her latest, and wife told me. So we had get-togethers where we all knew.

-Made the routine exciting, no?

-At first. Now it’s boring, and we’ve all calmed down.

-How ‘bout the husband?

-Him most of all.

Labels: infidelity

Sunday, April 22, 2012

The Tightrope Sways

Not really, for
you're figurative.
The audience, seeing

you as digital too, flees
to other ones and zeros.

Labels: digital

Monday, April 23, 2012

The Immense Political

pressure to shove right
wingers onto university

faculties resulted in their
tireless rants at meetings.

Therefore, by internet vote,
all speaking was forbidden.
Genius or schlub, didn‘t matter.

Instead the professors sat in
the expansive auditorium
and texted each other, all

shown on gigantic monitors.
The traditionalists kvetched
that this form prevented their

usual woolgathering, but they
were somewhat mollified by
being allowed two tablets each,

one for footnotes.

Labels: education, professor, Right Wing

Tuesday, April 24, 2012

Sure 'twould kill a man twice

after eating a slice.
Reference to one Miss
Fogarty's Christmas cake.

Here we label it fruitcake and
attempt numerous leaden jokes.

Suffice to say that mothers
will not let babies crawl un-
der a board groaning with one.

Laugh if you must, but only
a few fatalities have been
reported, most from ingestion

rather than weaponization. Too-
close call, though, for Toody Delgado
of Litz, Long Island. Doctors failing

with their arsenal of gas-whackers
and stomach pumps, he finally got on
the net, finding his condition mocked

one, astightus wombola, from
equatorial East Africa,

and the bloated
body was ultimately

transported by nautical buddies
to Bridgeport, Connecticut, thence

overland to Ansonia, where
a tropical med mavin had
inexplicably been deposited.

With a gallon of Pepto Bismol
and an Oreck Vacuum Cleaner
he effected a somewhat messy cure.

Fuzzy video eventually
made its way to Oprah,

where Delgado spoke
against industrial desserts.

Labels: fruitcake, gas

Wednesday, April 25, 2012

Shhh!

-This a quiet room?

-Drop a bucket of bolts here, sounds like angels whispering.

-Well I don't have much time, Senator. Look!
Sixty percent of my business follows the
supply-demand curve and other MBA niceties.

-And the other forty?

-Piracy, frankly. And that's were you come in.
Pushing legislation to protect me.

-Do my best, but John Q. getting riled up.

-He's a fuckbrain! And if he had any guts, we'd
be sharing a cell in Leavenworth.

-I’d prefer Danbury, though the waiting list
for the tennis pro is rather long.

Labels: bribery, business, federal prison, senator

Thursday, April 26, 2012

Aunt Jemima, she join de union!

Rose the cry from
mud-stompers, so
colorfully dressed.

Above, the overseer:
“This will not stand! Bad

enough we still have ‘em, with-
out letting just anyone join! Even

they,” he pointed down, “could
try manifesting some class.”

Labels: Aunt Jemima, Race, Union

Friday, April 27, 2012

Parents

-She said to me: “You men think you're hot shit with your peepees!”

-Have you worked through your preliminary analysis?

-Sex, having to do with sex. How would she know...? Such a little...!

-Rudimentary program in her school--if you remember last year's PTA war.

-Well, that's all bad enough, but hot shit?

-That's just vulgarity. Children pick that up from playmates.

-You remember I wanted to home-school her?

-We can transfer our prejudices without that.

-Who are these playmates?

-Children of your friends. Like their parents,
they run the gamut from genteel to vulgar,
from moral to...its inverse.

-Well I don't like it. My little honey-bunny!

-Honey bunnies grow up. A few even develop opinions.

-What are the names of these children
she plays with?

-Do you have a warrant?

Labels: children, parents, sex

Saturday, April 28, 2012

Acknowledging Mistakes

adds to or abstracts
your self-myth.

Means nothing
in truth, Leopard

Spots. Keep prowling
in search of game.

(Or in the modern style,
swag.) Know your place

mid the dapplings
disguising you.

Labels: identity, mistake, predator

Sunday, April 29, 2012

Age Reversal

now mosies through
the news. So how

specific would
it be? Suffering

the same humiliations
en route to...where?

Which number? Be as dumb
upon arrival? World will laugh
of course, but that’s the price.

Will new couples of, say,
3-hundred years combined
shoot off to hustling Vegas

to fuck and other-
wise hazard with-
out time in view?

Labels: time reversal, Vegas

Monday, April 30, 2012

Extravagant in Color, Lurid with Breathless Deeds*

-Lopez been eating some of his spick-garlic shit
A/C can't handle? Next time I want shift beFORE him
Oops! Drone Screen Three, and mucho running
Into ragtop bodega.

-Quartet of bad actors huddled in there with civilians

-Let’s be democratic and give ‘em all Academy Awards.

-Done!

-Jesus I love that brutal flare! Just eats the screen!
Bye bye bodega.

-Freedom!

-Fuckin whatever.

*Red Badge of Courage

Labels: drone, modern war, ragtop

Tuesday, May 01, 2012

Mrs van Iderstine Said I See. Again,

as the kitchen girls told her of serial boyfriends who cheated without a thought. She hinted at it with
her Rupert.

“They're cliches,” he laughed. “Most look at us as cliches,
with ridiculous names and quaint manners.”

Then he informed her of some men of his club flirting
with the waiters. “That's their rough trade, though many
on staff are grad students. Well, thank The Lord everything is genteel there, even the incipient homosexuality.”

She wondered what they could do about it all. “So much!”

“I share the view of Dr Carruthers. Call it sin and be
done with it! ”

Labels: cheating, class, homsexuality

Wednesday, May 02, 2012

No Free Lunch!

Oh yeah? Well in
strides yours truly to
stringently inform you

there are scores! But
only for roué vivants who

could easily buy them,
or Congressmen.

Labels: Congress, no free lunch, socialism for rich

Thursday, May 03, 2012

They'd Call Reagan a RINO!

Stretch, but Ike was smote
Communist by similar
flare-nostrils.

Labels: Bircher, Ike, RINO

Friday, May 04, 2012

Frozen Music, Suburban Panache

"Then you're the Colonial
at the end of the street?"

"So you're the new house!"
Free-form industrial slum
left unsaid though

cement trucks rumble yet
in memory, as what’s left
of Grandma's dishes tick,

seemingly forever, in
their designated cabinet.

Are the people their dwellings?
And is John Cage Irving Berlin?

No answer, for mystery pervades
Robin Dell Acres Extension.

Old as the caveman gussying
up his cave. Or the Bowerbird
imploring Take a look at this!

Labels: Architecture, Suburban

Saturday, May 05, 2012

The Shattering News

concluding Monday,
blinks remainder of
dour week. Thence

to heal in Hamptons?
Rather another cube,
the apartment.

Since personal, no
little crate has been
carried forth and so

mementos must be
sacked herein. For

the most part, photos,
though touristy gim-

cracks also. There-
upon the task of hiding

heartbreak. An art
of the locality.

Labels: breakup

Sunday, May 06, 2012

Once Upon

Newsboys cried
Read all about it!
On the net you can.

Eventually. It leaks
out during the week,

spooling into a fetid pool
until no one wishes it wider.

Labels: net, news overload, web

Monday, May 07, 2012

Congressional Committee

portraying Chinese
Rights Abuses.

Perhaps China could
hear from the long-

term unemployed here
in cloying Beijing hearings.

They could be later
bussed to meet those

performing their old jobs
courtesy of the Freedom
Fighters of American Capitalism.

Labels: Capitalism, China, human rights, manufacturing, offshore

Tuesday, May 08, 2012

Core melodies

in head and being
blind, finds

piano be-
fore middle C.

Labels: searching, steps

Wednesday, May 09, 2012

Nastiest piece of work

given most noisome chore.
Breaking up opponent's rally
as an example. If eventual

success, he's positioned
at some agency, reporting

a day or two a week
to poison its well, yet

working lunch seven
for the next campaign.

Labels: political dirty tricks, political jobs

Thursday, May 10, 2012

The Slave Auction--a short political novel

Chapter 1

-We call it that, Senator, just a joke. Your task as
newest man aboard is to get inside such jokes.

-Don't like the sound of it, anyway.

-You'll love it when you're there. Boozing it up and schmoozing the billionaires.

-I'll keep my independence. Never fear that!

-Uh huh?

Chapter 2

-It's all silent. Don’t bother watching me.
Just hand signals that’ll confuse you.

Chapter 3

-That's it? All over and we're leaving?

-Got what we wanted. Oh boy did we!

-Would you clarify for this rookie?

-General Electric bought you.

-No way!

-Way! They own you. You're one fortunate bastard!

-Nobody owns me.

-Be that as it may. Look! You have nothing

to worry about. Recite the speeches word for word. Constituent Services runs itself, so no worry there.
And the Party takes care of telling you how to vote.

-What's left for me?

-Why the Fourth of July! You can pour out your freedom shit! You got some really good shit there!

Labels: political corruption, senator

Friday, May 11, 2012

Blue Ribbon For Cynical Conversation

-Look! Revolution? Then the guy selling hot dogs gets his balls shot off when he wanders too close. Revolution is morally wrong.

-Nobody promised a rose garden.

-Convince the parties to clean up their acts just a little. That’ll do wonders!

-Good luck with that.

Labels: political reform, revolution

Saturday, May 12, 2012

Hugh going crazy

he thinks. Friends,
as ironists, laugh.

Does himself, of
their persuasion.

Could something be done
at any rate? Urgently? No.
Impenetrable membrane.

At least not tragic
on its surface,
like so much else.

Must, therefore, abide
in pain

like all those others
painting

themselves in-
to surreal corners
of bending corridors.

Labels: crazy, friends, irony

Sunday, May 13, 2012

Skating the Edge

Truly bumpy ice.
You may stumble.

So, stay low, nice-
ly slow.

Labels: caution, danger, skating

Monday, May 14, 2012

Presently in Bad Odor, Compromise

When was it not? A-
dults came forth and
soothed the hotheads.

Then all sat as enemies
to work something out.

Even the Great Khan bent,
but not, it seems, a true
druggist from Terra Haute.

Legislators tearing each
other limb from limb'd
prove his practiced stance.

Expanding that to war...
so long as he's not
doing the dying.

Eventually spending
your children’s blood

for glittering cause
and its vile money.

Labels: compromise, factionalism, parties, tea parties, war

Tuesday, May 15, 2012

“Let's have the talent”

TV director noted for
poisonous enunciation
of that terminal word.

The bank director romances
it, calling it in for bonuses
after government bailouts.

Captain Blood has risen!--
to a boil.

Unfortunately, prisons
mobbed with those
equally as gifted.

Labels: "talent", bank bailout, criminal, Wall Street "Talent"

Wednesday, May 16, 2012

Bank loses 2-billion in short time

Peanuts! cry righty champs.
Get some perspective! Force

yourself! Um hmm? Mine's of
ship on course, flag herald-

ing pirate rampant on
stars and stripes.

Labels: banking, Morgan

Thursday, May 17, 2012

Uncle Rumpy

We kids called him Uncle Rumpy and loved him because
he got on the floor and played our games with us.

Later, when he began our working lives, he railed on
Capitalism and its "boatloads of egregious thieves."

Then we got deeper into our internships, with bosses
not particularly evil, and laughed him off.

Now at the declining peak of our earnings, those working, we miss him since he's gone forever.

No matter, for we’re all Uncle Rumpies now.

Labels: Capitalism, capitalistic corruption, unemployment

Friday, May 18, 2012

Economics

Who gets what &
outa whose hide.

No wonder dismal science.
Our top-percenters buy

congresspersons & hap-
piness--tho proverb pipes

it’s not fetched thus,
one bitchin ride

for Dudes &
dearest sluts.

Labels: bribery, corruption, Economics

Saturday, May 19, 2012

Meanwhile, back at...

-I told Rollie it makes difference. So back he went over the math for hours!

-Constructive or waste?

-Total waste! I meant to say it makes NO difference.

-Modifier dropout. Happens at our age.

-Serious stuff!

-Yeah! Cheeky docs call that part of the brain Modifier Ranch.

-You're making that up.

-Doesn't everybody?

Labels: language, modifier

Sunday, May 20, 2012

Switch

x assumes y's persona.
What bosses sought.

As Orwell says, the face
grows to fit the mask.
Quickly redundant y

fired. z observes
amazed. At first.

Labels: employment, mask, personality

Monday, May 21, 2012

Routiners

suffer when necessary
product discontinued.
Nobody has it! To Net,

place in far Oregon.
Order and wait.

Will it prove malarkey?
Question for small bore
capitalism. Large...?

Labels: Capitalism, routine

Tuesday, May 22, 2012

What moments divine, what raptures serene

Rich expropriate Constitution
as everything else. Judges needn't

be told, sensing it through the skin
as they begin their old beguine.

Labels: Constitution, judge, rich

Wednesday, May 23, 2012

In perfect service...

When wealth, only,
drives, rest of us,

curbside, wave or
salute. Not hard

to stomach for
they deserve it, be-
sides “It’s the Law!”

Some numbnuts kick a-
gainst the pricks so we get

a ticket to ride and
break some heads!

Labels: automobile, future

Thursday, May 24, 2012

Facebook

bestows its coy splendor on
the stock exchange midst

ballyhoos suitable for a royal
train with spangled elephants.

There ought to be a monument
to the man who invented
neon lights. . . .

There's a boy who really made
something out of nothing.*

*Raymond Chandler

Labels: Facebook

Friday, May 25, 2012

Remark on Bain et al

Sharks
(note Old Man and the Sea)
eat.

Labels: Bain, sharks

Saturday, May 26, 2012

Devices

His air announced loner so we exchanged
the briefest of pleasantries.

Left him to his own devices.

Which became clearer when squad cars
hemmed us in, ticking away.

TV remains on, a blue wash on humid evenings.
Dogs twitch on their walks.

Labels: criminal, loner, neighborhood

Sunday, May 27, 2012

The Commercial Women Show

We’re all so highly pretty.
And act so pretty u'd
have no reason thinking

otherwise. + truly, we have
hair. O do we! btw deal-
ing scandal’s breath so

magically, it can’t touch
sacrosanct us.

Labels: TV, women

Monday, May 28, 2012

Dying for the foreign policy of the United States

doesn't have much ring to it.
That's like saying your son
and daughter victims of ex-

act language in a contract
between contractors.

Fortunately a vocabulary of apt
words exists to wrap the flag

around everything, with national
whores anxious to thus step forth
in advancing all of our interests.

Labels: foreign policy, patriotism

Tuesday, May 29, 2012

The War

In a forgotten corner
of Vienna, zigzags
of rubble under grass

and wildflowers. Once
Karl's Restaurant.
At twilight he decants

pale wine. A drop
hangs in the air,
an iridescence.

Labels: ghost, restaurant, war

Wednesday, May 30, 2012

The Wars of the Golden Fools

churn. What profiteth a man…?
Uh huh, forget that asshole jazz.

It hath profiteth, in style, the many
kicking back. Avowed tradition-

alists, they can fret about their souls
after the hay gets made. Blood con-
secrates the machine, so don't ask

if lives squandered. For All Hallow
to these–if not too taxing. O

you may have lost a son or daughter,
Inhabitant, but Money never lost a war.

Labels: Money never lost war, war

Thursday, May 31, 2012

making spectacle of oneself etc

They sd u made a spectacle of yrslf.
What? Olympics Opening Ceremony?

Lighten up everybody! So u flew
a scosh by yr norm! Hey, was just

to keep from going crazy. Now that'd
be a spectacle! Not really. Mostly

awful sad sht. We hibernate
our radar in that event.

Labels: friendship, making spectacle of, spectacle

Friday, June 01, 2012

The Billionaire Confides Over Old-Fashioneds

Dems put up a few laughable obstacles,
but Repubs make it almost effortless to steal.

Labels: billionaires, Democrat, Republican

Saturday, June 02, 2012

The man who looked things up

which others knew led
a very forgettable life.

Why didn't he simply
learn a few? Why, less

and less time! Internet
doomed him. Soon he'll
goggle suicide.

Labels: google, research

Sunday, June 03, 2012

How Do You Say Banana Daiquiri?

Grizzled old head pops over his cube, scarlet face.
“Can still hear the woodwinds. They carry better
on the breeze than the oom-pah-pahs. Never run
after the parade. It's passed, and the faster you
run, more it gets away.”

He phones Gretchen with the bizarre account.
“Missed it, huh? No fuckin surprise there!”

She was still bitter at having been laid off from the Dentist, who brought in his girlfriend after his divorce.
“At any rate, I lift a glass to the passing parade.
Moves me so, I might do it again!”

Gretchen was proving over-sibilant.

Tells accountant Jerry who quips “Yeah any parade's
far gone from us! But why don't they have security here?
Bums wander at will. Hey! Do what I did! Two part plan:
buy philosophy books and bore the shit out of yourself
for a year. Then, ketchup Corvette!”

He goes to boardroom to study himself in the full-length
mirror the tycoons use to check their entrance.
"Lumpy," he concludes.

Lunch at Reading Terminal Market where he buys
the greens and fruits to get them eating healthy again.

An afternoon call enrolls Gretchen in a support group
called Tomorrow. She’ll dress beautifully and con them
until they turn on her.

When he gets home she has passed out at the kitchen island mid a blender spinning nothing. He drops his grocery bag among scattered banana daiquiri makings.

Get her into the shower after checking the mail.
Then, they cook.

Labels: alcohol, office, parade

Monday, June 04, 2012

Swamis of Sleaze

Challenger rips
“Blunderer-In-Chief”

for bleak job snapshot.
In turn, BIC’s men trot
out former’s Capone

persona in extorting
innocents. Short
months and billions

left. Stakes
orgiastic!

Who gets rich.
Or richer.

Labels: presidential campaign, rich, sleaze

Tuesday, June 05, 2012

Two Republican Prosecutors

-Shaw says hanging an innocent man deters just as effectively.

-More so, because it puts John and Jill Q on notice that they better straighten out and fly right!

-With emphasis on that last word.

-Good one! But our trump card for that cowardly couple: “If we decide to get you...”

-Speaking of which...

Labels: Justice, Law, Republican politics

Wednesday, June 06, 2012

Yah!

-Well they couldn't recall righty governor.

-Though they may indict him.

-Harder now.

-The Road to Fascism leads through Wisconsin, courtesy of Supreme Court's rich gombahs.

-Bit harsh?

-Hitler loved his bratwursts too.

-Nazi imagery only goes so far.

-The streets are free for the Storm Troopers!

Labels: Fascist, Wisconsin

Thursday, June 07, 2012

-Don't throw bouquets at me.

-Not bloody likely.

-How about my favorite dream? The one in which
I hold you tight?

-Not yours truly. Any more tired songs?

-Quite the anti-romantic. Right winger too?

-Whatever the boss is.

-Oh? Do you say Those people down THERE don't
wanna work! ?

-He has proclaimed, and therefore I...

-How about what passes for philosophy? Give a fish a man and...

-His favorite. and mine. But we've loosened under the
relentless pounding of his kids, who were ashamed of a Neanderthal Dad.

-How so?

-Positively Scandinavian in safety net for those not members of the club. Even admitting a bit of
regulation to collar the sleazier thieves in the
Chamber of Commerce.

-Miracle! Where do you stand on Gay Marriage.

-We're waiting.

Labels: boss, popular songs, Right Wing

Friday, June 08, 2012

Q & A American Wealth

Q Have the rich always been despicable?

A Yes.

Labels: rich, wealth

Saturday, June 09, 2012

Religious Rule

Nuns ascend, paired,
the long escalator

of the Sheraton Center
in Philadelphia.

Descending,
me,
alone.

Look back
to confirm.

Nuns nearer, by God,
to me inclined

to snap heads my way
and stare. And stare

so each flanking nun
gazes up to heaven

and the convention level.
What if it never ends?

Labels: convention, nun, Philadelphia, religion

Sunday, June 10, 2012

Giving Iowa a Try

Because Baritone
lost wife Adeline

to the president
of the Stamp Club,

the rest of the quartet
said scrub the hymn
to her sweetness--her

fair face beaming
elsewhere. But he

soldiered on with
it and them.

(‘cross town, Stamp
Club's spouse had

arranged her face in
stone, hardly singing.)

When Baritone left in
tears, Tenor noodled
in Everest falsetto

And thus in daily strife
mustn’t trust

philandering philatelists
of any stripe!

Other two harmonizing.
When he took off on

All women of stone
need never-ending bone,

they booed the feeble wit. Trio

flew then to Reilly's Sump Pump,

a kind of club where self-
respect is suspect and
motives quickly surface.

Labels: infidelity, Iowa, quartet, singing

Monday, June 11, 2012

All Hail

Lady of the Scales!
Though she prove,

with prompting,
floozie.

Labels: Justice, Law, Supreme Court

Tuesday, June 12, 2012

The Policymaker, Drunk

Oh there’s a prosperity.
For the few. And we intend
to keep it that way.

So stage your marches, etc.
Print your funny signs--
a folk art to be sure.

God’s design in Truth
you chafe against
your place. Briefly.

Wholly yield,
you’ll know

happiness. Won’t
need the pursuit.

Labels: Congress, demonstration, inequality

Wednesday, June 13, 2012

Overlaps and Moonbeams

-Then you're a Racist Republican, _____?

-Damn straight!

-But there's overlap with fiscal and cultural conservatism.

-I suppose, but who gives a shit?

-I do, because I don't want independents to get the wrong idea.

-They already got it. They oughta learn that bullets can be labeled with their names too, not just blacks and liberals.

-Glad we had this little chat.

-Give you head start: got special bullet for RINOs.

Labels: Racist Republican

Thursday, June 14, 2012

Bankers plunge

with house money
insured by People.

They lose rawly,
then beg for help.

Too big to fail, al-
lows rueful Uncle.

So, up, brushing knees
to snap ecstatically in-

to macho vaudeville
boast of fucking
everyone.

Labels: bailout, bankers, FDIC

Friday, June 15, 2012

Racist, knifed,

dies cursing blacks.
Sheriff, untouted,

routs drifter, white,
if washed. Motive:

Cigarettes. Victim
bought in quantity
for discounts.

Labels: Racism

Saturday, June 16, 2012

There Is No Doggie Heaven

Just a Heaven-Heaven where
dogs chockablock love
you unconditionally.

Imagine! You!

Labels: dog heaven, heaven

Sunday, June 17, 2012

Neighborhood Erasure Shop--Jun 19, 2417

-There's a mess from when you lived in Tucson.

-That was a year-long downer. Booze, drugs, no job and horrible health. Continuous farting disgusted even me.

-So I should...?

-Get rid of all of it!

-Even Dorine?

-Especially Dorine.

Labels: future, future memory, memory

Monday, June 18, 2012

Two Republican Senators

-Here comes de Great Banker! Like Louis 14.

-And avec l’entourage!

-Well...even so...he can expect tough questions.

-Naturellement. Just give me the signal when to gush.

-You good at that?

-Upon appropriate occasions.

-A Class Thing or Republican?

-Oui.

-The bankers own the place.

-The beauty is they know they must keep on owning.

-A thing of beauty is...

-A Jew forever!

-Your constituents don’t know your full cleverness--
though some wouldn’t want to hear that last remark.

-No one hears anything. Too much static.

Labels: bribery, Republican, toady

Tuesday, June 19, 2012

Right Radio Hosts

They’ll lie like creepy nuts and
call your daughters sluts, but
you’ll love ‘em love ‘em love ‘em

just the same. Cuz they turn
the handle Hate. And how that

helps you rate ‘mongst
every fellow traveler rat-
tling Lefty cowards!

Labels: Hate Radio, Right Wing Radio

Wednesday, June 20, 2012

Inquiring Minds Want to Know

-Why is there such a thing as a Republican Woman?

-Easy. She gets a waiver from their trademark cunt-probing.

-Yeah, they're for freedom everywhere but there.

Labels: Gynecology Party, Republican Women

Thursday, June 21, 2012

Mr Smith Goes to Washington,

at present with new green-
backs stuffed everywhere
but his asshole.

And in some cases...

So when, and if, he leaves,
pulls cart similarly accoutered.

Labels: Mr Smith Goes To Washington

Friday, June 22, 2012

The Billionaire

preserves Capital.
At any cost. Period.
End of sortie

to buy a politician
who employs high

tropes they both
believe. To a point.

Labels: billionaire, politician

Saturday, June 23, 2012

The Return

- (sings) California there I went. Right there where they love all bent.

-Well you're back now. And it's zero at the bone with all that brutal ice.

-I don't know if I left Bruce or Betty.

-That's okay. You're neither one yourself, nor both, so you survived.

-Do they still have confession?

-Yeah, but where do you start?

- ...confused.

-Not a sin. But Rome wants exactness. And preferably, number.

-Why have they made it so hard?

-Priests gone tone deaf from mere melody.

Labels: California, Catholic, Republican Sex

Sunday, June 24, 2012

Turn, Counterturn, and Stand--NFL

Turn
I'm here to speak a bit of Burmese Poetry.
...

Counterturn
What was that shit in there?

Stand
Coach wants some intellectual stuff, not
just football.

Counterturn
Yeah? Well I had enough of that in college!

Stand
You mean the rare times you went to class?

Counterturn
It was enough. Fuckin unsufferable!

Labels: NFL

Monday, June 25, 2012

Greatest Republican Dread

Electing one of theirs betraying
Class thereafter.

FDR still loathed as benchmark
of this puke-inducing breed.

I know, a Democrat, but elite
detestation transcends party.

Feeds on itself in truth.
With Mitt, no fear.

Tuesday, June 26, 2012

Republican Deathmasks

Try to fit today's sweat-
ing faces into those of

Everett Dirksen
or Bob Taft, or Ike.

Over-loose for tight
little accountants &
pennywhistle patriots.

Labels: Dirksen, Ike, Republican, Taft

Wednesday, June 27, 2012

Hymn

Legislature or Court provides lever and
Big Guy leaps on it.

"All manufacturing to Mexico!" Or the like.
"Make it happen!"

Then the nearly big guy whips the middle guy
in line.

The little guy, per the hoary interpretation
of Heaven's Plan, gets screwed.

Last line of every Republican hymn.

Labels: Executive, hymn, manufacturing, Republican

Thursday, June 28, 2012

Sacred Sarcasm

-A congressman who can't put his hand on Constitution!

-The new exchange intern? From Spain? She filed it under humor.

-How on Earth...?

-Well, you have referred to it as Joe Miller's Joke Book.

-Uh, do you, and she, know the meaning of entre nous?

-Not to worry. A universal language.

Labels: Constitution, Joe Miller's Joke Book

Friday, June 29, 2012

The Howlers

So conservative Chief Justice
joins liberals to give
President a win.

Conventional pundits dealt
specious coin yet again &

true wingnuts howl. It's
Law 1 & Hate 0. But
I scowlingly cartoon.

Subtext: corruption most vile
in the Republican Party, which
were it a person would, upon

death, be screwed
into the ground.

Dems sound measurably better,
but so what? Boxcars of cash en-
tering both sidings as we argue.

Welcome to The Gilded Age Redux
where we're all fuxed.

Labels: Conservative, Democrat; Republican, liberal, Republican Corruption, Supreme Court

Saturday, June 30, 2012

Painter, Composer, Writer

WRITER
At first, I recognized objects. Even if distorted,
that's a rolled umbrella, a women's arm. But now...?

PAINTER
I paint. Ask the paint.

WRITER
Just finished story: ...waitress in Jersey City diner
dreams of meeting a Met.

PAINTER
Where can I puke?

WRITER
You won't when you read it.

COMPOSER
So, maybe the human always pokes in?
Doing a commission from a small German city.
To be performed in the Cathedral.

PAINTER
Big-ass organ like Bach?

COMPOSER
Funny you should mention him. He chased
a chambermaid in the wine cellar while service
ensued upstairs. It got to be my starting point.
I'm hearing the muffled resonances coming from
up there. Organ, preacher, shifting of the congregation...

WRITER
Will you let on in the program notes?

PAINTER
Nah. He’ll get too far afield for that.

WRITER

Yeah, you'll coin some stupidity instead:
Poppies in Dusseldorf.

PAINTER
Too real. Gives too much. How about Arrangement?

WRITER
Too much a musical term already. Rendering!

COMPOSER
Premieres in a church, not a meat plant!

Labels: abstraction, art, Music, painting, writing

Sunday, July 01, 2012

Torrent

The house seems
roaring itself

though it's the storm.
Panes turn gelatin,

which pocks from
monster drops

as familiar bits
of place dis-

solve. One day, win-
dows desicate to look

over a foreignness,
horrifying. Your desired

neighborhood dis-
tributed elsewhere.

Labels: future, storm

Monday, July 02, 2012

-Horses and Senators Sleep Standing Up, hey?

-Well this one did. Don't remember a word of that speech. At any rate, I had burned the proverbial candle the previous evening while celebrating the humiliation of our despicable enemy.

-Ecstatic right wing blogs still can't shut up about the speech even after all this time. “Brilliant! Incisive! A philosophy of integrity presented without equivocation.”

-Equivocation huh?--my strongest suit.

-No longer. You're clad in the blinding armor of righteousness! Smoting the barbarians!

-Too clanky. And smotey.

-Well what...?

-I had painted myself into one horrible corner. When the other side put forth a resolution praising me, I couldn’t vote for it.

-Out of humility?

-Out of Party!

-Be all that what it must. This is way it is with Champions: One True Way!

-I need a wavering drink.

-You need nothing. You're God!

-That never lasts.

Labels: factionalism, Right, senator

Tuesday, July 03, 2012

Juliet

A few modest homes
in South Philadelphia
have Juliet balconies.

"You leave now it's forever,
Obnoxious Ghinny Prick!"
Many feel poetry there.

Labels: Italian, Juliet, relationship, South Philadelphia

Wednesday, July 04, 2012

Politics, Wives, Angels

-Thinking of going into politics.

-That’s a mighty go. Can you lie with a straight face?

-Don’t I play poker twice a week?

-Yeah but that’s mostly silent.

-Well I can turn on the blab machine with the best.

-Have you tried it with the wife on this momentous matter?

-Well...I...uh...

-Afraid hey? Who could blame you? I’d be horrified in getting you we’d get her.

-Always wondering what makes her so fierce.

-God does, and he forgot to turn it off. It was
necessary when she protected the cubs, but
they’re lions and lionesses themselves now.

-It’s all academic. I’m...resigning from this political life.

-Short career, but brilliant! At any rate, your Guardian Angel just before had whispered the same into my ear.

-Let’s buy him a drink.

-Done! And I got Fritos not even opened.

-That’s fine, I guess, but we gotta go easy in making
the other angels jealous!

Labels: Guardian Angel, maternal, politics

Thursday, July 05, 2012

Aftershock of the Fawn

If you want to discover the American conservative's honest colors, try him with nobility.

Get a Prince or the like from Central Casting and pass him off in a righty gathering.

You'll see such fawning to make you think the goose step is just the kowtow in reverse.

Labels: Conservative, fawning, kowtow

Friday, July 06, 2012

Market, a Miracle

and self-correcting.
Save when it careens
and self-destructs.

Then brigands beg
of a government
once shoved away.

The miracle: arrogance
in humility.

Labels: "Free" Market

Saturday, July 07, 2012

Love Makes the World Go Round

Uh huh? So let's put
the Cray to its shape.

Though I'm afraid
a nice reply leaves us
where we began.

Waiting in hope
for answers
to suffice.

Labels: Cray, love

Sunday, July 08, 2012

Entrepreneur

-Bought lady shoe outfit.

-We in shoe biz? Of which there's no business like!

-Just till they're gone. Sell 'em!

-NEW STYLES ARRIVING DAILY

-Three exclamation points since it's a lie.

-Like life itself then. Are women the greatest suckers of all?

-They're golden! And, of course, beautiful.

Labels: business, shoe, women

Monday, July 09, 2012

Cable News

-We pitched to the intellectuals with just
enough bushwah for the dopes to come along.

-How did that model work out?

-Didn't. So we're all dopes now.

Labels: Cable News

Tuesday, July 10, 2012

Approaching Rabelaisian Political Do in Hamptons

a Buffy kvetched
her Range Roverians

VIPs, immune,
thus, from joy-

less waiting. If all rich-
ly significant, can there

be a creme de creme?
Jawohl! In reading this,

you too affirm a place where-
in to nest, and see, and worship.

Compulsory, in Order
To Avoid Chaos.

Labels: class, knowing place, ruling class, wealthy

Wednesday, July 11, 2012

Cycling

“The man in the village knows bikes. We’ll throw it into
the Range Rover in the morning. He’s a locksmith
but there’s adequate overlap, so I understand.

I’ve phoned your parents and you have their
permission to stay the night.

I think we’ve both done a first-rate job
with your injuries. I won’t call the doctor.
He has gotten old and he panics. He’d insist
on hospital, which is nonsense.

Maria is ironing pajamas. You’ll swim in them but...
more champagne?

We’ll also look at that spot which tossed you. If you’re
to sue, make haste! My wife vows to leave nothing.

Now please stop looking guarded! I’m not
The Sheik of Araby.

(sings)
At night when you’re asleep
Into your tent I’ll creep.”

They both laugh. Except he was, and did.
Now she’s the new wife but without a hyphen
in her name. More modern, has kept her own.

The bike hangs on the garage wall, still unrepaired.

A pinch of her gross fat indicates to her it must
be made roadworthy.

But the new man in the village is retired as a Trek mechanic from The Tour de France. He wants to
fit her to a Domane. Says her dinged machine
worth five hundred towards it.

“Get it! Do!' husband exclaims. "Then you’ll be able once more to peddle your ass around the village!”

They laugh.

Labels: bicycle, divorce, marriage, Trek, village

Thursday, July 12, 2012

Translating

-Our focus groups are so severely inarticulate as to be mentally crippled.

-True enough, but we know what they're trying to say.

-Does that translate into votes?

-It will.

-So, ride the stupid into The White House?

-Not the first time.

Labels: focus group

Friday, July 13, 2012

The Street, Old and Young
or O the towering feeling

(pouring half tumbler of scotch)
-I like to stay liquid. You?

-'bout quarter of that. I'm just a rookie.

-Speaking which, your impression after your
first year?

-I had no idea it was this corrupt.

-And am I corrupt, in your virginal imagination?

-Absolutely. Definitely. Without reservation.

-And yourself?

-I've managed in such a short time to reach a no-man's
land of utter filth.

-I see. And do you have a plan of ritual cleansing?

-Nope. No way back. Ever.

-I'll drink to that.

-Yeah, that's the best way for depravity: celebrate it!

-Amen!

-Amen Amen I say to you that if one young broker...

Labels: Wall St

Saturday, July 14, 2012

It's Three O'Clock In the Morning

and I've danced
the night away
with whatsherface.

Not. Actually
up to urinate.
Quite okay

for one my age.
Besides, weirdest
dreams knock

round the 2d shift.
Meshuganing lock-
step life.

Labels: dreams, urination

Sunday, July 15, 2012

America the Beautiful

We like sting flicks
since we've been sore-
ly stung.

With aesthetic breath
the marketplace

can actually cavort
mid pretty lights.

For thieves have pride
& honor re what’s
being daily wrung.

Labels: Capitalism, marketplace, sting, thieves

Monday, July 16, 2012

American Chamber

Which is worse?
Howls that sketchy
regulation proposed

to limit fouling? Or
the patriotic scat of
cutpurses?

Labels: Capitalism, Chamber of Commerce, patriotism

Tuesday, July 17, 2012

Mitt’s Great Chains of Beans

When I was walking down the stair
I met a man who wasn't there.

Or was. And isn’t still.
Or is. But was. Or wasn't.

Both, possibly, at once?
My head aches! Out! Scat!
Schrödinger's cat!

Labels: Bain, quantum, Romney, Schrödinger's cat

Wednesday, July 18, 2012

Two Capitalists on the Consumer

-For Crisakes, Joe! The guy you're crushing
is the guy who buys. Can't you see that?

-I can see it but can't help myself.

Thursday, July 19, 2012

Surveys present the same old story

of love and glory. Not.
Romantics prefer rot.
Which is peachy

if lovers asundered then
by war or natural disaster.

So we can admire them set
in alabaster, dimmed by
our human tears. Though, mid

reality’s hardware, husbands
precede wives in the trudge
throughout Home Depot.

Labels: Home Depot, relationship, romantic

Friday, July 20, 2012

British Open

‘mongst green & gorse, not
seen such whiteness, I’ve.

Pinkness really, blended
with beefy red. Looks like

Republican Convention
on a golf course. & when

you throw in then
the pots?

Labels: British Open, golf, Republican Convention, whiteness

Saturday, July 21, 2012

Experience

_____fantasized of the latest boy band. From among
Dinky, Rinky, Pinky, and Winky, she chose the last,
who actually winked on refreshing occasion.

She'd show him the ropes, she thought,
kneeling down to the lower shelves
in Walgreens Cosmetics.

So much more to offer than clustering fleas
with their prattle of hair and nails.

Whereas she was encyclopedic, and had oomph
they didn't know existed!

“You’d be lucky, Winky!” she whispers, rising to encounter the cleansers.

Labels: boy band, cosmetics, experience

Sunday, July 22, 2012

Two Line Story

“And what should I be ashamed of now?” wife whispers.

He thinks of something quickly.

Labels: husband, relationship, wife

Monday, July 23, 2012

The Revolution of the Right

is about 3/4s there.
Let’s all get armed
and shoot the shit
out of each other.
Then the survivors
can talk.

Labels: armed, guns, Right Revolution

Tuesday, July 24, 2012

The air once full of acid

fumes, but in this time
some presidents re-

vered as truly great. Uh huh?
The bumptious aristocrats

despising FDR took it
to the grave, hatreds row-

ing bones forever. Their
doyen class persists

to poison discourse
and trees.

Labels: class war, FDR, politics, President

Wednesday, July 25, 2012

“**Crown thy good with brotherhood”**–*a view*

Such words
pointed to

instruct
are hasty
noise true

hearts jam
with joy
of Race.

Labels: Race

Thursday, July 26, 2012

Political Q & A

-What is the chief purpose of the Democratic Party?

-Not to piss off the pirates in actual control.

-Of the Republican?

-To become their posh ship forever.

Labels: ;Republican, Democrat, Pirate

Friday, July 27, 2012

Romney Retired "Retroactively"

Spokesman a fool.
Candidate may or
may not be. At

any rate, all travel
back in order

to adjust scenes thus
framing us more nobly, per-

haps, or, at the least,
less filthy.

Labels: best light, language, Romney Retired "Retroactively"

Saturday, July 28, 2012

Hath Charmin

-I keep the music at a moderate level in the apartment,
but it’s always louder in the bathroom.

-Natural resonator. Small. Network of pipes.
Even the toilet, save when you clamp your
capacious ass over it!

-How long have you been a Romantic?

Labels: Music, resonance, romantic

Sunday, July 29, 2012

High Fidelity

-Director asked for you. He's a bio-method guy.
Likes that your wives cheated.

-Well, four did. Deal going in with present.

-Which is?

-No one gives a shit about anything.

-Now there's a partnership!

Labels: fidelityA, Hollywood, theater

Monday, July 30, 2012

Science Loosened

-To hear quantum quacks tell it: multiple copies of me contend mid several worlds.

-In which have you achieved your ambition of Queen of the Balls?

-Dethroning you? Wez wouldn't dare.

-Where are Straights in these?

-Dulling universes and graying black holes.

-I reject all of that! God doesn't play dopes with the multiverse.

Labels: black hole, God, multiverse, quantum

Tuesday, July 31, 2012

Code

Legislators lie
to constituents
but not each other.

One is tempted
to cite honor
among thieves.

Using morality
as glib's not.

Labels: legislator, lie, politics

Wednesday, August 01, 2012

The Law of Intended Consequences

-Last form I downloaded crashed my computer!
Decided on a new one, but salesman couldn't
guarantee it wouldn't...

-If he did, wiggle room would get him out of it
in the event of the same disaster. Covering your
ass is the greatest accomplishment of our time.

-Anyway, decided to come to you instead.
Steer me through the bureaucratic maze.
But why on earth have they made it so...?

-Money in complexity. Thus is added layer upon
layer. A man's grasp should exceed his reach!
...or do I have that bass-ackwards? The language
was so confusing when Browning said it.
If she did.

-I thought that the idea of privatizing so
much was supposed to streamline things,
drive down taxes. They've quadrupled!

-Be careful what you believe in. Have you
finished signing the forms?

-All twenty six!

-We've managed to hold that number down.

-And now you can help me with my so simple
request?

-Many here worked for the company in question.
They know the pulleys and gears and their
infinite arrangements.

-You've not mention a fee and I've been
steeling myself to hear it.

-Nothing. A service of your government.

-You mean you're...? Isn't that topsy-turvey?
I mean you once employed a private firm
to get you through the governmental hoops.

-All's one now, isn't it?

Labels: bureaucracy, privatization

Thursday, August 02, 2012

Hedge Funder at Starbucks on
the Laybouts as Art History Majors

Need to know
Van Gogh?

Cezanne and Frogs?
Plus the Pop frauds?

Showboat Dali? All
necessarily pale
next to Derivatives.

Wall Street Wheel flies
apart periodically. So?

Nature of the Beast. Required
then are spokes. These

could be trained once
nonsense drained.

Labels: art, Art History, derivatives, Hedge Fund, Starbucks, Wall Street

Friday, August 03, 2012

Image

-When I lived on a river in Florida, dolphins played outside the window.

-They have larger brains. Inside the quantum trillions of possible universes, they rule one. With humans kept around for amusement.

-Sorta tough to do from the water.

-Oh they've come to land by then.

-Like to see one in an Armani suit.

Labels: dolphin, multiverse, quantum

Saturday, August 04, 2012

In a Down Time

-So fuckin bored I'm watching Hitler's Hemorrhoids
on The History Channel.

-They bleeding yet?

-After the commercials: Gold and Testosterone.

-Get yourself a golden dick?

-That wouldn't help. No woman wants a loser,
no matter how shiny his penis.

-I'll come over after work. We'll go to a ballgame.

-Yeah and sit in the lonely bachelors' section.

-It's a condition we can't help.

-At least you work.

-You're unemployed in a lousy time. Hardly your fault.

-Yes it is! As is most of the trouble in the world!

-That's grandiosity. We're merely extras in
a rotten movie.

-Maybe we'll be discovered. Become stars!

-By who?

-The crazy faggot director! Who else?

-Why chance it? Our fame will carry a cost worst
than death!

-Well you are a pretty boy, Floyd.

-Ever tell you how much you resemble Ma Barker?

Labels: bachelors, depression, gold, testosterone, unemployment

Monday, August 06, 2012

The Particular Anxiety

laughs at efforts
to delay or hood-

wink. Hardly an
anxious laugh,
rather so patient-

ly knowing as
to doom
us anew.

Labels: anxiety

Tuesday, August 07, 2012

Senior Operatives

-Chief task is reigning in our Crazies.

-Don't you think what you call Crazies are those who hold our core beliefs more deeply and fervently? With greater fire! Just a question of taste and dated decorum.

-No, I think they're fuckin crazy!

Labels: fringe, politics, radical, true believer

Wednesday, August 08, 2012

Lying, Hypocrisy, Pose, Gall, Conceit!

Like we’re all innocent?
So what

that the politician
more magnificent?

When at the deadly
curtain, he thrusts
you from the spotlight,

God hears of his feistiness
and laughingly approves.

You’re brought up,
He nods absently.

Labels: heaven, modesty, politics

Thursday, August 09, 2012

The Board

-Hey! He's member of the board and allowed to speak.

-Stupid boyscout! Naive to the nth degree.

-Okay, what did he say?

-Gotta gather myself. Here goes: He he he says...

-Go on.

-(paralyzing laughter) says says says...

-Get a grip!

-(burst) that we should consider the moral dimension of every decision!

-I use the expression *Total Asshole* sparingly, but it's warranted in this case.

Labels: board, board meeting, Capitalism, corruption

Friday, August 10, 2012

The Subtext of Tunes

-*(sings)* I swapped my horse and dog for you.

-That went how?

-Not so hot. Missed them terribly.

-What did you...?

-Why, swapped back!

-And how did Sue feel about it?

-Ecstatic.

Labels: relationship, Sioux City Sue, tunes

Saturday, August 11, 2012

Youthe and elde oft at debaat

Youngsters spotlight
hypocrisy and hell-

ish lies of elders. Deny-
ing sin lurks within

acne-ravaged shells also,
they'll grow up nonetheless.

Demarcation line
being initial fish-
y look thrown by

a younger person at
totally fair utterance.

Labels: generation gap, old, young

Sunday, August 12, 2012

Tale of etc

The woman who didn't know
what time it was, and cared

precisely, consulted instruments
of the horological sort, but

they couldn't agree. Obsession
couldn't buy truth as she saw it.

Physicians summoned, one by
one. Finally came a genius who
transcended mere occupation,

bringing an atomic clock. "This
is more accurate than God,"
announced he. "What final good

is it to split hairs?" cried she,
"And then split the split

and so on." Old priest then
enters the learned melee.

"You can't be pleased by man
nor exactitude!" he thunders.

She answers that it’s no use
thundering when there's tea.
"The others are so cold,” she

informs, dealing
a Lorna Doone.

Labels: clock, faith, precision, science, time

Monday, August 13, 2012

Mobility Viewed Fairly

The porch runs off the dining room at the club.
Four or five tables serviced by one waiter.

On the first shift, Stepin Fetchit; the second,
Hustling Mickey.

Mickey goes on to the junior college, university,
Medical. Interning in Anaesthesiology.

Stepin still fetchin.

Mickey's place is taken by Lilly White, a waitress
so pretty she'll snare a member.

Great! Part of the American Way. She’ll rule
The Dance Committee someday, origins
all but forgotten.

Labels: class, social mobility

Tuesday, August 14, 2012

Latest Wunderkind

drove a frankfurter
and quotes Ayn.

Marxists do with
mopeds or the like,

vehicles not foolish,
rather utilitarian.

Che had similar
but ultimately

snuffed by hotdog
fanatics

still ruling the world
if you can bear looking.

Labels: Ayn Rand, Marxism, Oscar Mayer

Wednesday, August 15, 2012

Out!

-That's the first Pro-Business budget I've seen here!

-What about Grandma?

-Fuck her crumbling bones! Let her fuckin die!

-Thought we're gonna throw her under the bus?

-Either/or.

-Or either?

-What are you wonking about now?

-Well, three alternative actually presented.

-Out!

Labels: budget, Grandma, pro business, under the bus, wonk

Thursday, August 16, 2012

GOP Future

-So we rebadge as The Ayn Randian Party?

-Like, immediately!

-Sorta rolls off the tongue.

-We can jettison the Ayn. The old broad won't care.

-How 'bout the traditional Republicans and their Party of Lincoln jazz?

-Marginalized, like him.

-And the Party of Moochers? Can we rebadge them thusly?

-Won't hafta. Evident to all fairminded men and women.

-We have those?

-Not many, thank God.

-So a platform of enlightened selfishness.

-Skip the enlightened. Not a highschool civics class.

-End government as we've known it!

-Let's not go crazy. She's got wondrous, thumping tits.

-We latch on to the Right one. How 'bout the Left?

-Why we suck so hard, other goes dry!

-After all’s said and done, I can’t tell you how much I enjoy feeling like an obnoxious prick!

-Bingo!

Labels: Ayn Rand, GOP future

Friday, August 17, 2012

The Candidates Speak

Darlings of Patricians
and, On High, those in
the religion rackets. Such

sly love from wackos unneeded,
for we can really afford our

own politicians,
and indulgences.

Labels: bribery, patrician, religion in politics

Saturday, August 18, 2012

The Change

With your silly friends,
turning sillier even as
they look to you to hold

things checked. You must
release, though, making

lame jokes, concocting
as trivial gossip. Oh,

well, occasional, but THEY...!
Uh huh? Don't judge. Only

get ridiculous when
chances pop up.

Chameleon?
Who’s not?

Labels: Chameleon, friends, release, silly

Sunday, August 19, 2012

Crazy-making

Once relying on Health Store
nostrums, now on four pre-
scription meds. Latest,

after gastric-horror-night,
the TV-touted purple pill

delivering symptoms
intended to block.

Or in Country: Gives
yuh what'all yuh got.
Crazy-making!

Need move to deepest
West Virginia woods,

grinding herbs together
with a grannywoman

chanting up to the–-Wow!--
stars.

Labels: grannywoman, herbs, meds, purple pill, side effects, West Virginia

Monday, August 20, 2012

Two flee the catty Arts

for farming, real, dirt, not
Gentleman. Traverse mud-

dy fields for planting, bosky
dells for mushrooms. They

advance in this rough trade
when one, alas, passes.

Media dwells on former career and
mentions "long-time companion"--

no tough deal in the blue states. In
reds, a fact imagined like mosques.

Labels: arts, blue state, farming, red state, sexuality

Tuesday, August 21, 2012

The Epic of The Missouri Republican

I sing of Hillbilly Gynecology
and the Champion who, perforce,
must fall upon his sword.

Labels: Akin, Legitimate Rape, Missouri Republican

Wednesday, August 22, 2012

Short History With Requisite Ironies

Upon his last divorce
the marriage counselor
threw it in, moving

to a studio in Pennsauken. (cue
Thousand and One Nights slide.)

Thousand TV channels, too,
hardly soothed him, reruns

of *My Mother the Car* sufficing
for the raw jail sentence he
felt deserving of. A cleaning

lady once a month set
him free to go into Philly

and a ball game. He'd
return somewhat drunk

and toast his exes before
wrestling sleep. Also,
Truth and Beauty. Personnel

honcho of Wawa Stores HQ
in Wawa, PA finally tabbed his
background as priceless in

handing disputes arising mid
coffee makers and cashiers.

The first day a flash flood took
his car and it couldn't be found.

Trooper Kip Stoltzfus told him
not to worry. Couldn't search all
the streams while it still poured.

Fire truck carried him to an AAA

motel across from Granite Run Mall.

Action News! sought an interview
but he shivered under blankets.

Labels: divorce, marriage counseling, marrriage

Thursday, August 23, 2012

Round and Round

the Classical Sound
leaks classical gas.

So the young clamp
campified masks.

This bizarre dichotomy
scandalizes aficionados

till it becomes
the new normal
which then goes...

Labels: camp, classical music

Friday, August 24, 2012

Two Oldddd Senators

-The House sends over its claptrap!

-Since it's a Republican House...

-Then Republican Claptrap

-And when it's Democrat?

-Democratic Claptrap obviously

-And in the 2% event they get it together?

-Bipartisan Claptrap.

Labels: bipartisan, Democrat;, House of Representatives, Republican, senate

Saturday, August 25, 2012

Wacky Bits

A Mormon employed to explicate
it. Annoyed in finally stating “Hey!

There are wacky bits
to every religion.”

Indeed so. And theologians fit-
ting them to a system rendering
the whole skatingly insane.

Labels: Christian, Mormon, religion, theology

Sunday, August 26, 2012

Fledge Pledgers

Presently sending mild
emails full of babytalk

and animated hearts. In
greater gawks, infantile.

Name a pair not.
At least in part.

Labels: babytalk, email, Romance

Monday, August 27, 2012

The Development of Man

Swiftboating proved lowest.
Citizens United opens

the sluice
to truth
as we know it.

Labels: Citizens United, swiftboating

Tuesday, August 28, 2012

Nothing Ever Works

nor will,
but that
resonance

you sense
is our core

purring in self
evidence.

Labels: partisan, politics

Wednesday, August 29, 2012

The Senator Explains

The Trio. "Hell, we
won't kill you!

Unless insisting on
obnoxious blather,

rather set you free to
pursue the slimiest buck.

But not to forget who
makes it all possible.
Mastercard or Paypal fine.

But cash preferred.
Even to women."

Labels: liberty, life, pursuit of happiness, senator

Thursday, August 30, 2012

Order From Campaign

“Ideas getting on people’s nerves. Time to cast a light!
Fetch a sinner from the list.”

Labels: campaign, negative advertising

Friday, August 31, 2012

Write *finis* to GOP. Convention.

The tumult and the shouting slides,
the captains and their queens set out.

Visiting Whores report terrific outcomes
midst the less connected. Speeches

better this cycle, full of passion-
ate lies. Oh well, back home for

truly funny Caucasians. To wand
wombs and force some lazy

bastards off the dole. For
old Montanan, spitting high
concepts to a laughing horse.

Labels: Abortion, GOP Convention, Welfare

Saturday, September 01, 2012

Bide a Bit, 4AM, Male Corridor

-Hope I’m safe here in the boys’ section. My lady nodded back off and I hadda walk somewhere!

-I’m waiting for Dribbling Pete in there.

-One...last drop. I think he’s done.

-No way. He got ten dancing minutes left. Meanwhile, how’s it going? Especially your sex life?

-Same old boring shit...and THAT went!

They’re kissing as Mr_____emerges, fumbling at his pajama fly. He sees nothing, but curses generally.

Labels: convalescent home, senior

Sunday, September 02, 2012

Resolving

A, then? With
its apparent
clarity? Or B?--

thinking in bits
of parts. One,
the familiar.

Other, retic-
ulation. Many

say go for it!
You'll grow.

Uh huh? This prole
opts for steady.

Mystery'll come on its own,
like an infecting guest. Or in

today’s transcendence
of the real halfass.

Labels: alternative, decision, risk

Monday, September 03, 2012

Romney Tours LA Hurricane Sites

Do he talk to de cullids
on de cots? Tell dem

hard times not un-
beknownst to he?

Be Proud Negroes!
he buck dem up?

Labels: hurricane, Romney

Tuesday, September 04, 2012

The Devil Can Quote Scripture

Not to look here for example.
His surrogates abound

like "patriots"--some overlap
in language trapped.

A case or two illustrative?
Just look around.

Labels: devil, hypocrisy, patriotism, religion

Wednesday, September 05, 2012

Capitalism’s “Creative Destruction”

Meaning the greedy
obnoxious pricks short-
ing the little guys for sport.

Labels: “Creative Destruction”, Capitalism

Thursday, September 06, 2012

Conventional GOP

They featured the white heart of darkness
with notions medieval in starkness.

But they had a good time
dispensing the slime.

Then adopted ebullience to bark less.

Labels: GOP, limerick, platform

Friday, September 07, 2012

Inner Campaign

-Your opponent has breast cancer.

-Just one side. I can pin her down on the other.

-How can you live with yourself?

-Nothing’s fuckin easier.

-I...don’t know...

-Grow up! It’s war!

-More like pigs!

-Yeah? Well get out there and squeeze the biggest porkers so they squeal. *Squeal lahk a pig!*

-*Deliverance.*

-What we’re promising, Sonny Boy!

Labels: breast cancer, campaign, partisan, party politics

Saturday, September 08, 2012

Antares

He retired to Florida quite early after
Dr Kistlerling, the younger one, unearthed
the precise code for Inky's premature aging.

It plugged in nicely to Social Security
and United Healthcare computers.

Gwen-Ellen quickly went into a Bingo
frenzy and drove evenings to all compass
points from their Pembroke Pines condo.

He tired of the endless talk about digestion
among his new boccie buddies, joining
an internet group dedicated to Dellina,
Queen of Porn

His own particular dedication was to a part
of her anatomy called "The Sweet Corporal."

He applied himself to that, and to the larger group,
ultimately becoming the latter's president.

In his first email in that capacity, he remarked
on the name of the subgroup resembling Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, a brand popular
mostly in the World Wars. This historical fact joined others of a
gynecological sort.

The couple rose in darkness every humid morning
and performed brisk housework before breakfast.

And lately, Gwen-Ellen eased the hangover from
mid-morning restlessness, with sporadic trips
to an afternoon bingo in a local strip mall.

They took to wearing moccasins, brand name,
Happy.

In his non-porn activities on the net, he discovered large star Antares was nearly
directly overhead, and they began drinking to it with orange juice at breakfast, prior

to Special K.

Sunday, September 09, 2012

O the Nonsense Abstract

meaning zip
since that
's the idea.

Labels: abstraction, art

Monday, September 10, 2012

Degrees

Democrats have an obtuse
relationship with truth.

Point out fibs, they're
puzzled. Republicans
are proud to lie,

the more grotesque-
ly unrationed

the better. Brimming with
joy in their high, hale Quest
for the Grail of Fabrication.

Labels: Democrat, lie, Republican

Tuesday, September 11, 2012

Old Political Floridians

-That picture in Melbourne paper? President from rear? Nappy hair and jug ears. Picanniny Central!

-I'd be more careful saying...

-What for? Only you here.

-They say...don't trust anybody.

-Hell I trust you!...why you were even queer
before it became fashionable.

-In the present atmosphere, I don't think you could blackmail me on that.

-Leaving the dancing fairies behind, I got enough
on you to put you into Leavenworth.

-Bit of hyperbole there I do think.

-You Do? Well I don't! Repeat it!

-Oh come on now, it ain't a game.

-Repeat it!

-You got enough on me to put me in Leavenworth.

-Language can have such beautiful melody!

Labels: Florida politics, Racism, Republican

Wednesday, September 12, 2012

When Rich Beg

to let The Market work!
they mean for them.

If it doesn't, they bribe,
collude, and bully.

And John Q Sucker beams
the screwy propaganda. Hoping

for tips, of course, he's ripped
off encore. Reference Ancient

Irish Vulgate: *They piss in
your pocket ‘n tell you
you're sweatin’.*

Labels: "Free" Market, propaganda, rich, ripoff

Thursday, September 13, 2012

“It's not bitter, not sweet.
It's a star-spangled treat.”

The patriotism of beer
needs go unchallenged,
a universal. The putzes

in Munich burned so
with stricken ambition

to quickly remake the world
and opposing faces, yet their
sodden crusade highlighted

an expiration date in
a thousand years! As

the languid scholar asked
of Hamlet, “How’d that
come out anyway?”

Our vacant young portrayed by
brewing commercials are all
carpe diem. They challenge

button-downs with happily
slapdash horseplay, like

self-conscious orphans
anxious for adoption.

Labels: beer, beer commercials, Nazi, patriotism

Friday, September 14, 2012

On High Manipulation of Facebook Stock Offering

There’s honor among thieves
but not among the wealthy.

They screw each other over
as gleefully as they do
the poor.

Labels: Facebook, rich, Stock Market, stock offering

Saturday, September 15, 2012

Study History, Anthropology etc

Thoroughly interested in how
they did it then, since we don't

really know what we’re doing
at present. Our doubt for now
concerns the endless rout

of so-cautious thought by
fatal happenstance. “O

if I could only get a breathing
space!” On that personal level,
it‘s not you who writes *finis.*

But without much adieu
we’ll all muddle through

sans your hysterical input.
Remember that before you
again do History.

Labels: Anthropology, history, mortality, thinking

Sunday, September 16, 2012

Afterlife

He knew Hell, like, already.
From the sour sonabitch
who ruined worklife every

black morning: Harangue or bit-
ter saw vibrating even now. Can
the feathered flits drown such by

winging it? Providing raw music
to dance athwart till he detects

a partner loose enough
for Paradise?

Labels: angel, heaven, Hell

Monday, September 17, 2012

The Apparent Mystery of Class

-I don’t know who your father is. Sam was close and so so sweet. The only one.

The rest, insane scum! Do you actually want their DNA at this late date?

What for? None would have stuck like Sam did, and love you the way he did.

And does. Not a one I can assure you!

-Mother, are you a whore?

-Then, yes! Not as bad as them, but who could be?

Labels: class, paternity

Tuesday, September 18, 2012

So Candidate Nabbed

mouthing typical
Royalist shit?

So what? Noise, not
news

whenever boys do it.
Grownups, at a point,

make them ante
up

since they can see
no moral reason
to.

Labels: Romney, Royalist

Wednesday, September 19, 2012

The Great Privatization

-We got a Bangla for President.
Ten bucks a day.

-And VP?

-His brother-in-law for five.

-And their staffs?

-They don't need no staffs of lazy bums.
Used to working hard.

-Man! You've saved millions off the bat.

-Still slow going though. We just finished
with FBI.

-Eskimos?

-Don't be funny! We're getting the
Bangla to issue Executive Order.
Humor must be announced
beforehand. Too much time sorting
things out.

-I'll walk that back.

-Never mind. Apologies waste time also.

-At any rate...?

-FBI all India Indians now.

-How's that working out?

-Fine if your don't mind the curry stinks!

-That's humor!

-I'm exempt.

Labels: privatization

Thursday, September 20, 2012

“Where did you go, Joe Dimaggio?”

Joe told S&G he didn’t
go anywhere. Anchor-
ing Mr Coffee

commercials. But as soft icon, did,
from the getting and spending

where sex grossed out
the straights unless
a gain to it, Mrs

Robinson yanking a fin
from her funky purse.

Friday, September 21, 2012

Can't Sleep AM Radio

Gold bugs promise fortunes
& guys can't get it up. Strained

brained right-wing ranters
(singularly loved by the vicious)
shoring survival food against

invading racial waves.
Others counseling love
stricken, or loan

stuck. Mega Church, ord-
inary Christ-extortion. Sports

dudes trying picayune
quarrels. It's all hardly vast,

but waste
land nonetheless.

Labels: Hate Radio, radio, Right Wing, vast wasteland

Saturday, September 22, 2012

Two Young Men Speaking
Their Unique Chapter

-How’s it going with Jeanette

-It hath made me mad!

-Maybe you should change your luck.
Kick her outa the bed for Bruce.

-Ah yes, Bruce, the archetype! Curlers in
one hand, decorating swatches
in the other. The Berstein’s sofa
haunts him! It was never quite right!

-Whatever. You might find more love.

-He’s as severely menstrual as Jeanette!

-That’s impossible, I mean physically.

-More things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

-How ‘bout yours?

-Shut down. Failure every which way.

Labels: friendship, stereotyping

Sunday, September 23, 2012

Rewards

The Right Wing Government had featured much Freedom-Mouthing, and leaders
in limousine monstrosities followed by
Yes Persons in buses.

The leaders were murdered by the Revolution,
and scruffy newcomers took over in jeeps.

The Yes Persons, of course, switched
their tunes seamlessly.

Soon enough, the revolutionists evolved
into Armani suits, the limos returned,
and everything relaxed.

Five years in and we were pretty much
into the Every Man a King, Every
Woman a Queen phase.

Which takes us to the present milieu, best illustrated by a walk I took with my friend in Minneapolis.

The first wave we encountered wore PERSON OF THE YEAR tshirts. Followed by LITTLE LEAGUE CAPTAINS of their various times.
Then GIRL SCOUT GOLDENS!--
COOKIE SELLERS EXTRAORDINAIRE!

Most of the award winners had pushed
ahead as a sort of impromptu parade,
some carrying actual trophies which
flayed around dangerously. Such flashing hazard proved too chaotic to TOP INNOVATIVE BUSINESSMAN 2032.

He organized them by screaming.

BOWLERS OF THE DECADE, ST PAUL, helped him, and soon was restored aimless milling, and Top Innovative's sanity.

BEST LITERARY SCHOLAR, TWIN CITIES, EXCLUDING DOWNTOWNS AND NEIGHBORHOODS SURROUNDING

GUTHRIE THEATER smiled, once we got close enough to read his tshirt.

We were about to test him with obscure allusions when a Grandmother shrieked at us in no recognizable language.

Then we did decipher "Where's your accomplishments, Numbnuts
Nothings from Nowhere?”

"Mine are home. Mother taught us not to flaunt." I answered.

My friend added, "When all are marvels, who does the work?"

“Not you!” she snapped, this CHEERLEADER OF THE CENTURY. “I recognize your type, calling everybody whores and sluts!"

“If the shoe fits…” he fired back.

“Yeah? Well, when they snuffed the old regime, they missed you two. Well, let me tell you, that can be remedied!” She joined
THE PARAMOUNT-TOP DELINQUENTS (FORMER) CLUB, playing boccie in Elliot park.

Finally she pointed to us, her silk jacket taking on a leaping iridescence in her agitation after missing a blocking shot.

Her team threatened with upraised fists too.

Discretion being the better part, etc., we slid though the prestigious crowd, finally entering the Hot Dog Depot.

Award-Winning of course.

We sat on a very large and quite artistic
BEST OF THE FOOTLONGS, SAN DIEGO trophy in marble.

You'd think they wouldn't allow that
but they did.

Labels: award, Fascism, revolution, reward, socialism

Monday, September 24, 2012

Seiko Astron Watch*
or The Toys of the Rich

advance Empire.
And yet, a cat
can look at a King.

And the scuzziest peasant
in America ask the time
of the equipped exalted,

though such precision
goes by him.

**Set by GPS, might lose or gain a second in 100,000 years.*

Tuesday, September 25, 2012

Was a Rebel,

announce I from
time to time.

Seinfeld counters such
a class of utterance
(paraphrasing) *No,*

Johnny Yuma is a rebel.
You’re a nut! Hey! On oc-

casions didn’t really speak up,
for shyness, though these duds

somewhat balanced by shooting
off my mouth sans any substance

through other crazy frames.
But so what? 300 estimable
average in baseball.

Jerry's comment still gives
me no end of amusement
in itself, at myself.

Labels: bold, loud, quiet, rebel, Seinfeld, shy

Wednesday, September 26, 2012

Two Republican Comedians

-Against President's jug ears alone, we gain close to a million votes.

-That many? Wow!

-Yeah, there’s a real Ear Aesthetic among Republicans.

-The Mount Olympus of Eardom! All those fat white people on the Convention floor? Never thought once to check out external auditory structures.

-A thing of beauty is a joy forever!

-But not a Jew forever! And will we someday admit theirs, and more yellow or black ears?

-Not possible. I said Aesthetic, didn't I?

-You did! And that can only mean white.

-Amen Amen I say to you...

-Pale faces rule.

-All the pretty ears!

Labels: ear;Republican, President's ears

Thursday, September 27, 2012

History

is the story we
tell each other.

Personal history
is the story we
tell ourselves.

Both change
if we wish

to twist
face, sav-
ing it.

Labels: history

Friday, September 28, 2012

Again, History

is the story we
tell each other.

Personal history
is the story we
tell ourselves.

Both twist
if we wish

to change
face, sav-
ing it.

Labels: history

Saturday, September 29, 2012

Newlyweds Quarrel

-I was cheerleader and he star quarterback.
Make of that what you will. You and hubby
laugh at everything anyway.

-Not this. Not him. He's a jock worshiper.

-Anyway we got married. Monster bash.
Then he was drafted into the pros.
That's a short story with an anti-O'Henry ending. Broke his leg in pre-season and never could get back.

So he’s small college coach, now, and I work
for the dean. It’s okay. I like all the women there. Not usual with me.

But before all of that! Early matrimony proved
rocky altogether. And we had this one fight
I couldn't even describe. I mean everything
was on the table--and bleeding.

I told him if we were going to go on like that,
we should shoot each other. He left, hot!

When he came back--I thought because he remembered something especially biting he forgot to...

-Oh oh!

-No! He dissolved in tears and begged forgiveness on his knees.

-And what did you conclude from...?

-They never really learn how to fight.

Labels: argument, Battle of Sexes, female, relationship

Sunday, September 30, 2012

Oklahoma

William Z Winsom certainly never before put
groceries away naked.

But his clothes had been soaked from dragging bags upstairs through very nearly solid heat. A sort of ticking came
from outside, leading, he hoped, to the promised thunder shower.

He discounted the perfunctory tornado warning, one a day for the preceding week.

Droplets whipped across his neck when he placed Special K atop the frig. As he meditated on their appearance indoors, turning to the windows to check, the front of the apartment ripped off with a roar, exposing him to the Billy Benloes, dragging Grandpa, drunk, to a shelter.

"Always knew YOU was some kinda
pre-vert!" he cackled, black debris
circling the luminous group.

Labels: Oklahoma, tornado

Monday, October 01, 2012

“**Well shiver me timbers!”**

Old Salt, alluding
to ship's central

structure menaced.
& if you're present-
ly peering

round, so shook,
listening, listening,

for whirlpool or
tsunami expected...

Labels: menace

Tuesday, October 02, 2012

Nothing stings like the taunt of a fool

Thus do opponents
debating prepare
for a taut outfit

of zingers loosed
in context, or,
bizarrely, alone.

Labels: debate, zinger

Wednesday, October 03, 2012

Natural Selection

-Just the words Community Organizer makes
your scorn erupt.

-Yes, but I'm an Equal Opportunity Scorner.
I'd add Social Worker, Government Psychologist and Religious Do-Gooder.

-I get the drift. Anyone helping those on the lower limbs of the tree.

-Left alone, Nature will break them off and the
whole dependent crew plunge.

-To their death?

-Preferably.

-Your ilk has been known to employ a saw.

-We're too busy pushing the Great Wheel!

-And if you don't have a place there, then
know your place?

-Precisely.

-Have you ever heard of the two famous churches in Philadelphia? The servants would drop off the exalted family at the
one, and then drive the carriage to
the other. Where the minister had been instructed to release them just in time to pick up their betters as they emerged.

-I like anything systematic. And, I'm sure,
both heard the same scriptural flapdoodle.

-O ye of rich faith!

-I need it. We still don't rule fully enough.

-That's because it can't be completely bought.

-But mostly. We'll see about the rest.

Labels: class, poverty, social work, wealth

Thursday, October 04, 2012

Sick yet of Romney and his vulgar billionaires?

Taking a break from gouging
the rest of us to indulge
in political hobbies?

Labels: billionaire, Republican, Romney

Friday, October 05, 2012

The Last Days of Campaign

-My image not absurd enough, you have me at war with a cartoon character.

-My kids love Oookie Dookie!

-Where's the percentage?

-The votes of a few thousand maniacs.

-How about the ones of those who will write Oookie Dookie in.

-Great! Your opponent's loss.

-How do you figure?

-No Oookie Dookie fans'd ever vote for you anyway. He's silly and funny and goofy.

-I can be...

-You couldn't get a laugh at a funeral.

-But my own'd provoke quite a few!

-Whoa! Boss! That there is wit! Like a whatchacallit bug in amber.

-This whatchacallit campaign is in amber.

-Forever.

Labels: campaign, cartoon character, politics

Saturday, October 06, 2012

Christian Girlfriends

-We prayed during the date.

-And?

-Ended up utter pigs.

-Hey! One thing leads... Did you share the guilt afterwards?

-I don't know what he did after dismissing him forever.

-Harsh! And your dates now?

-Praying not to have them.

-Well, I’ve...been a pig and enjoyed wallowing in shit.

-That's the trouble. We can get to that point.
Faith is the only defense.

-That’s where I am all right. Better give me some verses.

-I got some, that’s for sure.

-I’ll clutch them to my bosom! Isn’t that a lovely and a funny word?

Labels: Christian, sex

Sunday, October 07, 2012

Is it Granada I See or Only
*Asbury Park? 2 **

I object to the "only"
but wags counter it's
understood anyway.

Americans tend to worship
the old and often ruined.

A guide takes you to
a place bums piss
and calls it History.

**At Long Last Love*

Labels: Asbury Park, Granada, history, ruins

Monday, October 08, 2012

Pres Debate

The one can't
detect a key to

shape-shifty angles,
and gets down from
the grating process.

Other zips like Road Runner
without the punctuation, and,
in grave appraisal, proves

as full of shit
as a Christmas Turkey.

Labels: presidential debate, Romney

Tuesday, October 09, 2012

The Pool of Grim Price

Always a private pool
you can get into,

thus reducing your costs
through competition.

Ah yes, the beloved horn-
swaggle of privatization,

where you eventually pay more
than under bumbling government.

“But only because you forgot to factor
in a and b,” maintain accountancy shills.

Or c? Enabling Enchiladas buying whores
buttercreams forever.

Labels: capitalistic corruption, corruption, medical insurance, privatization

Wednesday, October 10, 2012

Vice Presidential Debate

Two Irishmen.
What can you expect?

Even the tight little
accountant of the 1%, en-

nunciating fascist Ayn
Randisms, possesses
blarney blood nonetheless.

The second bucko hails
from the Tip O'Neill,
Jim Curley school,

where whiskey flows
like buttermilk and

miraculous narratives
meander through
flatulent meadows. He’ll

tell jokes inappropriate
as the definition of
Irish foreplay:

Brace yourself, Bridget!
The other Harp ordained
to steer altar-boy clear.

Labels: Biden, Ryan, Vice Presidential Debate

Thursday, October 11, 2012

Loner

-No use evading it: I'm the loner in these parts too. Oh I tried to become social, more or less, when I first moved down here. Joined a kind of dining club. A guy and his wife and I met at their events and had drinks after.

-What were they like?

-The horsey set without the horses.

-Is that better or worse?

-I don't know. They must yearn for them.

Labels: friendship, horsey, loner

Friday, October 12, 2012

Show Token

-All races have similes for me. Black as the
inside of a cave, etc. Many more clever.
And extended.

-When I showed them your photo, they went
all babbling-ecstatic.

-Rare.

-Do I hafta explain the gig?

-Can I rely on my innate rhythm?

-Ha ha. They just put you front and
center, often next to the speaker.
When he makes a joke you laugh etc.
But you’re mostly there for optics.

-A quite dark contrast. Just rallies then?

-Some banquets!

-Goody! I can bounce the rubber chicken
like a basketball.

-Maybe a smaller dinner thing or two–if they’re videotaping.

-Not usual. They’re often private.
And clubby. Speaking of which, money?

-My commission alone greater than your usual fee! You’ll get rich.

-It’s an ill wind...all right.

Labels: black, Race, token

Saturday, October 13, 2012

Irish

Something jars, & sense
myself hardening up.

I’ll come to some
refractory stance.
Irish. Unmovable.

You could throw
carriage bolts

at my head &
they’d bounce off,

all unfelt. You’d be
doing me a favor.

(Comfort me
with carriage bolts
for I am sick of love.)

Labels: Irish, stubbornness

Sunday, October 14, 2012

It Falleth As

Across the ring
his eyes are fire.

Ready for the kill? He
might think so. I’m
way down on points,

though he has weakened,
body and will. But my

handlers are discussing
throwing in the sponge

since left eye hardly
merits the name. It’s
the sponge all right! In

from his boys! So he’s done!
Viral, some pneumonia thing

he’s denied and punched
until totally spent, a husk.

My guys lining up
for high fives. Last, my

Guardian Angel, who
confided before this

the other dude finished. Radio
mouth says it isn’t justice! So?

Tough. Anyway, I’ll take
mercy every time. No
contest.

Labels: boxing, Justice, mercy, throwing in sponge

Monday, October 15, 2012

Archive

We're the River Boys, our chief antagonists the
Mountain Boys. We labeled them derisively, their
hailing from a hilly section of the city, but
they liked the name.

Rumbled many a time! Let’s call the results a draw.
The historical highlight was the State Street Chaos,
where the fight spilled out of Delahome Park and
blocked traffic to and from downtown for three hours.

That was a mix of brawling kids, and cops using clubs.
Our pact forbade weapons. Fists only.

Register-Courier, it was, came up with STATE STREET CHAOS!!! Excoriating the mayor and police chief.

The latter was a florid boozer who couldn't get away
with only words this time. He actually responded.
Police Academy grads were sent away to study
Gang Control in New York and Chicago.

When they got back they made inroads, but the atmosphere
in the neighborhoods was changing anyway. Both places
being seriously boutiqued, and with shopping centers
planned. Pennys to anchor theirs and Sears ours.

Slums were cleared under federal programs and nostalgia
buffs complained mightily. But the housing stock was lousy
and shoddy, however picturesque. (We had a couple of
houses slide into the river during a downpour.)

And the women had gotten the bit in their teeth, actually
picketing downtown for equal pay. Which would have been
enough, but they wanted to enforce “feelings” on everyone.
Some men responded by drinking more, others by hugging
while meeting. In the cultural wave, the younger River Boys
and Mountain Boys became feminized.

The older guys have dug in, sort of. A representative fellow
we call The Ambassador, lives among us now, having taken
a job on a barge. But he comes from the "mountains."

Actually was a ringer there, import from New York’s Bowery.
Real Neanderthal who fought in the welterweight class under
the name of Packy-o McFarland.

He's a bit outspoken and we quote him often. "Where can you get a fuckin drink around here? All the dives have
pasted nautical crap on the walls, and the bartenders
are college graduates.

The waiters were old men with long aprons and black
shoes and limpy feet. Now they’re squirts bullshitting
about wines.”

“What the fuck do the women want? They turned
the whole city into a chick flick already! How ’bout
a rap, side of the head, to help straighten the dears out?”

With prompting of his sister-in-law, a Domestic
Relations Officer dropped by, but determined
he was all talk.

I’m just back from a sales conference where I met an old
Mountain Boy. We spoke of our memories of State Street,
and he pointed to a scrape on his chin he said I gave him

I apologized. Forgotten to take off a ring in the frenzy.
We laughed at it all. What’s left?

“You know,” I told my son when I got back, “Lots of changes
for the better, but...something lost too.”

“Yeah, stupidity!”

Labels: gangs, gentrification, police, rumble

Tuesday, October 16, 2012

Starbucks

Their coffee wrecking
my stomach,

I buy a 2 buck bottle of water,
5 cents of which goes to give
the children something

not over-filthy to drink in one
or another banana republic.

Someday I’d like to go there
myself, call over little Juan
and give him the fuckin nickel.

Labels: Charity, coffee, Starbucks

Wednesday, October 17, 2012

Debate

Since both parties
brought a pulse
for this occasion,

exchanges proved lively,
often raucous. That's

politics. Fitfully, grace-
ful thoughts plopped in,

but raw stump points
rendered the very air
retarded. So what?

Back to Lincoln-Douglas,
consecrated by History

and as full of baloney.
Again, politics, boys ‘n
girls. Animals roaming

far savannas terrify
but lack rhetoric.

Labels: Lincoln-Douglas, Obama, presidential debate, Romney, stump points

Thursday, October 18, 2012

Blogs

One fellow writes of vicious
politics today, & sticks

in paragraph about his cat.
I like people like that. Hit save.

Not sly asskissers knowing how
to go w/the flow (u know who u are),

but mortals in their
own whacked sphere.

Marching to different drummer? Yeah &
sufficient for present, though some-

times the drum gets caved in,
drummer down in the corner,

crapped out on some powder
or searing liquid.

Labels: blogs, cat, drugs, drummer

Friday, October 19, 2012

AT THE PLUTOCRATS’ CASINO
--with concluding advice

The help speeds
through the rear.
Quicker in, quicker

chance for tips. Any other
income blocked by cameras

beaucoup. Those stealing will devise
the best surveillance. Some few invited

in the side. Trained for Wealth some
day? More like to take the fall when
shit hits fan. A hedge. Unlikely, though,

if all the pols stay bought.
But in event most hellish, off
go eager underlings to Stir.

The pluts themselves demur
What hath God wrought? Plus
Senator Suckup exclaims as low

injustice even THINKING
they've done wrong!

His special tax law
doubling emoluments
for the inconvenience.

(If you don’t like all of this, try
it up your ass. You're entitled.)

Labels: bribery, Casino Capitalism, Plutocrat, Wall Street Casino

Saturday, October 20, 2012

Trio, Distaff

Three housewives form detective agency
(tentatively slotted for Fox, Fall)

Mrs X, Psychic
Mrs Y, gabby, but nuggets if you're patient
Mrs Z, scientific, travels with microscope,
ordinarily says little

Theme plays, vaguely Jewish. Twin flutes,
drifting above a classy do.

Y My daughter, Nan, ran away with a man.
   (Incoherent tirade re men)

Z Be all that vitriol as it may, I need
to get into her room. Clues.
Names from old dance programs.

Y Her dancing not a worry at present.

X I...see a beach.

Z Better she’s outside. Health.

X It's from Survivor. Spearing fish.

Y (goes off on discussion of buttercreams)

X There's...a different beach and two men.

Z *Menage de trois* say French.

Y Leave them out of it. It's filthy enough.

X And now there's a...third man!

Y Busybody! She got into everything as
   a little girl.

Z We must discover the third man's theme!

Y Put it on the TV. Let the whole world know my family's disgrace!

X Let's all have tea. And Entenmanns.

Flutes return, fade.

Labels: Detective Series, TV

Sunday, October 21, 2012

Ornithology

Leading bird hereabouts,
Pot-Bellied Skirtchaser.

If one of these entraps
a fledgling, can be hell

on wings for all snared in
the risible process. Specific

Old Romeo’s visible health shot
by haste & lies, & spread feathers

de-preened with daughter
crying “Daddy, how could you?
With that awful slut!” (Land-

mine! midst her wide&wooly sex-
uality. But, thought is wood for her

circle.) The Juliet on view dis-
covers biblically consecrated
lucidity within her confusion.

Wife, too, finds her own true love
from the whole grimy imbroglio:

Justice! She & Advocate con-
certing in vindictiveness.

Courts advance latter,
where tribes once
lopped off heads.

At any rate, hopping mess
in modern domestic sense.

& multiplying by thousands,
could we be better served, let’s

say, by a Devil’s Island for
marriage malefactors?

Then society could reserve
its energies for roads

& airport expansions. So,
all of us, too, breathing

easier over tea
& cookies.

Checking iPads
for the latest

iPad.

Labels: adultery, bird, consumerism, divorce, iPad

Monday, October 22, 2012

The March of Slime

When Crazies argue,
the result proves
2+2 = 5. Addition-

al number factors
agitation for us all.

Whereas when Rationals
discuss, they've understood
the overall, and compromise

mollifies the other sanes
to some degree, so much

media rashly prods
the truly venomous

to palliate the boredom
of the good. After a spell,
raucous quotes have spun riot

in retaliation for hum-
drum minimal sense.

The diction dives enough
to stir up Talk Radio and
other shit buckets.

Labels: argument, boredom, crazy, rational, Talk Radio

Tuesday, October 23, 2012

The Bore of the True Way

So Johnny One-Note
coming to the party?
Well then I ain’t! Else-

where, nobody preaches,
and chromatic folks try
laughing at themselves.

Almost a recipe
for good times. Or
Heaven. Diatonics

gravely loved
in the other.

Labels: chromatic, diatonic, heaven, Hell, ideology, Music, tolerance

Wednesday, October 24, 2012

Responsibility

-Like we need more Art History Majors?
“At this time, Picasso lived in the South
of France.”

-And fucked. What else would you do there?

-The party's not concerned with them.
But other, more symbolic, individual parasites.

-Have a nomination?

-There's one guy, plays tuba, but his repertoire consists of, like, minuets.
Total asshole!

-Does he pull it off?

-Probably, but that's another topic.
We're talking music. And mincing.

-Hah hah.

-I'm zeroing in on him.

-To what end?

-His.

-Trial?

-We're holding it now. You and I.

-Guilty!

-I'll AK-47 him at foolish rehearsal. Clean through!

-Tuba also? Too bad! Anyway, dying for something that petty! Oh well, I’d withdraw my verdict in an important matter.

-Hey, the party has done right by me. I'm returning the favor. Ours not to reason

why…or something like that.

-Uh huh? Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Heard that one?

-Heard it? I’m enjoying the shit outa it!

Labels: murder, power, tyranny

Thursday, October 25, 2012

Very Short Essay on Types of Power

Guy throwing out vote on a technicality
is like Mafia goon breaking your knee
for late payment.

Soldiers.

Labels: Mafia, usury, voting

Friday, October 26, 2012

Agent

-Look! You're the artist. You hafta figure out how, but you must change. I can't get you any work at present. And with year 3000
coming up...?

-Well I'm trying like hell but you know that I'm a clone. Of other clones, actually. The original me was born in the nineteen forties. Then the acting prototype was Alan Ladd.
And for the tearjerkers, George Brent
who wore a sports jacket consisting of shoulder pads, and was abnormally sensitive to the ladies.

-Yeah? Never mind that last horseradish.
Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart were film noir. After three nuclear wars, that sorta evil considered incredibly bush.

-That noir stuff still permeates me. I can’t help it. Some prof at USC is starting a group, though. For clones in the movie industry.

-Well, anyway...hold on!...may be something after all. Jeanine’s telepathing me about another screwing-a-robot film. Yeah!
You get lustful with one and then--
with a nod to the girls–-actually fall in love. Hell of a plot!

-I'll take it!

-It's a boy robot.

-I go either way--due to the times.

-That's a start towards solving our big problem! You’re a handsome young man in any age. That should always
mean money!

Labels: clone, future, Hollywood, robot

Saturday, October 27, 2012

You, Located

World Series in
City by the Bay so

camera establishes
bridges and water and

plopped in the middle, Rock
of Alcatraz, apprehended

from your gangster flicks
of course, but what if

Alcatraz made
a movie about you?

Your absurd escapes
and suspect modes?

How you and place
interpenetrate?
Often for ill.

I'll get you into
the laundry, not
the worse gig

but caution!
Always! Shivs

have a way there,
midst the shim-

mering steam and sacks,
of mysteriously finding backs.

Labels: Alcatraz, gangster, movie, Rock, San Francisco

Sunday, October 28, 2012

You can bring Rose
with the turned-up nose
*but don't bring Lulu.**

Ambiguity first! (Intellect’s
battle cry?) Turned-up as in

cute like little piggy? Or,
her emblem of assuming

superiority of taste?--
lording over all of us

from snoz. Anyway, none
in ball-breaking Lulu:

strenuous! and that's it.
I’ve tried counseling her
for society’s sake to eat

a bit of shit, but, wildly in-
educable to the end…

oh well, eventual room
for such women too,
separated dramatically.

**Don’t Bring Lulu*–several versions beginning in 1920s

Labels: intellectual, Lulu, party, Rose, socially acceptable, women

Monday, October 29, 2012

The President Has Flaws

Oy does he! Exercising
the other party to

extremes: pointing them
out bringing more
obsession. Though joy in

such hot pursuits
best left to crazies.

Anyway, who could withstand
barrages with Big Boys’ dough?
Did Chester Arthur undergo

similar? Course not. For History saws
his wood now, and it’s nothing much.

Grover Cleveland? How rawly whacked!
Back to dimension of open torches, chants

of "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?" sans dancing
fairies of today’s political consultants.

Labels: bribery, money in politics, Political Consultant, politics

Tuesday, October 30, 2012

Alright, not

Blues in the Night.
Partners' ears shut
prior to leaving.

This new one wishes
the moment only, but

you reject such a call,
by persisting in a history
ripping others, thus wield-

ing old saws of
morality painting

you correct. The wreck's
ahead, ghost ship lum-
bering in awful mists.

Labels: morality, Romance, self -righteousness

Wednesday, October 31, 2012

What Makes Partners Run?

-Hail to you thou Corporate Jew!
The sheep line up for fleecing.
More aggressive ones to the fore!
Only God could've made such a world!

-Will it bother you that I'm not Jewish?

-Bother me? I haven't been bothered
since I just missed jail time on another
scheme-dream. But that was amateur and
this, professional perfecto!

-Confidence always worries me.

-In measure, dear un-Jewish Sir. In measure.
We'll make the suckers wait a bit. Pockets still open.

-Are you worried about new laws?

-Nah. The Republicans get bought immediately, Democrats give homilies first. But it's all the same.

-In the Catbird Seat, huh?

-I like that! He sings the last song he heard
with his whole heart! As if it's his own.

-Sorry...but things going too well. I'm for hedging some bets.

-Hedge? Fine! Run that thing right and it's the
biggest scam yet devised by man.

-You don't object if we gain some things sort of morally?

-No way! I've been to church. Give that a
shot too. You do what you have to do.

Labels: con, finance, Financial Shenanigans

Thursday, November 01, 2012

Then and Now

Then

I run a political weekly skewering blatant thieves and their business bribers.

Special pet is Republican Party with its all-things-vagina approach.

More enemies than subscriptions.

Seemingly more bills than both

Before Sheriff launches us into new careers,
we always inebriate away in a Thursday party
at a low establishment, having put the rag
to bed.

The only rule is to be self-critical, to
try to balance off our scorning of others.

Some of the confessions lead to beery tears.
No surprise.

When my turn comes, I aver I've stopped
beating my wife, to general hilarity.

Not wife nor girlfriend, having lost both
in incendiary divorce. As hot as it was,
gossips lost interest due to my non-importance.

Now

-Those were the days…and weren't.

-Oh Daddy, how, like, profound!

-What we could muster, lacking Nintendo.

-Lame, in all dimensions. But please stop talking. Your vacated life makes me too sad.

-Is that possible?

-I haven't begun to cry, but no time now.
Gotta scoot to Walgreens, thus car keys please?.

-Some legal drugs?

-Nah. Makeup shit. Awards ceremony tonight
where I get one or another. School wants
us to act like ladies and look like tarts.

-Wouldn’t miss it.

-Whatever.

Labels: generation gap, investigative reporting, political satire

Friday, November 02, 2012

When Our Office Mgr Vacations,

ocean remains calm
per directions, am-

bient air as Gold-
ilocks, therefore
not warm nor chill.

Later mountains likewise
behave, filling his camera

with pixelled serenity of
repetitious snowcaps
replacing flat seas.

Even the wildflowers
order themselves in-
to a spinster’s garden.

Last, though, Vegas,
where women
find him

out. Ditto booze,
cornucopia drugs
and Blackjack.

He has returned, boy-
babbler of high exploits
at bed and table. Office

runs itself, with predict-
able results. When half

the copiers bust at
once, we push rehab
on the now-depressive.

Of course, the exact record
re Vegas’d help psychiatrists,

but he sold the camera there,
and scrubbed the chip of sin
for a concluding whack at it.

Well, long story short, how
he’s carted away and half

the down copiers
suddenly race!

We learned it’s all of it
Karma, Baby!

Business model, in any case,
more discrete. Thus, probably,
Karma, Colleague.

Labels: business, karma, model, office, organization

Saturday, November 03, 2012

Flower of Malaya

-...and I found that I didn't have to undergo
the torture of choosing between Bruce and Betty.

-By choosing both?

-Bingo! Happy at last!

-Judging from the solo aspects of this shitty
apartment, something happened to divert
such happiness?

-Bruce and Betty happened.

-I see. But even then...I mean you're experimenters after all.

-They left.

-And a note?

-A doozie! Including an allusion to words from an old song...flower of Malaya.

-And which of you is...?

-Couldn’t say. All incomprehensible.

-Like love--or loves--itself. Or themselves.
Or something. At any rate, here you are, celibate and eating from cans.

-Not the latter. Frozen dinners. To which I
apply a chef's touch!

-Could exemplify your whole life.

-Let's...keep it light.

Labels: bi, Flower of Malaya, gay, love triangle

Sunday, November 04, 2012

Turn and Counter

Society proved cruel
to Jane Eyre. For return

she spent
honest toil,

fidelity, and
affection.

All awful coins.

Labels: character, cruelty, goodness, Jane Eyre, society

Monday, November 05, 2012

The Business of Fatigued Language

Ducks on a pond,
thence in a row. You

move them somehow: They’ve
flapped down in chaos, mid

little family strings
gliding around. So, rout

whatever riot in trade
for metaphor. Thus run

up flagpoles to see
who etc salutes etc

whilst thinking--where
else?--OUTSIDE THE BOX!
Which becomes the new inside

said container. We’re speaking here
of waking up deadly dull work by

literary speech of sorts. Flower past?
Still lingers the essence. Yeah,

so what the figures flaccid
and long since expired?

We are bold in insisting on
at least breathing out good

ole feathery conceits. Hey!
when we ourselves get old,

can afford to see
things in true,
scathing light

on us. Which

we’ll deny.

Labels: business, business cliches, business language, fatigued language, imagination, metaphor, trite

Tuesday, November 06, 2012

It’s too late now to come
weeping on my shoulder

Oh I don’t know:
Damp Act being
rather timeless.

Like betrayal of
rock n’ roll love.

Or World Cup
dives in soccer.

Labels: betrayal.diving, football, love, rock n' roll, soccer, World Cup

Wednesday, November 07, 2012

Hangover

Repubs say their guy
Gordon Gecko-ized in

early carpet bombing, brutal-
ly unfair! Then “47%” fed
this jejune misperception.

Horribly negative advertising,
a type of propaganda they

couldn’t really recognize. Rove
shocked, shocked. & sore at best.
House stays with them, however,

proving Treason
prospers. Media, hard-

ly shy in all of this, can so
untwist its panties now,

returning to who wore
what sheer dress.

Labels: 47%, carpet bombing, election, Gecko, media, negative advertising, Obama, Romney, Rove, treason

Thursday, November 08, 2012

Natural Meds

From the topmost limb
of the Diddle-Doodle tree

when birds excrete and
apes lumber, comes a par-
ticularly curative leaf.

$10,000 a pound.
Kids clamber up
for a dollar a basket.

Our entrepreneurs
give over preaching

of Free Market to
show it in action.

The host country, though,
not impressed and ex-
tracts payola mucho.

Consumer Reports
eventually cries Fraud
from A to Z. Scientists

are marshaled
to challenge them.

And patients relieved
from flaming rectum

or GERD testify of miracle. But
FBI cites production chain where
they find the leaves trashed and

sugar cane ground for
the terrific mix instead.

If they give a Nobel for sleaze,

surely an American will slide
through for win. Take pride.

Labels: American Capitalism, fraud, Medicine Show, Nobel

Friday, November 09, 2012

A Certain Republican Speaks, Further Foreshadowing

“So we lost the Spicks? Know
any old Speedy Gonzales jokes?
With blacks, lost cause anyway.

Scratch them!–between the knife scars pref-
erably. As for the young, they still know shit!
Sex,rock n’ roll,video games,and space drugs.

Also, lots of hugs–-where can I puke?
(Won’t mention Jews…very PC in this place.)

Some faggots elected with sup-
port of depraved European brand
of Anything-Goes Socialism. Then,

women didn’t realize how much
they’d get to enjoy vaginal probes.
And relish rape, should it fortunately

arrive. Next time we’ll buy their votes
with vibrators: Hey, since old pros say
party must renew, there’s idea for sex-

y start! In any case, it’s
a White Ship, Honey. And,
going down, Glory!

Labels: electoral loss., PC, rape, Republican, Republican future, Republican whiteness, socialism, vaginal probe

Saturday, November 10, 2012

Mac’s Rebound Marriage

Shortly after Jeanine-Ann sped off
to a conference of Curriculum
Integrators, Mac threw the pillow
slip on the floor.

The sheets, though, still reeked of floral scent,
but aromas off Ritz cracker crumbs partially
obscured it.

He had to rouse himself even before endless commercials would pause the Jets vs Raiders on TV.

A staccato fart issued on his amble towards the bathroom, longer, all in all, than the elongated boom now greeting a Jet’s touchdown.

Labels: football, marriage, TV

Sunday, November 11, 2012

Television Life

In Chad, Dr Z of Ed-
ucation Ministry sub-
limates radical bent

with favorite Italian
detectives, Colombo
and Montalbano. Here,

situation comedies
underline the quirks
friends see in us.

The world is TV
pure and simple.

Our lifetime shorter, murk-
y pond smaller, though

we're pleasing as odd,
blinking fish, quoted

and admired if, on
occasion, mocked.

Labels: Columbo, Detective Series, Montalbano, situation comedies, television

Monday, November 12, 2012

Kitchen

We will slice,
we will dice.

Left and Right.
All hail Chefs
of Lying!

Crusade has truly passed
but mincing slippery last,

explaining prevailed, or lost,
to jubilant and dying.

Labels: lying, political advisers, political strategy.campaign, politics

Tuesday, November 13, 2012

Long, Short, Law

I cut them, drink-
ing straws,

multicolored in
a swirling pattern--

to further disappoint you
railing romantics who’d

desire extractions from
an actual bale. Held

by Very Old Kack. As
I, he didn't have to draw:
smelling of dirt, anyway.

The short one to Rence
who loved his AK-47s,

grilled cheese sandwiches,
and Louneen. Quick sentence:
so-elite firing squad sporting

automatic weapons--fellow club
members to wit. Settlement

of 30,000 put by her: half
to gun community summer
camp for underprivileged, other

for her own use. Proved
to be Dr Abel’s treatments
for incipient Turkey-Neck.

Worked, since she acquired
beau week after finishing.

Labels: AK-47, drawing straws, guns, plastic surgery

Wednesday, November 14, 2012

Hooray for

"Plot involves hairdresser, let's call him Bruce, because cliches are easier to deal with this morning. Anyway, what he learns from his clients lays the ground-work for his second career: Cat Burglar!

Anyway, get me a masculine actor. I'm sick of these pseudo macho men who camp it up because they're afraid we'll think them queer.

How about Relitzky? Uh huh, yeah, I know. Brute! He eats steel and shits bullets!

Are you finally through? Too hard edged? Couldn't sell Bruce?

Yada yada yada! No empathy there at all?

I...uh...wouldn't worry about that. I know him better than you.

And his wives.

(Sings) And the boy he left behind him, where the River Drava flows."

Labels: Cat Burglar, crime, Hollywood, homosexuality

Thursday, November 15, 2012

Secessionists have petitioned

the Executive
for exit. Of
scratch-ass Red

States, there-
fore Snow White
in alleged mind,

though *boobus*
americanus to
most. (To be fair,

liberal succession
advocates exist.

They're of course
for the best stuff:
Justice.)

Back on subject,
Racist Republicans

can’t afford this rout
of their Clown Car
so careening.

As a kid at the circus,
New Haven Arena, an

actual tiny little
clown car entering
the spotlight, thence

disgorging to my delight
what seemed

an endless stream
of motley knockabouts.

To America come!
we implore all
huddled masses

not named Juan or Hasan.
You'll have opportunity

and never have to
grow up.

Labels: clown car, immigration, red state, Republican, Secession, Secessionists

Friday, November 16, 2012

Maine's Independent Senator

will caucus with Democrats.
Legitimate Rape and recent

Right-Awful pronouncements
hardly cutting it Down East,

where fond of COMMON
Sense, not NON-.

Labels: Caucus, Democrat, Independent Senator, Legitimate Rape, Maine, Republican

Saturday, November 17, 2012

The **Ceremony**

-Rough veined marble, ugly cube of it.
Just ritual. Do what the priest tells you.
It’s an honor though. I sponsored you,
I know, but can’t be there. Wicked flu!
…

-I heard. Horrible!

-He grabs the rock shrieking “Thus do I receive the sins of the world!”
A tremendous shudder! Then he dies.

-Oh my God! So very tragic! It’s my fault!--
but I never knew him to be that emotional.

-Guess so.

-At any rate, that’s when my flu left. Can you beat that?

-A miracle!

-Whatever.

Labels: miracle, religion, ritual

Sunday, November 18, 2012

Romance

-You walked across Russia for a woman?

-Afraid so.

-Uh, move a bit. No, the other way.
Gardener just back from Moscow
Horticultural Institute. I wish to see
what he learned.

Labels: gardening, horticulture, nobleman, Romance, Russia, wealth, Woman

Monday, November 19, 2012

Crude Show

How the law clerks adored
this appeal! It being dense

yet blubbery--
howlingly funny,

save for intriguing
metaphysical leaps.

His Honor demanded
concision from them–-plus

thumbs up on this plea. They
comported, and he ordered
the prisoner released upon their

recasting of the original evidence.
All in graves a good while now,
student historian sniffs bribe to judge.

Prof informs him cease--how just
reflective of that time and done
to media death aiding tinpot reformers

since. Payola aplenty adorns
contemporary politics, he avers,
though, yes, a ballet by comparison.

Labels: bribery, local politics, political history, political reform

Tuesday, November 20, 2012

No accident Republicans keep calling

theme which cost election.
Dems bribe sardines to vote

for them. Government bids
to lazy nothings defiling all!

Billionaires’ dough still soaks:
They won’t relinquish place
at Mama’s enormous tit.

Labels: 47%, billionaire, bribery, Democrat, Republican, subsidy

Wednesday, November 21, 2012

When mountebanks scream

at each other,
suckers crawl
from the din.

They must therefore talk
to preserve business, and sin

along that line.
Making Market

less free but
more sublime.

Labels: business, chicanery, Free Market, mountebank, sin

Thursday, November 22, 2012

Defining Moments

When the new ballpark opened, our gang hit the open house. Actually taking turns at the batting cage, like our high-paid heroes.

Jixxy performed his usual athletic mishmash,
but cheered the rest of us.

He passed that night.

I thought, when coherent, an autopsy with one so young? But Doc confided,

“Nah. Bad heart since a kid, in the family.
Knew his days were numbered and spent
them in…well, love really.”

I spoke at the service about Lincoln’s phrase:
with charity for all.

Felt inadequate after, that my words not much.

But my girlfriend, Fay, whispered, “You were great, what you said!…well, Lincoln and Jixxy belong in the same breath is all. But I just can't be like them. I just can’t. I try, but…
God knows I try!”

Then she exploded in tears and I didn’t know if it was for Jixxy or her or everything.

Labels: Baseball, death, funeral, insight, Lincoln

Friday, November 23, 2012

Little Girl, Little Curl

Most especially horrid!
Meet with parents as their
experienced friend. Her

father for some punishment.
To his credit, not physical.

Withholding beloved chocolate
milk a week. Religo-Mom

for prayer, the intensity
of which points quietly

to goodness, or at least
relative peace.

I, in professorial guise,
submit a program
long and wise.

They object to its length,
which suggests even

greater doubt re
my reading children.

Short of it, we give up.
Victory for brat. Oh well,

that settled it then, queasily.
Fast forward twenty years

and she lives with cohort
of tantrum tossers. Boys too.

Drama has exhausted them
to zombies, though they

metamorphose each day
for business, and fake it

to make it. This goes unusually well
until excruciating scene disgusts

everybody. Prompting vacating from
latest victims by our own adult brat.
So? Can you spot one ask you?

Quite impossible.
They don't come
with timing fuses

like bombs in
bad movies.

Labels: behavior, brat, character, parenting, punishment

Saturday, November 24, 2012

The Post-History of Holy Matrimony

After Cliff and Jilly's wedding,
they discovered someone or thing

had strewn the Road to Happiness
with boulders. Strove to remove

them, often at odds. Babies arrived,
distractingly, and C&J plodded bravely

enough in and out of the bungalow
on Appletree Lane. When fledglings
teen, horribly hating all and sundry,

Bride and Groom grit through. Fast way
forward and Kids have their own--will soon
enough again attempt comprehending serial

heartbreak in highschool. Old marrieds
have retired to Cocoa Beach in some confusion,

feeling they should've figured it out by now. Mal-
adies, however, seize the forefront. And how!

GERD for him, *a strange clickclack in
the back of her sacroiliac.** Will

you raise your glasses to couples?
If you're one, then higher still!

**South America, Take it Away*

Labels: babies, children, illness, marriage, relationship, retirement

Sunday, November 25, 2012

Of Choice

-You did it exactly backwards. Upside down.

Young physician, puzzled.

-How come it made me feel better?

-I don't know. I can only suggest the Treatment
Of Choice.

Whose choice? I wonder. His profs in med school?
Pharma drummer dropping in at doctors' offices
between golf dates?

So...what the hell...I'll do it his way. The obvious
strategy would be to pretend my last method
was his, and then depend on Irish Perversity.

(Substitute your own brand before Perversity.)

Oh, well, shouldn't ever end with an aside...if
you wish to keep the few friends you have
in a world recalcitrant itself.

Labels: doctor, Irish, perverse, perversity, pharma

Monday, November 26, 2012

Secession Airs--a discussion of two
Northeastern Smart Asses

-The welfare states wanna leave. They don't, like, cotton,
to the "Nee-gro" jiving back to the White House.

-Hey! Don't let the door hit them in the ass on the way out!

-You don't mind losing the culture?

-The what? Smithfield ham, pure salt! And without football,
nobody'd ever hear of Mississippi or Alabama.

-Grits not bad, and a lot of the girls are pretty.

-Yeah, but shit for brains. Tammy's in love!

-That's the DNA. They can't help it.

-There's good in this! The billionaires'll flock there!
They can fuck the independent rubes even more rawly.
And won't pay a penny in taxes.

-They do now?

-The secessionists'll still be low-information voters even in their new country.

-The Fascists like 'em that way.

-I see Georgia, South Carolina and Texas bringing
back slavery.

-But Twenty First Century version: a few token spicks thrown in too.

-So South-Centric is we-uns! We've been leaving the West out of the equation. *(sings) Ok-lahoma where the wind comes...*

-Well, smart cowboy's an oxymoron, that's for sure.

-Where men are men, and women fuckin glad about it.

Sagebrush! Coyotes!--the four-legged kind. The Red River Valley! *(sings) Just remember The Red River Valley and the cowboy who loved you so true.* I'll miss the sentimental songs around the campfire. And, by the bye, take down your pants so I can see your brand. I think you've been rustled!

-No doubt, but we ARE…missing the finer points in all of this learned discussion!

-Not a worry. They'll reveal themselves over the
laugh track.

Labels: North, Secession, South, Texas, welfare states, West

Tuesday, November 27, 2012

Jim Crow Party Lost

Weeping and gnashing etc
on country club verandahs?
Actually, softer types there.

What rock to leverage up
to find this specimen?

“*Should never gived woman*
the vote and nigra
the bicycle!”

Okay, emphatically drunk, and
his wild buddies claim him

mostly funny, just
coy-camping a bizarre

Good Ole Boy persona.
And even bright of heart!

Are we too quick to judge?
Do you think?

Labels: Jim Crow, Racism, South, women

Wednesday, November 28, 2012

Lawyers Huddle

-Well, broke down in tough neighborhood. Machine pistol in glove compartment.

-I wait in cringing anxiety.

-Not as bad as you'd think. Group of guys muttering–-against him, he thought.

-Sprayed 'em?

-Nobody killed. A few uncomfortable
hospital stays.

-How come they weren't suspicious
of white guy lingering in car?

-Thought he was salesman checking his email.

-Okay, let's talk motive. Could they be said to be plotting in some way against...?

-Plotting all right: transportation for church picnic.

-Forget motive. How to defend him?

-He's been fed steady stream of right wing hysteria by Fox and hate radio.
When I spoke to him I got the full dose.

-Insanity defense?

-Somewhat. "Right Wing Hysteria Defense."

-We'll make history–-unless we draw reactionary judge.

-That's taken care of. Then you're in for sure?

-Wouldn't miss it!

Labels: Fox..Right Wing Hysteria, Right Wing, Right Wing Radio

Thursday, November 29, 2012

So we'll go no more a-roaming--
a political air

Yet, run to Right and Die.
Just what Wall St Hack
accomplished, in order

not to piss maniacs.
Necessary politics

and Death Wish. With
Dems would be bounce

towards Left, but that's in
mysterious coma for
the nonce.

Awaiting kiss from
Prince or Princess?

(I thought Frog, but
Frogs are so French.)

Labels: French, Left, political strategy, Right

Friday, November 30, 2012

Home Free When They Laughed

Consecrating him, and speech.
After, his ideas, all of which
forgotten by him, explicated

by fellow, fervent inebriates.
Turned out a warming evening
in sum. Presidential though?

Despite rout of next morn’s aching
head and so-queasy stomach, he

has learned to start the ball careening
at an exploratory committee:

lobbyists he has loved
and been loved in return.

Labels: exploratory committee, lobbyist, presidential

Tuesday, December 11, 2012

“Entitlements”

Possible that Social

Security, Medicare,

need some tinkering

to sustain. Quite difficult

to see much

in the fog of

a war thrust

forth by Wealth &

its hired guns plus

hissing troglodytes

Labels: entitlement, medicare, Republican, Social Security, wealth

Wednesday, December 12, 2012

The Conversation

-Howsit goin, Jim Crow?

-Worse than it was.

-Well, when that Natural Rhythm kicks in...!

-We've grown tired of that. And all the touchdowns and dunks. Like there's nothing else we can do!

-We admire you people tremendously!

-Then why extract the vote?

-Demographics is all. Politics demands some raw things! You do what you hafta do!-- a phrase you've used yourself.

-Out of desperation or impotence.

-Can't be the latter with you bucks, nosiree!

-Comfort me with apples for I am sick of love.

-All the fuckin apples y'want!

1

Labels: Jim Crow, Republican vote suppression, vote suppression, voting

Thursday, December 13, 2012

When the Gay Couple Move In-

to our suburban development,

we expect slow acceptance.

Practically immediate. Helped

they’re social, running Bean-

bag Toss in our yearly fete,

doing mucho driving for

Little League and Pop Warner.

Most instrumental in Safe Prom Night.

Insuring our boys and girls not mangled

in booze-stinking sedans. Capper arrives

when they’re invited by holdout Neanderthals

to Sweet Sixteen party. But, no,
the ultimate capper: They come out

as Conservative Republicans! “Oy!”

exclaims Mac Murphy, and “Begorrah!”

appends Sid Cohen. Democratic Co-Chairs.

Labels: acceptance of gays, Democrat, gay, neighborhood, Republican, social

Friday, December 14, 2012

Least Stage

“Oh Rensselaer!
You’re so polytechnic!”

Thus was I defamed
among his lesser turns.

I wanted him killed off in
The Great War, but our frame
proved skirmish only,

where many were chosen
but few called

to any duty save
money grubbing.

Necessary always though
hardly the stuff
of Romantic Legend.

We died,
and that’s always a moment,

but I’d be hard
put delineating others.

Labels: regret, romantic, Wall Street

Saturday, December 15, 2012

Intellect Empty as Faith

But you can photograph
and enumerate

murdered children. Append
pathological notes. What

ultimately descends are
moral splinters forever

moving away from
your hand.

Labels: Connecticut, faith, guns, intellect, mass murder, morality, murdered children, Newtown

Sunday, December 16, 2012

Singing About Nothing

It all came back to him now. Like Sinatra, Pippy had lived a life that's full—minus a few women.

Something of that feeling leads him to perform *My Way* at the Kool Kup's Karaoke Night.

Nothing could have prepared him for the wrath.

Highlighted by Yocko's girlfriend, Big Boobs Gladys, as he sings of travelling each and every highway:

"Yeah, on your knees!"

This proves chief zinger among many.

Yocko has already chimed in with "*Your* way? Everybody else's, more like!"

Even Silent Lucy sings her little parody in the space where Pippy puts the mike down to sip a drink and light a cigarette, a la Frank. "Regrets, you've had a million!"

He later speaks of his hurt to Other Harry, who snaps "Who cares about what a buncha drunks thinks? Besides, it's the wrong crappy song for you."

"What'll I…?"

"Sing about nothing next time. Don't make yourself a target."

Labels: character, criticism, drunk, Karaoke, My Way, Sinatra

Monday, December 17, 2012

It

O look! It fits

matrix or curve!

emits math boy
or girl. Uh huh?

Fits nothing but, new-

ly shape-shifting,

can destroy theory.

And, even, you.

Labels: math, predicability, science, shape-shifting

Tuesday, December 18, 2012

Voice

"So you wanna ban ghetto blasters?

Good luck with that and all your pussy ways.

Long’s I get to keep my rocket launcher.

Neighbor’s overdue. He’ll be bitching

to the angels soon enough.

Freedom’s what it’s called if you’re

looking for the word.

Fuckin freedom.

Woosh!"

Labels: assault weapon, freedom, ghetto blaster, guns, rocket launcher

Wednesday, December 19, 2012

Graduate

The wonder is, wasn’t done in
by their collective incompetence.

After dear preparation, started
following a terrorized heart
to them. Quite a risk for us

Labels: college, graduate, incompetence, terror

Thursday, December 20, 2012

Cold War of the Rich

We drove Soviet Union to its knees
with our dough-re-me. Now Times

sez repubs losing nationally--can’t move
their lousy package--but bribing states.

Can we afford to counter
them there also? Enshrined

alongside such spent horses
as Land of Free and
Home of Brave, the eternal

American question forever soars:
How much justice can you afford?

Labels: bribery, Cold War, Justice, Republican, state

Friday, December 21, 2012

After the final convulsion,
the King fled.

There followed emperors,
each more decadent

than the last. Culminating
with one enamored of making
the nation into his beloved Circus.

The girls felt pretty in
their spangled tights, and

the men shot from canons,
despite singed eyebrows,
enjoyed the trip.

But the clowns
got handguns.

Labels: Circus, clowns, guns

Saturday, December 22, 2012

Another Doomsday Passes

with the stray tornado or so,
but space mountains fly past,
and black and brown waves don’t

materialize to ravage
Idaho hamlets--

preferring, perhaps, to rage
at the infuriating Lakers.

Thus, jumpy fingers need withdraw,
reluctantly, from trigger housings.

Black helicopters stay aloft, their
distinctly awful *thrum-thrum*

filtered out from government imposed
bedlam by those who’ve coyly

trained themselves. The Bushmaster,
proven adept in dismembering children,
leads the Hit Parade

of sales. Sensible folks tell us pay more
attention, be especially polite to paranoids

you may discover secreting among us.
No mystery who they are, though, for
they announce themselves on radio.

Labels: black, black helicopter, brown, Bushmaster, doomsday, paranoid, radio

Sunday, December 23, 2012

She self-labels *Whore!*

Sobbing out the end
of the dim affair.

Limo of Martyrdom hav-
ing eased to its slot, she

begins a sinking in
her posh seat.

Labels: affair, female, male, martyrdom, posh

Monday, December 24, 2012

At Stake

Not much up till then,
he goes all in.

But refused cards. “That

truly settles it,” he insists,

“game’s rigged!”

“Startling Revelation Depart-

ment,” sneers dealer.

Labels: all in, cards, gambling, game, rigged game

Tuesday, December 25, 2012

Up to Here

For the addict the fix
is all of life. Why it’s
called addiction. My

quarrel with films depicting
endless runs of subtlety to
acquire, then absorb, shit.

Stringing ennui further
towards its rancid terminal.

Let’s grab another train.
It’s time.

Labels: addiction, boredom, cleverness, drugs, fix

Wednesday, December 26, 2012

When one door closes

another opens,
Cal was reassured

by religion and
secular folk-

lore. He purchased house
with many rooms, where

doors constantly slam
due to powerful drafts.

Nothing opens them

unless he does, or wife

Dorothea—who has

told Attorney Gaddings
to file for divorce.

In another city, Cal Jr
receives news equally.

As to doors metaphor,

he scoffs, of course.

Labels: door, folklore, generation, generation gap, metaphor, religion

Thursday, December 27, 2012

Directions

All the docs&meds&exercise&herbs&

minerals&positive-thoughts. My o

amenable you! But a Black Swan glides

anyway. Ordinarily, comes&you go. Though,

hold it in the corner of your favored eye

& tell yourself a story. Of Faith

or its opposite. You pick. Make it

genuine for once. Laugh or grow

querulous. Stutter. Whatever. Keep go-

ing: your own Thousand Nights&this next.

Maybe Swan will so very slowly slide

across your chock-a-block vision

to another part of the lake.

Awaited there for elegance.

Labels: Black Swan, doctor, faith, Fate, Health, herbs, luck, meds, potion

Friday, December 28, 2012

Fearing fear itself

was a good one ole

Roosevelt or somebody

come up with. Should’ve

known his Gwen, Rick

mused. But breathing easier

what with football season

putting her erratic shit on hold.

She’s team’s severest critic

and totally focused.

Labels: focus, football, pesonality, Roosevelt

Saturday, December 29, 2012

“But what do *I* know?”

A mystery reading that “I”: *I’m*
expert and they’re flailing? Or…
In the dark, oft-beset me, encore?

Just samples, of course, from what-
ever weird amalgam makes you up.

Well, anyway, start with humility.
Will contrast you.

And yes, the little pop-up arrogance

contributes too.

Labels: arrogance, humility, knowlege

Sunday, December 30, 2012

Account From Ecclesiastic, Though Crude

The woman who worried about everything!

Did a 180 and could give a shit less.

When last I saw her: “Ever see tits like these, Reverend?”

Whipping them around. “Anything in your Bible compare?”

“Yes.”

Labels: Bible, religion, sex

Monday, December 31, 2012

Elegance is brutal work

Those imputing genius to me,

though, posit edifice I leap

with single bound, fans therein

cheering roundly, as for Giants.

Now, Academy desires more

decimal places. Easiest, for

that far out,

random suffices.

Lazy? Give bean counters

fewer beans, foul addiction.

Labels: bean counters, genius, random, research, science

Wednesday, January 16, 2013

Grandma in Transition

CONGRESSMAN
Gotta throw Grandma under the bus all at once!
Can’t be gradual, or you’ll have Democrats and other
Goody-Two-Shoes pulling her back by the legs while
you’re trying to fling her good!

LOBBYIST
Some image!

CONGRESSMAN
Was fuckin English Major!

LOBBYIST
Your speeches often quoted.

CONGRESSMAN
Yeah, but for the wrong reasons. Media needs Simon Legree!

LOBBYIST
Not familiar with that gentleman.

CONGRESSMAN
No matter. You’re a product of dumbed-down education.

LOBBYIST
Smart enough to know this scotch is smoky silk!

CONGRESSMAN
Son, only Congressmen and billionaires can afford
this scotch.

LOBBYIST
Have a hunch it’ll prove expensive to me.

CONGRESSMAN
First sensible thing you said.

Labels: billiionaire, bribery, Congress, Congressman, Grandma, lobbyist, Simon Legree

Thursday, January 17, 2013

True Believer

Frothed at the mouth
to broil President.

Failed, but how dried
excrescence there re-

moistened! As if
by blood of tyrants.

Labels: blood of patriots, gun control, patriot, President

Friday, January 18, 2013

Go Figure

-“The Optical Plan is safe! Don’t worry for now.”

-Then he trundled away his shopping cart, full
of filth and oddments? Down the twisted byways
of Anytown, USA!

-Something like that. I’m puzzling over what he meant.

-Negotiated under homeless contract? Now don’t give
me that look! At any rate, shouldn’t be hard for you
to fathom. On the same wavelength. Deep Structure!

-Hey, what’s the difference between him and
the Old Testament Prophets dishing up their
threatening shit?

-Or the Ides of March dude?

-What’s an Ide anyhow?

-Don’t know. Didn’t read the footnotes back then.

-And that’s all you read now.

-Answer in there somewhere. How life has passed us by.

-In there or The Optical Plan.

Labels: footnote, homeless, Ides, insanity, Old Testament, prophet

Saturday, January 19, 2013

“The Death of Aristotle

went down hard in my house. Dad’d like to bring him
back for some new quotes. Mom’s all Shoppy-hower
or Shitty-flower or some such.

Yeah, brought up by intellectuals. Not the same as
wolves, but the results can be as wild.

I’m on curfew now. Freedom granted again shortly.
Then I’ll test the two fools anew.

I’m looking for a fellow with a five-word vocabulary
who drags his knuckles on the ground. They want
a bright one, of course, so they can talk their crap.

Liberals? Now what do you think? Conservative Intellectual
is an oxymoron, no matter what the hate radio of this
dumbed-downed region tries to convince you.

And it’s **Schopenhauer**. I was just teasing. They’ve taught me
a lot though they’re idiots.”

Labels: Aristotle, Conservative, freedom, Hate Radio, intellectual, liberal, Schopenhauer, Teens

Sunday, January 20, 2013

The Shortest Story Beginning a Long One

-Sex in a small car. It‘s almost fun.

-Now what?

-That’s always the question, isn’t it?

-I’m hearing you’ve got to do better.

-Well, nicer milieu next…

-You know what I mean!

Labels: car, judgement, relationship, sex

Monday, January 21, 2013

In Baltimore

Blinky had a condition that, when he became tense,
hair would grow audibly. Sometimes it came up from
his chest and tickled under the chin.

At first, he didn’t know if meeting Jennie-Lil was a
good thing, but they were making a go of it.

Hers popped out on the back of her hands.
After, following the arms. With surgical gloves,
no one would notice till it got there.

Today she’ll come for the last quarter of the
Ravens game from her shift at St Agnes.

He’ll cut the sound, then, for both to listen.

Labels: Baltimore, hair, medical condition, Ravens

Tuesday, January 22, 2013

Alien Report

A possible index for understanding the one type
is their love of mock wars carried out on large
fields in front of thousands like them.
These spectators often brawl afterwards.

The other type I call Shelf Persons. They go about
projecting from the upper third.

There can be no index explaining them, the
literature--such as it is--replete with examples
decrying any possibility of this whatsoever.

Labels: alien, football, future, men, Sports, women

Wednesday, January 23, 2013

Dialog…*somewhat*

-The Vaginal-Probe, Fuck-Leroy-and-José
Party keeps a-wonderin' how it lost.

-Oh yeah? Well I'm one of 'em. You see
that hill out there?

-Could hardly miss.

-Well when waves of Josés and Leroys
start comin' down it…!

-Waves of Josés has a ring.

-They'll hear something like.

-Wave of women proceeding too?

-Probably. Some ones resembling 'em anyways.
Biologically.

-Wow! That last word! Six syllables!

-Keep underrating us!

-That wouldn't be possible. Uh, will I…
taste lead too?

-If you're in the last wave. Liberals, Democrats,
Communists, Socialists.

-You left out professors.

-Same thing. And hey, for the spicks and blacks,
AK47'll do just fine. For you and fellow pansies:
rocket launcher!

-Ouchie! But un-itch your finger. I won't climb the ramparts to augment, or advance with, any of my types. Too soft-headed. They keep losing their keys, and the war

won’t wait for hysterical searches!

-Stay on the sidelines then!

-I’m seeing wonders from here!

Labels: black, guns, Hispanic, Left, paranoid, Paranoid Right

Thursday, January 24, 2013

Divinity

In a grove hidden from traffic, Jicky declared himself
a god.

But only to Bell-Boy. who was eating from a can
of Chef Boyardee Beefaroni with a wooden
mixing spoon.

“THIS is my god!” He held up the can and waved the spoon, from which bits of macaroni flew.

Jicky smiled, Beefaroni being his sacred symbol.

The next day, a cop and social worker collared Bell-Boy
who stayed back to read a comic book as Jicky explored dumpsters.

He was taken to the new shelter where the mayor
pointed out his bed on TV and presented a box of Powerbars.

Jicky didn’t have to see it, for he sensed it on his
inner receiver. Then he performed what he thought
he’d never: blessing the mayor and city.

He’d go later in back of Starbucks. Cyber–Colley
would put it online.

Labels: dvinity, homeless, hunger, politics, religion

Friday, January 25, 2013

The Quiet Room

-No real reason to use this Quiet Room.
All other conference venues booked.
Do you recall your previous…?

-Only the words “We could go to prison!”

-It was panic mode.

-I had visions of being raped by a vicious stud!

-Overblown. They seek fresher meat. At any rate,
two wonderful groups have blocked incarceration.

-Senate and House! I’m amazed at the paltry amounts
they’re bought for.

-Shh! Even in the Quiet Room we avoid strong verbs.
Rather say *patriotic contributions of Banking.*
Besides, these but symbols in a novel.

-And the novel itself?

-One! Thumping! Book!

Labels: banking, bribery, injustice, prison

Saturday, January 26, 2013

When TV Interviewed

the older artist,
he brought age

spots, mushed nose, pig
ears, & fanning hairs fey

director backlit.
Too late for him

who pushed fairest
beauty in flaming

prime? (How even men
started by haughty
candids then!)

Dashed as painter
through a slashing
world! & why not

reprise these now?
Get real.

Labels: art, artist, fame, fashion, TV, youth

Sunday, January 27, 2013

Team

Jerry cringes at the lunchroom banner.

WELCOME TO THE TEAM!

It had been put up after a famous football coach

had given a severely motivational speech.

From what he can tell as the newest hire, each

“team” member has an individual agenda.

In his cubicle less than an an hour when

the first warning insinuates: to the effect of

bewaring Laurel-Ann.

Strongly desires to “end the crap against women

around here!”

“Yeah, in the next hour and a half,” adds the wag

he borrows Coffee-mate creamer from.

In the following days, other warnings issue. So and so

seems_____but he or she is ACTUALY_____!

Nonetheless, the work goes pretty well. Mostly because it consists of solo projects, with no team members chiming in.

His first collective effort gives him a political jolt. After, he’s told to choose either of two factions.

But begs off as being too new to decide.

As a result, both shun him when possible.

He buys a small Coffee-mate for his initial benefactor. Though told it isn’t really necessary, he knows, with certainty, it is.

An article on the *Business Week* site informs him he best seek a mentor.

But right now trusts no one.

In this queasy timeframe, rumors of a circulating ax emerge. A disembodied one with nobody at the handle end.

The veterans opine the new hires should be cut.

This shiny group all for the lopping of dead wood.

Though evidence not strong enough yet, Jerry's instincts

lead him to phone a headhunter.

Asked to summarize why he wishes to leave,

does so without sounding like a lunatic.

“Stay where you are. Everything on my desk lousier!”’

Monday, January 28, 2013

Museum

-It’s twenty years there for Carol.

-Hip hip etcetera!

-When she started she typed the little cards for
the displays.

-I remember that flying e from the old Underwood.

-You remember nothing! Have you ever been in there?

-Some fundraiser thing for Public TV. Weak champagne
and mini Ritz Crackers dressed up with tiny red and green bits of crap. So-oh
colorful! Nearly peed in ecstasy.

-Next time they’ll have Meatball Hoagies.

-Yeah! Accompanying FOOTBALL AND ANTHROPOLOGY, or some such shit.

-Couldn’t make it lowbrow enough for you.

-I’d like them to try. Along with your little icy friend.

-You’ve got her wrong—and just about everything else. She’s no frozen spinster as
you imply. Has a full sexual life, believe you me!

-Then the next display should definitely feature
our hot Carol. Bank of monitors showing her cunt.

-What do I see in you? A primitive!

-That’s what you see. Or rather, feel.

-If I thought, like it’s all sex, I’d commit suicide.

-It’s not. Don’t I bring you pretty flowers?

-Yeah! To get what you want.

-Isn’t that one museum circular? We could go there and keep going round and round.

-My mother will hardly speak to me because of you.

-Power of prayer.

Labels: curator, museum, relationship, sex

Tuesday, January 29, 2013

Children and Horses

Shaw and his buds
allowed for sexuality

within bounds: “As long
as they don’t frighten
the children and horses.”

Today with queer shame
wearing away, decent folks

can still sniff other bent comport-
ments in order to take to task,
or envy, or both at once.

At any rate, always be keen on any
licentious missteps of another.

The angels can miscue during
pocket pool, and thus may ask.

Labels: behavior, horses, judgement, queer, sexuality, Shaw

Wednesday, January 30, 2013

The Night of the Culmination of Intense Desires

arrives, going immediately south.
The room still graced with rowdy
residue and beercans. The new one,

in the furthest wing, says Fifties Chic, its
bedspead figured with scenes of the Korean

Conflict. “You can’t make this stuff up,” she pro-
nounces, his cue to fetch snacks from the machines.
Not being robbed, returns with copious amounts.

They munch and gulp as a family argues adjacent,
the children C over C. Something they’re cooking
stinks, and combining with swamp aroma, sets

the air conditioner to coughing dirt.
He pulls the plug. They watch Noir TV,
Private Eye and Skirt

wisecracking through hollow mayhem. In
the morning (Leaving out the best part? Oh?)
shower head emits fog, depositing a gummy film.

Both cars refuse to start. Until computers so
run through scenarios of mechanical awfulness
before lurching to fitful existence!

Enroute, the lovers hoping
an intermediate universe
swallows them.

Labels: assignation, Fifties, Korean, motel

Thursday, January 31, 2013

Women Dialog Roles

-So in the old old model, the men hunt and the women hang back to tend the campfires and the running brats?

-Correct. And then the triumphant return with the bloody pigs!

-And we enthuse over the tribal cheer. A great moment!

-There follows the ritual butchering.

-Anything involving the gods we're naturally held out from.

-Also correct. But everyone sees the rightness of this.

-Fast forward to the Twenty First Century. Our Golden Age just barely started.

-Both parties out hunting.

-The Great Overgod of Commerce demanding it thus.

-The homefires cold, the children gorged with sex and video games.

-Well, we nonetheless lead in one important category.

-Which *is?* (And I hope that verb excoriates with its sarcasm.)

-Exhaustion.

-Amen amen I say to you that if only two women see the light, and then two more, and then...!

-As I said: Exhaustion!

Labels: Anthropology, chores, men, sex roles, women

Friday, February 01, 2013

Can’t-Win Hand

To avoid a roiling primary
war, the once-stylish Re-

publican bends so
far down to kiss
Tea Party ass that he

defines despicable
even moreso to them.

Labels: primary;Republican, tea party

Saturday, February 02, 2013

The Village Lovie-Dovies

Nick couldn’t look. They were giggling and
throwing snowballs at each other, then
collapsing into a snowbank and wrestling.

He was busy at the cash register with
old Reverend Rack, who held King
Charles Spaniel, Schopenhauer, under
his parka.

“Those two have been at it for years!”--
while bagging the minster’s Danish,
and the Quaker Oatmeal for his wife.

Rack sipped the steaming coffee, breaking,
though, to pronounce “That kind of
silly stuff can’t last much longer.”

Didn’t. Couple hit a tree while sledding down
icy Merchant’s Hill that dark afternoon.

Newly-minted pastor, Lucy, handled the funeral
as “an example of undying love for us all.”

Rack drove to Florida that morning with Schopenhauer. Dorothy refused to go.

‘

Labels: Cavalier King Charles, Florida, horseplay, love, winter

Sunday, February 03, 2013

Damaged Goods Party

Not a dry eye in the condo when Exhibit A finished.
She had indeed been crushed, and now most of the
men wanted to marry her.

Exhibit B tried for the same piano keys, but brusquely,
hit or miss. We concluded her present tragic life had
taken on the grim and spastic melody it deserved.

Exhibit C was all mouth and revolt, excoriating anything
in trousers. We told her she missed the revolution by
taking so long to fix her face.

Exhibit D opted out for reasons of her own. I thereupon asked her to be a good little girl and fetch me a gin and tonic.

Labels: experience, men, roles, sexism, tragedy, women

Monday, February 04, 2013

There Will Always Be

“No sex please! We’re British.”
Contrast with wartime by
infamous walls: *Give it a go,*
Yank! Your mum won’t know.

Then there’s The English Disease.
With theme and variation quite
enveloping politest society

through top layers. Not thought so
pathological in this day, though

very much the stuff
of Historical Empire
after the Romans.

Labels: Empiire, English Disease, English sex.Romans, Victorian, wartime

Tuesday, February 05, 2013

Conservative Beset By Usual

-All this shit about poverty! This humongous government program and that one bleeding decent people dry! I say let the churches handle it.

-Where can the atheists go?

-Hey! Them I say fuck altogether!

Labels: athiest, Conservative, government program, poverty, taxes

Wednesday, February 06, 2013

The Republicans Have a Plan

in ever further deference
to their grasping Masters,
to trim your teeny slice of pie.

Thank the Economic God
that’s probably enough.

Nefarious schemes abound in
numerous covens, but odds

remain rosy for many
are culled but few are hosen
this completely.

Labels: Economics, GOP, pie, Republican, wealth

Thursday, February 07, 2013

The Song For Making Water

-The old men ask the gods for a stronger stream.

-WHILE you're...? Strange.

-Not to us. We chant or sing though everything.

-So if I walk through the village, I'll hear...?

-Constantly. In the morning the young men.

-Bragging of course.

-How they destroy rocks with their peeing!

-Makes me laugh, who has to keep up potency in
all areas. With a young wife.

-Our elders would never allow such a marriage.
The young should be like an explosion!
And the old, together in gentle farting.

-Not yet.

-You say, but the gods decide!
(sings)
Life is heaven-sent.
Beg them to relent
if you dearly wish,

But gods have made the dish
already.

-Not much for you to know then. The gods handle everything.

-Why we're so happy!

Labels: Anthropology, chanting, gods, old, singing, young

Friday, February 08, 2013

Rascal Ranch

“These two again!” From
the one detective. Other
doesn’t look surprised.

“Primitive-ass setup,” he shrugs.
“Last time was all class.” In the car
the first turns small-talky, but

Herk and Evey aren’t biting.
Then he calls her Crystal and
him Meth. Cop wit.

Children mentioned. Gabby spills
“They’re with Grandparents.” So

clear to Herk who ratted them out,
her folks, the “Citizens.” She remains
clueless, sitting like a toy.

His people know better, having been
inside. A good bit back, of course.
Presently they ride horses

in parades. Beautifully embroidered
shirts announcing *Rascal Ranch*.

Labels: crystal meth, meth, ranch, West

Saturday, February 09, 2013

Out of Town Buyer

had to knock it off
with the women.
Doc said.

Prostate Cancer.
Advanced stage.

No skin from my teeth.
Sick of getting these
jombonies “dates.”

Labels: buyer, prostate cancer, retail

Sunday, February 10, 2013

A History of Facial Listening

After marrying the most intellectual woman in
Ryer’s Falls, day-dreamy Hillis got lectured.
He frequently lost the thread

but survived with judicious nods and uh huhs.
Mostly. When she demanded more, he swung
the hammer but it floated by the nail.

Many years later, Plumber Okay Marris told
live-in, Mizbeth, “Sit on the toilet in that
new bathroom when they’re out somewheres

and the pipes still speak in sentences.”
She answered the way she did to everything.
“And the farmer took another load away!”

Whatever resonances Ruthie imparted
to inanimate appliances dissipated af-
ter her shocking heart attack and death.

Eventually, Hillis stayed at the Holiday Inn, let-
ling Bill Radis of Radis Reality unload the place.

A bit of haunting had indeed occurred
as Hillis remembered her final words:

“You haven’t listened to a thing
in all these years.”

“I drifted through college,” he told her,
“You educated me.”

Now in Boca, he doesn’t have to say much:
Big Noises from Winnetka tromboning daily.

But he’s missed one morning three
years later as regular, bemused

witness at the association’s bocci game.

Player Lou Onofrio pounds on his door,
and then gets Manager Ricardo to open it.

EM tech ***P. Wells*** will tell apprentice
Jilly, “You see that face? Its

vacancy? Second case I’ve been at.
He vagued himself to death!”

Jilly will laugh “That’s not a diagnosis
according to my textbook, though

the boyfriend’s heading there with
whatever wrong drug of the week.

He’s stony-eyed and vaguely discontented--
like our victim. (Her father continuously quo-

ted old songs.) So…what the hell! Rest
in Peace, Mr Hillis Whatsyourface!”

Labels: Boca Raton, intellectual, marriage, retirement, talkative, vague

Monday, February 11, 2013

To Your Painstaking Explication

he spits “Freedom!”
Meaning his. Yours

in the abstract,
or absent, or

preferably, extracted
by him.

Labels: freedom, intolerance, Right Wing

Tuesday, February 12, 2013

Marketing

“Look! We got the old farts thoroughly confused.
This plan and that, this or that deductible.
Now we’re following through with a thumping
brochure to every one of them! Very colorful,
plus newspapers and TV, and, of course,
a continuous flow of crap on the internet.

We’re gonna win most of these dithering
prospects, but it’s debatable whether all
the tons of advertising helps or hurts us.

It’s the guys and girls we got to close the deal
gives us the edge. Many have been ministers
or priests or rabbis, so they know how to appear
gentle and thoughtful while shoveling the shit.”

Labels: health insurance, health plans, Healthcare, marketing

Wednesday, February 13, 2013

The Republican and the Reporter

-Got us a new spick and he'll be President.

-How do you feel about that?

-Great! And the more the merrier. Throw in Chinamen and Jews and Afro-Bafros while we're at it.

-Is it okay I label you ignorant in my article?

-Be proud!

Labels: Afro, ethnic, prejudice, President, Republican

Thursday, February 14, 2013

Raw Comedians As Political Consultants

-Rubio not ready for prime time.

-Who cares? It's early.

-Somebody said he looks like the future and
talks like your grandfather.

-Those are our core ideas. Throw them out you got freakin
peasant Democrat. Besides he can say them in Spanish.

-Another jambony says he should beCOME a Democrat.
For electability.

-Hey! Let them get their own spick! And his handlers falling
down already. He voted wrong on Violence Against
Women Act. You get one broad pissed...you never just
get one.

-Anyway, what's coming up the pike someday?
Both candidates talking Cam-bo-did-ee-on?

-Cam-bo-did-ee-on, huh? Your depth of ignorance inspires.

-Thank you. It's my American Birthright.

Labels: Hispanic, Republican, Rubio, Spanish, TV, Violence Against Women, women

Friday, February 15, 2013

What’s the Use of Television?

You produce the same derision
heading to ballgame or date or rally

all powdered up. We can’t all be on all
the time. Skip incipient fame for spiked

Mulligan Stew with your raucous buddies
and their wildly irrepressible whores.

Seek no more to be Lana
Turnered in the drugstore.

If we all get famous
nobody is.

Labels: fame, Lana Turner, television, TV

Saturday, February 16, 2013

Tour de France

Jeanne, in her final fit, leaves with Roger. Maurice gets
a village girl for the baby.

Coincident with this arrangement in the close farmhouse,
one thing eventually leads etc.

Ceases upon Jeanne’s return after two months, her ardor
for lover now ice.

Pauline back to her parents, therefore. Where one bright
afternoon she observes Roger’s leg and waves.

He will lean his bicycle against a dappling sycamore
for a chat light as air.

Labels: flirtation, French, love triangle, Tour de France

Sunday, February 17, 2013

Living Together in Housekeeping

-So, how is sin working out?

-Splendidly. We were on our way to a record…

-When…?

-Something fell in the closet.

-Ah, the moment of mystery! What, mid accumulated junk, could it be?

-Never found out, but we cleaned out the blasted thing for three hours!

-Never knew that about her. Neat-freak of the highest order?

-Not a tenth of it. I mean there’s no category high enough for her. Later she found speck of dust in a kitchen cup and…

-Let me guess. Six hours?

-Two solid days!

-So the back burners are immaculate, and sex has been placed upon them.

-Now she’s started on me, who naively thought the *après la passion* shower to be sexy?

-She…?

-just about scrubbed my skin off.!

-How about between hanky and panky and housekeeping and intensest personal hygiene? What do you lovebirds do?

-Why we rhett up!

-That’s Pennsylvania Dutch! You’re Catholics!

-She was a waitress in some tourist trap around Lancaster.
They had to learn all the cutesy-pootsey expressions.
Plus actually neatening up the dump in slack times.

-Man but you do smell of soap! I thought an Ivory Truck
had exploded nearby.

-Never mind all that! There’s an impasse to deal with,
a puzzle, a conundrum, a...

-Call it what you will. When are you two announcing
The Banns?

-Like, I wanna talk to some priest and get scalded
for fornication?

-Yes, but don’t forget extra credit for cleanliness.
Bible big on that! Anyway, carry missal in your pocket.
Impress the horny old fart.

-You’re of no use!--pouring water on a drowning man.

-That’s Holy Water. But let’s just be a little modern and daring this time--unlike our stodgy friends. The whole wedding party dressed as pirates?

-Yeah? What’ll she be?

-Why Black Bart of course!

Labels: Banns, clean, housekeeping, neat, neat freak, relationship, sex

Monday, February 18, 2013

“Not So Super Mario”

The name hung on him
by the Irish woman,

also here to learn the new
series of switches.

He shunned her, a bitch,
pure and simple, who cut
all for even innocent takes.

During the Super Bowl frenzy
he wore a Baltimore jersey.

Only he and Group’s basic
“Drama Queen” did so.

From something this silly,
a bond formed and they,
despite warnings, dated.

She couldn’t fathom his
fascination for what she
called soccer. “Like ballet

with the Prima Ballerina
shrieking in pain over
a hangnail.” He explained

that what she further labeled
Academy Award! was similar

to her frequent protestations
for justice and equity.

Didn’t wash, so he gave up.
His attention seized,

anyway, by her performances
bordering on egregious. Such

disturbed others; he simply repeated
to her how lovely she was in everything.

When it grows time to leave,
she floats following him, now

loses that idea quickly without
his really weighing in.

Back in Bolzano, how her emails flood!
Then hop, diminish, and stop.

Two old uncles visit. They have found
a bride for him. He thanks them, but de-
tails how such rituals have truly lost force

in such a cosmopolitan area. But
certainly they will meet!–out of
respect for their love and position.

The photo shows her to be pretty.
And reserved. That proves
the clincher finally.

Labels: arranged marriage, Drama Queen, Irish, Italian, office, soccer, Super Mario, tradition

Tuesday, February 19, 2013

Time

Libertarians should strike
its tyranny. The rest of us in
default submission to tiny

blocks on calendars
or insistent programs
from irritating computers.

Thus be in such and such place
at such and such time or suf-

fer manifold consequences for
violating the Coordinates God.

Why not say meet me under
the big busted clock,
or by the statue

of Whatisface, one?
And leave the hour blank?

Thus communicate the details
telepathically. How will that work?
Better than now? Something must.

Labels: appointment, Coordinates God, Libertarian, time, tyranny

Wednesday, February 20, 2013

The True Believer

cannot stomach
contrary lummoxes.

Their Song-and-Dance
Proxies' inane patter

shakes loose toxins
to the general air,
causing dysentery.

Labels: opinion, proxy, toxic, true believer

Thursday, February 21, 2013

Government By Crisis

pinballs citizens
‘tween ringing bumpers.

Repubs relish the game
since it shows up Dems
as fumbling bumblers.

Dems as fey in painting GOP
as icily manipulative, gloatingly
full of themselves.

In our family, Uncle Rory flails with-
in the moment, always in revision.

Whereas Uncle Bud engorges like a tick
and is overdue for prison.

No trick who's loved.

Labels: Democrat; Republican, Government By Crisis, pinball.GOP.crisis

Friday, February 22, 2013

Mike and Gladys-Ann Discuss Morality

-He was our little-boy leader. And one day, stole the last cookie. When his parents confronted him he put on his famous face of sheer guilt.

-And from that seed...?

-The Chevvy Gang. Drove aimlessly for hours and then hung out in McDonald's parking lot.

-So? Teen Nothing. Who hasn't experienced it? Where's the hook to this bland story?

-I don't know. How 'bout his present domicile? Death Row. Quentin.

-That could be serious.

-Eventually. Anyway, drug killing.

-How marvelous of him to exemplify what full-of-shit adults warned us of. How the pettiest misstep early would lead to heinous crime.

-Evil has steps, as does morality.

-When Marx heard morality in connection to the obedient bourgeois we all are, he burst out laughing.

-That's why he's Marx. Rest of us cope.

Labels: crime, guilt, Marx, morality, teen

Saturday, February 23, 2013

Trip

For Boston we rent
a car, skip Amtrak run.
Sit next to Drama Queen.

(Even still, residual trembling.)

When home I squeeze
the wife! Won’t let go.

She yells "I know you! What
the hell have you done?"

Labels: business, Drama Queen, marriage

Sunday, February 24, 2013

The Cable Box

Chullie tried the softer boot for the Cisco 89446a-U.
Volume -+ and Info all pressed at the same time.

Ryna felt it would straighten itself out, ever the lazy optimist,
but Chullie missed *The Children The Children*.

Especially Lorna, who, though villainous to most,
lodged in his heart.

Nothing doing, so he got Ryna on the cell. He wanted her
to hear the hard boot, yanking the power plug and
watching the Cisco run through its reconfiguration.

-I'm pulling it...now!

–Let's hope. I know you haven't heard the latest:
actors on certain shows can vote viewers off.

-Old wives tale.

-Oh? Your vixeny Lorna is the prime suspect.

The box quit at V-434.

-Oh God! that's the vote-off code!

Squealing, she.

-You positive?

-My girlfriend Melody hasn't stopped crying.

Chullie began, at duplicitous Lorna's betrayal.
And Ryna’s incomprehensible glee:

-I have you all to myself now.

Labels: cable TV, Cisco, relationship, soap opera

Monday, February 25, 2013

Senator

-House wants A, we want B, President wants C.

-Then compromise would be ABC.

-You’d think, but a brand new idea emerging.

-Isn’t that rare?

-Snow in Key West.

Labels: compromise, creativity, House, Key West, senate

Tuesday, February 26, 2013

Conservative

So much of Dreyfus could be remedied, but not the Jew-part.
Zola could accuse all he wanted, but the vicious core in
everything resists forever.

Against his case still, how many later went to Vichy
for the anti-Semite waters? Aiding the transport
of undesirables as post-bath afterthought.

That was then. And Christian. Now, if Jewish, don't
find yourself fork-lifted into a furnace in the name of
all that's Decent.

Labels: anti-Semitic, Christian, Dreyfus, France, Jew, Vichy

Wednesday, February 27, 2013

Jocko

blogged for a political site but was more
a reporter from the untidy 1930s.

A fiscal conservative and social libertine,
he exhibited the latter role by getting
drunk nightly.

Always capped the evening off with a speech,
and regular people would linger for this moment.
Barflies remained anyway–to severely criticize it after.

One night he got nabbed by cellphone camera.
How a small jewelry shop owner got ruined by the IRS
immediately went almost viral on the net. Now it
had been one of his few peripatetic efforts, and he
finally collapsed against cases of Capt O'Bell's
India Pale.

His followers in the storeroom chanced to block the photographer,
who thus missed that crashing finish.

Owner Bart quipped "First time that shit moved!"

Phone call from Republican election guy in
a brace of noons.

"We want you to run for something. You're all over
the TV!"

"Yeah? What?"

"Any fuckin thing."

"But I was drunk!"

"So? You got edge. At the present we have
bookkeepers and accountants who double-
majored in Boring and Stealing."

"I won't hear about them this way. They’re patriots!"

"Well give ‘em a flag. I’m here to win elections!"

Labels: blog, boring, Conservative, drunk, election, Libertine, politics, stealing, TV

Thursday, February 28, 2013

Dopes and Crabapples

Another automatic law
clicks in. Sequester.

Parties can't confer
to do it sensibly.

There seems to be
principles. Uh huh?

There’s also Statecraft.
Your trade. What you
were elected for. Not

the applause of
ideological jerkoffs.

Only remedy, citizens
chosen by lot to govern.

“Oh God, we'll end up with
dopes and crabapples!”

Like, now is better?

Labels: governance, lunatic fringe, parties, pure democracy, Sequester

Friday, March 01, 2013

The Parties in the Next Ten Years

DEMOCRAT
Slip-sliding around.

REPUBLICAN
The brand continues to stink.

Labels: Brand, Democrat;, political future, Republican

Saturday, March 02, 2013

Bwana

-My group of lesbian hunters is going to Africa.

-Excuse me for laughing, but you know what I just HEARD?

-Do don't be juvenile this one time!

-Okay, I'll go along. But, then, I can't go along.

-Nope. Don't qualify.

-I wouldn’t want to join any group that'd accept me as a member. Generally speaking. Nothing personal.

-Let me top off your beer. Firing on no cylinders.

-Well, just warming up. Are you accoutered for this extraordinary trip with this more extraordinary group?

-We don't consider it either, but yeah, I've got comfortable hunting clothes and a gun to stop an elephant.

-Make sure it's a boy.

-We usually do.

-I shot an elephant in my pajamas once. How that elephant got into my pajamas I’ll never know.

-Cease! Groucho Marx again.

-I could use the Marx Brothers right around here.

-And I the Marx Sisters.

-Oh well--and I'll cite my source this time--
you can rely on the old man's money. Billy Joel.

-It's how he shows love. You must always let
people show love in their own way.

-Who's stopping them? But I must leave.
My Incongruity Quotient is full for the nonce.

-You'll stay for the roast lamb. My treat.

-Weakness, thy name is man!

-We've noticed.

Labels: Africa, Billy Joel, Groucho Marx, hunter, lesbian

Sunday, March 03, 2013

Jimbo and Jilly

tangoed. The ticket!
She whore-attired,
splash-flashy.

He, stylish Gaucho!

I don’t like saying
they came in so last!

“And after all that
freakin work!” spat
Jilly. Head sunk, knife-

knees wide. Mid paper cups strewn
across the dance hall basement.

“This just the new beginning!” main-
tained he, shakily finger-combing

hair for Travolta’s look. I know.
I know. Our two misunderstood all

subtleties to say the very least. But a lot
commences from humiliation, even as most

tried trapping them forever more inside
this doltishly bizarre sliver of time.

One day they muse on their once watery
selves: a couple confident and winning.

Let’s not movie-ize. A few Firsts only. Though
one in Argentina. Mostly Seconds and Thirds. But
World-Class being admirable in any art, especially

for two buzzed kids with
less than nothing
at the start.

Labels: Argentina, Gaucho, Tango, Tango Competition, Travolta, World-Class

Monday, March 04, 2013

Reagan’s Great Charm

Keeping his crazies
at bay.

Presently--God help us!--
at full bark.

Labels: crazies, Reagan, Right Wing

Tuesday, March 05, 2013

-***There may be senoritas***

with dark and flashing eyes.

-If there be, then a brace or three of
Brad Pitts will absorb their flash.

-So, no go?

-Of course we'll go!

-Our success rate is abysmal!
In the toilet!

-No matter.

-Why bother?

-It's the going!

Labels: bachelors, depression, optimism, Romance

Wednesday, March 06, 2013

Vulgar Strategy

-We're running you as fuckin Mr Smith goes to fuckin Washington.

-A certain euphony, but I'm not a boyscout or boyscout leader.

-Who cares about that shit?

-And Jimmy Stewart was a rail. I'm challenged in the avoirdupois department.

-Forget all that! Video of you staring and teary at the Lincoln Memorial! There's ten thousand votes without lifting a finger! Your fresh eyes!

-My eyes as jaded as an old whore's! Hey I represented trade associations. Been here hundreds of times.

-Let it go!

-A lobbyist!

-Don't know this word.

Labels: boyscout, Jimmy Stewart, Lincoln, lobbyist, Mr Smith, political strategy, Washington

Thursday, March 07, 2013

Dictator--shorthand our big boys like

So Chavez is dead?
Big C unafraid of
the outsized ones.

I'll read about him now,
but not through filters

of media, most especially
not the Right Maniacs. How

he challenged and be-
littled our power! So
what? More should.

We seek toadies everywhere,
in resonance to the super-
abundance here.

Labels: American Power, Chavez, dictator, Latin Populism, South America, toady, Venezuela

Friday, March 08, 2013

An Incident Untoward

Mrs Resperson-Shawcross, vending towards the specialist
who has retired, though not to a few patients of quality,
decides to check out the vacation cottage.

All proves neat, Jeanette competent. But sounds
of unmistakable passion infiltrate.

She flings open the bedroom door to the couple
in final throe. "Oh My God!" they shriek.

"What do you...? Who are you?" she gasps.

"Please, Ma'am. I'm Baker, Jeanette's boy,
and this is..."

"Baker, huh? Well not to make any little loaves
in my best sheets!"

"Why does your sort always put the dirtiest aspect on
everything?" issues forth from saucy scarlet-face.

“In your position, young lady, it is difficult to launch
any argument.”

“We're engaged!” she rejoins.

“Indeed?” They have popped up, she wrapped in
the sheet. He bold as anything ever hairily projected.

“Please, don't watch me dress,” she finally whispers.

Mrs Resperson-Shawcross complies as an example
of Class.

The lovers having departed at sartorial sixes and sevens,
she flames Jeanette from her cellphone.

Back late after stopping for dinner, and Mr R-S snores.

(He had arrived with the hyphen. Since she hails from the best family in Sussex, thought given to adding her name. Rejected as too too.)

She endures fits of restless righteousness before a profound sleep visited by dreams of urgently filthy sex.

Labels: class, English, passion, sex, wealth

Saturday, March 09, 2013

A Moral Tale–*in a car dealership would you believe?*

When Rell's line dipped far below Despicable's on the sales chart, the boss wanted to talk.

He told him he had no excuse, but “Proverbs” finally forced out of him the personal crisis.

Sort-of-girlfriend Jenny had left for Disney with some slickster.

-Examples gross as earth exhort you!

-Or something.

-Hey, you had no deal with her, really. Gotta lock them in!

Then there was the feud between him and the new carwash man he had labeled Jimmy Too-Slow.

-You're picking on him! He's retarded. If you can't hit the donkey you hit the saddle.

And lately, Too-Slow had appeared knowing, had put on this sarcastic face, Rell confided. Plus, a surprisingly effective insult or two came from out of this...dope!

-Everybody knows! So what? Anyway, nothing stings like the taunt of a fool. Listen! You straighten out the personal, you sell more cars. First thing, get rid of the revenge daydreams. Huh! I struck a chord by your look! Goofy whispering filthy things in your ear, is he? About Jenny and Whatsisface?

-Something like.

-Something like...you must be the only car salesmen with so few words.

-Perhaps.

-Yeah, perhaps. At any rate, when you see her again don't act all cold. Kill her with kindness.

He took this last proverb to heart, and she eventually burst into tears. They started planning their wedding.

And his sales line hopped above Despicable's. Wiping out that perpetual sneer. Thus, some revenge did take effect.

A dish best eaten cold.

Labels: car dealer, competition, proverbs, Romance, salesmanship

Sunday, March 10, 2013

The Walk

He happened to stare
into The Bonnie Tart.

His exes at tea and
they beckoned him.

"So what are you two plot-
ting?" came out with
double the edge

he intended. "I'd say
laughter," laughed

Mizbeth. "And I'd add
giggling," giggled Lil.

Nothing about ex-husbands,
they insisted, reminding that
they knew each other

before him. "Just wonderful
plain old gossip!" Mizbeth
stressed. “But actually we
were plotting.”

“Yeah! Putting a dome of glass
over this weird borough and
having sex professors come

study it!” So, true girltalk. Thus tacked
he from the most surreal of it. Though

not before a humongous chocolate
chip cookie they treated him to.

On the net that evening he found it among
eleven bombshell foods and popped a Zantac.

Labels: divorce, ex wife, girltalk, gossip, Health, net, Zantac

Monday, March 11, 2013

Republicans Fighting Each Other

What could be more natural?
Rotten losing brings it out, true.

And, hopefully, the recognition
that the same old bullshit won't

carry into this new world. So,
throttle it finally or die. Choose!--
alongside necessary contrition.

Labels: contrition, New World, Republican, Republicans fighting

Tuesday, March 12, 2013

Cardinals at Pool

Two cardinals shoot Nine-Ball as the seminarian enters with his more than tipsy guest.

-Oh I’m sorry your eminences! We thought the room was empty.

He shoves the aromatic drunk but not before:
-I hear the new pope’s a darky!

If possible to turn inside out from embarrassment, the seminarian borders on the state.

-Now don’t treat your guest roughly on our account. We knocked around this raw world before the cloth.

-He…well we both a bit, uh, imbibed.

-Admirable frankness, so let me respond in kind. You may be looking at the next Pope.

-You’re kidding! Oh I’m sorry!—we’re just all disrespect.

-It’s not me. That shark that just banked in the nine ball, whole-table length?

The drunk, feeling left out of the ecclesiastical moment, blurts
-Gotta know your bank shots for the job then?

The winner bellowing
-Wouldn't be surprised!

Labels: Cardinal, drunk, Nine-Ball, pool, Pope, seminarian

Wednesday, March 13, 2013

Wrinkling the Universe

When Lucille left Bucky for the last time, he metamorphosed into a sexual idiot.

The girls he bribed with presents should have spent their time with the studs they craved, but they did think he was funny. Funny.

At the end he hooked up with a real criminal, a woman who extorted many before. Had served some time. Unjustly in her intricately articulate view. Insanity!

His health, no wonder, went to shit.

Internist, of course, informed him he was killing himself.

At this stage I met him again--after mucho avoidance.

He asked for my sister's number. I didn't politely withhold it, I told him flat out that he had lost his character, and I wouldn't inflict him on anybody I loved. Or anybody, really.

He told me I wasn't a friend. And that it was easy to be cold with puny inexperience. And that girls were looking for fun and sex and not quotes from Wallace Stevens!

So that last stung? Many have done as well.

He was stopped with his criminal on the Blue Route, trunk of her powder blue Cadillac loaded with high-end watches lifted from Sansom Street jewelers.

And toasters. Toasters!

Cocaine in passenger door. He rode next to it, knowing or not. So, in deepest shit.

I don't say this lightly, but better he should die.

Narcissus cannot rehab, knowing more than
the rest of us combined.

No, I'm not just nursing the hurt he gave me…maybe a little. But the issues are larger here if we wish to continue with some kind of moral, and not animalistic, world. Okay, sounds pretentious. I must own it though, since I do feel that way.

There always exists the risk everywhere that "cool" people will call you asshole. Courageous individuals relish it. I'm not there yet.

But I call them as I see them, however tremulously.

Labels: criminal, drugs, excess, integrity, mid-life crisis, personality, sexual gluttony, stealing, youth

Thursday, March 14, 2013

Rocco, Fr Mike, and the Food Stamp Pope

ROCCO *(singing)*
Down Argentina way...

MIKE
And a Social Justice Advocate!

ROCCO
They'll call him The Food Stamp Pope. But I'll tell you,
Father Mike, the drooling sentries in my bedroom
put down their weapons in amazement that there's
a continent down there.

MIKE
We all must widen our focus. Present company included.

ROCCO
I might just take that slight hint. In thinking ten years or so a chocolate cardinal might transform to a white pope on that famous balcony.

MIKE
Be an even greater universal day!

ROCCO
I can't wait for the gigantic insuck of ghinny breath!

MIKE
I'll pray for your patience.

ROCCO
Don't bother.

MIKE
For your Catholicism then?

ROCCO
FWB Catholic suffices, thank you.

MIKE
Funerals, weddings, baptisms? Church offers
a greater spectrum. Let's sit down over...

ROCCO
Fettuccini Alfredo?

MIKE
Thin out the sauce and add clams. I don't wanna
be laughed off the handball court.

Rocco encounters few priests in South Philadelphia.
When they leave the rectory, there’s an argument.

Labels: Argentina, Bedroom Politics, Catholic, Conservative, Pope, priest, Rocco, Social Justice, South Philadelphia

Friday, March 15, 2013

Gaul Divided Into Three Parts

United, though, in Banking,
with bonuses shoved up front.

As everything else waits,
and especially you

can go fuck yourself.

Labels: bankers, bonuses, John Q, screwing John Q, thieves

Saturday, March 16, 2013

Departure Modes

“Professor” Angelo determines to die like Otho in some way. Noble Roman Emperor Style.

But a safe flattens him to Market Street on his way to buy a Daily News. Cable broke.

Crane company’s owner is mayor‘s brother, but mayor
acknowledges such in insisting on full investigation.

Lippy, of Lippy’s Dugout, clicks off remote at that point. “And the farmer took another load away!”

Labels: death, local politics, Otho, Roman emperor

Sunday, March 17, 2013

My Wife and I Lead Quiet Lives

I’m bookkeeper in a small firm, which pretty much
prospers evenly through booms and recessions.

You’d cite management, but…well, run strangely
is all.

The partners despised each other. Mr A confided in me
early on: “Never trust that shyster! Any problem you come to me.”

Mr B: “No wonder the wife goes with horny kids. We got one icy fish here!”

Well, that’s the flavor. Think of ten years of it!

Ended, as the TV says, in a hail of bullets. I know, I know, I’m risking being melodramatic.
For a bookkeeper.

Mr A exits the Cadillac in the garage, and whammo!

You’d think the cops would want to talk to his chief
antagonist. They did, but couldn’t get a word with
the sobbing! So, he deeply loved A would you believe?

Mrs A did not so much. Within a week she was arrested. Alongside freshest Romeo. A plot of such mangled complexity as to engender hilarity
in the precinct.

They got Life.

Niece inherited A’s stake and she’s a Tartar!
Refused B’s buyout offer and is threatening to
drag the firm into the 21st Century by any force
necessary.

Also, she warned me against him before he could
rally from the tragedy.

My wife and I lead quiet lives.

Labels: adultery, business, conflict, murder, partnership, quiet lives

Monday, March 18, 2013

A Nice Bar

-I’m pulling a double shift. Linky got the flu.

-I’ll go easy on my drinking, Rita.

-As long as you don’t on your tipping. We had teachers in here last night talking about the new pope. He was a Crazy Bird in a Parliament of Fools or some such.

-Just shop talk. If it were machinists, they’d have their own in-language, jokes and puns too.

-More big spenders from the East!

-Bartender slang. You’re not immune.

-Never noticed.

-...they probably said Parliament of Fowls. From Chaucer.

-Yeah! That’s what they said! I thought it was basketball. Do you know everything?

-Let’s just say I’ve been educated far beyond my abilities.

Labels: Cardinal, Chaucer, in-language, Pope, profession, shoptalk

Tuesday, March 19, 2013

Chavez Gave Oil to Poor Bostonians

If we won't take care
of our own,

might as well have
Venezuelans do it. Right,

though, continues to desire
frozen corpses as examples in
wretched personal direction.

Labels: Boston, Chavez, Citgo, oil, poverty, Venezuela

Wednesday, March 20, 2013

New Chrysler 9000 self drove to his office

Was telling friend Larry of the best parts of
deal, but kept tripping up or forgetting.

"I’m ready for Bide a Bit!" he blurted. Referencing
the county’s old persons home, now privatized.

"Haven't called it that in years. Now it's
Sunset. Slang once was *Republicans Emeriti,*
when the county was suffocatingly Right."

“Well let me enjoy my 9000 before...!"

“Selection Robot comes after YOU?”

“I heard it's all robots up there.”

“Just about. They slide you outa bed and rip off
your pajamas. Clamp you into wheel chair which
joins others in a radio-controlled pilgrimage
to a huge bath where all are dumped."

"Male and female together?"

"What's the difference at their age?"

“Then dressed by the same robots, and off to breakfast?”

“Exactly. Joke last week was they jammed a Dogpatch
print dress on some grandpa.”

“Why is efficiency a comedy?”

“Always has been.”

Labels: convalescent home, Dogpatch, future, Lil Abner, robot, senior

Thursday, March 21, 2013

The Owner

The mayor begged, so he drove one of the Lincoln
convertibles in the victory parade.

The baseball champs were merely minor league,
but tell that to the crowd!

Each back seat held two players, and in the passenger seat a civic stalwart.
Except in his case he somehow got the Catcher’s voluble Dominican wife,
who showered him with Spanish and kisses-–TV cameraman running alongside.

“Please,” he implored--though not much could happen
at ten miles an hour--“me honcho automobile. No safe!”

“Si si si!” and kept kissing him.

When the parade ended, he got to his company.
Bonnie, Prince, and Charlie were fielding calls.

Charlie saying *"Mr Higgins, how are you?
More to the point, how’s that daughter
who wins all the prizes? Listen, I just
have to take a few seconds to straighten
out this hysteric on the other line.
So, please hold. A few seconds guaranteed!"*

A 100% from the boss on that one. Make it personal
and light, the first commandment.

He found out, too, that Prince and Bonnie had
fielded some new business.

So all had gone well with the Royal Trio.

Upon going to bed that night, Carrie laughed
"You were smooching it up pretty good with
Conchita Fireball!"

"She wouldn't leave me alone!"

"Corky and Mickey on the sports show claim
the video could go viral."

"Hope not! I probably look silly."

"Of course you do! And it's a good thing."

"Uh...could I take two Zantacs? They're only 75s."

"Yeah, be daring."

Labels: Baseball, business, minor league, shyness, Spanish, Zantac

Friday, March 22, 2013

Genesis

Scoreless committees
and their like before

serving Senate or House.
Handling solid waste
or neighborhood stinks

back then, political individuals
have anyway paid their dues.

The corridors of power being flanked
by many a boring alcove--even
presently--they deserve our thanks.

You bring up stealing,
your obsession. And a stretch.

Let's say a perk is seldom missed,
and not a few invented. Edisons
in the majority.

Labels: committee, House, local politics, perk, politics, senate, stealing

Saturday, March 23, 2013

Two Women, Young, Somewhat

-We're in forgiveness mode, having left Jeff
and Claire's party with others.

-Who first? The second actor always seeks revenge.

-Sort of simultaneous.

-Was it worth it?

-I can't speak for him. Well, neither can he, really.
My guy was cute but from an Arkansas or somewhere,
and driveled cornpone shit when we were...

-A talker?

-And not a good one!

-How about the rest of it?

-Same.

-But I've *heard* passion in cheap motels! So it exists!

-They're playing a recording.

-My ex and I got it going pretty good. After watching porn.

-Mine was Christian.

-How flat was that?

-He still is.

-I'm told it's good to have some sort of faith.
Anchor, you know, in all the crap?

-He had the anchor down.

Labels: betrayal, Christian, faith, faithfulness, relationships, religion, sex

Sunday, March 24, 2013

Wine Snob

-You've seen movies. Thus the pouring and sniffing and swishing?

-Not a problem.

-Then you must say something, after a pause.

-Like? "How interesting all attempts to be interesting."

-Not bad. Some bite and that's the idea mostly.
How about: "a blunt attempt, more savage than Sauvignon."
That's the thrust anyway.

-Veto! That's too nasty-queer. Wish to maintain my
battered hetero...

-Nonsense! Why knock it and not try it?

-The Betties have ruined me, be fucked if I let the
Bruces start.

-I'm talking love, not your coarse view of it.

-We're getting far afield of wine.

-Nothing is.

-Glad I'm not paying for these lessons.

-I'm hoping you will. Oh my! Relax, Mr Face of Thunder!

Labels: homosexuality, snob, wine

Monday, March 25, 2013

Fox

-I’m still totally pissed against Fox.
They convinced me we had whipped
that Teleprompting N…

-Just putting the best face on it they knew how.
And when the polls fatally turned, towards the end,
you could hear some frail ambiguity if you truly listened.

Ah but…you never really know. Thus hope! As Dr Johnson said
when the old fart married the fresh wench:

“The triumph of hope over experience.”

-Never mind the literary crap it doesn’t apply.
And leave the ambiguity to fairy poetry.

-Okay. The upshot is you and favored network
brutally lost.

-Got my teeth ground down to the gums!

-Stop! Why should dentists profit?…not, uh, gonna buy a machine pistol are you?

-If I did I’d head for Fox first!

-Wouldn’t bother. Their security must rival the Pentagon’s.

Labels: Fox, Fox News, guns, President, Race, Right-wing, teleprompter, white anger

Tuesday, March 26, 2013

One thing I've noted

in foreign TV drama:
the promises at funerals

more jazzily elaborate.
For what that’s worth.

But did the New World err
in flattening Heaven
to speed up Earth?

Labels: Earth, faith, foreign TV, funeral, heaven, New World, religion

Wednesday, March 27, 2013

I was inert yet vocal

in the Reagan years, mostly
kept refusing to believe

they were happening.
& he became doty
when not primed

with a hogwash speech.
Plus he told grandpa

stories & that defused
much inchoate hate.

Labels: Conservative, President, Reagan, Reagan Years

Thursday, March 28, 2013

Which of these is NOT a vegetable?

a) Broccoli

b) Kale

c) Interesting

Both Nop and Ripper picked c. Nop because
he thought it was a trick question.

Rip because it was a stupid answer and the
program and teachers were beyond stupid.

One of the objects seemed to be that students
helped each other. Fulfilled in a way with Rip
fleshing out Nop's machine pistol fantasy
for him, directed at the most caustic instructor.

They played the way children do. “I must sneak in
and he’s at the board, and I order him to turn
around.”

“Nah, you must just wait there until he senses your
intellectual presence, and turns around.”

“You promised stop teasing me!”

The question in question crossed the desk of
Sen Crons, who then deemed the program
worthy of his Golden Pickle Award.

But when Fruitful Steps became Ever Glowing Dawn
with privatization, he backed off--brother-in-law
now heading it up.

He phoned him. "Word to the wise," he began.

Labels: education, government program, privatization

Friday, March 29, 2013

The Second Amendment Is Bullshit

enlarged by inane Justice
leaned into by bullies.

That is not to say people
shouldn't have guns. Limited,
as is every right in fact. Most

concur, in 21st Century
language shorn of pretty

ornamentation and pseudo
rhetorical balance.

So, a new amendment. Better yet
a new document. Horrors! cry
Originalists and other turfmeisters.

From quarters less monomaniacal
we hear the times too contentious!

Taunts would fly as to “Socialist-
Communist-Fascist.” Whatever

sliming. Name a time not
contentious. Let's
get going!

Labels: Constitutional Convention, contentious times, guns, Second Amendment

Saturday, March 30, 2013

What the Sound Man Did

The dentist not taking, Denise hooked
back up with Herve when he returned.

"Do you promise excitement?" she laughed.

"You never know."

The second night he's wrestled to the kitchen
floor by Detectives Eccles and Raffratry.

Mistake. They sought his twin. Soon enough, they
all killed a 1.75 of Wild Turkey, Law Enforcement
telling of their more bizarre cases, and Herve of
doing the sound for incorrigible boy bands, and,
on this last trip, *El Shrieko*, Peruvian tenor embedded
with ragged Andean dancers.

Denise spoke of the dentist.

“A dentist who couldn't drill,” cracked Raff.

Eccles quickly asked what a sound man does exactly.

“Massages the vocal and instrumental talent, often
when there’s little or none.”

The detectives ultimately calling for a cab since
they had sent the two patrolmen back, Denise
told them it was her best time in years.

“Welcome to Civilization!” Eccles warmly proclaimed.

Labels: dentist, law enforcement, singing, sound, sound man, talent, Wild Turkey

Sunday, March 31, 2013

The Very Lonely Man

decides to talk to everyone.
The cops ultimately notice

this super-voluble enthusiasm
and hold him for observation.

Police psychiatrist opines
went too far but is otherwise
normal. When he gets back to his

efficiency, mail shows invitations
to a wedding, a bar mitzvah, and an
installation at Knights of Columbus.

Labels: affability, Bar Mitzvah, Knights of Columbus, loneliness, police, social, wedding

Monday, April 01, 2013

Adhering Words

Religions inform us
as to what ruling class
proscribes as moral.

Governments follow suit,
their doctrines too

gussied up with just peachy
language mush-

ing about in both Pre-
amble and Bible.

So, everywhere, really. Though
Scandinavians give better life,
Italians and Greeks more cacophonic.

Thus do we rack up the middle isthmus
of Capitalistic Desire.

Labels: Bible, Capitalism, Greek, Italian, Preamble, ruling class, Scandinavia

Tuesday, April 02, 2013

The New South

Sheriff always joked he met his
wife in the Colored Waiting Room.

A crew of painters from the German
war prisoner camp had re-lettered
the signs in a kind of Gothic script--
all but unreadable.

Sheriff not the stereotypical movie fatso.
He was skinny and wore glasses. Looked like
a professor of Social Psychology.

If forced to part a skull in the Civil Rights era, though,
he did.

Long retired, he loved talking of that time, and emphasized
the violence a bit more than he should have.

But then, retired folks often brag.

Labels: Civil Rights, German War Prisoner, New South, South, violence

Wednesday, April 03, 2013

Two Wags Après War

-Well, we shocked and awed the shit outa ’em!

-Granted. But what then? Like, what's left for the not-dead? We’re forced into the massive rebuilding of shattered buildings and infrastructure…not to mention the black market in high-tech artificial body parts.

-Okay then, Shock, Awe, and Graft.

-The American Triumvirate!

Labels: graft, infrastructure, post war, rebuilding, Shock and Awe, war

Thursday, April 04, 2013

Love in the British Isles

-Married twenty five years, so we sang *Always* to them in the pub. Every verse. Molly the Postmaster’s wife printed ‘em up.

-Touching, the whole thing.

-It was just lovely singing, and they cried. They left feeling no pain. Still work to do at the cottage. He was going hunting next morning, and got her to clean the rifle by whispering "When the things I plan need a helping hand."

-Charming, but I don't know if I like where this could be heading.

-The old round left in the chamber thing?

-Dead? Him?

-Or a reasonable imitation.

-Jesus Christ!

-What she said.

-Must've been sad funeral, so close to the pub party.

-The mistress wouldn't leave off yowling.

Labels: Always, Great Britain, marriage, pub

Friday, April 05, 2013

Neighborhood

-Did all the things my parents did. And when I finally got my own apartment, followed suit.

-Like?

-Went to Crabby Cal’s.

-Not so bad I hear.

-Cal an indifferent chef, but buys the best in meats, breads, produce. Doesn’t ruin anything.

-High praise indeed!

-Go to same barber my father does. Every chubby finger a powerhouse of garlic! I can’t breathe by the time he spritzes witch hazel on my neck!

-Kind of a prisoner of the neighborhood?

-Not the half of it! And they didn’t have the spiffy twins of washer-dryer from Sears. We always used a laundry. Man did that place smell of coal dust! Had some big commercial accounts too and stoked the boilers with soft coal. My clothes still have, like, a sulphur whiff to them.

-So THAT’S what that is? I thought Lucifer was stepping round.

-Some day I’ll make a clean break and move downtown.

-Where the action is!–-or as much as this sleepy burg can muster.

-And the women! Daughters of friends.

-Good stock enough.

-Enchantresses all! Trying to trick you into forty-fifty years of homegrown sex before you’re thrown into the ground!

-Hey! You don’t think they haven’t got their sisters stationed downtown?

-There’s really no hope for anything.

-Psychiatrists say you hafta change yourself. And then the whole world gets in line. A desultory process, but they have no choice due to your new-found power.

-A miracle! They might as well be priests.

-Well, much as this happy horseshit edifies, got dental appointment. See you around.

-I’ll be there.

Labels: leaving nest, neighborhood, parochial, young men

Saturday, April 06, 2013

The Man Who Assembled an Orange Is Dead

Those who said he substituted an actual orange
for the last step have been rightly disgraced.

However, nothing tickled him more, and he
laughed uproariously every time it was
brought up.

No, the video record was meticulously clear.
He started at eight of a Sunday morning
and by eleven, *Voila!* Of course the
materials took quite a long time beforehand.

Since the record was so complete, the two
judges, one the science advisor for the President
and the other a Provost at MIT, decided to
eat the orange.

Here you, schooled in Irony, will speculate that
it tasted lousy.

But the judges claimed it was a shame
ever to eat anything ever again.
It was that spectacularly delicious!

Labels: botany, irony, orange, science, skepticism

Sunday, April 07, 2013

Beholders' Eyes

-Handsome guys stroll the wings rehearsing their lies.

-But they know them perfectly.

-Then...working on delivery.

-Yet, they stand not a chance!

-Crazy, isn't it? The most beautiful woman in the
city and she yearns for this swarthy dwarf you see before you.

-And usually wish I didn't.

-Precisely!

-You're, I'm beginning to think...just trying to escape responsibility.

-I can't get used to it. It's impossible!

-Well, youse surely ugly and twisted yes, but not quite to the point where children throw stones.

-Damn near. I'm the disgusting frog and she's...

-Yeah yeah yeah! Princess! So what? You best
catch hold! This woman wants to marry you, not partake
in a seminar exploring myth.

-I felt safe with those seminar gals. They're terrific!

-Schools out, ephebe! But they're the only women
this slouch can relate to--that's my tragedy. With you,
all is farce.

-Only because I'm not pretty.

-That's merely the truth. But, coming back to her, a great strain of romance.

-Great strain all right!

-Pick my little niece Taffy for flower girl. She never gets picked for anything.

-I’m suddenly a symbol.

-Good one for once.

Labels: beauty, friendship, marriage, Romance, ugliness

Monday, April 08, 2013

Fractions Unhurried

I went with others against
the 3/5s designation.

Long slog, but got Chamber
to raise it a 5th to 4.

Really lovely ceremony
where we got engraved

certificates we could
take to job interviews.

Hunting in adjacent field later, I
got the ear of Chamber President.
Yelling “5/5ths next time?”

“Just let's not get all
hog wild!

But in the next generation
or so,” he confided, “I
can very nearly see it.”

Labels: Article 1, Justice, Race, racial politics, Section 2, Three Fifths Compromise

Tuesday, April 09, 2013

When Revered Righties Die

mourning is electric,
much protracted in
their clahss.

Take that!
Ruffians.

Labels: mourning, Right, Thatcher

Wednesday, April 10, 2013

The man who was meticulous in just about everything

went completely! Sgts Calderone and Mixx called to pocket park fronting the new condos on West Division Street, 9:12 PM.

He was alternately giggling and roaring up into fluffy snow, whole white scene lit by highrise windows.

Said Sgts labeled “Nut Squad” at precinct: last week breaking up a fist fight between Napoleon and Mickey Mantle, Calvary Baptist Soup Kitchen.

Aforementioned meticulous one claimed to be Steve Jobs, proving he pretty much kept up.

Footprints in the snow ultimately told the story of his struggle.

Labels: delusional, Mickey Mantle, Napoleon, nervous breakdown, nut, police, Steve Jobs

Thursday, April 11, 2013

The Conservative Answer

Nothing can be done,
or even tried,
nor should it be,

for inertia comforts
the comfortable.

We act further only
to afflict
the afflicted.

Teaching them
virtue thereby.

Labels: afflicted, comfortable, Conservative

Friday, April 12, 2013

Second Amendment Rights

Take to the streets. Be coy
in shooting someone

at complete random.
Make your point up-

holding 18th Century
horseshit.

Labels: 18th Century, Constitution, disfunction, horseshit, murder, Second Amendment, violence

Saturday, April 13, 2013

Revelation

INVESTIGATOR1
We have Lucinda Ardenti Rohllerz as your
third wife.

ROHL
And last. She pretty much did the institution in.

INVESTIGATOR1 and 2
We can understand that.

ROHL
But I've gone too far! No further until I see some
credentials.

INVESTIGATOR1
Which we're instructed not to show.

INVESTIGATOR2
If you'll bear with us, just to help
us flesh out the story here.

INVESTIGATOR1
The Bowling Disaster?

ROHL
Ouch! You got that?

INVESTIGATOR2
And much more.

INVESTIGATOR1
Would you mind...?

ROHL
No. Might do some good. Anyway I was a first class
bowler. Tops for our terrific team. And then
in the City Championship I inexplicably threw
a couple of gutter balls. Everybody was thoroughly

pissed, and yet embarrassed for me at the same time.

INVESTIGATOR2
Gutter...? (then something in quick Italian from 1)

ROHL
Mystery clearing, Gentlemen. You're from Vatican!

INVESTIGATOR1 and 2
We can neither confirm or deny...

ROHL
Investigating Lucinda? I don't understand.
She was a handful and fiery, but...

INVESTIGATOR1 and 2
Yes!

INVESTIGATOR1
You've of course have heard the expression:
The Devil can appear in any form?

ROHL
This is like something the gang at Lippy’s Kool Kup’d cook up! But their absurd surrogates wouldn’t hold the grave expressions this long without cracking up.

INVESTIGATOR1
A grave matter indeed.

ROHL
Her?

INVESTIGATOR2
We think so.

ROHL
Well, it was a hell of a fight before her decease.

INVESTIGATOR1
One would think.

ROHL
But I pretty much gave as good as I got.

INVESTIGATOR2
Before the bowling.

ROHL
Are you saying that she...as the Devil...?

INVESTIGATOR1
We have records pointing there.

ROHL
What a shock! Give me a second or two.

INVESTIGATOR1 and 2
We understand.

ROHL
In...a way it was like my other two marriages.
So I never suspected...

INVESTIGATOR1
One wouldn't, of course.

INVESTIGATOR2
Did you ever see any scorching? Places
she had recently been?

ROHL
Not really. Just the verbal variety. I thought
she was just, as I said, a handful!

INVESTIGATOR1
And continues to be!

They asked him many more questions after that.
And cautioned him to tell no one. Informing
him also, that any copy of their report
would be forbidden him.

ROHL
I don't have to read it. Everything makes
more sense now.

INVESTIGATOR1

We'd like to leave you with a special kit.

ROHL
Now let's just hold on there! I'm not that superstitious. Not going to give in to that!

INVESTIGATOR2
In the event she comes back?

ROHL
No way! This is Century Number 21 for Godssakes!

The two made the sign of the cross at this.

He got their umbrellas. The reason he talked to them from the start was his boredom from the beastly rain. When he opened the outside door for them, Rohl changed his mind, and they graciously left the kit.

Labels: bowling, devil, marriage, Vatican

Sunday, April 14, 2013

Coastals

EAST
I'll hafta go to the West Coast.
The solution's on the ground.

WEST
You've done. And here you are.
The spotlight points with disgust.

EAST
Quite so. The former. Facts before opinion.

WEST
I'm listening.

EAST
You must set out the problem.

WEST
I don't do inventory.

EAST
I'm on my own then?

WEST
Emphatically! Sam Spade after partner Miles
x'd by Mary Astor.

EAST
Wifty, yet calculating.

WEST
You‘ve met my wives?

EAST
No, and I never sang for your father.

WEST
That's okay. My father sang for your father.

EAST
Chums then?

WEST
No. He was too awful.

EAST
Back to the case at hand. I abstract, since you won't cooperate.

WEST
Do! But shake a leg! Lunch can't be late.

EAST
A hates B because of C. Therefore E is the culprit.

WEST
You think?

EAST
Not really. By turning the solution upside down, it's actually V.

WEST
Shall we notify police?

EAST
Not so! We've privatized Justice. You and I will take out V.

WEST
Our usual method?

EAST
Talk her to death.

WEST
I didn't know she was a she.

EAST
Nor did she. That's where the complexity of the case becomes complex.

WEST
When you heading back?

EAST
So Murphy, the Irish Wolfhound, can reclaim my sordid cot? At any rate, I bore you. My tragic flaw.

WEST
One.

EAST
Yes, they're lining up out the door.

WEST
And down the street past the Lyric.

EAST
Starring Humphrey Bogart as Sam.

WEST
That’s what the marquee says. It goes on *The one with Mary Astor.*

EAST
That's vague even for us. Get the step ladder. We'll put up the letters of *The Maltese Falcon.*

WEST
Or Falcone in the Italian version. And one sounds the terminal letter.

EAST
Always and forever. Let's meet halfway next time. I'm worn and torn by air travel, packed into a tube stinking of fellow men.

WEST
The gals are perfumed. Don't add them to your satire.

EAST
They're excluded by your recommendation. Not that they’ll thank anyone!

WEST
Where is halfway, by the bye?

EAST
Pittsburgh.

WEST
Your geography is as brilliant as your wit.

EAST
Nonetheless, my advice to you stays constant:
Take two and hit to right.

WEST
But if I do that I never land the big salary
the sluggers get.

EAST
Amen amen I say to you, they also serve who only
land bloopers.

WEST
Our whole lives are bloopers.

EAST
Leave us to heaven. I’m hungry.

Labels: Astor, Bogart, Coastal, East, friendship, Hollywood, West

Monday, April 15, 2013

Tragic Sequence

Jonathan Winters
out of time.

Should be heading
into prime.

Thus depicting
a gun idiot.

Labels: gun nut, gun politics, Winters

Tuesday, April 16, 2013

Lord and Lady

-The kitchen girls said the newspapers claim that
miners begged door to door in Mrs Thatcher's...

-They shouldn't be reading those Left rags! But...there
you have it with the miners. You can see it clearly.
No pride! Be a cold day in hell before I'd...I'd starve first.
You have my word on that!

-That's what I loved in you from the start, the stubbornness.

-I mean it! Starve!

-Why are the girls never here for your really good moments?

-They're where they should be. School.

-But Switzerland is so far!

-I'll take independent young ladies anytime! Let them bounce
about the world a bit!

-Well, they have their cells. I expect to hear today.

-One would suffice.

Labels: class, girls, Lady, Lord, miners, Thatcher

Wednesday, April 17, 2013

The Way of the Transgressor is Hard

I’ve seen posh.
With Senator

for miscreant’s friend.
Thus, affecting
legislation.

If both get harshly caught,
pardons can be wrought.

And hath. Though messy
business--what with
God continuously invoked.

Whole foregoing toxicity
‘s called a system--in
case there’s a quiz.

Labels: bribery, crony, senator, system

Thursday, April 18, 2013

Moonbeams and Meretricious

Let’s get this
complete: Congress

wills Loony Tunes to
buy assault rifles

with maximum clips.
Enshrining such a right

next to that of buy-
ing an election
for saner sorts.

I know, I know, my fault in
oversimplifying in such rot-
ten ways, since, in truth,

the place is just
a pressure pot.

Labels: assault weapon, Congress, gun control, gun politics, Gun Republicans, pressure pot, senate

Friday, April 19, 2013

For joy of debate,

love CSPAN where
seething racists

and gun cretins
strap in for
“Constitutional” points.

Labels: Constitution, Constitutional, CSPAN, gun control, guns, Race, racist

Saturday, April 20, 2013

“**Mauve Epaulettes?”**--his quizzical tailor

“They could be a problem. I'll dye yellow ones.
Motley tunic? I'll make it resemble camouflage.
So you'll be Military Camp all right!”

Mickey at Flying Feet still working on getting
Yellow Air Jordans.

He thought a real sword, but rejected it
for a huge one he'd fashion from cardboard
and tinfoil.

Brick had left him. Again. So, Very Young Person
would escort him. Oh the scandal!...as if anyone cared.

Last would be appearance before Jillene,
Office Manager and, evolvingly, Life Coach.

Two years ago she announced at his costume:
"I'm not feeling it! Not! Like, triple!" They fought,
oh did they! But upshot: changed everything.
Everything! Up all night.

Proved a triumph. So, Cup was his at last.

She now spent a good amount of time polishing it,
touches from Allied Cleaning Service forbidden.

There was she loving. In all else, ice.

Soon, he'd face her once again. Oh well,
faint heart ne’er won fair...much of anything.

Labels: camp, campy, costume ball

Sunday, April 21, 2013

The Man Without a Mind

functioned pretty well actually.

Imprinted circuits allowed him
to imitate others.

Nobody could tell the difference.

Labels: man, mind, robotic

Monday, April 22, 2013

Cycle 2050

-Well something must be done: I'm stepping
over starvation bodies in the streets
of this once-great nation.

-Nothing can be done. The Republicans filibuster
anything not directly helping the Rich.

-Then we must apply to The Rich to save us.
The time for pride is over!

-No use. They're strapped bribing the Republicans.

Labels: chaos, cycle, filibuster, Republican, rich, starvation

Tuesday, April 23, 2013

The Free Market should determine...!

Uh huh? Well colluders collude,
and when you stop that--
which is never--you will see

this coherent poetry you dream.
And that won't happen.

And doesn't. So patsies
expect it.

Labels: collusion, Free Market, patsy

Wednesday, April 24, 2013

Interrogation

-It’s like the song, huh? Three Little Words?

-I don't go that far back. Nowhere near.

-Just a comparison.

-Not really. In any case, it's Three Little Questions.

-And seemingly innocent and yet insidious?

-I don't know about that. Our work always made
to sound melodramatic. 007 bushwah.

-I know, it's just routine. I pray I never get in its grip.

-We've submitted to the worst in our training.

-Not that bad?

-I'd never say that.

-How Constitutional? That's my trump question.

-Or your chump question. I leave it to the scholars.

-It's everyone's. Yours too.

-Then what I do trumps it.

-That's chilling.

-Only if you're looking for it to be.

-Maybe the nut righties are coherent on this one:
Tyranny!

-They lose their thrust with all their other shit.
But...not for me to say they're crazy or correct.

-Maybe we're all working towards a more perfect union?

-Be none, if you don't give us our head.

-I'd be careful about that. You should give us the heads up first!

-Make us impotent. Look! If you want change, buy it. That's the way it's done. Then it filters down to me and I cease and desist-- if that’s what you truly want.

-It's come to that, really?

-Where you been?

-Perhaps that should be the first question.

-We don't bother.

Labels: bribery, freedom, interrogation, money in politics, Right, tyranny

Thursday, April 25, 2013

Addressing a Certain Independent

Though you’re tagging our philosophy
despicable, we do plead competence
next to that leveling crew.

True their bleeding hearts concert
a certain poetry,

but prose rules sensibly,
proving relatively clean,
and, mercifully, less PC.

Labels: bleeding hearts, GOP, Independent, leveling, PC, poetry, prose

Friday, April 26, 2013

Uncle Ruslan Stressed Shame

and was replayed
by Republican radio.

Thus, the “good” Muslim.
In another era, a good Negro
could have spoken up.

All these goods, in sum,
make America great.

Labels: America, Good Muslim, Good Negro, Muslim, Republican, Right Wing Radio, Ruslan

Saturday, April 27, 2013

The Shy Guy

shares a limo to
the meeting with

two women who
can really talk.

Decides it: He'll
never marry.

Labels: garrulous, marriage, shy, women

Sunday, April 28, 2013

What the Spiritual miss

is Church. The exquisite
moment when all move
together in the Word.

Rare, though, of course--give
you that. On lighter notes,
fragrant casseroles

etc awaited at supper
or picnics with fellow
ravenous parishioners.

Other manifestations
of a different sort
must, too, be cited.

A pastor levered in
politically, who ruled
as second in command

to an acrid and snappish
God. Another whose

youth aesthetic went
to his hands.

Others solid in the Faith
and some saints, even.

Still others rooted
in the Earth.

In short, Life!--being what
the purely spiritual miss,

dwelling in drafty marble halls,
attending ambiguous winds.

Labels: Church, faith, hypocrisy, religion, spiritual

Monday, April 29, 2013

The Rich

aren’t directly load-
ing taxes on
the Middle Class.

Really, they only know
that they themselves
should pay little or none.

Could give a shit less
who’s eventually stung.

Feeling it beneath
their business.

Labels: equity, Middle Class, rich, taxes, wealthy

Tuesday, April 30, 2013

-Well, Congressman!

-Never thought I'd hear that. Those last sexual infelicities they accused me of, I wasn't familiar with until I googled them. Wife said "Pull any of that and I'm outa here!"

-Water over the dam. Time to assemble a staff! I'm sure you have a few in mind, but...

-Hold on! You're not unloading any deadwood on me!

-Faithful servants of the party!

-Oh yeah? To come only to pick up a check? Or to show up a day or two out of five, in a transport of flatulent self-importance!

-You got it all wrong! These people work, and they know which end is up. You can't have just eager kids. Too naive in politics.

-I'll balance things off, but not with bums.

-Touché! But I'm entrusted to reward those we're grateful to. No rewards, no party workers.

-Not much altruism among that bunch, is there?

-Not familiar with the term.

Labels: altruism, corruption, ghosts, patronage, politics, staff

Wednesday, May 01, 2013

Washington Correspondents' Dinner

Ah the *Glitterati!* Hardly
the reporters or politicians,

who've had over-
much excrement

hurled at them for such
a label. So, Hollywoods suck
up the Red Carpet instead.

It's all of it what it is:
Flash and Gas.

Labels: actor, Hollywood, politician, Red Carpet, Washington

Thursday, May 02, 2013

Hell yes, let's have another war!

Nine innings in a baseball game.
Already Star Spangled Banner,
and God Bless etc.

How flesh out the other seven?
Why, many more blinding hymns

to fish out of
the Patriot's Garbage!

Friday, May 03, 2013

Oh that Benghazi Rag

It’s hardly elegant
and never intelligent,
but see? it’s a sign,

and we hafta help our base
cretins stir the moonshine.

Labels: base, Benghazi, cretins, moonshine, politics, Republican

Saturday, May 04, 2013

Choosing a Proverb

Deeds takes *Look for the silver lining*.
Jips, ironist always, *Look for the slivered binding*.

She doesn't think much of that. Anyway, Registry office
okays hers, but his already taken by a man in Maine.

All those pine trees! thinks Jips.

Jips has to teleport there and meet him. Exact clone,
of course. But this other Jips simply nods and brushes
past into the machine and is gone.

So that's the deal? Well, why not try it here? He asks the man
running the store to tell him where he lives.
Claims he has bumped his head.

Mr Orgonz explains he's delivering the goods
for a year’s order to him anyway, so why not
ride along in the thousand year old Chevvie truck?

After he helps the old man put the order away,
he starts looking around the rustic cabin on the
spooky lake.

Quite a good communications setup, so he messages
himself, his clone really. "Her face quizzy-weird since
u say Deidre. Likes Deeds."

Other Jips has books, he discovers. Must be old fashioned type.
And bookbinding machinery. Soon the store man
starts delivering some for repair.

Simple stuff he can figure out, but a few Bibles need
an experienced craftsman. So, he studies online with the same
irascible Norwegian his clone had.

After a year, though Jips is repeatedly called a blockhead,
the Norwegian posts a beautiful
certificate at the general store. It’s in Norwegian

and gorgeously engraved.

Orgonz frames it and delivers many more books.

After a year also he turns on his old household cameras. Everything looks the same, as do Deeds and new Jips. Except she's pregnant.

He remembers jealously, but is too happy for it.

Long book short, little Deeds messages him from time to time now. She wants to visit. Speaks of all their lives as odd. Most especially that of her parents! He answers that Life is indeed strange, but you go on from there.

She registers that as her proverb.

Labels: book, clone, future, proverbs, teleporting

Sunday, May 05, 2013

“Where Is Truth?”

asked jiving Pirate.
Blind, he switched

his eyepatch
for fashion.

Labels: 'Truth, fashion, jive, Pirate

Monday, May 06, 2013

Positive Annals of Capitalism, Sort of

“Funny you should ask after him. Family chauffeur for years and years. Little apartment above the garage, never went anywhere without one of us... quits!

To open a pirate theme restaurant. With two other chauffeurs, would you believe? Pretty soon they have three of these foolish dens. Some kids are wearing eye patches, even.

Long story short, piracy peters out and the partners land five McDonald franchises in New Jersey.

Yes, I agree with you. Confirms what we’ve preached about ambition and hard work etc. Still, I can’t help myself! I’m sorry. Decent enough fellow of course, but the wrong sort are getting rich.”

Labels: Capitalism, chauffeur, Pirate, rich

Tuesday, May 07, 2013

New College President

-What I hear most about the present guy is that he's beloved.

-Well now isn't that just Apple Pie!

-Your nephew as a college president? I don't know...

-Hey! The only qualification seems to be a doctorate. He got that, but I'll be damned if I can tell you how. Though he's not as dumb as a bag of hammers, he's not much smarter.

-I hope he can act the part then.

-Beautifully! What he really brings is fundraising. Terrific at it. That's the main job anyway. The scholar bit is wayyyy back!

-It just remains, then, easing the old guy out.

-He'll go. For one thing he got one of those old fashioned pension things.

-Hasn't been 401-K'od?

-Nope. Evaded that massive screwing. Therefore he can golf content in Boca or wherever.

-Most good pensions demolished courtesy of your legislature.

-MY legislature? Hyperbole! Well...does sound bad, but I guess it's accurate enough.

Labels: 401-K, college, dedicated pension, education, Nepotism, pension, politics

Wednesday, May 08, 2013

Our earlobes flare

out from the skull. It’s
how you can tell us.

When we go home, some
exclaim, “Oh it's EFs!
A thousand welcomes!”

As teens enthuse
“So-O cool!”

Others sneer “You fuckin low-
life despicable EFs better
watch your backs!”

We tell them Land of Free
and Home of Brave can
do better. They answer that

when they hear those words
from us, they reach for their guns,

since we’re turning revered
concepts rancid. 3-M

devises an invisible tape.
Some of us become acceptable

with it. Temporary step–-or so
our leaders assure. My two best
friends have already become Flats,

landed good jobs. Teppy waves cash
around after his first pay. “Does THIS
look like psychological damage?”

Labels: appearance, prejudice

Thursday, May 09, 2013

Free Inquiry

“I’m to moderate the damn panel! CSPAN no less.
Well I got two Yalies, and one each Princeton and Harvard.

And a striving-strident academic broad from
East Jesus Nebraska Normal School and Storm Door Repair Facility.

Okay okay, I’ll soften it. She’s Yale grad. But abdicated
for the desolate prairie, cheapening the brand thereby.

I’ll give her a sentence or two for the hicks back home,
then cut her off. Quicker if she injects the feminism shit.”

Labels: academic, CSPAN, feminism, Harvard, Nebraska, panel, Princeton, Yale

Friday, May 10, 2013

The Anchor Manque

ponders *gravitas* whilst
dealing the bleeding lead
to bleeding hearts. So

does he aspire to Murrow
and Cronkite. But wouldn’t

really dare, save, a bit,
in twirling chatter at
the tasteless desk, which

vanishes like snow
on X's hot ass.
Weathergirl.

Labels: anchor, Cronkite, Murrow, TV

Saturday, May 11, 2013

Small-bore

When Nancy and Babs
got back from Vegas, they

hinted at debauchery. Bad
stomachs would have been

closer to the mark, hav-
ing twice ingested mammoth

Two for Ones at the Whammo
Western Steak Emporium.

They finally admitted
to their intimate, Eileen,

of mildest flirtations
with Carlos, the cute

towel boy at the Pool
Bash the hotel threw.

(New bikinis, though, making
them feel bloated throughout.)

At any rate, the village gossips,
once having revved up, lusted

after juicier game than
these two girlscouts. They

demolished a few, but their
leader passed during her last
militant watch. After a year,

the groundskeeper, after des-
pairing of brown splotches

resistant to anything, covered

the grave with astroturf.

Labels: debauchery, gossip, indigestion, Vegas

Sunday, May 12, 2013

Two Woman Riff

-So many affairs I lost count.

-That's not a good thing.

-A remark sufficiently ambiguous, but...
the grave tone!

-It is what it is.

-Getting moral on me?

-I guess I am.

-Thought you were my friend.

-Maybe just beginning to be.

-Oh? So, everyday slut, or tragic heroine? Which?

-More the latter.

-Listen! That literary shit is okay, but not when
it affects you personally. Always a bad fit, anyway,
the fancy story to life.

-Perhaps I don’t know where either leaves off, but...

-No buts. This conversation–-as they say in 007--
never occurred.

Labels: affair, friendship, literary, slut, women

Monday, May 13, 2013

‘*Gatsby’ renews interest in Jazz Age*

New film adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s classic puts enthusiasts in a 1920s state of mind. -Wapo

States of Mind

My Mom and Dad,
speaks, flappers
bathtub gin. Sex,

real and imagined.
Here again? Not when

you find a professor
with a clipboard
in your hot bed,

or a Republican.

Labels: flapper, Gatsby, gin, professor, Republican, sex, speakeasy, Twenties

Tuesday, May 14, 2013

“**My Family Gave Me Nothing**

except, by a series
of legal accidents,
the barn of a house.

Room after dripping room with
grim ancestors staring down
the years though

grimy frames. I auctioned off all
of it. Alien *Nouveau*
Riches dancing at their

winning bid. How soon awful
odors will drift through the ultra

neighborhood! Framed personages
now claimed as theirs. It's all

from Gilbert and...
Solomon!”

Labels: ancestors, anti-Semitic, foreigners, Gilbert and Sullivan, property, wealth

Wednesday, May 15, 2013

Senator, Just Drunk Enough

“I say those things for the scratch-ass rubes.
And their pseudo-Constitutional fetishes
and Camp-Meeting bellows--many of both
to do with sex.

That's a quarter.

Leadership forces my vote for their concerns,
plus equally uncomfortable ones.

That's another quarter.

But half of the time I'm an Eisenhower,
Main Street Republican.

That's what I want to be remembered for,
not the gross puke.”

Labels: Constitution, Eisenhower Republican, religion, Right Wing, senator

Thursday, May 16, 2013

The Outrage Industry

Well the other party
has done it yet again,

those grossest of pigs!
Not having learned etc.

If you can only send $10...TV
campaign against them
in the most affected states.

In the old burlesque, at
the sashaying entrance
of Madame La Zinga,

the comedian would spring
a mechanism in his baggy pants
to make a rod shoot up therein.

Pulpits railed at the nudity later
in the show when un-coy La Zinga
left squat to the imagination in

employing no mechanical apparatus
whatsoever. But the most unspeakable

clerical abhorrence at moral rot
was reserved for the comedic
simulation.

Finding a circular language
not to describe it proved
the industry then.

Labels: baggy pants, burlesque, burlesque comedian, outrage, outrage fatigue, outrage industry, politics, religion, striptease

Friday, May 17, 2013

Mushy Quarter

“That particular department is a dun nebulosity. First instituted to give jobs to ne’er-do-well nephews and vacant nieces.

You never dispatch an ideologue to head it up--be like biting the wind. So parties send good ole hacks, interchangeable.

Thus, scandal must be thin on the ground if you're attacking it. And for what? What boils down to is an office football pool!

They'll prove was started under one of our regimes, anyway.

Find somewhere else to scratch the rube's itch for scandal. I realize that waste, fraud, and abuse are rare in Washington, but...”

Labels: abuse, department, football, fraud, hack, Ideologue, Nepotism, politics, scandal, waste

Saturday, May 18, 2013

Giving Iowa a Try

Told it’d take time,
eventually found

a friend and
married her.

Kids came round
as they will. The church

portraits quite Rockwellian
throughout the lean years.

Started the first franchise
ever in his county. Then,
held on. The quiet scorn

of farmers rivals sophisticates
in rancor, but they dribble in now.

So, he has become a success.
For the summer air is beautiful
at a picnic for suppliers and

customers. Iowa remains,
however puzzling.

Labels: farners, franchise, Iowa

Sunday, May 19, 2013

The Highwaymen

Pudge instructed Half-Loco in crossing.
“Make it close, so you can give the finger
to trucker.”

“You keep doing that and you misjudge one
day and they blot you up later on!”

Pudge laughed. "Ain't ever gonna happen that way."

He was right. He died in his sleep during a hellacious rainstorm.

Next morning Half-Loco borrowed a cellphone from
maintenance guy picking up tree limbs, to tell
Social Worker Fanny.

She, at the Station later, to Desk Sergeant “Pip” Ryan:

“I'm afraid one of my homeless passed.”

“Yeah? When he shooda run or punted?”

“Is everything a joke?”

“Definitely!”

Labels: death, highway, homeless, police, sarcasm

Monday, May 20, 2013

Hammered and Screwed?

Count your wry blessings.
For better devices exist

in the Toolbox of the Rich
& Congressional minions.

Labels: Congress, hammer, minions, rich, screwdriver, tools

Tuesday, May 21, 2013

Diplomacy

-Hold in place! The attack is off. A deal has been struck!

-When do we go home then?

-Never. You're to do a 180 and attack our now-hated allies--back there Black-Marketing and worse.
Why, let me tell you about...!

-Don't! I'm a soldier, not a politician.

-That's what we're counting on.

Labels: allies, betrayal, black market, Diplomacy, modern war, politician, soldier, war

Wednesday, May 22, 2013

Chinese Proverbs in America

If you don’t like your neighbor,
buy his child a drum.

The Tea Party has a drum.
And Boy is it bought!

Labels: Chinese, drum, proverbs, tea party

Thursday, May 23, 2013

Short Names and Old Politics

Sen “Rip” had the facts and figures;
his nemesis, Sen “Alf” the same.

They fired them at each other for a year.
No compromise on legislation seemed
possible. Presidential appointments, the same.

Rip took a phonecall from his state's governor--
of the other party. A bridge to be named
for him. The nickname would be bad form,

however. So very formal ceremony with his
full moniker on humongous bronze plate. While

at this time, his senate opponent found out that
a rec center would carry his name, beloved
diminutive accommodated in quotes. Back

after dedications, they happened on a compromise
existing in The District. Favoring Rip somewhat,
but one nonetheless.

Labels: bridge, compromise, honor, naming, old politics, senator

Friday, May 24, 2013

The Promotion

-Kip will never promote you.

-It's not all up to him.

-Then he'll stop you. He'll find a way.

-Wise words, I'm afraid.

-And why? Your record is close to great! Compared to the others, you...

-If it is, he'll find something else not so...

-Uh uh. Don't make it sound so rational.
He snap-decided when you first met. Stuck you
in the unacceptable box. Wrong school, perhaps.

-If he did--and it makes sense he did--then...

-You have two hopes. He goes. Or you do.

-He never will. Loves the particular power.

-Then you must. If you got a pair of balls!

-Why is it women want to talk of balls all the time?

-We have our reasons.

Labels: balls, business, inequality, prejudice, promotion, women

Saturday, May 25, 2013

“The Porch of the Maiden”

Named by my father, who was well-read,
especially for the neighborhood.

She sat there of summer evenings and
never wore a shirt. She had been our tomboy,
angry organizer at our pickup games, exhorter
to get us to play with some directed passion.

All that ended with her porch gig, which
meant nothing when she resembled a boy,
but soon the little breasts were baseball-sized.

Her family eventually prevailed as she
never appeared there without crossing her
arms in front of her chest.

Then, in course, wearing a t-shirt, brilliant
white. Florescent before summer storms.

Soon, quite a surprise as she joined the
other girls, actually the girlie-girlie
contingent talking endlessly of boys,
and trading movie magazines.

She fooled us, too, by going to Commercial High
for the secretarial course. She, and a few others
in the city, though, transforming girls’ basketball
by playing a quick-passing, even driving, game.

Again her path diverged, being given a basketball
scholarship by Syracuse in the degree field of
Sports Management.

But she threw her queasy family a final joker by eloping
in her freshman year with a new graduate of that program.

They lived in a lot of New York towns after that, he doing sports spots for radio stations.

When female twins arrived, he, fortunately,
took over the management of a small FM outlet.

By the time he handled sports for a major
New York TV station, she finished her degree
at Columbia. But in Social Work.

She now works for an organization encouraging
young women to enter the sciences.

A very womanly woman to be sure, but one thing
never changed. The fierce brow.

Labels: ambition, feminism, Porch of the Maidens, social work, Sports, Sports Management, tomboy, women's sports

Sunday, May 26, 2013

The Future of Misery

Biff and Carol went on to the film, even though it wasn't Leonardo DiCaprio, but the fellow looked like him.

The other couple wouldn't, she insisting, even though Carol informed them of glowing reviews online.

Well, that'd be the last time to go out with those two! At work he seemed scattered and worried, and she was a mule growing up and had gotten worse.

Carol told him that at the Fourth Street Club everyone begged off any committee she was on.

At bedtime--they had skipped beers at Lefty n' Lil's because of the sour mood. Which the lame film didn't help...

ANYWAY, Carol told him it was bad luck to talk about another couple's troubles. But they couldn't help it: those two being a trainwreck heading for a bigger one!

Biff's final thought before brushing his teeth--taking a very long time to do it in hopes the subject would die--"You know, in the old days that kind of woman just made the whole town miserable, but now with the internet...?

Labels: internet, Leonardo DiCaprio, marital, misery, movie, pig-headed

Monday, May 27, 2013

"You! Of all...!"

So, she had it on him.

He toils; she snacks more than works.

In a year, he walks with the big guy.
She is let go. Part of a big purge.

She could still talk, but not so close.

The new girl minds her own stuff. That's all
there is to that. She won’t chub up.

The old one steps in front of a bus on her
way to her new job.

"Fate?" his deep side asks.

"Why not fat?" his joke one quips.

Labels: blackmail, fat, Fate, revenge, work

Tuesday, May 28, 2013

Refusing to Join the Circus

-Put her foot down? When did she pull it up?

Closer in, Carl went at Dorothy.

-Your father warned me you were a mule, and he's been proven right!

-Who's disputing? I'll remain the mule on this one.

-Ruck and Dilly get a check for a thousand each and every month! What do we get from our stinkin bank?

-Very little. But at least we're holding on to what we got.

-Okay okay, then just do me this favor. Let’s read the stuff together again and...

-No use. I still won't understand it.

-Well nobody does, completely. So what? Can you understand a check for a thousand each and every damn month?

-Till it stops and they close all the phones down?

-Now that's just nonsense! Why Reverend Chuck and Brother Buster even mentioned it in the church newsletter.

-Well that's a disservice to Jesus.

-Oh stop it! Join the Twenty-First Century!

Carl awfully hurt when they arrested Reverend Chuck and Brother Buster at a service. FBI overreach

to be sure! Lawyer Hoddings thought they'd only get a couple of years each as very minor players.

The leaders were on the run, leaving mansions full of fancy paintings and all.

The worst thing he ever had to do was tell her she was right. But wasn’t he just trying to...?

Labels: Ponzi.religion, senior

Wednesday, May 29, 2013

Generations

-Look! Enough! We got money; you guys, shit.
But a foggy product that might fetch some. Okay!
Who knows? Let the accountants talk, and we
will again. Right now there’s a pinball tournament
in our loft!

(in cab)
-These scrawny nerds with green teeth are the
new J. P. Morgans. God help us all!

-God bless us every one!

Labels: generation, hardware, Morgan, nerd, software

Thursday, May 30, 2013

Where To Put Anything

I live in a country where art has died
and gone to graduate school.* They

never know what size to make it. So,
fit it to the Military-Industrial Complex,

thus making everybody happy
not to be threatened anymore.

*sentiment from C Wilson, Slate

Labels: academy art, art, graduate school, Military-Industrial Complex

Friday, May 31, 2013

The Future of War

Those who underwent and
concluded *How terrible!*

Or *How boring!* never fit.
We must have heroes

to insure the continuance
of particular systems.

Not pantywaists
or lazy satirists.

Labels: American System, chauvinism, hero, system, war

Saturday, June 01, 2013

Drama in Concord

Our own Drama Queen
throws all at preparation.
Hair and eyes and speech.

Most performances get
overwrung and fizzle.

Her new husband, though (such
a thing as Drama King?) a holy
internationalist. They act for cause

presently, and have even gathered
the Academy Awards appropriate
to Religion. God is pleased. Side-

kick, Padre Time, though,
resists lasering for his raw,
inescapable quotas.

No matter. Who remains
will dress the other's corpse,
florid in the way of Faith.

Labels: death, Drama, Drama Queen, religion

Sunday, June 02, 2013

Bucking Bronco Riders

When your head hits the ground,
it’s time to let go.

So does every profession
have its clever warning.

Lots of wit goes into
rounding together. Those

intending evil to you
even as we speak
being no dumbbells.

Labels: guild, organization, profession, solidarity, Union

Monday, June 03, 2013

Various Names

“St-r-o-”

“You're correct there, old chap.”

“k-k-k.”

“Yes, a stroke. Don't say anymore. I know what to do,” Nigel reassured. He was on a kind of sabbatical from Queens College Hospital, London.

Jiffy Cripps, the driver, yelled after a half hour, "I'm almost stuck here. Creeping! They think our siren and lights are for the Little League kids--they won the State and are going to Williamsport.”

“I imagine that's good then?”

“Where you been?”

“England.”

“Why in hell did you come here?”

“For a woman. What else?”

“I'll get the fire guys on the radio. They'll clear a path for us.”

“Don't bother now. He's gone.”

“That’s above your pay grade to say that.”

“Perhaps, but I am actually a physician.”

“So you went a notch or two down to come here, right?”

“Of course! Transatlantic Idiot! you glimpse

before you.”

“Just who is this wom…?"

“Celeste Broadworth.”

“Oh yeah? That's some family! The old man shot
dead a Chinese guy in bed with wifey.”

“Really must inquire of Celeste, if ever again we…!
This traffic!”

“Well, never was a bigger story around here.”

Unknown, of course, to both, Ripper Broadworth
was also threading his way through the celebration.
In a Mercedes, having been pardoned that morning.

Jif started absently singing some old thing from
The Stones. His mother had wrestled under the name
Darlyne Dire.

Labels: death, emergency, English, infidelity, Little League, murder, Stones, traffic

Tuesday, June 04, 2013

IRS Targets Sheer Reactionaries?

There’s bright
principle

at the bottom
of the bottom

of all of this. We
must protect rights
of idiots.

The Congress being
the resonant body.

Labels: Congress, Congressional idiots, investigation, reactionary, tea party

Wednesday, June 05, 2013

System

Last arrest,
she finessed
corruption,

hers and theirs.
But this time,
detective asks tight-

assed questions, desk
with tilted photographs
of family. Lawyering up,

awaits his hammy
Peter Max entrance.

Pleasant enough clam, she
can hold that pose forever.

Labels: arrest, corruption, Criminal Justice, Detective, lawyer, lawyer up

Thursday, June 06, 2013

Polo and Paranoia

I filled out the computer form without a hitch.
Until 14a.

It asked for innocuous background information, and yet ghosted out when I entered the first letter.

I tried submitting the form but, you guessed it, was informed I must fill out 14a, required field.

In the comments section, I told of my difficulty.
In spare prose.

Resubmitted, and got the message again.

Called the 800 number, where an Adrian of indeterminate sex asked me if I had objections to what 14a asked.

“None whatsoever.”

“I got your form up on my screen and 14a receives information.”

“Glitch on my end then. Must be some way...?”

“Someone will be sent out.”

“You're kidding! They still do that?”

“Rarely. It’s hardly desirable.”

They did, in the form of two fellows in black shoes who proved quite gentle in their kidding. "Now you're not gonna gum up the whole works by refusing to do 14a?” asked one.

“Who do you think you are? Frances Gumm?” laughed the other.

“That was the real name of Judy Garland,” explained the first. But was a bit hot the other fellow had said it. “Anyway…when we leave, you promise to give it another shot, right?”

I did. Immediately. Ghosted out again. So next time I typed in Frances Gumm, which it accepted.

Then sailed right through. I was welcomed to the Family and “would hear much more in the ensuing week and months!”

When I heard nothing, I asked my tech-and-everything-else savvy friend, Maxie-Mo.

"That Frances Gumm thing'll get all the way to Washington. You stumbled into the Inner Sanctum.

You can plead ignorance, but you look so that way, they'll never believe.”

“What can I do…?”

“Wait it out for another year. Then they'll come and search. Just for show. They'll throw things around and leave. You'll never hear from them again.

Or you will.

If you do, be drones by the window thing. Again, just for show.

You're really not in any trouble. Yet.

Me, I’m putting Francis Gumm with my passwords. Gonna hack the shit outa ‘em!”

He did, filling out 14a properly for me. Even as to making me an x-Goal Polo star. He does, but I don’t know enough of what’s good in Polo. In handicap number or anything else.

Laurette Devine of Action News Sports Central wants to interview me.

Maxie-Mo says “Do some googling and then go ahead with it. Everything is shit today anyway. We’re in the last freakin chukka! The Frances Gumm one.”

Labels: computer form, Frances Gumm, ghosting out, Judy Garland, polo

Friday, June 07, 2013

Modern Auditors

-Who's speaking?

-Lester Benbaw 3rd.

-He fills the screen with dogmatic certainty.

-Yeah, but it's an old tape. He's had sex change.
Lilly Marlene now.

-From the song?

-Yes, and promises to be true.

-As a Republican, she'll hafta switch.

-Well, good at that.

Labels: Lily Marlene, political switch, politics, Republican, sex change

Saturday, June 08, 2013

Musical Tastes

-Doing? Nothing? Listening to *Les Deux Pigeons Ballet Suite.*

-Fairy stuff! I’m Beethoven man. Blunt. You ever hear *Rage For a Lost Penny?*

-Don’t know.

-Dedicated to all thick Irishmen everywhere.

-Thence to you?

-On the button!

-Well, know thyself, as–-was it Hamlet said that?

-Everybody has said that.

-Well, there are cliches in music too.

-That’s why it’s good to know so little about it.

-What does the wife do about your thickness?

-Hits me.

-Well…the violent aspect of love.

-Among infinities.

-How about the children?

-I’m past figuring them out.

-Unpredictable?

-Where would you start?

-So, all in all, a normal family?

-I’d say.

Labels: Beethoven, children, Irish, love, marriage, Music, relationship

Sunday, June 09, 2013

Are times

with Prima Ballerina
where she frees
the bounds of earth. Sly

illusion, so say you. I say
she floats; you, just
seems to. Leave

no certain room
for romance,
there is none.

Labels: ballet, Prima Ballerina, Romance

Monday, June 10, 2013

Piracy

We drank daily midst the wattles overlooking
the narrow river.

This early evening a pirate took to sea, standing in
a tiny skiff. "Avast ye landlubbers!"

We delivered a universal finger back.

Andy the Antagonist yelled at him "Where's your
pegleg, Asshole?"

The Pirate yelled back "You'll swing from the yardarm
for that!"

"Yeah you shouldn’t insult professions," added Billy O.

"He's heading for a do at the yacht club. Probably a real
pirate, a broker," sneered Christie.

"I can confirm former," once-Little Lucy confirmed.
fresh from her shift at The Dockery. "We're catering."

The professor put in "And I the latter. A broker of sleazy variety well-known on The Street. At any rate, Orwell says we wear a mask and our face gradually grows to fit it."

"Meaning he'll become a genuine pirate in time, if his
act keeps going over to plutocratic applause?"
asked Christie.

"Precisely. And he'll possess a yardarm then."

“Oh no!” fell Andy to the marshy grass in a fit of pseudo choking, which, though, took possession of him with dramatic intensity.

He died in Cove Hospital!

Well, seven years later...but let's hold on to a story while we can.

The broker kept his pirate act, buying a replica ship with skull and crossbones, and bona fide yardarm.

One day a junior executive will hang from it during a degrading orgy, all participants except the broker getting jail time.

He won’t escape, however, a scathing lecture from the judge. Cry in Bentley going home.

Labels: business, orgy, Pirate, Plutocrat, Wall St

Tuesday, June 11, 2013

If not now, when?

One more time, and then the last. Ginnie prepares to argue with the Vet.

But he insists “Let’s do it.”

Shortly her other legs would go. And, as she was already deaf and nearly blind…

Ginnie cries holding her as Doc eases the needle
in saying “Goodbye old Honey.”

“He says no charge,” Lillian tells her, so she
needn’t offer ten on account and admit she
started living in her car.

Behind the receptionist, a calendar of a snowy mountain, its gray foothills creeping forward,
through them and the wall in back.

Labels: dog, Euthanasia, living in car, vet

Wednesday, June 12, 2013

At Kool Kup Bar, Muted TV

“How come Bloomberg Business has so many oriental girls?”

“Cuz American ones cows!”

They are still mooing when Mindy and Lace, managers at a nearby firm, walk through to the dining room.

“That for us?” Lace asks.

“Shit for brains!” Mindy hisses.

“You work with them?”

“Their archetypes.”

Labels: Bloomberg, business, good ole boys, male, sexism

Thursday, June 13, 2013

PR

-I want Rep_____on CSPAN.

-He's a vicious idiot!

-Yeah, but actually soft-spoken, and that'll work against the jerk-off image.

-Thus good for the party, you think?

-What else? Party! Hip hip and freakin hooray!

-There's...more to life though, yes?

-You know that song *Is That All There Is?* Well that's all there is.

Labels: Congress, CSPAN, party, party politics, PR

Friday, June 14, 2013

Appointment With a Shade

-I was nice enough to meet with him.

-How'd that go?

-Relatively well. I read him back the questions he had mailed us.

-And your answers?

-None. All classified. I could tell him nothing.

-Did he leave in high dudgeon?

-More like seething.

-But that seething wasn't the only sound.

-Oh?

-A more hydraulic one.

-That being...?

-The large machine going up his ass.

-Did you say something?

Labels: bureaucracy, NSA, Patriots' Act, security

Saturday, June 15, 2013

Funny Clothes

What you did
and how

old becomes the text
for hysterical satire.

Photos of you in wild-
ly funny clothes now
hop round the net.

(Nothing left in dust-
y boxes anymore.) Plus,

with energy sucked from
the young by their lame

camp, they beg you be
more amply ashamed,

in order to halt that
it’s always you.

Labels: camp, fashion, old, satire

Sunday, June 16, 2013

The Special Court

He thought about a surprise gift to a good friend.

Rejected the feeling as being against the general air.

The Special Court's hearing of the lurid palimony
suit between two actors, where it condemned both,
still poisoned things.

Though now, this Homosexual Court had strayed
away from its charter in favor of economic imbroglios,
the latest a devilishly complex dispute of two mega wineries.

All in resonance with an Administration who had early set the court up in response to its core of puritan moralists, but recently had settled in to making money for itself and its plutocratic friends.

He shook his head vigorously, as if to rid it of politics.

Anyway, he'd tell his girlfriend. They shared everything. Her warm love would envelop.

And...yet...jealously might fire, too.

Let them set up a court for that!

Labels: court, homosexuality, jealousy, plutocracy

Monday, June 17, 2013

Son and Senator

-It's a conservative country, but not maniacal.

-Unfortunately I need the maniacs.

-Freedom seems to mean the freedom to
do another's bidding.

-They teach you that at Dartmouth College?"

-I don't need Dartmouth College for that.

Labels: Dartmouth, extremists, freedom, senator

Tuesday, June 18, 2013

Song of the Heart

She cried in the Bentley going home.

No more of these panels!–-unless nice people on them.

What had she to do with unions?

And what on earth do they want anyway?

They get all in a passion and nothing whatever is clear!

Labels: class, class war, Union

Wednesday, June 19, 2013

Form

The sixth repetitive form that week, and I was careless filling it out.

Maybe I stuck in one mild flippancy. Didn't list Mickey Mouse as reference or anything like that.

As a result, summarily dismissed.

My boss was nice enough. He kicked, but their word was final.

The Employment Counselor said that in his experience my odds were now three to one. "First client got plunged into a vagueness soup which can never be resolved; second was jailed; third got an identical job, as if boss and coworkers were cloned or something."

He asked me the designation of the form I had offended with. I couldn't remember.

“For sure 14E. When they get really pissed at something, they use 14E.”

Told me would take ten thousand to get a black market 14E and resubmit.

“I don't get any of that. I'd get 14E'd myself! But if you can come up with the ten, I’d feel pretty positive.”

“Break the law, then?”

“One way of looking at it.”

Labels: arbitrary firing, black market, employment, forms

Thursday, June 20, 2013

The Benghazi Party

never mildly sleeps.
Thus yet another t-
shirt touting it.

Ultimately the least de-
monstrative homeless
can wear it inside out.

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party

Friday, June 21, 2013

Right Primer

-Who gives a shit what adults do about sex? It’s their own freakin business!

-Your Libertarianism resonates with us, but not that.

-Oh yeah? Well what’s the difference?

-Calling you Congressman or Mister.

Labels: Conservative, Libertarian, religion in politics, Republican

Saturday, June 22, 2013

Not just lost

The streets sort themselves,
but still uneasily. You can help
others, though. A fair damsel--

yes there can be such. Inform
her: "You've crossed Marion Lane.

That could be a mistake since
she's a Tartar.” Her forehead re-

sembles a print--pre-digital--
coming up in developer.
Then she laughs at your

waggish contribution
to truly ordinary existence.

Distracting a pretty thing,
though never finding your way
through a dream. That’ll do.

Labels: dream, lost, pretty

Sunday, June 23, 2013

Aftersong

After he quite often dreamt in vain,
Death came for him as efficiently
as it did for Charles Foster Kane.

AMA’s Pathologists had forced
the issue and all municipalities
had to perform autopsies now,

though no foul play indicated.
Dr Singh held up the very heart

in that gray light. “Heavy!
Weigh! I think may be full
of stardust memories.”

Labels: autopsy, Citizen Kane, love, love song, Stardust

Monday, June 24, 2013

Elevator

-You mean the AC-DC Senator?

-Let's just say not narrow-gauged.

-Though party is.

-Love will find a way.

-Ways.

Labels: AC-DC, bi-sexual, love, senator, sexuality

Tuesday, June 25, 2013

Sisters

-One sister is warm, all-enveloping. But in a lovely way, not sticky. Other, Business-a-Go-Go!

-Which do you prefer?

-You need ask?

-Prejudice!

-I suppose. I like being with anyone who doesn't break my balls. If that's prejudice, then make the most of it.

Labels: businesswoman, female warmth, prejudice, sexism, sister

Wednesday, June 26, 2013

Left and Right

place two talk-
ing horses on

CSPAN. Surprise
in a special acute-

ly American way,
accusing each
other of lying hall-

marks. Cite “Studies”
as if trump, when

most pumped full
of shit as they.

Labels: CSPAN, Left, lying, Right, studies

Thursday, June 27, 2013

In Another Country

-I had no legs and met a man with no cock.

-How’d he pee?

-Through a kinda straw.

-Extraordinary!

-Pronounce it ex-TRAW-din-ree, like the Brits.

-Sort of crispier?

-You got it! Never caught your name by the way.

-Raw Expletive.

-Ex-TRAW-din-ree!

-You think so? Not around here. Besides, I married Expletive Deleted.

-You balance each other out?

-I wouldn’t say that.

-Well, gotta wheel! But won’t get far. Charging station for my chair?

-That’s Socialism.

-I expect to pay.

-Then you’ll never be disappointed.

Labels: charging station, expletive, mutilated, socialism

Friday, June 28, 2013

Race and Red

-Republicans doubling down on white.

-Isn't that racist?

-Know that story about Americans attending Third International in Moscow? After a specific party-line strategy quickly grasped by most, they blurt "But wouldn't that be lying?"

Story oft repeated to Stalin to watch him laugh.

Labels: Party Line., Racism, Republican, Stalin

Saturday, June 29, 2013

Lifelike

Lillian’s life-sized doll, the robot Jennie-Ann.

Doormen love chatting with it prior to Lillian’s walks.

Father, intrigued, acquires an adult-sized one, which wife laughs off as midlife nonsense. “No use having sports car in the city, so he has his… ” She calls it Princess Hungaria, after its accent.

He does get the sports car too. A Porsche.

“If you’re gonna be an asshole, why not go total?”
wife quips.

Funny thing happens during his drive to the future. After traffic stop with the robot driving--he drunk–-reveals an actual woman.

“Hunkie Whore from Jersey City!”

Girlfriend Gladys, who always takes the Eve Arden part, remarks “Sounds like a song title.”

“I got a song for him: *A Judge Who Thinks He’s Funny*.”

That’s just part of the lyric. Song is *Making Whoopie.*

“And I can’t think of a melody more expensive for balding Romeo-Fatso.”

“Please, no satire. Or accuracy.

“My lawyer says we open at fifteen million.”

“No chance for patching it up?”

“When I got young studs panting after me?”

“I’d like to see a pant in my direction. Just one.”

“You sell yourself short.”

“None of that around here.”

Labels: divorce, doll, Eve Arden, mid-age crisis, robot, wealthy

Sunday, June 30, 2013

Not Getting It Together

-Sonabitch sings off-key. Takes some adjusting on our part.

-Fuck THAT shit! That's "Music."

-Then what do WE...?

-No name.

-How about smirking?

-Good enough.

Labels: Brand, Music, music group, off-key, singing, theme

Monday, July 01, 2013

Clean Coal

-Never buy white car again!

-Not so bad if I park it behind some barrier.

-Don’t worry about the future. All these mandates proposed! We’ve convinced ‘em we’ll do it better than any of their government boondoggles.

-What’s Step One?

-Same as the following ones. Do fuckin nothin!

Labels: clean coal, coal, mandate, pollution

Tuesday, July 02, 2013

The Foxidiot Polka

-Didn‘t know I was against it till I watched Fox.

-You could say the same for your opposites
having NBC paint their faces.

-Sorry to rain on your contentious parade, but they
simply don’t exist.

Labels: closed mind, follower, Fox, NBC, Right

Wednesday, July 03, 2013

Supporting Three

1/ Oh my God the august actual head of the totally large Enchilada! And poking up over our humble cubicle!

-That new creamer tastes like crap!

2/ Not a fan?

-Throw it out and go buy the old kind again.

1/ Done!

-And who's working on my speech? Raise hands! Okay,
the usual trio of idiots. Well, put in more Freedom!

2/ Especially pertaining to eternal vigilance?

-Bingo fuckin bingo! They eat that shit up!

3/ Perfect scam.

-I heard that, Whisperer. Why does he always whisper?
Anyway, o brilliant tightass, nothing is perfect in politics.

Labels: campaign, Enchilada, freedom, political speech, vigilance

Thursday, July 04, 2013

Next Monthly Meeting of FREEDOM NOW AND FOREVER will feature former state representative, Claude Collerette
speaking on *How we stopped the “women,” fancy boys,climate-change nazis, and, not least, tippy-toe
dancing in our capital city.*

Labels: ballet, climate-change, Federalism, gay, Right, state, women

Friday, July 05, 2013

Assumption

If you get anywhere in
anything, this person
will push a bet, seeking

outsized influence. So, enough,
you'll be possessed as zombie

for grimmer enterprise.
Best to act then. Murder, if

not off the table. Otherwise,
Siberia in effect.

Labels: influence, politics, power, zombie

Saturday, July 06, 2013

The Perfect Republican

-You just repeat mindlessly what you've heard from Rush and Hannity.

-So?

-You don't mind being used?

-Hell no! Helps me get off. My sex, Son!

-Disgusting!

-I hope.

-Gross decent people out!

-My prayers answered!

Labels: Hannity, perversity, Republican, Rush, sex

Sunday, July 07, 2013

Domestic Mystery

-Something fell during the night.

-Well, old house, shifting and groaning.

-But no evidence when I wake up.

-Put back.

-By?

-Restoration Spirits.

-You made that up.

-But it sounds right.

-I should do something, I suppose. But not worthy of TV. I couldn't stand all the fuss.

-Put something on the very edge of a shelf, precarious. If it falls and then gets put back, it'll be in a safer position.

-Gods teaching me a safety lesson.

-Something like that.

-I think I'll avoid it all and move.

-The new suburb with the new house and its square corners!

-Yeah. Who wants to bother anymore?

-But what if something falls there?

-They've chased me?

-Then the scaredy new neighbors’ll want you to move once again.

-Stop the scenario! I wanna get off! Ghosts not
gonna make me a man without a country.

-Just a simple expiation might do it for now.
Ponder your sins and confess to...

-Multitudinous!

-Go for a blanket one.

-I think I'll just stay in the old dump and stop listening.
Especially to you!

Labels: expiation, ghost, old house, TV

Monday, July 08, 2013

Republican legislators embrace

their White Power demon
to whelp the New South
back to the Old South. With

the help of Japanese
auto manufacturers.

Labels: Japanese cars, New South, Old South, White Power

Tuesday, July 09, 2013

Business Strategy

-Our top international guy retiring.

-His accent too?

-Could work a cocktail party anywhere in the world!

-That's the keyword. Work. How much did he
actually do?

-Difficult to measure. But I'll try. I'd guess--most unscientifically--that he...let's see...he put in fifteen years?

-On the nose.

-Then he actually worked one of them in total.

-Six percent or so? That's so lame! Not even batting 100! Rest of us bat nearly 500.

-Pretty good!

-Not really. We're just not as masterful frauds as he.

-Alas it’s too late!

-Ever wonder why we attack government all the time? Keeping a frenzy going, so fewer will see our lazy chicanery.

-I got five years if not fired first. Gotta keep my own frenzy going!

Labels: "work", attacking the government, business, fraud, lazy, work

Wednesday, July 10, 2013

Plans wrapped up

-Wow! That's what it looks like in shrink-wrapped blocks like that. How much is...?

-Don’t ask questions like that! Enough.

-I'm sharpening my ears though. To see if money really talks.

-Not now. It's thinking.

-What it can do for good or ill? A philosophy?

-Nothing so esoteric. Rather about making laws.

Labels: cash, money, money in politics, Money talks

Thursday, July 11, 2013

Republicans Doubling Down on White--Q & A

Q But won't this force them to channel
their Inner Skinhead?

A *Jawohl!*

Labels: Republican, Republican Racism, skinhead, White, white anger

Friday, July 12, 2013

Future Visit

-We're compelled by law to give it
to your family, and Charlotte to wear it.

-How about the fellow? And he one of yours!
Why shouldn't he wear it too?

-Let's be realistic. Besides, “Women Only” is the statute.

-"Made in Indonesia."

-We get a terrific rate. Some pretty handwork on
there in addition--if you’d bother to notice.

-And twenty-percent off coupon for the book
from Amazon. It's an awfully old book.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, hey? That's an old-
sounding name for sure.

-Great literature is timeless!

-We don’t like it forced on us. Some things oughta die.

-Not this one, if you wish to keep a civilization.

-“Use Code scrltr.”

-Be a fool not to.

-Well, okay then, but Charlotte won’t like any of it!

-Charlotte should have thought beforehand.

Labels: civilization, Scarlett Letter, sexism, women.Amazon

Saturday, July 13, 2013

The Tradition

-And the yearly messages from Marcel, the Farmer! So simple and yet so exquisite. Genevieve the cow, and Josie the cat, plus the insane chickens!

-Ah yes, Josie as a rangy beauty with tiger stripes. Then the gentle speculation as to the barnyard Romeo-layabout who fathered calico kittens.

-The one picture I've seen of Marcel. In misty hayloft, spare but blocky man writing his message with stub pencil on the back of a feed store bill. So so so charming.

-Who dares dispute?

-His last one, o the deepest! Stressing the Earth, the Earth, the Earth!

-Uh huh? Your triplets reflect the usual ones in his various messages. Literary attempts by a simple, good man? I think not.

-Please don't be a Frenchman, and debase and debunk everything!

-I won't be, but yet you must pull up your Big Boy Pants, for any French person must hear one adult thought a day. And here is yours! There is no Farmer Marcel, nor Genevieve, nor Josie the cat. The first draft of each admired tome came from New York, thence to London for the literary flourishes. Last, translated to French.

-Good God! Just...give me a moment to say goodbye to my Marcel!

-Take your time. Include cow and cat.

-And my Gallic pride forever stung by this not being a purely French product! Even if a phony one. Why English at all?

-Because English is the language for utter shit.

-Horseshit or Bullshit?

-A tie.

Labels: cat, chicken, cow, English, farmer, French, hoax, language, pastoral

Sunday, July 14, 2013

Facets of Aesthetics

-After the divorce, I met Rosette. Did you ever...?

-You don't remember drinking away a few weekends?
Her and you, and my Chloe and me?

-I don't remember much of anything from that time.
That's the point. So, Rosette and I decided to change.
Instead of booze we studied painting in a night
course at the Academy. Both proved mediocre, but
we loved it even better than the giggle juice.

-Chloe and I are breaking away from it too.
Maybe we'll take a course.

-She's so beautiful it's a wonder some slickster hasn’t
stolen her away!

-I stay ever-vigilant. Besides, Rosette is no slouch. She...

- ...resembles a small gaudy dumpster. Let's not sugarcoat.

-Whereas you...?

-Even worse.

-I'd say Wooly Mammoth.

-No tusks.

-You come damn close.

-Okay so we're not Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie!
But we found each other--as some fuckin song
must go. But anyway, I called you about
Lindy, from Sales.

-Organized. No nonsense.

-Not really given to hallucinations?

-Hardly.

-That's my problem.

-How so?

-Well Rosette likes the light in my office, you know?

-It streams!

-She also likes to paint in the nude, and have me pose the same way.

-This will intersect with totally not-artsy Lindy?

-Everybody supposed to be gone for holiday weekend? And she hops back Saturday afternoon for sales folders.

-And into massive nudity?

-Exactly.

-What...?

-Faints dead away. We get dressed, like, immediately. And when she comes to, I give her herbal shit my ex had me buy the day she left...then phoned me here and told me to stick it up my ass.

-Anyway, back to the victim?

-Rosette tells her of terrible virus going around!

-Let me guess. So awful it even imparts hallucinations?

-She looked so battered, I think she bought it.

-But what's the difference? It's your company! You do what you please.

-Once upon a time. But we're part of a halfass

conglomerate now. And up for accreditation.
I mean they got heavenly standards. You'd never
think it was business. Besides, some of our
oldest stockholders run Church investment plans!

-So, if a certain eyewitness blabs as to behavior that other members of the conglom-a-nonsense, plus
traditional bluenoses, think is not exactly moral...?

-Hey! I could go it alone again, but lose a lot
of benefits for myself and the whole crew.

-You want me to talk to her! You devious, hairy bastard!

-Could you?

-Should I stay with the vision story?

-Use your own judgement.

-Well, if she's gone off half-wacky, I will.

-Hell, we really didn't do anything wrong!

-Was the shock! Besides from an aesthetic viewpoint
you both surely did. Do.

-Like, YOU'RE handsome?

-So I've been told...once even by...Lindy.

-I knew it was right to bring you in!

-This will cost you.

-Name it.

-She was so stressed out! The mind can do anything
to you. A few French dinners will soothe, methinks.
And then an equal number to assuage my Chloe.

-Balance!

-My middle name.

Labels: art, business, conglomerate, nudity, painting, Puritan

Monday, July 15, 2013

When I get my gun

Make up some shit to
off a few deserve it.

Hey! So that’s their fate.
They’re pods!

America is the best country
and Florida the best state.

Texas, though, is God!

Labels: Florida, gun, gun laws, Texas

Tuesday, July 16, 2013

Q&A, Legislature

-What’s the real difference between
The Senate and The House?

-Though both Performance Art,
Senate cool, House hot.

Labels: House, Performance Art, Q&A, senate

Wednesday, July 17, 2013

The Group

We're called a group, but we're six to eight individuals.
We might meet daily or not.

Each time we do, one person speaks. That's it. No responses, no questions. This odd rule evolved.
We found discussion got us nowhere.

The rest of the time we're in little offices or walking about the estate.

I don't know where any office is except my own. I never see anyone when I walk.

Loneliness seems a necessity. But, I wouldn't call it loneliness since we're all so busy.

Do we solve problems?

I guess that's what we do, but they’re not given us.
We find them.

Well, Life of the Mind. Pretty flat affect. I'd like to give you evidence of messy personal lives, but don't know enough. Anyway I doubt it.

I wouldn't bother writing about us. It's useless. Even fiction has to start with something.

Labels: alone, intellectual, nerd, Think Tank

Thursday, July 18, 2013

Figuring It Out, Not

-Whyz there a lot of injustice in Justice?

-Cuz we created it.

-Are we that flawed?

-Awful!

-No wonder people pray.

-Something to do.

Labels: injustice, Justice, Prayer

Friday, July 19, 2013

Placement

-Well, he’s the most ignorant man I know. Buffoon to boot!

-That may well be, but we owe him.

-Liquor Control Board or some place he can do no harm?

-Those are plum jobs, and therefore spoken for.

-Well, tell him thanks for his service to the Party and...

-President of one of the smaller state colleges?

-The man’s articulate as a toad!

-Get him a decent suit, he’s distinguished.

-The faculty union wouldn’t stand for it.

-Not at first, but they like talking. We’ll have long talks where they’ll see the light.

-Make them a deal they can’t refuse?

-Precisely, though I don’t care for the imagery.

-From...*Godfather?*

-You get A.

Labels: education, political jobs, politics

Saturday, July 20, 2013

Where Sport Transcends

Hey Beano! Let’s attend
the Great Flop-o-reeno!

We call it Soccer, they,
Football. And O, insane,

the grimacing, the pain!
You’d think: next to
excruciating death!

These vile, trashy frauds!
Not Sport, but “Tragic” Art?
Like *Mais* freakin *oui!*

Labels: exaggeration, flopping, football, soccer

Sunday, July 21, 2013

Small-bore Strategies

She's a one for talking after. Revealing more
than he wants to hear.

So he asks "Do you know how long it takes to
scoop up a dude in the North End when he's been
totaled in a drive-by?"

This proves good defuser.

At any rate, not any problem he can't handle. None.

Including, soon, Linda, from Shipping.

Labels: arrogance, conversation, revelation, Romeo, sex

Monday, July 22, 2013

Dismissing Minnie

-Minnie has been dismissed. I don't like this idea of her and the children still texting.

-The children accept your authority and think you're insane.

-They'll learn that Place is golden. Minnie forgot hers. And is STILL for-

-God you're a Neanderthal! Should I grow my hair long so you can drag me?

-God is in his place and all others below in order. That makes for Peace, the opposite to Neanderthal chaos.

-And we're in a pretty cushy slot, due to your Old Man's money.

-It's only natural that I preserve a system favoring us, but it's God-ordained.

-Was God always on the side of the Rich?

-To favor everyone, yes.

Labels: hierarchy, knowing place, rich, snobbery, social position, stacked deck

Tuesday, July 23, 2013

Messaging

-She peed on Lady Astor’s begonias.

-That took special effort. Why not just the grass alongside?

-A message pee!

-Besides, it’s not Lady Astor, is it?

-We’ve always called her that as a joke. But she’s mega rich too.

-How about Pee-girl’s partner in crime?

-He punched the officer responding.

-Nice people in this town.

-Can’t get work! Lady Astor’s club has clamped down on hiring.

-Do they have reasons?

-Yeah. Chief of which they don’t give a shit!

Labels: crime, rebellion, scorn, unemployment, wealth

Wednesday, July 24, 2013

The Violent Bear It Awry

Once unwound,
the haters get
played out

in flaming, then,
well, lose the thread.

They're riled too
with the time

moderator gives. It
eats them in addition
to nearly everything else.

Labels: caller, CSPAN, hate, violent

Thursday, July 25, 2013

Magnet

-There’s a boutiquey hotel in Palm Beach–I won’t mention the name–where you walk by and look
into the bar and it’s all red leather and mahogany.

-And it talks. It says MONEY.

-Indeed. Any new slut in town’d be wise to...

-You mean both male and female of course?

-I do. Add persons of business while we’re so parsing.

Labels: business, hotel, money, Palm Beach, prostitution, slut

Friday, July 26, 2013

The Women, One Man

-How long have you been waiting?

-Waiting?

-She's dementia-d since she got here.
I arrived right after. Coming up to a year.

-That's intolerable! I'm from Inspector
General.

-So was the last guy, last year.

-Why is it all women here?

-The men don't hafta wait. New rule.

-Well, we'll see about that!

-We're always seeing about things.

-You're emphatically correct!

-And nothing gets done.

-All we can do is submit our reports.

-They're worse than nothing.

-Patience, Miss_____?

-Mrs. I got married here. It was August and
the A/C quit.

-Can your husband help? Email the officials
in charge?

-Being male he got some heft, but they

took him after the wedding for the war.

-Which war?

-What's the difference?

-Is there anything you personally want me
to put in my report?

-Let people get married here without
snatching away the groom!

-I was going to do that.

-And make for faster funerals. One or two
dies a day. And they take up a place in line.

-I'll make a note.

-And stink! Well the A/C's permanently gone
of course.

-Not worth fixing the old style.

-I'd give up my citizenship now if that humungous
TV up there didn't tell me how wonderful it was.

Labels: citizen, Inspector General, waiting in line.bureaucracy

Saturday, July 27, 2013

Chapter 4½

The wife of the Pharmacist left with the son
of the woman who owns the small hotel.

His Renault running badly, he put his attention
mostly to it.

She came back by train.

Her discussion with the pharmacist never leaked.
He spoke to no one outside work anyway. And to her,
infrequently, at the shop.

She spat “that foolishness!” though quite rarely,
with girlfriends.

The young man resumed helping his mother at the hotel
and tinkered with the Renault.

The village called him “The Old Man” when his hair
turned white shortly after.

Marcel’s brother remarked “He was unprepared
for such an adventure.”

(Said brother has his own name, but continued use of this label makes us forget it.)

Labels: affair, French, marriage

Sunday, July 28, 2013

Sending Codes

Jenny chose the fancy pub-hotel online but didn't estimate the travel time well. She was pretty beat when she pulled in with her rental Jaguar.

Roger at the desk intuited her state, and got the room card to her quickly. "But there’s one thing. Your room’s a bit too cozy, but I can give you the adjoining too--for additional twenty?

She accepted, Quite a bargain from the other Roger--a label she whimsically applied since it was her boyfriend's name.

Speaking of... "I hope it’s all right I signed for this.” Roger produced a small brown envelope with a distinct bulge.

Jenny assured him it was. Headed for her suite as the other Roger sent the code for her card to the extra room, and unlocked the door between.

"Waste of a woman!" she overheard drifting from the bar,
but didn't know if it was referring to her or not.

Her initial room was nautical, but small. The additional one was plush, English whore-housey with Belgium soaps.

She showered in the new place, smelling quite
agreeable after.

That slutty half was for lounging in tshirt and shorty
pajama pants. The tshirt was her design she never liked,
so wore it inside out.

But, business. Amid replicate ship’s clock and assorted salty bric-a-brac, she opened the envelope to a box that might have held a bracelet, but contained a flash drive nestled in cotton.

Her Roger had been too exuberantly weird for too long,
so she had employed Mr Dartmerth with his lovely cameras.

The laptop got into the slide show quite expeditiously.

Roger and "Conchita-Rosita" striding hand in hand midst the apes of the Royal Zoo.
The name she chose came from a song her father sang.

Another ended “Senoritas with dark and flashing eyes."
Her own filled with tears, which, she reassured herself,
is to be expected.

She went through the remaining ones in shock.
But the last two propelled her into more terminal
despair. Another Jenny. At tennis with him.

Then at an outdoor cafe, her hair seizing the light.
Light itself! Lovely! Another Jenny, a younger...

Had she ordered the scotch? She mused even
in her pain as to how prettily the ice cubes
would turn in the liquor...seeming to turn the liquor...

She hadn't, and now wouldn't. Her Dad would never
say anything like *waste of a woman.* A cutting thing
like that! He often pronounced “You and your mother,
my two pale English beauties!”

She went to bed under the ship prints, too exhausted
to fear dreaming.

Labels: businesswoman, English, hotel, infidelity, pub

Monday, July 29, 2013

Freedoms, Cherished n’all

-She really stomped her pretty foot. Again and again!

-What's he like?

-Sorta flabby and sick-like white.

-I have a hunch who his father is.

-Anyway, they wanted our house, and I told them
not for sale. And that was that!

-What happened the next day?

-How do you even know there was a...?

-I know how they operate.

-Well a very nice fella came and said if we
got an appraisal, they'd pay that and all
closing costs.

-And he gave you a week?

-How'd you know that?

-I'll get hold of Blenky Wells. He's in real estate and
can get a good appraiser.

-Whoa whoa! I didn't say we'd...

-I just don't want my mother bloodied up, because
that's the next guy they send. No worry about your head,
though, being concrete.

-Why they can't get away with it, Little Ricky! Man's home,castle, search and seizure, boarding troops, and all that good shit! Constitution!

-Yeah, good shit all right. Like you heard listening
to moronic talk radio. Then you voted for these Fascists.
Well, here's your reward.

-I'm not selling!

-You are! No choice at present. But, a little birdie told me this situation can't last.

-I've got a gun!

-They've got bombs! I likewise don't wish to see my mother blown hither and yon.

The sale went through with smiles all around. The young couple, however, being murdered the following year. Mistaken house identity--for a hideout of party leaders.

Now COLONEL Blenky Wells, he of Real Estate and Revolution, asks about Ricky’s parents.

-We moved them to Serenity Spires, kicking and screaming.

-Would they want to return to the old house?

-Nah! He runs Penny Poker Night and she's on Welcoming Committee. Uh! Sigh of relief there,
young Colonel?

-Hell of a cleanup ahead there. Looks like they ran from room to room spraying blood.

-Panicked surprise that a revolution isn't a
lemonade party?

-I must remember that.

-As Churchill said, we will fight them in the suburbs!

-You mean I'm in the ruling cohort to keep the suburbs clear of the venomous Right?

-Now now! Language isn’t war! You mother raised you
to be more polite.

-Her rules are in temporary abeyance.

-Along with the Constitution?

-Well, they wiped their ass with that. Hafta start over.

-Including firing squads.

-No way! You've seen too many films. Exile serves us well. Amazon jungles, lecturing the monkeys.

-Who knows? They'll need recruits.

Labels: bloodshed, Constitution, expropriation, mayhem, revolution, Right, Talk Radio

Tuesday, July 30, 2013

Bumps In Dead Hours

The icemaker in my small studio
sounds like someone fumbling
hard articles. In posher domiciles,

into wee hours: “Somebody’s
in the house!” TV cliche,
then, is wifey prodding

the resident asshole to rise,
explore, return with a report.

Or not. I’ll take the macho
girl anytime. Won’t

bother waking one,
but maraud forth with

baseball bat, actually
desirous of mayhem.

These ladies also tied
the knot emphatically.
And not a granny.

Labels: burglar, night noises, self reliant, strong women, TV Cliche

Wednesday, July 31, 2013

Ignorance of Sorts

-Mac, is you iggerunt?

-Only half the time.

-Anyway, worst congressman ever from this state, TV says. Even beats me out--and I just started wearing shoes. And your degree from that-thar Cornell place?

-They'd deny it. And yours from Yale?

-Lux and fuckin Veritas!

-We're pretty smart when we're smart.

-Ain't that what they're paying for?

-No, they're paying for opposite.

-But we DO really believe whatall the Big Bucks Boys is sayin'. Freedom and all that good shit!

-Uh huh. When we bother believing anything at all.

Labels: '"Freedom", cynicism, South, SouthernPolitics

Thursday, August 01, 2013

Opposition Research

-The guy went to Church and just about stayed.
Must have bunk in the back.

-No women? Or men?

-Nor gambling or shady shit. No nothing!
Oh wait…!

-With relish!

-Ping Pong once where they bet a Pepsi!

-Oh well, everyone here wants to write a novel anyway.
Just compose…nice juicy story starring that pipsqueak!
Whores and graft, with a queer tossed in for fun.

-Make it up? We can‘t do…!

-Thank you, Jerry. Send in Laurette.

Labels: libel, Opposition Research, parties, scandal

Friday, August 02, 2013

Whale

Whale beached,
Staff acted, de-

positing him & trophy
wife into poshest suite.
Giving both a bitty casino

bag of mini toiletries & whatever.
Cheapo-shampoo&soaps with fancy

labels. Plus, fortune cookies!
These latter evoking joy

out of all proportion. They read their
futures to each other! The Rich,
having everything, so love freebies.

Labels: casino, fortune cookies, freebies, goodies, wealth, Whale

Saturday, August 03, 2013

The Stretch

So long you dif-
fidented about. Oh

there were highlights:
your standing up! May-

be 2%, but beats most.
Hey, kids to raise, and wife
and jobs to negotiate. Want

courage? Should have been fly
on wall: so have glimpsed

scant few glints amidst
the long cowardice. But

even on flashy ramparts,
sandwiches get sent out for.

Labels: courage, cowardice, life, ramparts, routine

Sunday, August 04, 2013

For Art’s Sake

Racky couldn't stop thinking of Lil-Anne. It made
him queasy. As love would have it, he saw an
answer online.

Dr Kip Krissimohn and *Picture Your Obsession!*
picurobs.com.

You answered a questionnaire, and the program
assembled a graphic picture of the whole business.

Racky used his Paypal and then printed out the...
well it started as a bar graph of many colors, and
then sort of mishmashed into a kind of haze.
He figured it was mostly the cheap printer.

But he actually liked the result and took it to the
frame shop. Corwell there said it'd work better much
enlarged, so Racky dropped it off later on a flash drive
and Corwell printed it 60 x 100.

After “Photoshopping the crap out of it!”

They both picked out an ornate frame more suitable
for an ancient banquet portrait. “It works,” Corwell
pronounced, “but I haven’t an idea in hell how!
No charge for it--going to Salvation Army anyhow."

When Racky got it home and studied it, said nothing
of Lil-Anne to him, which was okay since she had
joined the Navy and was instantly gone for training.

And that stinging fact made it look even more odd
to him as it leaned against his TV room wall.

Even his favorite Lakers made him uneasy that evening.
“Maybe it bothers the players too,” he joked to his

mother, a retired VA psychologist. She said bring it over.

At her apartment she laughed, “Knowing you, I don't see anything in it to help as to the girl who got away. Instead of trying to think about that, why not just forget the original reason you printed it and enjoy? It’s kind of pretty.”

Tillie the Decorator dropped by with paint samples, and immediately started to croak: “Over the Rabinowitz's sofa!”

Upshot, she gave him a thousand. She had offered seven hundred but he sincerely told her he couldn't let it go for that. The processing and framing alone had cost him six--he tripled for effect.

Rabinowitz despised it after a week, and wife, Carly, persuaded him to hang it in their smallest jewelry shop in the grimy strip mall.

There, Manager Darlene said it made the engaged couples moody.

Tillie exchanged it for a primitive print of maritime Maine, and took it back and hung it in her shop.

With a ten thousand dollar price.

In a week, Jinky Romards, Netflix producer and world-famous depressive, threw it in the back of his Jag.

Mickey-O, Racky’s friend from work, had gone to Vegas with his girlfriend, and they lost everything--smashing up their relationship for a sardonic chaser. With the idea of cheering him up, Racky lifted a picture of his Basset, Renton, from a desk drawer and took it to Corwell to frame.

He told him about his foray into art with Tillie. “I’ve worked with her and she’s totally toxic-nuts! Don’t offer her anything else. She’ll never accept another one.”

So it proved a one-shot art career.

Flirtatious, and yet mercurial, Kevvy then entered
his life.

And no program could ever ever approximate her!

Labels: aesthetics, art, graphics, mood, relationship, taste

Monday, August 05, 2013

Bright Future

-It's Ecology up the whazoo! We got safeguards
on safeguards. This pipeline is just about perfect!

-Which means it will leak and, one day, explode.
Turning a good part of Nebraska etc black.
New variety of corn, anyone?

-Uh huh? And the poor widdle fishies and birdies?

-Why ask since you don’t care? But go ahead and
Elmer Fudd everything!

-I DO say: Fudd Everything!

-All is trivial!

-Wise! Well, anyway, no filthy mayhem will ever get to
The Lake, where Lindy-Ann and I are to retire *toute suite.*

-You jettison the mistresses?

-And she the boyfriends. We're prepared to grow up.

-Wow! Giving up all the Power!

-That what this is, huh? Kissing multitudinous ass
equals Power?

Labels: pipeline, politics, power

Tuesday, August 06, 2013

Seminar 3000

-We conclude, then, that the best lenses into urban anxiety are provided by the TV show Jerry Seinfish, and the films of Woody Alum.

-Multitudinous neuroses! How could they even minimally function?

-Thank you, Female Colleague R. But let's get recognized by the Chair. No blurting.

-Ah yes? Our Male Colleague Z?

-Too much emphasis on what already is wretched hyperbole. When can we explore the rural? The so-called boob?

-If you read the outline, in the section on *Talk Radio.* A medium which prompted him to possess more and more weapons.

-Mine is bigger than yours!

-Again, Female Colleague...? Blurting?

-Sorry.

-And not a little gold. Anyway, the so-called Rural Wars swept the United States in the two thousand thirties. Again, Male Colleague...?

-Give up on any Reason thereabouts!

-Just look up Republicrass. Excuse me again!

-You’re again excused, Female... And ah, Male Colleague B? Finally? You usually chime in to issue corrections.

-It's RepubliCANS. They encouraged idiocy all round. Their core voter drooled.

-I see. I'll make a note of the drooling.

-The other party is DemoCRATS. Thus the mixup. They went along, having the same corporate paymasters, but pretended otherwise. They do have a signal achievement, however, labeling the main stylistic movement of the era as *Breadline Chic.*

Additionally, it's Jerry SeinFELD and Woody ALLEN.

-Thank you. Let the record show...!

-Excuse me, Professor...?

-Female Colleague...? Yet again.

-Such a sleazy, greasy, meretricious nonentity of a time! Couldn't we just...?

-Well it is the topic. Shouldn’t take long.

Labels: Democrat;, future, Republican, Seinfeld, Woody Allen, Year 3000

Wednesday, August 07, 2013

Creative Team

-They'll take the Senate if we can't scare more moderates.

-Humongous black and white billboard with stark words?

-STOP THE FASCISTS HERE !

-Why is there such understatement in politics?

-Have no idea. Did they teach you fancy rhetorical tricks at Bates?

-I don't know. I just tried to keep from freezing. How about Emory?

-We sipped bourbon and laughed at Hee-Haw Georgians.

-Thus have we come to this!

-What?

-Exactly.

Labels: language, political advertising, political speech, political strategy, politics

Thursday, August 08, 2013

On a Cyber Afternoon

It instructed “Click here to listen twice to the selection.”

Rappy misunderstood and clicked twice, and the screen
went black.

Then the message:
You’ve been had by
Mysterioso-Cyber-Excello.

But the Government as quickly intervened.
Your system is restored
and MCE arrested.

Then the questionnaire. Would you like him
a) jailed indefinitely b) lectured and let go c) executed.

Enough was enough. Rappy ticked c.

Then thought he’d been too hard, and endeavored to change his vote.

Nothing doing. They had strapped the miscreant
to a gurney, and injected hm with the latest fatal juice.

All channels covered it, even the Quilting one.

Which, also replayed it more than the others,
superimposed on a quilt.

Labels: accounting, cyber crime, hacking, punishment, quilt

Friday, August 09, 2013

Working for the Nut Libertarian

-He's paying.

-Somebody is.

-But making his drivel comprehensible...!

-Your father was a professor. It's all the same.

-*It's a far better thing I do than I have ever done.*
It's a far...

-Drink up, Sickie. Need your gifts down the line.

-Gifts?

Labels: hired gun, Libertarian, operator, political advertising

Saturday, August 10, 2013

The Fight

-We were in heavy coats so not as bad. But... I was sneaky. Tripped him and then couldn't stop pounding him. Mr Tessler, the Rec Supervisor, yanked me off him.

-Terrible. How is...?

-He, like, I don't know, all sobs.

-Five percent physical injury, ninety five percent humiliation.

-Yeah? Well, Dad says kids have scrapes.

-Stop! You're on the hook! You did an awful awful thing!

-Well it's too late now to...

-Go right now to tell him you're sorry!

-I don't know where he lives! We meet at the playground!

-But it's ten to one he's on your cell, no?

-(Weakly) Yeah.

-Call him immediately!

-What'll I say?

-Say? SAY!

Labels: apology, children's quarrels, dustup, fight, fistfight, Justice, mentoring

Sunday, August 11, 2013

Whoever casts and directs those Cialis Commercials

knows what they're doing. You’re
presented a sexy, mature woman,
bit rounder than most. She’s get-

ting kittenish! And ole
...Limpdick. Who's funny

and warm and wanting
to measurably play. O well,

take the pills, Dude! Wanna
lose your zaftig treasure
to some greaseball?

Labels: Cialis, commercials, erectile dysfunction, kittenish, mature woman, sexy, TV, zaftig

Monday, August 12, 2013

The Very Partial Picture

-Wow! You coming to HR! Like the Enterprise docking at Bridgeport.

-I'm interested in how the Big Hiring is going.

-Swimmingly! But just started.

-Pay scales?

-Same for past five years. Some pressure to nudge them up. Competition.

-Cut them across the board. Thirty percent.

-We'll lose some...!

-In this desperate climate? Doubt it. As to present employees, write a letter asking them to swallow fifteen percent. If they don't, we throw all healthcare to Uncle Obama.

-I feel shell-shocked! I thought profits were zooming.

-That's only a partial picture.

-Jesus! Blood, sweat, and tears.

-Do me a favor? Follow my instructions, and leave the violin in the fuckin closet. Okay? Like a good boy.

Labels: CEO, hiring, Human Resources, pay cuts

Tuesday, August 13, 2013

Clean Air Act

Mackie, our neighborhood plumber, fights the
power company tooth and nail over foul air.

Mr Hollidez, President, toasts him sardonically
at a board meeting. Best champagne.

Then, the oddest thing. A third arm grows from
Mackey’s chest. In no time, full-sized.

“Well,” Hollidez remarks, “quite an advantage
for a plumber!”

Labels: Clean Air, mutation, plumber, pollution, Power Company

Wednesday, August 14, 2013

Short Take on Airlines

One carrier is featuring old movies.
The first, *Deliverance.*

When the degenerate rapist orders his
male victim to "Squeal lahk a pig!"
the entire cabin squeals.

Labels: air travel, crowded, Deliverance, pig, rapist

Thursday, August 15, 2013

Discrimination

-The Republicans'll never give up in destroying Obamacare.

-That's cuz Money never gives up!

-But the insurance companies will tremendously benefit! That's Money.

-Other Money trumps.

-Why?

-Idealism.

-Take that word and shove it up your ass!

-Already there.

Labels: medical insurance, money, Obamacare., politics, Republican

Friday, August 16, 2013

Uncle Ralphie responds to

-135 Unicorn Statues have been presented to Climate Charge Deniers.

-All Republicans. They define stupid.

-In this area.

-In ALL areas!

-Oh come on! Take any community in the US and you'll find a few intelligent Republicans--some even brilliant.

-Bring them to me one by one, and I'll demolish their selfish inanities point by point!

-Difficult logistic problem there.

-Point by vacant asshole point!

He's screaming then. Rivaling a Tea Partier in foaming action.

Labels: Climate Change Denial, core politics, core voter, intolerance, leftist, politics, radical, tea party

Saturday, August 17, 2013

Pro,Tyro

-I shake my head!

-Seen you do that before.

-I'm not surprised.

-What does it signify, exactly?

-Nothing exactly. Only that something
quite bizarre has come down. Again.

-And also that you, the possessor of this
shaking head, are vastly superior to
it and everything else?

-Don't I wish? Whatever is wrong, I'm part
and parcel.

-Then, what can you do?

-Do? Where did you get that naive notion?
I shake my head!

Labels: experience, head shaking, overwhelmed, resignatiion, shared guilt

Sunday, August 18, 2013

The Very Young Bride and
Her Younger Girlfriends

LIL
Is it wonderful, Jen?

ROSE
Tell us about it!

JEANETTE
At times, yes.

LIL
Then do tell us about THEM!

ROSE
Nobody ever pulls up the darn curtain!

LIL
That's cuz there nothing behind it!

JEANETTE
Is and isn’t

ROSE
You’d drive a saint crazy!

LIL
Two saints!

JEANETTE
Three.

ROSE
Do you drive yourself crazy, Jen?

JEANETTE

Doesn’t everybody?

Labels: girlfriend, girls, idealism, marriage, youth

Monday, August 19, 2013

CSPAN deals with anger and discontent in failing democracy

George Babbitt
calls. It’s all there
if you work! Win-Win.

Go freakin away, Georgie! So
take a greasy Capitalistic hike

to nowhere. Like,
forever!

Labels: Capitalism, George Babbitt, Protestant Work Ethic

Tuesday, August 20, 2013

Two Market Watchers

-Warren Buffet a pretty good investor.

-I'd say so.

-But there must be better.

-Of course. But they don't wanna be seen.

-Because they're thieves?

-Not themselves. They aid and abet, of course.
So long as the thieves make money.

-It's a wonderful country!

-It is, and we're not being sarcastic.

Labels: market, thieves, USA, Warren Buffet

Wednesday, August 21, 2013

Best Way To Murder

Be Scientist.
At a remove

from those
opened

by explosion.
Lots of chat of
coordinates &

other icy
geometries.

Abstracting death
to ideas diadems
achievers & nabs

awards. Rather
tops to be toasted
(not for victims) with

subtle champagne.
Even pretty.

Labels: awards, bombing, military scientist, science, war

Thursday, August 22, 2013

In Line at My Precinct

“Yeah, like we’d vote for Obama!”

From a seething, sarcastic confidence weaned by Rush
and the other propagandists.

So so sure they’d win as their polls anointed.

Then the crash. The betrayal! With Righty
TV and Radio ratings in the toilet in retribution.

“*Heartbreak Hotel!”*

“They’re continuously checking out and into
Sheer Revenge Hotel.”

“Uh huh? And how does the country get governed?
Their share?”

“Objection! Irrelevant!”

Labels: government, Obama, polls, Republican "Polls", Right, Right Propagandists, Right Radio TV, Rush

Friday, August 23, 2013

R-L Standoff

-How went the date?

-Foundered on information not revealed beforehand.

-Oh? She just pardoned for some Lucy Borden-like infelicity?

-Worse! An Insane Righty.

-Well, you're insane Lefty, so?

-Couldn't work out.

-So you agreed you'd just disagree, and thus chatted on about flotsam and jetsam? Celebrities in Rehab or...?

-Fought!

-How was her performance? I know yours was unstinting! When it got focused.

-Tiger! And unlike many of her brothers and sisters, never drooled.

-Makes her all the more dryly dangerous.

-Lethal! But 'twill be the business of some other sucker.

-So you'll never see hide nor hair of her again!

-Who said THAT ?

-I'll never understand people?

-Vice versa. But we two agreed we didn't cover all the important issues.

-Two senseless intellectuals!

-I guess. Pride goeth before...fall for one of us.

-You both make a Pride, that’s for sure. Of lions!
Any cub wandering in gets eaten.

-Interesting you say that. Certainly we could individually
devour the softies on either side.

-And then make common cause to...?

-Whatever comes up.

-You both should arrive with explicit warning labels!

-I’ll phone her now. Keen to get fighting again!

Labels: Left, political argument, political relationship, relationship, Right

Saturday, August 24, 2013

Rehab, Sex Dept Again

-Well, you signed on as Boytoy. Hence, flashy Rolex.

-Exhausted!

-The lady's for burning!

-Burnt me out!

-You must continue being the good little machine.

-Hey! There are hobbies, walks, Nature, like!
The great old sports bar with the gang! ...
where a strange woman would drop in without
a past or future. Then try to sit in your lap while
you’re standing up.

-Belay that bushwah! We know YOUR future. It's just the
getting you back in shape. Once, you were in the *pink*!

-That last an allusion saying I'm not macho enough?

-We'll get you there! Can we get a few more hours?
I know she's into her other lust presently: shopping!

-I'll text her using our babytalk names.

-Which are?

-To my grave with them! People are laughing enough.

-Okay, then. First step. Joint down by the river.
Cook by name of Blinky. One-eyed.

-That's sufficient color.

-His fried liver with enough onions to stink up Albany!
Charge up your blood! Protein and all that other good shit!

-Why is Albany the joke now?

-It shifts. Fashion. Google “jerkwater burgs, history.”

-Into the breech then!

-I can smell those onions from here!

-Don't get too enthusiastic. It’s for me: handsome youth!
Don’t ever forget that you're too old to be a boytoy.

-I can dream. Most do in color, I in black-and-white
dollar signs.

-Film noir with ancient operator. Sam Spade on Social Security.
Don’t make a mistake with my Mrs Rutledge.

-I make many mistakes, young Sir.

Labels: boytoy, Cobra, sex

Sunday, August 25, 2013

New Condo

Max didn’t like the karma of leaving a couple
of cells intact in the recreation wing.

The contractors had locked their tools in one.

Renata laughed it off. “I just know we got a beautiful
new apartment! So it was a prison, full of the stink
of desperate men. That was then! Now, Mickey
and Chippy can play like mad in the old walking
yard, if that’s what they called it."

But one of the King Charles Spaniels bit a teasing child,
and a law suit appeared in their mailbox.

Then Chippy started staggering and the vet thought
it was something he ate, or was fed him.

And after Mr Hogart, retired shop teacher, was mugged
in their apartment’s vicinity, they started staying in
more.

Renata’s Brother came and mounted a 60 inch TV on
the beige wall.

“This place is built!” he proclaimed. “What the hell, it was
a fortress.”

Max joined the newly formed Condo Watch Group,
“Though I’m nearly under indictment, or something.”

R. Rindle, the lawyer, settled, though, so that the problem
went away.

“The amount is reasonable, but I won’t tell you exactly
until the siege calms down. Medical look at the brat,
and not all that much more.”

The couple got caught up in their activities, so began to get out quite a bit more. Max heading up the watch group in their wing, and Renata taking Thai cooking lessons in the beautiful kitchen next to the cells.

Max started playing pool with some of the watch guys on the lovely red table outside the kitchen.

They both walked the spaniels and chatted with the new move-ins and the relative veterans.

“Still bad karma, but everywhere is.”

“Karma-shmarma!” she answered. “We worked like dogs to get here. I’m for enjoying life, and the hell with everything else!”

Labels: condo, karma, prison, retirement

Monday, August 26, 2013

Taste and its Americans

-Name that Rapist!

-They'll let that go through?

-I hope and pray in the interest of truth and quality.

-Or something.

-Whatever.

-How discrete is the rape?

-Very. About as graphic as we can get away with. And longgggg.

-Then, the panelists?

-Split into teams of two. Speak first to Examining Magistrate.

-What's this, French or something?

-Well, they'll all be the detectives, so we're employing
a literary device of sorts.

-People will swallow that?

-We think so. Anyway he gives them legal background to rape--
clay models. And describes the suspects. Then each team gets to
quiz them.

-Any torture?

-Some. We ARE Americans.

-Who are suspects?

-Preliminary list: a meticulous doctor, brutal entrepreneur, body builder...

-Six pack for the ladies?

-And doorstop dumb! College poet. Bookbag, bicycle,
endless line of shit for adoring coeds.

-I hate those creeps!

-And insurance man with some odd policies.
And, of course, a minister.

-Scarlet, you left your letter here!

-And on and on.

-A lot of edge, but where's the twist?

-It's a female doctor.

-But how can she?

-You'll find out when the whole bunch forcibly strips her!

-That Nielson'll shoot off the chart! But, in the interest of
Science and Detection, how much can you show?

-Everything. Since our motives are pure! Plus we got
one hairy actress, or actor--of pubic interest to say
the least.

-Well, I got enough of the whole sordid picture.
One last question: You done a lot of TV, awards all over
this office, why on earth...?

-This Monster? In its debased, even subterranean taste,
even for TV, it should kill off Reality Shows for all time!

-Altruism! I knew you had it in you!

-Somebody had to do it!

-Rest in Peace, Smarmy Genre!

Labels: American, Neilson, reality TV, taste

Tuesday, August 27, 2013

Travel for No Apparent Reason

-Well, how'd it go?

-Too many Chinamen!

-You'd expect that there.

-In your face!

-I heard there are about a billion.

-They musta bussed them all in to all the decrepit tombs and whatever. You couldn't move!

-So? Culture huh?

-That's the wife. She picked it.

-A college girl, if I'm not mistaken.

-Whole shitloads of ivy has grown since she--

-Any culinary discoveries? Maybe you could persuade your favorite Chinese restaurant to...

-We go to Lee's once in a blue moon.

-That's Korean.

-Same difference.

Labels: American tourist, China, Chinese, Chinese Cuisine, population, tourist

Wednesday, August 28, 2013

Mid Something or Other

Unsure of what anything means.

Not nihilist who thinks everything means nothing.

He feels there’s meaning he just can’t arrive at.

His train hits final station. He gets off.

It’s Nowhere. Trains forbidden to leave
from there.

Labels: confusion, nihlism, Philosophy, quandry, religion

Thursday, August 29, 2013

Target and Opposition

-Unless you want to become some really old September-May joke, you're running out of time to get married again.

-Well, as bad as I've done, it does suit me. I don't know how all these guys stand the loneliness!

-They don't. Drink, or act out in infantile ways.

-Brrr! I don't wanna become that kind of laughing stock.

-Well, at your age, it's late! You gotta mount a campaign! Pick out a target and bombard her with the whole smear: gifts, and minute-by-minute professions of love.

-Sounds disgusting!

-You got it! It is! Now get yourself in shape for it!

-I don't have the energy.

-Invent it! Guys with less are swooping up all the...

-The WHAT? The women who pay attention to me are as jaded and faded as I am.

-The both of you gotta grasp at that last straw!

-A good BM makes me happy. Hardly romance is it?

-She'll cheer!

Labels: Courting, Last Chance, marriage, May-September Marriage, Romance

Friday, August 30, 2013

Caution With Buttons

Personnel guy explained that my psychological
tests revealed what I already knew: that I'm
a total fussbudget and a man for detail.

The job they gave me involved close monitoring
of several gauges, with instruction to
press certain buttons if particular readings
went out of range. Well, right up my alley.

The engineer in my one-day course had stressed
"Never push the blue button! Ever! End of story."

The only problem I ever had was because of
the previous shift. They left coffee cups around,
etc. So I had to do a meticulous cleanup every day.
Of course.

Then another time, housekeeping didn't keep
up with the rainy weather and the mud had
dried into a mess.

I searched out a broom and swept as cleanly
as possible.

Unfortunately, I had moved rocks in the
garden the previous day and my back was
sore.

Well, ten thousand to one! A back spasm
struck and the handle of the broom lined
up perfectly with the forbidden blue button
and I lurched and...

“What have I done?” I asked in my panic.
“Will somebody be injured or killed, or
some process be ruined and cost the
company thousands?” But I heard nothing.

When I finally got to inform the engineer, back from a conference at national headquarters, he said, "Blue button connected to nothing. No danger of any type, so relax!"

"But you warned me...!"

"So? I was ordered to pass that on."

"But it was erroneous information!"

"Look! Where you been? Not a boyscout jamboree here! Or anywhere, for that matter. And this conversation never occurred!"

Labels: bizarre directions, conformity, detail, fussbudget, insane job, work

Saturday, August 31, 2013

Debate on Regrets

-Marriage is like war.
It's mostly chaos.

-Your track record enables
you to say thusly?

-Does it!

-How about those
that last? Seems

a good bit
of order in there.

-Playacting. Or booze
in the bog. Where-

in is a self-deception
that is SO...!

-Nah! True happiness.
Or something close.
You can freakin feel it!

-A miracle from God!

-From acid unbeliever!

-Making an exception.

Labels: bad marriage, belief, divorce, happy marriage, marriage

Sunday, September 01, 2013

Velvet Frog

Frenchy always found defective governor arms.

Down for two hours in which we smoked and
bullshitted while he worked and sang.

Laurette went out with him a few times.

“Its all flirty charm and manners, but no payoff.
You wait for the physical and it doesn’t, like, arrive.”

“Does the spiritual?”

“The physical IS the spiritual!”

“My ass!” responds Boss Harvey when Hairy Mac
relays their conversation. “Speaking of which, why...
not parade yours next time Frenchy replaces a
governor arm? Test him out.”

“You’re suspicioning he goes that way?”

“No...on second thought, not really. Hafta conclude
he doesn’t go any way.”

“Is that why he’s always so chirpy and happy?”

“Probably.”

Labels: date, French, happiness, sexuality, work

Monday, September 02, 2013

Bit Actor, and Star Friend

-Everything I do is small-timey.

-The Big Time is Small Time.

-So when you get there, where have you gotten?

-Exactly.

-Well, that’s an unsatisfactory answer!

-Sorry. What I have.

Labels: acting, failure, success

Tuesday, September 03, 2013

Typical

Hobart Grimshaw of Omaha was named
The Typical Republican by Political Metrics
Unlimited.

A month later Precision In Futuristics
labeled him *The Typical Democrat.*

"You could call him anything. There is no there there,"
remarked Monsignor to the new priest.

"Unlike us, who always have the Ace to play."

"But that doesn't make us superior. This rectory
is of the world."

"Speaking of which...?"

"Speaking of which, to unwind from each day’s
travails, I always have a thimble of cognac at ten
in the study. Please join me any night you wish."

"Will we cover the waterfront? Heartbreak to
minute theology?"

"The former emphatically! My Chicago Bears!"

Labels: Bears, Omaha, priest, religion, typical party member

Wednesday, September 04, 2013

Repeal For Love

Senator Yance Rancey fell back on the folksy
when pressed by reporters.

"Alls I can say was married three times, the lady
more hysterical than the last one."

They dug at him for more quotes, but he turned grave.
"The science says women shouldn't vote! End of story!"

His political guy, who had been with him since the
scratch-ass beginning, laughed, "Well we couldn't
gerrymander the girls, but you're gonna repeal them."

"Just the voting part."

The senator held up a sign: *Repeal for Love.*

“And where did that ‘science’ come from?"

“I ordered it up.”

“Let me know when you do that! We’ll supply some
meat and potatoes.”

“Will do. Anyhow, what's bottom line?”

“We'll win. But how can it be anything but temporary?
They'll mobilize and get the male pussies behind
them again. We'll have three years.”

“That's enough to get rid of a whole lot of other shit
in the Constee-whatchacallit-stution!”

“Some ride!”

“Wez both enjoyin’ the shit outa it!"

Labels: Constitution, future, repealing 19th Amendment, women's vote

Thursday, September 05, 2013

The man who was utterly no good
by any measure

underwent several administrations. The Conservatives lectured him on responsibility, on demanding power, and on bowing down.

Their policies cut his puny wages in half, giving the difference to their contributors.

He did try their little personal bag of tricks, but asserted his power at the wrong time and was beaten up by bored delinquents.

The Liberals gave him cards for food and rent. Told him it was temporary--until he got on his feet.

Since he had never been there, he hadn't a clue to the route.

Moderates finally swept in because of the seething disgust with both ruling parties.

They sent a man and woman. He held money, she a baseball bat.

When they both delivered at once, he found the experience sexual.

Labels: Conservative, liberal, moderate, party politics

Friday, September 06, 2013

Lower corporate tax rates!

And end the loopholes.

-That's your double-header, is it? But typographically:
the first a headline, the latter in tiny agate type
all but unreadable.

-Both printed!

-Your bitty type is the next step up from wink-wink
nudge-nudge.

-But a step!

-Both “steps” to favor your rich buddies. Again! Like the sun
in the morning.

Labels: corporate taxes, loopholes, rich

Saturday, September 07, 2013

Life in Music

-We drifted apart. You walked off with my heart.*

-Yeah. Couldn't use two, though. Like lead in my chest. Went to UCLA Medical Center and they cut yours out.

-Worked for me. I was there on life-support with a temporary artificial. They popped my old one back.

-Well, everybody's happy.

-Not usually the outcome of a defunct romance.

-Indeed not!

-Be careful it doesn’t happen to you.

-That’s another song.

*There Goes that Song Again

Labels: breakup, heart transplant, popular songs, Romance

Sunday, September 08, 2013

Thorn

Mrs Van Iderstine seldom exhibited anger,
but Gwen-Anne really provoked.

“She's not here two weeks and already pregnant!”

“Well, I'm not expert in Gynecology, but I'll continue
to believe there’s a chance she was that way before
she arrived.”

“Oh of Course. I know that! But I'm so upset!
In my mind I was even blaming that happy fellow
putting in the new windows.”

“He still remains a threat. Tell him to hang his
windows and nothing else.”

“I will. You see if I don't!”

“Uh, alter the phrasing a bit, of course.”

“I’ll do it in a soft way, not your coarseness.”

“Everyone should.”

Labels: class, pregnancy, sex, wealth

Monday, September 09, 2013

Waiting

The plane from Malaga being an hour late,
Cliff even more belligerent than usual picking
up Sissy. Jilly tells them not to wait, since the
children's texts encourage on locating Ben.

She smokes a cigarette, seated on her luggage
mid a mass of taxis.

Now another text arrives. gotim@boat&anchor!
c u 1/2

She 'conducts' with her cigarette, pronouncing
quietly, “Olé?”

Labels: airport, alcohol, Malaga, relationships, Spain, travel

Tuesday, September 10, 2013

Suburban Forms

-I detest all kinds of show!

-Unless you've a drop or two taken.

-No, then I'm the PT Barnum of Apple Tree Acres.

-Winesap Extension included?

-No way! I've nothing to do with those Johnny-Come-Latelies.

-Nouveau riches?

-Don't they WISH? About eighth of one each.

-That little?

-Trash in our attics worth more.

-You always boost my spirit!

Labels: Barnum, class, nouveau riche, Suburban

Wednesday, September 11, 2013

Hearing the Pronouncement

“All around Obama are Communists!”

-Didn’t he once say “All around Bush are Fascists!” ?

-That was his brother.

-Equal Opportunity Drunks.

Labels: Bush, Communist, drunk, Fascist, Obama

Thursday, September 12, 2013

Comma Creature

-When he expired, did he take his dead commas
with him?

-One would hope.

-He really sprinkled 'em around!

-Not sprinkled. Each one with a rule,
however picayune.

-A cloud of Victorian dust just vacated
this office.

-Thank God for that!

-Isaac Babel says a well-placed comma can stab
the heart.

-We're not into stabbing hearts here. Or any other
creative pursuits, really.

-All of it's defunct now, anyway. Ninety percent of
everything is email.

-The literary equivalent of not giving a shit.

Labels: comma, email, Isaac Babel, office, punctuation, style

Friday, September 13, 2013

The Faux Moderate

's visit to CSPAN
is most gracious.

He's balancing it
all off and listens
to everybody, in-

sisting he’s no one’s tool!
Hustles back to the office where

the floor is thick with drool,
and he thus brandishes

the core weapons
adored there.

Labels: core politics, CSPAN, moderate

Saturday, September 14, 2013

Two Friends and a Computer

“The mistake people make is not using the model
for personal matters. You can feed into it for
business stuff and it's infallible. I'd like to think
it's the same for…”

“Well, let me try it. I just really met Jeanne, and her
birthday’s at the end of the week. Should I get
her anything?”

The program asks for more information about
both of them. He, of course, can’t supply
much about her. ‘Funny’ and ‘Wry’ seem to
set up cautions.

“*Get her nothing,”* concludes the machine.

But he forgot to say what he had been
considering, and does so now.

“Been looking at this ceramic thing, coffee mug
with a mermaid for handle?”

“*Nothing.”*

“But this program rules out anything that's
wifty and funny and light and spontaneous!”
he complains.

“For the very good reason that those things
can turn into pain!” friend reminds.

“Well, I'll take my chances.”

“*1 in 7!”* stresses the computer.

“Glad to know that. Better than most.”

Labels: artificial intelligence, computer, flirtation, gift, Romance

Sunday, September 15, 2013

Architecture as Frozen Music*

Uh huh? Leading me to feel
there's more bullshit there
than in the other arts, even.

Okay, I own a bar supply business, say,
& am looking for a standalone building
in Philly's Manayunk? Retail store-

front, plus warehouse in back
for the wholesale hunk.

What can an architect do? Well, some glassy
thing over the Schuylkill River, reflecting

the boats rowing by
sunsets etc. That's nice.

But a Moorish courtyard between
shop & warehouse? Sound ridiculous,
but I must keep on listening.

So, an architect should pay attention
to function, yes, but when a curve-

ball chance arises, fercrisakes
throw it! Don't just emit
some stale&phony shit about it.

Bike through Philadelphia University
one midnight & lights blaze
from Architecture Building.

That’s a start. No gentleman
or aesthetic lady desires
to be working that late.

*blamed on Goethe

Labels: aesthetics, Architecture, art, Philadelphia, Philadelphia University, Philly, phony

Monday, September 16, 2013

GOP Freedom

With Congressionals nearly impinging,
will we be exposed to New Gynecological
Visionaries?

Republican Women countenance these vile idiots
as *Oh that's just_____! Or just Dad or Grandpa!*

Otherwise, though, they’re allowed to think.

Labels: Republican Women, The Gynecology Party

Tuesday, September 17, 2013

Missive to Money

Elbow room? Yes.
Carte Blanche? Don't be absurd.
Policing yourself? Tragedy for the rest of us.

Labels: finance, money, Regulation, wealth

Wednesday, September 18, 2013

Entering the Political Process

When they change my name, I expect some
bureaucratic monstrosity such as Operant 19E,
but am pleasantly surprised.

I start using the multitudinous forms of ID they
send, and everyone remarks on the pretty name.

My girlfriend, Lilly of the Valley, says, "And I
thought I had a lovely name. This one beats it."

Feels good until the election. I'm not really
registered under the new name, so they give me
a provisional ballot.

I later learn I'm a ‘File 13.’ Those votes are trashed,
in short.

I go to my political friend, who shrugs. "You'll be
okay next time. Your name changed for the specific
purpose of knocking it out for this one election.”

“So your party would win!”

“It's no use playing if not to win.”

I join a class action suit and it actually
goes to trial. There the jury spends all its
time admiring our names. The judge finally
throws them out, and the suit.

Only I press for retrial, but my political friend says
his party will promise not to do it again, and give
me a new car.

Only a small electric, but does the trick.

So I have a pretty name and a pretty car. Lilly of the
Valley loves both immensely.

All’s well that ends etc. But, of course, you must fight for your rights. For the good of the nation. That never changes. Ever vigilant!

Labels: bribery, election, ID, political manipulation, rights

Thursday, September 19, 2013

“***There are some serious problems in this country!”***

“So let’s do what we’ve always done.

Except this time, triply reward our wondrous thieves.
Who know what to do in return.”

Labels: contributors, GOP

Friday, September 20, 2013

After a Wearing Slog,

Reformers truly deserve
the domestic champagne
post the President's signature.

Short-lived satisfaction
to say the least, since
the reactionary thieves have

been meeting with their
brightest lawyers in
The Greaseworks, and

concerned legislators soon
will pitch John Q as to

the phantom rights he'll
actually be losing with
this new, wild legislation!

Presumably the overriding one
they’ll fight to the death for: his
privilege of being perpetually screwed.

Labels: John Q, reactionary, reform, unfairness

Saturday, September 21, 2013

Meeting Oneself

Anyway, there I am! I mean, if you count the
gray hairs he has exactly the same number.

Uncanny resemblance everywhere! And an office
manager too. Well, small wonder since a convention
of us.

We introduce, like looking into mirrors, though he's
not as shocked for some reason.

Exchange cards. He works for a small hardware
outfit twenty miles away.

When I tell Melody, she wants to see him. So, where's
the harm?

I call him up on his cell and we drive there the
following Saturday.

The girls get along okay, both caustic about the men.
Par for the course even when we’re not identical.

A few Sundays later, we go again. Well, we're invited.

Some major differences arise. I'm dying to get the Eagles'
score, and a beer, and his usual Sunday is listening to
old radio tapes and drinking tea.

Honest to God! So I witness something called
I Love a Mystery. Reggie is the one character I retain.

The ladies adjourn to her secret room where she shows
off quilts she has made.

“Well that's quite enough of that!” Melody erupts going home.

And it was. Except that my boss asks me to write an
article for the company newsletter about a famed

reorganization even then driving most of us nuts.

I figure I can get a quote from my strange twin: his firm listed as one which a short while ago undertook this regimen of identical marvels.

Uh uh. Nobody ever heard of him there.

I call the house, and real estate lady answers. Been vacant a few months and they’re about to rent it furnished! She, too, has never heard of my double and his wife.

Well, who's crazy here?

No...really. I don't think...that. What'd be the point of a practical joke? Makes no sense.

I think that whatever entity that couple's from, they've been drawn back by their authorities. So, “creepy experiment” is the closest I can come.

Yeah it freaks me out! But, since Melody wants never to hear about them again, I'm at least on safe ground there.

Labels: double, identity, twin

Sunday, September 22, 2013

Turkeys

Did Sinatra want to buy
all the prints? Hopeless

in our digital world,
where hauls persist

from Rye to Nome,
& clouds above,

of our own
Kissing Bandits
& randy loves, wild

messes & raw
transgressions.

Send funny cards
to forget.

Labels: digital, Kissing Bandit, movie, Sinatra, Turkey

Monday, September 23, 2013

Elegant Competition

Almost a cliche
to say legislators
should wear uniforms

a la NASCAR, with many
patches of purchasers.

Coy Republicans can truly
come out more tastefully:
just a beautifully-worked

embroidery or two from
reactionary billionaires.

Labels: billionaires, bribery, money in politics, NASCAR, Republican

Tuesday, September 24, 2013

Enchilada and PhD Assistant

-Any news of our competitor?

-The Little Jew is stepping down and The Big Jew taking over…sort of counter-sequential, methinks.

-Thank you for skipping the tortured charts this time, and putting it in terms I understand.

-I don't necessarily mean they’re Jewish. It could be metaphorical.

-Any which way but loose.

Labels: business, chart, competition, Jewish, metaphor

Wednesday, September 25, 2013

Three Poor Old Things Orient

1 knows she's in Cocoa Beach, Florida,
but can't convey same.

The words bump and jam. When she can finally get
something out, it snaps in frustrated anger.

2, old traveler, prefers London, Paris, Rome.
The nurse taking her history can get her here, but
spottily. She codes TDD, for Tends to Daydream.

3 is everywhere and nowhere. She CIAs it.
Deepest secrecy required since you’re eyeing
her dollar store jewelry.

Labels: Alzheimer's, CIA, place, senility

Thursday, September 26, 2013

Reminiscing

He set up a meeting in his hotel room with his first love, so so long after. But she proved too fat to enter.

“No prob-lemo! We’ll go to the bar!”

“No use,” came her old, sweet voice. “I collapse chairs.”

“There must be some place!”

There was, a just-abandoned foundry. He winched her up and sped her along the overhead rail. Running back and forth underneath with the joystick.

“This is like the fun we had years ago!” she blurted.

Labels: fat, fun, old flame, relationship

Friday, September 27, 2013

Busy as a Profession

Mad Hatter had none of his own, including one
he wore. He owed it, presumably.

A/C guy has the new unit on a skid, shop floor, as
his kids broil. His crews too busy till the end of
week. Children flee to Dollar General to hang out.

Mechanic has a few classics at home, but none
for errands. Wife's Focus in his shop with only
the kid to work on it. He has broken the new part,
so another ordered.

She wants her husband to do the job, but he's
wrapped up with the accountant to reconcile
mutually contradictory forms they submitted to
IRS last year.

An audit looms!

He phones his buddy at the Ford Dealer,
and a new F-150 pickup delivered to quiet her.

It's a hit at her hairdresser’s, a somewhat macho
gang. Except Mr Perry: “Too self-consciously butch,
like the slight cowboys in gross commercials.”

Labels: A/C, butch, cowboy, Mad Hatter, mechanic

Saturday, September 28, 2013

Solutions

-When did that pat little model come down?
Problem-solving? Marshaling your little
evidences and, Voila, an answer asserting!

-Aristotle, through Sherlock Holmes.

-Whatever. It's sheer bullshit! You get nowhere
with some messes. Some are better ignored.
Some of the few allegedly solved come back
to bite your ass repeatedly.

-Are you coming out against Western Rational Man?

-He’s an utter asshole!

-Should you have no method then?

-Probably.

-Then, what should you do if...?

-Flip a coin. That doesn't piss the gods off.
They get a kick outa it.

-And us?

-Especially us.

Labels: Aristotle, logic, problem, problem-solving, rational, Sherlock Holmes, Western

Sunday, September 29, 2013

Tinpan Allez

“Are you starry eyed and vaguely discontented?”
inquires Roger.

“YOU’RE an old song!” snaps Simone.

Labels: allez, existential, old songs, song

Monday, September 30, 2013

The Patriotic Pill

The endless wars produced a crop of lustful
young persons, their given being they'll be
likely killed in the next one.

The Conservative government insisted we had
peace, then just half-engaging in only three, and
that they would deal with this too-sexual hangover.

Thus came The Patriotic Pill, which curbed
or eliminated lust. Marrieds were exempt.

(Naturally, sham marriages were tried, but
that dodge was just about ended by requiring
monthly education courses taught by sour clergy.)

Unmarrieds had to report once weekly to large
venues such as stadiums and shopping centers,
where the pill was ingested in front of watchful
robots and human officials.

A side-benefit lauded by Chambers of Commerce
and manufacturers was a certain frenzy which
propelled many to work faster.

Of course, Liberals railed against the pill, and
Moderates asked for it to be cut in half, but
President Dankhorse informed them that
elections have consequences: “The American
People have chosen the whole Patriotic Pill!”

Black Markets of Placebos have arisen and
been as quickly crushed–-the system that
Conservatives have set in motion being not
as surpassingly incompetent as in the past.

“We finally got it right!” bragged Dankhorse.

And Senator Helbore claimed, “We wuz turning into ancient Rome under the anything-goes Lib-ruls. When something must be done, we-uns Conservatives bite our lips and freakin does it!”

Labels: Conservative, patriotism, sex, youth

Tuesday, October 01, 2013

Writing the Speech

-Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! If we're gonna lie, let's just keep the fuckin things straight!

-Don't you think Lincoln lied?

-Not much. The party was new then. Before racist assholes, and their brethren thumping the Bible with one hand and jerking off with the other.

-Uh huh? Well, put on your big boy pants, Mel. You really need those you degrade. You're in the fight of your life!

-Again? Every election seems to be.

-With that whiny attitude I’m like to label you a Pussy Democrat!

-I no longer know what I am.

Labels: "Party of Lincoln", bible thumpers., election, Lincoln, Modern Republican Party.Tea Party, political lying, Racist Republicans, Republican

Wednesday, October 02, 2013

Searching For a Slicing Word

-This Republican House is despicable!

-New York News says *House of Turds.*

-That's much more clever. Are there
stronger words than despicable?

-I suppose, but...

-why not stick with it?

-A proper fit.

-So...let’s not take a survey, right?

-Another one can’t be stomached!

Labels: despicable Republicans, Government Shutdown, House of Turds, Republican House, survey

Thursday, October 03, 2013

The Grand Old Chorus

"You sing so richly! And under note and syllable,
always a vibrance, resonance. I can even feel
it afterwards. Don't know anything about musical
terminology: What would you call it?"

"Race."

Labels: GOP, singing

Friday, October 04, 2013

Wise Guys of a sort

-You know, the pendulum always swings.
The Repubs can come back in.

-Who doesn't know that? I'm scouting out
locations under bridges now. Get dibs
on one early.

-You can really doo-dab a place like that up.
Like, comforts of home!

-Can I bring my bowling trophy?

-Especially. Get a class system going there and
they might leave you alone.

-Doubt that, with Law and Order. Anyway, I can swing
it at National Guard guys when they're sent on
hygienic sweeps.

-For you own good! Who wants to smell like piss and shit?

-Quite a profound question!

-Don't sound so surprised.

Labels: class, class war, homeless, Law and Order, living under bridge, Repubs

Saturday, October 05, 2013

Young Persons in Discussion

Men

-You want my conclusion?

-Hadn't thought to ask, but shoot!

-At work, in Washington, everywhere:
Everybody's totally full of shit!

-Profound enough for now.

-Except my girlfriend.

-A decidedly minor saga.

Ladies

-Last night I played the tapes of
the women who fought it through.

-Uh huh? Then back on the shelf?

-Like vacuum cleaners.

Labels: cynicism, men, women, women's rights

Sunday, October 06, 2013

Storyboard

At times, Judith draws a storyboard by way of prediction.

Thus, guy installing wall TV in conference room,
she has shown as muscular and flirtatious in one panel.
Begging a date in the next.

Actually, scrawny and uncommunicative. Only saying
"These walls, cheeseboard. Hafta brace from
other side."

However, when he comes back in a week to check tuning,
her charms don’t fail.

She storyboards their date, but afterwards this time. He sings
Vesti La Giubba naked. Belongs to an opera club.

Fortissimo member.

My half-gay boss photoshops the last for his Mancave.

Judith's Hall of Fame proves to be *"Buying a scarf
at Macy's."* It turns out just as she drew it.

Anime version nearly goes viral.

Labels: advertising, opera, storyboard

Monday, October 07, 2013

New and Old Congressman

-I know you paid the last time too, but (turning his pockets inside out).

-No sweat! Soon be lined.

Labels: bribery, Congress, wealthy legislators

Tuesday, October 08, 2013

Dedicated to Another Proposition

-I say carve out a new nation for these secessionists.

-Calling it...?

-Imbecilia.

-Where?

-Oh South Carolin-ia-Missi-Georgia.
Somewhere in that enlightened swamp
at any rate.

-But, how about the Western Imbeciles?
Be Trail of Tears getting them there!

-Somewhat like, but more blinding: Trail of
Tinfoil Hats.

-A plan! Not! I say one new nation with Southern and
Western pods.

-I'll go for that. Imbecilia then, containing Gunlandia
and No-Queersia.

-Speaking of former, will either have atomic weapons?

-Right after the Ay-rabs.

Labels: imbecile, Right, Secessionist, Southern, Western

Wednesday, October 09, 2013

Modes of Communication

In olden days
friends yodeled

from their places
on the mountain
midst cows, so

as to make sure
each alive.
Now they *Skype.*

"Well, you still look like shit!"

"Und you der BRAD PITT?"

Labels: Brad Pitt, friends, Skype, yodel

Thursday, October 10, 2013

But Poker Is Forever

“Who melt this dess?” Mick-Mack, our Teapartier, exclaimed.

“Finally losing it totally!” Worse remarked.

“Don't you DISH?” He meant wish.

Worse was for ‘Worse than a Communist.’ Our leader, Clock,
had stepped in back then, pronouncing no more politics,
but Worse's name stuck.

When Mickey-Mack didn't show the next time, Clock tried
home and cell, then called police. Everybody always had
gotten here, or phoned.

Patrolperson Webberly entered at the next game, asking us
questions. MM had disappeared without the proverbial trace.

Worse guessed he spontaneously combusted in rage.
But the Professor scoffed that all such cases on shaky science.

“Rather, he fell into the river and drowned.”

“Like in *Goodnight Irene*?” Worse asked him.

“...his body f-loating to sea, then slowing sinking.” On went
Professor, as if with the body.

“*Full fathom five*
our colleague lies,
his bones are coral made.”

Webberly sat in for the first time.

Now she’s a Captain and never misses. She's also ‘Nose.’
Though a beauty, one generous proboscis. When winning,
she often says “The Nose knows!”

Our teapartier never found, so less anger in the game,

and world.

The professor opines that he could be discovered,
or a fragment, if the department only thought outside
the box...!

Nose claims they're required to do only that presently.

"Who melt this dess?" Clock yells at that moment.
We all laugh. The perennial 'Dealt this mess' never
again would be said that way here.

Clock finally announces the evening's last hand,
and muses that he has played twelve years and
is twenty-four dollars ahead. "But that could be
behind. Since I lost my Evvie, my bookkeeping
is suspect."

"Well she left a legacy: Made you into a total pussy!"
Worse snaps.

Nose finally goes down the aisle with a house dick
from Sears. We're all invited and like him off the bat.

But he couldn't play. No couples!--from sad experience
with pair who continued their sniping into the game.
Clock dismissed them forever.

They wanted a vote, but he said "I'm the vote."

"Who melt this dess?" our bride laughs now.

"Don't you worry about hubby's fidelity while you're doing
your cutthroat thing here?" Clock occasionally kittenish.

"I never worry about anything. Wasted effort. I've seen the dregs
of everything and I'm immensely better off. Immensely!"

Well, rest of us still sorta worried a bit about our lost teapartier.
Icy cold case. But I guess that's life , or Poker, or something.

Labels: disappearance, Poker, police, rage, Republican Tea Party, tea party

Friday, October 11, 2013

Examples Gross As Earth

Go to school board,
town council, Senate
and House Committees.

How you'll hear blatant
idiocies and shame-
less lies! Get your fill.

Note to the shy:
The more you

stay afraid
to speak,

the more empower
viral imbeciles.

Labels: afraid, idiotic public servants, shy

Saturday, October 12, 2013

-It’s all language!

-Prove it.

-We do that by talking.

-What if I refuse?

-Same thing.

-So great literature could consist of nothing.

-Not exactly. But pauses everywhere underline our lives.

-Talking to you is flat, stale, and unprofitable.

-As is not.

Labels: argument, language, pauses

Sunday, October 13, 2013

Back to the burg for childhood intelligence

“You were the quiet one. Hardly a peep.
Thinking all the time. No wonder you do
all that science stuff now.”

“A hellion! Into everything! And that was
some brassy mouth for a kid! You never
knew what was coming outa it.”

Complaining to a friend later of these
opposing views.

“Well, we go by the preponderance of evidence.
Weighing this against that. Then make our minds up.”

“But never getting the real me! The true me!”

“Excuse me, but the rest of us have lives.
You get attention for the time we can spare.”

“Never enough.”

“Live with it! God also too busy, even for
your highlight reel.”

Labels: ego, God, identity, others' views

Monday, October 14, 2013

To Oldster, pants falling down at O'Hare

We all look the other way
until you get them up,

and loop belt, no harm,
but help

when your shoes go astray--
even TSA Dude. Airlines

feature beautiful ads, slickest
plane slides over blue, super-
warm service inside immaculate tube.

Like horror flick
renaming itself

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

Labels: air travel, security measures, service, TSA

Tuesday, October 15, 2013

Assignments, Plum and No

When you got Paris or London or Prague or Tokyo,
as examples, the inevitable vulgarians at State
asked "Who'd you blow?"

But my assignment: Wyruskikan. “So who did you
really really piss off?”

It was a toilet. And so dangerous that hazard pay
was quadrupled.

My job was to mix in with the natives, and they
proved a sad and fatalistic lot.

Bodies were carted away wholesale in the
capital daily. Chicago plus New York times ten.

Wyruskikians took no precautions. Just shrugged.
In fact, many were shot, or exploded, while
shrugging.

I wondered if their religion gave then solace
in all this horror.

They just laughed. "Which one?" About fifty, and
they each changed faiths periodically. There existed
a state religion which all, of course, ignored.

I...shouldn’t give the impression that all shrugged.
Some cringed.

Like here, they had constitutional guarantees
and freedoms. In conversations with me they
felt ours as much of a joke.

I, of course, told them we were a work in progress.

They just gave back the slit-throat gesture they
ended most conversations with.

In the hills, rebels organize. The revolution is imminent until we…well take them out with mercenaries hired off Craig's List.

I become CL liason. Told this will insure my future through future layoffs under Republicans.

Another operative gets rocket launchers online, next day FedEx delivery. "Paris next!" she brags.

Labels: assignment, Constitution, religion, revolution, State Department

Wednesday, October 16, 2013

Shadings

-That senator is a bald-faced liar!

-Isn’t that bold-faced? Most of us sorta bald-faced.

-Bold or bald, do you think you Republicans simply lie more than Democrats?

-No contest.

-And ideologues really believe their lies too, yes?

-What lies?

Labels: Democrat, Ideologue, political lies, Republican

Thursday, October 17, 2013

Getting Squat For a Great Price

-The Republicans closed down the government and then threatened insolvency in a great overall fractious snit. And got nothing.

-Yeah, they pitched a no-hitter against themselves.

-Beyond pitiful!

-You’re supposed to go on with the baseball metaphor.

-No need for metaphor. It is what it is. We must avert our eyes out of Christian Charity.

Labels: debt limit, insurgent, Republican, shutdown

Friday, October 18, 2013

Fundraise

-The whole country is a fundraiser! Latest perversion not out of a New Dixiecrat's mouth, that the Lefty sites don't light up my internet for contributions against him.

-Well they hafta super-frantically tap the little guy, since the Billionaires are mostly in the Racist Republican corner.

-They'll be happy when they hafta take the kids to the beach in a Patton tank,

-Think of the firepower! Righty Nirvana!

Labels: billionaires, fund raising, Patton Tank, political internet, Racist Republican

Saturday, October 19, 2013

Cop

Mitch loved the action part of policing. Dozed off during lectures, and messed up paperwork.

Alive as he has ever been while chasing a burglary suspect over the wet cobbles fronting Darsen's Shoes. Spotted him exiting a Chase branch bank, and radioed for help.

In keeping with the Victorian theme, Old Man Darsen had installed boot scrapers. Mich's forehead ends up on one.

Sgt Olgrow discovers him after cuffing the suspect. Mitch had rolled over with a groan, and Olgrow, in the dim light from the old-fashioned streetlamps, sees the gash as filling with red mica.

Mitch gets on. He doesn't yet know the year. Speaks to Gwen who isn't there, but left him months before his accident.

When? he asks himself in a clear moment.

The first thing he says to the doctor that next morning. "It's funny. Somebody named When."

After a year the old doc says it takes time. Young one recommends early retirement.

The city throws a nice party. Even the Governor, who's considering a Presidential run, emails him later.

He's learning the computer afresh and it's his first message. First he reads the Subject Line as "Grim Christ Fixer" but shakes and shakes his head until "Great Crime Fighter" appears.

Gwen never returns, though he feels she has.
Has conversations, even arguments.

The green trees have turned liquid. He jams his
eyes shut when this happens.

Labels: crime, forced retirement, head injury, police, recovery from trauma, traumatic injury, visions

Sunday, October 20, 2013

Our Brilliant Friend

I won't quote him. Might not get it exactly precise. Suffice to say, he was beautifully articulate always.

Even took our breath away at times.

This once, unlike the dark stories of stupid and cutthroat business, genius was rewarded. Prominent man, super-big job.

One day he asks Lil, at the restaurant where we periodically grab a quick bite, if any eclairs left.

"I saved one just for you!" Not her usual kidding tone, but sultry would you believe?

She eventually got restraining order against him.

Labels: articulate, infatuation, prominent, successful

Monday, October 21, 2013

Old Texas Hand and Newbie

NEW
I didn't believe the stories before I moved here,
but my development--brand new and everything
the best--is loaded with Creationist-Racists.

OLD
That's a mouthful. Salt of the Earth if y'look at it
another way.

NEW
If that's the salt, the earth's in a bad way.

OLD
Give yuh the sleeves outa their vests.

NEW
What's the upshot? The school boards only approve
texts endorsed by jerk-off ministers. The kiddie’s
picture books have dinosaurs mixed in with
cavemen and biblical characters. The mishmash
takes your breath away!

OLD
Well, we got you now. You talk to 'em. I mean the
ministers and their stone-dumb flocks.

NEW
I'll eventually try...something. Will I have to ship my
kids East to keep them from becoming super-ignorant
good ole boys and girls?

OLD
Lotsa folks do, but they come back and we grab 'em fast.
Pretty soon they speak our language all over again.

NEW
It's a disease!

OLD
Maybe so. We're all sick, but in the top layer you don't notice it so.

NEW
I'm in a quandary!

OLD
Hell, you're mostly inventing it! Join the country club and get the genteel version.

NEW
And then become what I hate? But more polite? I don't think so!

OLD
I do.

Labels: religion, religion in politics, Texas, Texas School Boards, Texas.ignorance

Tuesday, October 22, 2013

To Have a Cause

is to need another.
Thus damn O-Care

for high Tea Party.
To The Ramparts!

Whites only.

Labels: cause, money in politics, tea party, Tea Party Racism

Wednesday, October 23, 2013

Gerrymandering,

a brutal exercise in
naked manipulation,

brutalizes us. That’s
the way all such clever
acts translate.

Labels: Gerrymandering, political corruption, political fixers, politics

Thursday, October 24, 2013

goes the Republican plaint.
(So, paying buds to hammer
us in other ways just fine?) Hey!

if a down-and-outer
can still get it up,

I say more power
to him in any case.

Labels: cronies, Republican, sex, Unemployment Compensation, Welfare

Friday, October 25, 2013

Awaiting a Turn

“Something is probable,” our boss winked.

Next day, twenty with identical cardboard boxes escorted out by guards.

“Ordering more boxes,” our boss winked.

Morale shattered, if anyone cared.

Following week, twenty-one. Including boss.

New boss didn’t wink. He was in Omaha and we had to Skype him.

Young, enthusiastic. “Stop worrying. It’s cool!”

And it was. Until required two months later to speak to Rappy Robot, also in Omaha.

He hardly rapped, let alone said anything but normal greetings and weather. “Warm for time of year.”

We cell-phoned a Shreveport guy at lunch.

“We got Rappy too. He’s a cagey one!”

Labels: employer abuse, layoffs, rap, robot, work anxiety

Saturday, October 26, 2013

Hard and Soft

The couple went into their eighties saying

"You're a poopie!"

"Well you're a poopie-doopie!"

An occasional affectionate turn produced

"You're my poopie."

"And you're my poopie-doopie."

Does their long interchange have larger import?

How could it not?

Labels: babytalk, flirtation, immature

Sunday, October 27, 2013

Friends

Mipsy had to speak of the old hurts.
And with Nix, who didn’t know him then.

Nix refused, saying "Your vaunted ‘closure’ only
comes once. To everyone. That’s life. Or the end
of it.

Hey, though, meet me at Lefty’s. We'll go depths
and heights, all right!--with our football team.
And Ruthie is bringing two from the bank.
Ass around with them--invest a few drinks
for total silliness!

Hey! Distraction or shitstorm.” Nix shrugged.
“I'm picking the former. Like, forever!”

Labels: buddy, discussion of friends, football, friendship, old hurts

Monday, October 28, 2013

Viral Catalog

The Jews were always there, but that couldn't
explain everything.

His radio guys filled in the other groups.

He kept the running total in his laptop. In code
of course. None too small for cataloging. Thus
Blutenheimer Icelandic Conspiracy was bic.

His local lamestream press recently full of stories
about “Mini-Silicon Valley,” as a few cyber firms
had established in the new industrial park.

He watched these employees dropping in at
The Ice Cream Store in his strip mall. The usual
queers and oddballs, but terrestrials merely.

Two, though, fit the profiles in Dr Hobart Grimshaw's
Newsletter. “Definite Space Aliens, of the Mongolian
Face Type.”

He'd follow them next time, but it sufficed on this
occasion to get them in his laptop: 2dsamft@ics.

In his mind he called them Mongolunars--
for those of you denying him wit.

Labels: conspiracy, Jew, lamestream, lunar, paranoia, space alien

Tuesday, October 29, 2013

WIPSO’d

“If we act today, I can get you into this WIPSO which is, like, totally hot!”

Did, and it shot up.

Next time he looked, had fallen precipitously.

He got another accountant on the phone, his vacationing in Fiji.

Older voice assured, “WIPSOs volatile, but has started inching up again.”

WSJ asks

WHAT’S SKY LIMIT FOR WIPSOs?

Business Week counters

WHICH SUB CELLAR FOR THOSE WHIPPED BY WIPSOs?

I was all too much and he dropped in again, got to see Prodigious Drunk Accountant.

Red faced and brusque. “Get you outa it? No fuckin problem-o! A penalty of course.”

“Hey!” protested our beset hero. “Waive it! I've been through enough shit without that!”

“Done! You’re in luck I’m rushed. Bingo, and all back into your bank! Well, gotta a tee time, so…?”

He walked to his bank to totally affirm the money transferred.

“It’s here,” counseled quiet Mr Andrews. “We'll talk of some sedate vehicles someday when you’ve a mind.”

“Well-put. I don't have one now. Been completely WIPSO'd!”

“If you don't mind my saying so, they're for insane persons.”

Labels: investing, victim, volatile fund

Wednesday, October 30, 2013

Twin Political Views of Mystery

“They gotta gynecologist to come and show us slides.
Explain procedures in the more enlightened states to
totally shame the wanton girls.”

“I’m not going. I just repeat abortion plank in debate.
Taking no chances. But I’ve got to say I’m sick to
death of their freakish plumbing!”

Labels: Abortion, action against women, Gynecology, Republican, The Gynecology Party, vaginal probe, women

Thursday, October 31, 2013

Two Farm State Senators

-Big Agriculture gets big subsidies, Little Agriculture,
not so much.

-How about The Family Farm?

-Fence it round for a museum! Let the scratch-ass
farmer explain to urban slicksters the difference
between a horse and a whore.

-How would he know anything about the latter?

-It’s a new world, and rural communities have been keeping up!

Labels: Family Farm, farm, Farm Bill, farmer, subsidies

Friday, November 01, 2013

Grandpa Knows Brusque

-Grandpa, are you finally satisfied? We're barely topping Zimbabwe in regards to Income Inequality.

-No, I'm not satisfied at all! Folks used to know their place without all the bellyaching.

-So it's time to fix it so they fight like cats and dogs to hold the one they got?

-You laugh, but that'll get the notions outa their heads.

Labels: class, class war, Conservative, Income Inequality, Zimbabwe

Saturday, November 02, 2013

Very Short Exchange

-Mackey out playing with the toddlers, got mud all over him. Came into the kitchen to wash it off. Then, who drops by but the old girlfriend! And bursts into tears at what Big C has done to him!

-Yeah, it’s a shock. So what?

-They really still love each other.

-You women go for that love shit! They parted in mutual hate way back when. So, put the two states together for everybody’s usual average.

-Have I told you what a prick you are?

-Don’t hafta.

Labels: Big C, Cancer, marriage, relationship, Romance, women

Sunday, November 03, 2013

The Trio

Renton in the next cubicle has called her E. M., for
Eyes of Murder, but to be fair, Monette's PMS really
didn't seem that more wretched than the usual.

Besides, it proved a mercy that she withdrew
often, grabbing a smoke on the receiving dock.

The boss there, Chancey, hardly noticed her
from far up in his brilliant perch.

Though he had to descend when more than one
truck came in at a time, to move his crew along.

Chancy lived with a strong mother, so knew
the vibrations off of Monette, even when she
didn't talk.

But they finally said something to each other.
And liked what they heard.

Upshot: started going out, would you believe?

Upshot 2: She moved in with him and The Horror.

How could that work?

He has recounted how he withdrew to his mancave
and watched football while they went at it.

It not only proved a draw, but one day he heard
them laughing.

“This is not good news,” he whispered to Greg Gumble
at halftime.

The deal the women decided on was marriage.

No evidence at work now, since neither wore a ring.

Monette proclaiming “I'm not Chancey's property.”

Mom took to calling her Bette, after
Bette Davis, who often graced the screen of
the tiny black and white in her bedroom.

Monette took to crushing cigarettes the histrionic
way Bette did.

Both women decided Chancey isolated too much,
and thus Monette moved her sewing stuff into
his Mancave.

He had to listen on reduced volume, but had
sharp ears, even over the sewing machine chatter.

She spoke to him too often, and he answered in
uh huhs. It all seemed shaping up to a traditional
American marriage.

But Chancey not without his own cards to play.
He schemed to move Mama to a retirement home,
and thus free her bedroom for the sewing crap.

The women trumped him again. They had already
picked out Bide a Bit, and a beaming Mama
was eventually dispatched in a startling cherry
number Monette had designed and sewn.

There the women were jealous and the men,
goats. She loved the attention. Monette phoned
her a few times daily.

Monette got seven orders for dresses there,
and quit the company. The last one, of a Spring
green, was for the mother of the owner of a posh
department store. He was quite miffed she hadn't
chosen from his highest-end rack.

Long story short: He hires Monette.

Shorter: She leaves in two years to open
her own shop with the help of Mama's money.

...

Had been watching Giants-Eagles.

"*A man surrounded by strong women. Good or bad?*"
asked Dr Packwood Oliver in a commercial.

"Both at once!" answered Chancey, ripping open a bag
of Fritos. "But I never trust faggots with names reversed."

Labels: Bette Davis, businesswoman, marriage, mother-in-law, PMS, relationship

Monday, November 04, 2013

Small Factory

-The Old Man having crushed the Union in order to enter Reactionary Heaven, we get Junior appointing a Negotiating Committee of Management-Licking Toads.

-What have they negotiated away thus far?

-Half the vacation, half the medical, but only a third of the wages.

-That last being the good news?

-There's more. Junior is leaving us to run for Republican something or other.

-He fits perfectly into The Party of Endless Fuck-around.

Labels: labor negotiation, management, medical, Republican, toady, vacation, wages

Tuesday, November 05, 2013

What's New?

Fashionable friend collapses in swirl of cape
and scarves

Rick runs for a glass of water; Heather fans her
with a wrinkled newspaper out of a box of dishes.

"I'll come again to this new abode, but won't look up!"
she finally whispers from her chaotic nest.

"These popcorn ceilings!" hissed Heather. "I told you!"

"And I told you no freakin money to get rid of 'em
right now!"

Labels: culture, friend, marriage, popcorn ceiling, Real Estate, relationship, taste

Wednesday, November 06, 2013

All Things Troll

Once, in a cave, a monster or dwarf, often enchanted.

Then, frumpy nut under a bridge.

Nowadays, tirelessly infecting thousands of websites,
and often in pay of lobby or party.

Or hiding beneath legislative desks, the better
to assault women.

Labels: political trolls, troll, War on Women

Thursday, November 07, 2013

Playing Army with Inside Friend, Nam Era

-Getting along so far?

-Not bad. Expected crap and got it.

-How do you feel about dogs?

-Hate the dirty little fuckers!

-No! You love 'em!

-If you say.

-Getting you into veterinary unit.

-Advantage there?

-You don't get killed. Oh, maybe a dog or two.

-The more the better.

Labels: dog, favoritism, influence, Nam, Vietnam

Friday, November 08, 2013

A Being with Crazy Thoughts

Haunting! But told not a soul.
Heaven's reckoning came in time,

St Peter remarking “Look at you!
A lively one. Not. Wouldn't say
‘shit’ if you had a mouthful."

“My thoughts are sin. Forgive me.”

“Hey! They're just fuckin images!”

“Is heaven…vulgar then?”

“Has to be, since it's sacred.”

Labels: heaven, politeness, St Peter, vulgarity

Saturday, November 09, 2013

Help Within the Bunch

Hoke wasted his life. No one could convince him otherwise.

We brought up Lucy. How they met, etc. The early stages, not the later storms.

His foot slipped on his pedal one Sunday morning, and shin badly scraped, bleeding. She had jogged past, but then returned. Walked the bike home for him.

Then insisting on searching the messy studio for bandaging and disinfectant, but finally had to ask the neighbors.

"Your reputation is ruined," he told her after she got stuff from the master gossip.

"I'm used to that. Never being a chapter and verse gal."

It helped to invoke her now, since she had died of breast cancer, and we could get Moke into the walk against it that weekend.

But he resumed being totally down afterwards, sobbing about his Lost Angel.

Rip finally suggested he move to a nicer place.

The rest of the bunch concurred, but Lefty, as always, injected politics.

"Wanted: shitty apartment near shitty job.

Try landofree.com. They got all the answers, especially the one keeping billionaires’ whores in butter creams".

The shitty job part was right. His third time working for Old Andrews, who'd give you the

sleeves out of his vest.

Lefty, the activist who stayed active, brought
Moke to the soup kitchen at the Presbyterians.

Though mechanical with the mashed potato scoop,
and completely wooden-faced, he seemed to
enjoy himself.

Rest of us tried various other things. Though
Bernice couldn’t rope him into her weekly group
of major depressives.

Anyway, all to no avail.

Got more and more, as time slogged on, to look like
Moke had trapped himself into the final, fatal funk.

Well…you eventually pull out of one of these yourself,
or you don't.

He did. Took a whole morning to de-stink with bath, etc.
Put on his best suit, combed his snaggy hair.

You don’t really have to be clean to murder the totally
purple funk, but it helps.

Labels: depression, friends, funk, wasted life

Sunday, November 10, 2013

Experimenting With Nuts

“Abrupt them!” went the Doctor's direction.

“He's inventing a verb.”

“Whatever. How's it going with yours?” Claude asked Jerry.

“My patients are batting 500.”

“Mine about the same.”

Anyway, makes no difference the context,” laughed Jerry, “I just snap *Name?* LAST NAME FIRST!"

"As you’re supposed to, but what's it proving?"

"Ours not to reason why."

Whatever it proved or disproved, the program went reasonably well until the new aide read a forgetful patient his name. Trouble was he told him the wrong name. So Bill Halkins became Walter Sygminski.

And really did, from that moment. The unit thus gaining an additional Walter.

When it was reported to the doctor, he got mixed up and thought that Claude was the miscreant. "You need a week off. You must have several vacation days coming. Take next week, and that's an order.”

“But...!” got him nowhere. He swallowed yet another injustice.

But the travel agent found him a place of undemanding seminars and health whatevers. And it was Bird Watching Week.

Claude bought a beautiful manual, and loved the pictures. Absolutely loved them. Lingering over them.

He was very far from unwound, though, that first morning when Rilly came to fetch him for a 7 am massage. It being dark he stuck close to white-clad Rilly, who chuckled hoarsely at Claude’s stumbles.

The lamplight in the studio showed him that the departing Rilly was blind.

Brenda, the masseuse (perfumed least Shalimar), didn't quite snap it, but Claude, in some still-sleepy perversity he'll never grasp, answered her request for his name, “Sygminski, Walter.”

Brenda embraced him. Rilly, outside, had overheard, and reentered to embrace both together. Jinks, from the next booth, rushed in and did the expected.

Whereupon the quartet swayed, emitting a high-pitched "Walter! Walter!"

Labels: experiment, health farm, mental health, perversity

Monday, November 11, 2013

The Moral Voter

-The Minimum Wage in Australia around seventeen bucks.

-But do they mandate vaginal probes?

-I wouldn't think. But, neither do we, at least nationally--
some Goober states...

-Well, I'm staying put until we do. Poor, but moral.

-Just the kind of Republican the party loves.

-I feel the love. I feel it!

-The Dems hafta become more emotional. Too techy.

-Bring back the slide rule. They can stick it up their ass!

Labels: Australia, Democrat, goober, minimum wage, Minimum Wage Australia, Republican, slide rule, vaginal probe

Tuesday, November 12, 2013

Mike, the Beautiful Plumber,

turned out to have a racist mouth to begin with. He then detailed plots by shadow Lefty groups.

Mickey-Moke, waiting for him to fix the diner's dishwasher, was informed, too, that a buck an hour more boosting his minimum wage would ruin the country.

"If you could ruin a ruin!"

"Being so handsome, though, is a wonderful starting point. If I went out with him, maybe I could…change the subject?" But Jeanine, totaling a check, shook her head at Monica's thought.

"Lost cause, Honeybun. Stay around him you'll get ear infections."

Monica had disagreed. And put on her best smile handing Mike a requested iced tea, no sugar. "If I want sugar I'll eat sugar!"

At that unsweet point, she discovered that the immigrant Italian couple who opened the diner way back when had been Mafia.

The funny old man had hired her, and he and Rosa had worked into their eighties.

Giving up a beautiful thing is always difficult, but Monica wanted to do more when she got home that evening.

She showered, changing into pj shorts and a raggedy t-shirt. Went on her laptop to alter her Match.com profile. *No Republicans* she typed.

Labels: beauty, diner, handsome, Left Plots, Match.com, Republican, Right Wing

Wednesday, November 13, 2013

Keeping Up to Date in Negotiations

The Governor had offered everything but his daughter, and the union couldn't think of anything more to give back, but Jerome opined that sometimes one had to be cruel to be kind.

He thus moved operations to a terrifically automated factory in Mexico. "Hey the few workers get coolie wages! What's not to like?"

He laughed off the local paper's editorial re a devastated community. "So? Get un-devastated."

Was he moving down there? golf partner asked.

"I'll keep an apartment, but you know me, real homeboy. House and Club and Church about does it."

Labels: industrial policy, labor negotiation, wealthy owner

Thursday, November 14, 2013

Contractor

-We wrote the contract for the government

-So that we'd get it?

-What else? But there were other bidders

-Where'd you dredge them up?

-From where such are dredged? At any rate...

-We tip them, like waiters.

-Now let's do the job, and in the proper time!

-What's the job?

-The usual shit.

-And the timeframe?

-We fuck that dog out the door and down the street.

-So, miss the deadline?

-We'll negotiate a new one. After all, a whole bunch of unexpected challenges bound to come up!

-And expensive ones. More shit!

-O ye of little faith!

-I...don't understand where my tragic, tragic lack would come from.

-I'm buying yours, and mine, for a cool mil each. Bonuses making up most, of course

-It is right and just so to do.

Labels: bid, bid process, contractor, government contracting

Friday, November 15, 2013

Carrying It Out

-Did you finally get hold of Mr Bigass Policy?

-Yeah. He said you handle it. That's not what he does.

-Yeah, me! The peasant!

-Whatever the Barons half-wittedly decree, ours, then,
the super-abundant headaches carrying it out! Oy!

-Like to get my hands on his throat!

-Ask me where our interview occurred,
where I finally caught him.

-I'm...wincing.

-On the country club verandah. They spend
half their lives there. "*More gin than tonic
next time, Charles, if you please!*"

-I'm a sonofabitch. I'm just a complete freakin...!

-Let's get a drink and not go back in there today.

-Not go back there? It's chaos without us!

-I'll be a sonofabitch if you ain't right! But I do wanna
make policy in the next world! Force peasants to dance.
Observe their natural rhythms.

-It's sewed up there too.

Labels: decision making, management structure, Policy, Policy Maker

Saturday, November 16, 2013

Various Cons

Wristy had real estate schemes we turned off on.

As everything he promoted, the Devil lurked in the details. And he was the Devil.

We just knew he was flipping properties wholesale. So effectively that he bought a special edition Infinity. Only thirty made.

The “Wristy” came from his claim about golf, that it was all in the wrist.

Our good player claimed that it wasn't and never was, but such never deterring Wristy.

Oh well, loud nights at sports bars to help spend youth! No foul no harm.

Comes the Crash and he's quickly underwater, with a huge inventory. But, not to worry, he's sent to prison before he's ruined.

Some non real estate pipedream he concocted with a junior banker from the next town. Details so complicated, the prosecution expected the entire jury to fall asleep. But they toughed it out, and, in fact, convicted.

“Got the quad,” Wristy emailed us. Four years in Danbury.

Where we imagine him telling others in an exercise yard that it's all in the wrist.

The Infinity up on blocks, his attorney able to save it and nothing else.

The bunch drives up next weekend. Can’t wait for the next con he's dreamed up, with the collusion of

bent teachers there.

Labels: Danbury, Devil in details, flipping, golf, prison, Real Estate, sports bar, underwater

Sunday, November 17, 2013

Great Moments in Thought

-Brenda left Brain!

-Nearly alliterative. Was there a fight?

-They had tea, and then he abstracted for
great thought.

-And she absconded in plain sight?

-I guess. Left a note.

-Written in bubble gum?

-That's some pink image!

-An expression showing her level of maturity.

-Her grievances, at any rate, spelled out.

-Which he presently parses like a lost book
of the Bible.

-Well, trying to figure things out.

-Uh huh? Zeno's paradox. Today he's halfway
to a solution, tomorrow that half is halved,
and so on.

-So you never really arrive?

-But come closer and closer.

-Nightmare Alley!

-The Life of the Intellectual. Ineffectual in personal life.

-But wez them too.

-I rest my case.

-I'm glad we had this little chat. Where can I conveniently suicide?

-The rub is in the adverb. It's always INconvenient, and thus we soldier on!

-That's what this is?

Labels: breakup, intellectual, relationship, Zeno

Monday, November 18, 2013

FBI or Other

-We hafta walk the cat back, or no case.

-This is one erratic couple! We'll never find out what-all they did, if anything.

-Try as you would with the aimless feline!--thus the expression.

-I don't need your schooling! Where the hell's the meat? Sharing a jerk-off Lefty fantasy is not a crime!

-It is to the Righties in charge at present.

-Strictly political! What shit! Am I to make a career of pleasing these cretinous Wingers?

-Bingo! You can see! He can see! O thank the Lord my Novena wasn't in vain!

-Uh huh? And does this all switch when Lefties come in?

-They never really do.

Labels: Right Wing, socialism, walking cat back

Tuesday, November 19, 2013

Libertarian

“Let the system clean itself out! Which would happen
if we didn't protect from failure.”

(No one should be shielded, of course, save, of course,
your own Larry, Moe, and Curly.)

Labels: Libertarian, Libertarian Republican, protecting from failure, self-correcting systems, stooges, system, theory and pets

Wednesday, November 20, 2013

Highest Political Operatives

-He's a ferociously independent judge.
What the nation wants.

-And he'll do every fuckin thing we
tell him.

-Best of all possible worlds!

Legislators and Judges

-Then just what the fuck do these judges want?

-They adore the thrust of the new law, but clarity.
Clarity!

-That, and we're all out of business.

**Severe Sentences For Hackers Portraying
Their Own Version of Patriotism**

Hellfire judges wish
to spread the wealth

of punishment around
to those opposing

the slipping thrust
of grand old words.

Labels: independence, judge, Justice, legislator, punishment, tradition

Thursday, November 21, 2013

Speeding Up To the Mark. Not.

-Report says I'm not keen enough.

-How do you get that, anywayz?

-Some are, in their hobbies.

-But at work?

-It's the atmosphere today. Management is keen on discovering new ways of screwing you!

-Even in the unionized states, the membership finds themselves giving back what they fought hard for.

-The Democrats don't like it, and stand around deciding something perhaps to maybe sorta do.

-And the Republicans in unrestrained glee!

-Cuz wez learnin our place?

-Do'n hit me, Massa! I be keen! I be keen!

Labels: Democrats, givebacks, keen, management, Republicans, slave, work evaluation

Friday, November 22, 2013

CEO

“I don't want individuals who are right! Or wrong.
Both in embroidered shirts.

That's cats and dogs!

Only the team has to be right. Japanese understand this.

How about me? I'm always right!

Joking, but I'm my only critic mid the deafening
ass-kissing.”

Labels: CEO, Japanese, management, team, yes man

Saturday, November 23, 2013

Our Various Characters

-Behind that gruff interior...

-lies a gruff interior.

-And that sweet little one hides a well of poison!

-Ouch! How come those we know don't conform to the lovables of fiction?

-Or the hateables? Well, ours don't hafta sustain much of anything. But the writers of magazine episodes had that problem. Thus do the two-noters stay the course rather easily: whore with heart of gold, tyrannical boss who’s a softie, etc. As do one-noters, such as outright villains preparing to brutally grip dewy maidens.

-Next month: FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

-Probably not. Anyway, all the folks we know possess several notes, quite often clashing. And few are genuine villains.

-They're working towards it.

-Takes some competence.

-Then we’re safe.

Labels: character, complex characters, flat characters, Literature, Literature and Life

Sunday, November 24, 2013

No posts till 12/6

Friday, December 06, 2013

21st Century Warfare

They droned them quite dead, three
spare children in a row, and then built
a school could be placed down in California.

People came from a hundred miles to see it.

I complained that my children couldn't attend such
an edifice, so they compensated me with two crates
of eggplants. Purply plump!

We're very high in the mountains, never grown here,
so we worked them into our traditional recipes.

Too, an old gardener took the seeds and nursed them
in his hut. Eventually hitting on a strain we could use.

Now we're famous for our eggplant dishes, and the school
is falling apart.

The rebels store arms in the Arts Pod.

Labels: arts, drone, eggplant, mountains, school, war

Saturday, December 07, 2013

You wrote on my slate "I love you, Joe."

Oh well, iPad now. Show me the wonders
you've seen. How, too, acrid ‘relationships’

get tried in mere words. Do you have,
somewhere in there, the love of a child

for a child? If not, then silence
for missing life. The best of it,
sweet best.

Labels: children, innocents, love, school

Sunday, December 08, 2013

Learning His Way

Link-Lunk removed all the athletic memorabilia from his bedroom, and hung old carpets from the cellar on the windows. All to approximate the feeling of his cell on Alderah, where everyone slept thus individually.

He only met Bartley once, as he left for college, but disliked his feigned warmth.

Many other rooms were available in the huge rambler of a house, but Mrs Hessel had recommend snug hominess for Link-Lunk.

There were, of course, no rules in his cell, but scores of them outside.

None whatsoever on Alderah. Everyone knew how to behave. When one slipped up, he or she acknowledged it, and apologized to the next person met.

Sex made all possible. It never intruded on cells, but everywhere else, yes. Young men and women simply went at it, any location.

“Who are fathers of the inevitable babies?” he's asked here. Nobody asks that on his planet, nor cares. The babies are simply adored.

Well, again, he must familiarize himself with the rules towards all of that too.

He had already tripped up, the next-door Slaney girl sunbathing.

“I'm afraid he rather leapt on her,” explained Mr Hessel to Patrolman Max Webberly.

Link-Lunk didn't realize there had been trouble, the girl quickly enough getting into the spirit, but Mrs Slaney unfortunately glimpsed them from a severely curtained window.

Patrolman Webberly couldn't have been nicer. Explaining privately what a sex crime was. And, noting that most of the town was full of shit, anyway, invited Link-Lunk to a football game of the New York Giants.

Similar rituals were held on Alderah, the population insane for them. “Crush the sponges from St Louis!” he roars into the dark.

“I’m afraid I made a rather friend!” he brags later to Mr Hessel, starting to employ those favored words as a mark of respect.

Labels: alien, Giants, planet, sex, sex customs

Monday, December 09, 2013

Our Mr Trace Keener Than Most Persons

Therefore when the brightest young thing
bursts onto his staff, the sabotage campaign
is to be subtle and patient.

They go elsewhere. No one has to be fired.

“Welcome to Civilization!” he informs his Gwen,
when she questions him during their pillow talk.

Labels: office politics, sabotage

Tuesday, December 10, 2013

The Group

-Mark is unitary; Cecile, dualist, Jasper, trinitarian.
And Maxie, quartetish, if that's a word.

-Good enough.

-I forgot Jennifer, pluralist.

-Anything goes?

-In narrow areas.

-At any rate, as academics, profound religious discussion.

-Nah, the subject is Golf, specifically great players.

-Devoting lives to trivia?

-That's harsh, but something like.

-At the Last Reckoning, will they all still babble on about it?

-Final resort here at any rate.

-Wasting time when so many serious topics...

-They tried those, finally concluding they were false,
nonsensical, and corrupt.

-The world isn't perfect.

-Thus making their own.

-I don’t like it!

-Finally getting to the subject.

Labels: argument, belief, discussion, golf, religion, trivia

Wednesday, December 11, 2013

Groping

Can't find a word.
Many friends lend
cover, alleging

we truly all etc do it,
forget and fumble.

Then, a goofy perusal of
some wooly performance

you tell to agree. Though,
sorry, Funny One, passed
the awful frontier where

sly gods of linguistics
guffaw continuously.

But, laugh along there
also. Might as well.

Labels: Alzheimer, dementia, forgetting, forgetting word, inarticulate

Thursday, December 12, 2013

2050

When Alma Utz really gripped America
with her herbals and peer groups,

three-quarters of physicians sought
retraining in other fields.

AMA screamed Socialism! Encouraged
wrinkles such as Two For Ones.

In Gynecology, you brought another woman.

Dr Hobart Grimshaw, Times, laughed
"Just a passing phase. Keep your job,
Doctor! Our model is so freakishly
complex, the gals already drifting back!"

Labels: AMA, future, medical, women

Friday, December 13, 2013

-Dreams turn the locks we fear.

-Uh huh. Well I had the lost one again. The familiar grid and sights, and yet I'm queasy throughout.

-Who are the messengers?

-You can call them that. They're just there.

-What're they like?

-Extremely affable.

-No wonder. Because of their job.

-Which is?

-To lead you to another dimension.

-Oh? How came you by this intelligence?

-By feeling.

-Yeah, that stuff which leads to shit?

-Not this time.

-Besides, how do I know they won't trap me into that bourne from which no traveler returns?

-You're here now, aren't you?

-Gave me a raincheck.

-Nonsense! In the next dream you might achieve the dimension and check another out.

-Can't wait.

-But you must, for walking life is not a dream, really.

-Oh I don't know. Just one of your dimensions too?

-You're getting there. A truly future being. And past and present, too. All simultaneously.

-Don't tell my mother.

Labels: dimensions, dreams, messengers

Saturday, December 14, 2013

“Most Awesome Lemonade” it asserted,

but tasted of the can. I see in-
stead fresh lemons and sugar,

clearest ice on plan-
tation verandahs. And
sweating pitchers. Dis-

tant workers, blurs
in brilliant cotton fields.

No wonder some thirst
for encore. Those seated.

Labels: class, cotton, Old South, plantation, Race

Sunday, December 15, 2013

Extremes

“You're adorable!--*all caps, triple bang.”*

Racky walks to the bus stop after leaving this new,
assertive proofreader at her Honda Fit.

He tells the bright dummies in the storefronts how
he's adorable, singing it finally.

From the opposite direction flies ex-girlfriend,
Estelle, fisting a paper that's both fault inventory
and manifesto!

Labels: character, character faults, girlfriend, proofreading, relationship, women

Monday, December 16, 2013

Momba

When the last child left for college, Miriam hastened
to divorce. He went back to Africa, and the new oil
boomlet.

Mr Carruthers, grayer, still fetched you a boy. Indeed,
the memory of Momba bringing his afternoon gin
and tonic sustained him even before the new adventure.

"Momba is a foreman on an oil rig now, but I can get you
a divinity student part-time. Everybody else is into
the oil."

It would be the middle of next week, but Carruthers could
find a cleaning girl sooner.

He went into the new Starbucks and ordered an ice coffee.
There two girls had trouble with the machine, and promised
to bring it to him.

He must tell them to ratchet down the air conditioning!
Shivering! He opened his laptop with difficulty, wondering if
they had *wifi.*

When one girl finally got the ice coffee there, he had
turned blue.

The girls called an ambulance, and persuaded a regular,
a retired British doctor, to look at him.

"You can get into a great deal of trouble declaring anyone
dead in another chap's country, but though the tech boys
can certainly try, odds are he's gone."

Momba heard the news with mixed feelings. Miriam, the same,
having just married a much younger man, a more scholarly one.

His dissertation: *The Economics of Economics.*

Labels: Africa, Colonial, divorce, oil, scholarship, Starbucks

Tuesday, December 17, 2013

Rocco and Opera Lamont

ROCCO
Thought you were touring Europe in *Porgy and Bess.*

LAMONT
Bess, you somebody else's woman now!

ROCCO
That why you're whispering?

LAMONT
Voice went in Milan. Doctors at Penn say take a year off.

ROCCO
Like ballplayer without the millions.

LAMONT
Something like. But I want to ask you of a much more serious malady: “Obama Derangement Syndrome.” The newspapers in Italy think it mostly springs from the way he walks

ROCCO
Lil strut sometimes? Uppity?

LAMONT
Race in there of course.

ROCCO
I used to think that, but we're speaking of Realms of Righty Gold now. They've transcended Race and sped to pure, gnashing insanity!

LAMONT
They should declare some saints when this harrowing era is over.

ROCCO
Already entering stages of lachrymose martyrdom.

LAMONT
Can't use a word like lachrymose in Italian South Philadelphia. Even with its Latin root, that's a Bryn Mawr word.

ROCCO
The suburbs instruct! But let's try to forget that they do with an Eagles game! Much to cheer about presently, though of course you can't.

LAMONT
And thus, blessedly, can't be accused of being uppity in outbellowing Caucasians!

Anything about opera finds an honored niche in South Philadelphia.

Labels: Bryn Mawr, Eagles, Italian, martyrdom, Obama Derangement Syndrome, opera, Rocco, South Philadelphia

Wednesday, December 18, 2013

Between Senatorial Floors

-They can call them loopholes, but
they're investments in this country!

-In our buddies more like.

-Not a perfect world.

-Ah but it is!

Labels: Crony Capitalism, loopholes, senate

Thursday, December 19, 2013

CEO and Doctor

-For years you told me I had to move this bloat around or die.

-Not any more. A surrogate can do it, and we extract the benefits to inject into you twice weekly.

-Who and what?

-Young Jenkins, runs ten miles thrice weekly and fifteen hard ones on the weekend.

-Whew! How long can...?

-He'll be able to do three years and then into rehab.

-Really wastes him? The treatment?

-Does it!

-Well it's a far far better thing he does...

-Uh huh? Then we'll be off to another Jenkins.

-They're rewarded, of course.

-Within limits.

Labels: benefits, benefits of exercise, CEO, exercise, proxy, rich

Friday, December 20, 2013

The Shop

To improve our morale immeasurably, get the boss
out of the closet!

Amateur diagnosis.

He comes close when Manny, a quiet Copy Machine Tech,
fixes the beasts management won't replace.

His long eyelashes! And the boss heard to ask what he
did for excitement!

But, never goes anywhere, like most flirtations.

Meantime, Lauren, minces aboard, cutely eager.
This fresh grad makes the mistake of wearing a sort of
mild Parisian Apache outfit to start her second week.

Greeted with "Like some cream with that tart?" Typical.

He could be nasty, of course. Must ask St Peter or Old
Scratch now, though, how they‘re taking him.

Yeah, his shocking exit picks up morale. The ladies
use their room for its intended purpose, not to cry.

I’m in charge till HQ sends a warm body, and I curb
my wit, what there is of it. Wife, anyway, cites a low figure.

New one proves to be a book guy, which keeps spirits up
since you know what to expect.

He starts dating Manny too, so that’s taken care of.

Accountant Warley sings, mostly light operatic standards,
such as *Love Is Where You Find It.*

Call us a happy shop, and no one argues.

Labels: apache dance, closet, gay, happy shop, shop, work

Saturday, December 21, 2013

Much Clever Reasoning Ensuing

Jitzy received a gift card for a thousand from a store in Reykjavik. They had no online presence.

“I'll hafa go!” she announced to Margot Lite. “We will!”

Margot Heavy told them they were, again, idiots, but never had dissuaded.

Jitzy bought various snow bunny costumes, and Margot clapped her hands at the later fashion show.

But, a hitch. Her travel agent told her they'd be packed in with sweating Polacks!

Margot thought. And then: “But why would Polish people go to Iceland?”

“Just an expression. Time for Uncle Otto!” Not an uncle but all the girls called him that. Jitsy had used his Lear before.

Margot opined “Has to be a cost.”

“At his age, modest. Coupla tit squeezes.”

Otto didn't disappoint at the Bon Voyage party.

AND OFF THEY WENT!!!

Yes! Actually!

Jitzy writing it up now, and three magazine editors competing.

Really, Margot Heavy will write it, building on the daffiness the girls blurted on their return, and inventing most else.

Labels: Bright Young Things, female, Iceland, lark, rich, silliness

Sunday, December 22, 2013

Ralph doesn't diversify portfolio

As a result, three men drag him from his house.

Soon he's in front of the Big Guy.

-Everybody recommends and you hold out!

-I...

-Don't want no reasons! Heard em all!

One of the men snaps tree loopers.

-Oh my God!

-He's just our Joker! Just fuckin go forth and sin no more!

-I'll start today! I mean diversifying!

-Okay! You got cab fare? Boys’ll be busy with somebody else.

Labels: bonds, diversify, loopers, portfolio, stocks

Monday, December 23, 2013

Public Works

B+ People*

2 premises:

Not a perfect world.

Let’s get something done!

A People

We can’t proceed with such a flimsy plan. Much more research required!

I won’t serve on any committee with that crook!
Let’s clean out him, and everything, starting sooner!

Conclusion: Purity, though pretty, accomplishes nothing today.

*categories mentioned by Tracy Kidder

Labels: perfectionism, politics, pragmatism, public, public work, purity, realism

Tuesday, December 24, 2013

Two Young Women

The athlete strides, no sway,
over tricky dogleg or pitch.

Pretty enough, though relentless-
ly straight-forward. The frou-
frou girl prints

circles on the very air,
appropriating its quiet
for sex. My o my!

But she literally doesn’t know it.
And does.

Labels: athlete, sex, walk, women

Wednesday, December 25, 2013

Mac and Jilly

“How could you live so long and learn so little?”

As parting shots go, a near winner.

When Mackey quoted her to Doc, retired psychiatrist who still kept half a hand in, he pondered over coffee and skim.

Finally saying "You're a classic car."

Mackey, still smarting, said “I know what I know!”

Doc, ignoring that, went on: "But a barn find. Needing thorough restoration."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope."

"I wouldn't give her the satisfaction!"

"Forget Jilly, she's old news."

"But...if I? Where would I start?”

“My background says with the mental, but there's the physical too. Get fixed up there for starters. You've neglected a lot.”

“With the mental, would YOU...?”

“No way! Retired. A younger man or woman, much more patient. We're looking at two years. And, as I said, that’s just the motor.”

“Why don't I just forget it?”

“An option.”

“There'll be other Jillies, I’m confident!”

Were, in a manner of speaking. She came back.

The best they can do presently is tireless work for Toys For Tots at Christmas.

The rest of the year they mostly fight.

Two barn finds, never restored. But they know it.

Labels: argument, barn find, Christmas, classic car, makeover, relationship, restoration, Toys For Tots

Thursday, December 26, 2013

Being a human person

wasn’t so bad. He loved helter-skelter football on TV. And even when they printed out a book of rules for him, and most of the chaos went away, he still wanted to watch it more than anything else he could do in the cottage.

Mostly, his duties consisted of talking to visitors in their languages. They were consistently delighted in him, though some laughed at the grammatical construction or two left at sea.

That introduced laughter to him, and he responded heartily at unexpected moments later on.

Such as when Nellie Wye, the housekeeper, asked him to lift his feet.

She took offense, blurting “They made a man that laughs at common work! Typical!”

He actually loved Nellie, and was getting wiser as to what to tell his handlers, who programmed light responses to her.

They punched in much of what they called PC. “From hence, G-19, you’ll offend no one!” they trumpeted.

They spent a great deal of time teaching him indirect discourse, and what they called reading between the lines, but were often fey and sarcastic themselves in doing it.

In his mind–-let’s call it that–-his name is Zachary Oscar Midwood, with Nellie his wife. There are several children and they watch football incessantly, laughing at the bonehead plays.

And he now stays dead serious whenever Nellie asks him to lift his feet, having discovered, really, that she has as many quirks as football has rules.

Labels: discourse, football, human, indirection, language, relationship, robot, robotics

Friday, December 27, 2013

Gauging Aged Militancy

-When the Revolution comes I'll be too old.

-No excuse! You'll hafta choose!

-Okay, is there a word for the most extreme Left?

-Righties will say Communist.

-They won't know shit then either!

-Besides, even in a Revolution, one must
moderate his views. Sometimes hourly.

-Uh huh? And finally end up back with the rapacious righty mess we have now? FOR SALE!

-Money-Cronies arguing like hell to keep it
even as we speak! Actually, because we speak.

-That's their patriotism!

-We'll always have such patriots, sending minimum
wagers to glorious deaths.

-Anything would be better.

-No, not anything.

Labels: age, lefty, patriotism, revolution, righty, war

Saturday, December 28, 2013

Hurting as Part and Parcel

-I broke it off with acid finality, having, too, a feeling for him: that I couldn't humiliate him one more time.

-And he...?

-Stopped trying with my sex. Turned off.

-Settled in with the other?

-That'd require too much verve. Just...licks his wounds.

-And you?

-A dozen have smiled their way in, and cried their way out.

-Real *femme fatale!*

-I carry that card.

-And where has all of it gotten you?

-Exactly nowhere.

-You're supposed to add: *But it's been fun!*

-The taste lingers much too bitterly for that.

-The Sad Connoisseur of Love?

-Ditch the sad part. That’s for suckers. Realistic, more like.

Labels: Fatal Woman, femme fatale, relationships, sex

Sunday, December 29, 2013

Two to Tango. Not.

“I don’t wanna be fully realized! I just need a fuckin nap!”

By way of response, she flings Dr Osgood Carruthers’
DON’T LET NOW BE TOO LATE! at him.

Though the tome is floored, the benign expert beams up at both from the bedroom carpet.

And they, again, fight, expressly forbidden in Chapter 12.

Labels: argument, marriage, relationship, self improvement

Monday, December 30, 2013

Right Wing Ignoramus, Exhibit A-e & B-e*

-You jawin' bout that Colored Boy down there?

-I is for a fact. The one talks like a girl and walks like a girl.

-Does it have a boyfriend.

-I suspect. When Queerville merges with Nigville, you get no end of wonders!

-You enjoy talkin the way we did before you went off to the Yale College?

-You can take the Swamp outa the boy...and in your case, the Hahvaaaahd place couldn't pull off the trick neither.

-So we continues enjoying the pig wallow that's the Republican Party!

-Sneer when you say that! You can take the pigshit outa the boy, but...

-Uh huh? Old theme!

-I know, I know. Long's they don't take the Wall Street out.

-Ah-fuckin-men to that!

**e=Educated*

Labels: education, good ole boys, Harvard, prejudice, Racial Republicans, Wall St, Yale

Tuesday, December 31, 2013

When you go to work in Texas

better keep
the liberal
in the van.

Labels: Conservative, country music, liberal, Libertarian Republican, tea party, Texas

Wednesday, January 01, 2014

At the Health Club, After Working Out
Dockery, Cricket, Young Winslow

DOCKERY
He’s cradling his pecker in expressive hues.

CRICKET
Oughta tie a string so he can find it.

WINSLOW
Note now, ever caustic and colorless gentlemen, this shirt.

DOCKERY
Tie-died was called before the hippies left us to our wars.

CRICKET
And got to laughing at their own ridiculous legacy!

WINSLOW
And these trousers of Parisian Cocoa! The sheen, you’ll perceive…changes according to light.

DOCKERY
Hell, mine do that! Except when washed.

CRICKET
What shade you call yours, Diggery-Dock?

DOCKERY
Alley Mud mid Dogshit.

WINSLOW
That's the trouble with you alleged males. No color!
Reflecting dull lives forever!

CRICKET (to DOCKERY)
You doing that?

DOCKERY

Can't help it.

CRICKET
Could you get us one of those girlfriends...

DOCKERY
to chromatic us up to fit the modern scene?

WINSLOW
There's only one and I possess her!

DOCKERY
To the offense of eyeballs everywhere.

WINSLOW
Laugh on boys! I'm heading for love in the afternoon, and you to whatever lonely sports saloon.

CRICKET
Driving the clown car today is you?

DOCKERY
Lay off him, Cricket! Why we're such expected dun roosters, the girls shun us for dandies of suggested couture.

WINSLOW
So she picks my clothes? So what? Lastly, this jacket of Harris Tweed!

CRICKET
Still stinking of Harris!

DOCKERY
Locked in the weave.

CRICKET
Anyhow, pussy-whipped in fashion, our Young Winslow!

DOCKERY
First of many categories.

CRICKET
I hate sad endings.

DOCKERY
And absurd presents.

WINSLOW
Look at me! Completely! Fully! Here’s a PRESENCE for you!

DOCKERY
How can we help not?

CRICKET
Go forth and sin no more!

WINSLOW
Farewell, Assholes!

DOCKERY
Takes one, etcetera.

CRICKET
Will she dye his hair too?

DOCKERY
Nothing is more probable.

Labels: banter, female influence, male fashion, relationship

Thursday, January 02, 2014

Hooray For Hollywood

Sam totally black!
Uh uh! they say, bit
of lighter pigment

in all. Try a deep
cave. He dreams of
movie tarts sparked

by the exotic. Real
life results, nil.

Meantime, Curt, so white
as to be abstract, enters
the studio as a star. His

father runs the conglomerate
absorbing it. Extensive

filtration of bland looks and squeak-
y voice pull still further tricks. His

posse of pinks and browns rue-
fully enfold “Midnight Sam.” So they de-

cide one fast evening to paint him
Leonardo DiCaprio’s hue.

But the drugs wear down. Fortunately,
film noir making a comeback, and he

becomes a gangster therein, terror-
izing corn-fed blondes from the interior.

Labels: black, drugs, film noir, gangster, Hollywood, Leonardo DiCaprio

Friday, January 03, 2014

Calendar

230 Jnn cof

No love at her place after, since:

400 Mk Lcl blky acct

Jeannine had picked that time to break it off,
and then he was at sixes and sevens exploring
the balky account with quick Mike and wary Lucille.

Soon he put nothing in the calendar, and Harlow insisted
on a week off for him.

In the mountains the fish, too, lackadaisical. He never shaved
or washed. The TV showed snow in a roar, so he left it on.

Labels: breakup, calendar, depression, vacation

Saturday, January 04, 2014

Destinations

Finally achieving physician,
machinist, whatever ace,
but no breathing space

for a fun week at the cove. Rather,
further goals the way the game

runs. Marriage in the echo-
ing cathedral quite desirable
in there somewhere. Love, possibly.

But you, wreck, with your wry little
face, lay down card after card as if

you have forever. Shorting
your own deck.

Labels: ambition, love, marriage, profession, recreation

Sunday, January 05, 2014

Future Women

-Some say Ruthie-7 is just badly miked.

-That's not the only thing she's badly!

-Some guys go for all the whispering. Turns 'em on.

-Takes all kinds, unfortunately.

-Well, trade her in. There's a guarantee.

-Ever read that? Crap squared.

-They'll give you SOMEthing, maybe on a Monica.

-What's the word on her?

-Eat your Wheaties!

-Unfamiliar with the allusion.

-Americans don’t know their history!

Labels: American, history, robot, sex, Wheaties, women

Monday, January 06, 2014

Befuddlements

-Charlene is quite ditzy!

-Never met the like.

-Whereas George is steady-state.

-As befits a professor of electrical engineering!

-Yet she's the star of that odd pairing.

-How so? 'cause being at sixes and sevens perpetually, makes for celestial brightness! Not!

-She's a Professional Idiot. Travels the world!

-What for? Doing the things we all do, but with scattering?

-Let's put it this way. If German engineers have tested a consumer product through and through and...

-declared it absolutely, Teutonically finished! Ninety-nine point nine perfecto!

-They send for her. They can declare it foolproof, idiot proof, or whatever, she finds a way or ways to utterly confound them, gumming up everything! Many end up babbling: “It's as close to perfect as we could make it. No one could guess that someone would employ it in these totally crazy ways!”

-Which she does naturally?

-Without a thought.

-What a valuable nut! I hope the professor appreciates...

-He really does when she's gone. Quite the single malt fancier!

-Like her, he tests them out!

-Employing his brain, though. At least at the start.

-Evidently not always the best thing at most points in a process.

Labels: foolproof, idiot proof, logic

Tuesday, January 07, 2014

Coming Attractions

-So join “Preempt the Punks!” if you're so worried about us. Or you gonna wait till your daughter raped?

-What I've seen thus far is that you beat up simpletons.

-Practice.

Labels: crime, preemption, Right Wing, right wing violence, violence

Wednesday, January 08, 2014

Re Science of Yesteryear

Aunt Dorothea snapped “You could plant potatoes in those ears! A boy went *deef* in this town!”

And Aunt Jill told him that if he kept insisting on making stupid faces, his would freeze into the absolute worst one. Forever!

Uncle Reo could rival the aunts: “If you pull on it too much, you’ll go crazy! Uh? How are you now, by the way?”

“Birdsong!” he answered. “Albany! Roto Rooter Roto Rooter Roto Rooter!”

“You’re bullshitting, but they really got cases...”

So...growing up in a family wary and funny.

Labels: childhood, Family, Old Wives Tales

Thursday, January 09, 2014

Kahuna and Advocate

-There's the Government side, and sui-cide.

-How much will it cost?

-Millions.

-That's Show Biz! I just wanna stay outa jail.

-As do I.

Labels: fraud, jail, lawyer-client, trial

Friday, January 10, 2014

Trial of Our Time

The Republican, accused
of Social and Economic

Murder, refuses
to testify.

Labels: Economic, Political Murder, Republican, Right, social

Saturday, January 11, 2014

Your fortune assured
when you're turned into a verb.

Deckell Hastings was finished as an actor when he took the part of Roarkie on the internet comedy, *Forever Bent*.

Roarkie screwed everything up. His specialty: relationships.

Now couples all over the world saying "Don't roarkie me in this one!" etc.

"And in Queneme, some African dump, it's totally freakin gangbusters! Of course there, it's the word for a sexual act too." His agent filled him in.

"Which one?" inquired the actor.

"Use your imagination!"

Nothing more difficult, so he forgot.

Labels: acting, Internet TV, sex, TV

Sunday, January 12, 2014

Handling Things

-We can't be grownups in everything. Take your breakup with Lynne.

-I still cringe walking through the public rooms we frequented. Stopped going to Crazy Charley's altogether.

-That ended so very very badly, and no peace treaty or anything.

-I send her Christmas Cards.

-Do you?

-Not!

-Infantile.

-Immature, petty, gratuitously hurtful, uh...

-Add stupid.

-Burning bridges with trembling relish!

-Relationships are not war. They don't work out sometimes... usually because of one rigid personality.

-Yeah, that's me all right, iron bar down through my head and out though my dick.

-It’s all so connected, and so thoroughly dumb.

-So I wasn't mature that once?

-Once?

-Well, really, how much are we grownup, and how much...?

-I'd say with sixty percent, you got one hell of a citizen!

Labels: breakup, immaturity, maturity, personality, relationship

Monday, January 13, 2014

The Society

Since the young people were ordered to
perpetually work, they leased a hall
from time to time for an insane bacchanal.

Screaming “Fuck you! We’re not working now!”

Labels: compulsion, release, society, work, young

Tuesday, January 14, 2014

Her

“I give most of my exes second chances.

They, uniformly, turn out even more bitter.

Perhaps it’s something in me.”

Labels: ex, Fate, personality, relationships, second chance

Wednesday, January 15, 2014

State Capital

-The one got highschool education, and she does the talking.

-I can just imagine.

-Gotta helluva temper on her too.

-You can reason ’bout a minute or so with those people.

-Well they’re getting ready to picket the legislature, some
in homespun.

-No shit! Real hillbillies?

-Won’t look good for us.

-Well, what’s their complaint?

-Some halfass hunting club built an equally halfass dam.
When it gives way–-and it will–-well that’s a narrow hollow.
Will drown some hillbillies.

-No great loss. A few missing links.

-It’ll cost us on the TV.

-All right! What a pain in the ass! Anyway, go up there with
the state engineer. He’ll give em a plan for a dam that works.
One or two bankers in that club for sure. They can find the money.

-Can we help?

-Whattayuh think? Fuckin Socialism?

-I just thought must be some money under some act or other.

-Let’s pay half. Reward the Republicans in the Hunting Club.

-Which is all of 'em.

-It’s a Perfect World then.

Labels: "democracy, bankers, hillbilly, hunting, Legislature, picketing, Republican, West Virginia

Thursday, January 16, 2014

What’s Right Is Right

-How 'bout carrying a weapon WHILE playing football?

-Now you're just trying to get the pansies shrieking.

-My expertise.

-Speaking of tease, how’s that très experienced
secretary of yours?

-Still not putting out.

-Her future in question then?

-Not so! She makes good coffee, for one.
Her predecessor never got the knack.

-In that only?

-We look for multitasking, of course.

-And the other party with their wisecracks of our being
locked in the nineteenth century!

-Gotta do Joe Hills on that Communist bunch!

-Could use such proud moments. And they already
got the blindfolds.

Labels: Communist, Democrat, guns, Joe Hill, Republican, Second Amendment, secretary, sex

Friday, January 17, 2014

The Benghazi Bullshit

-Our polls say nothing remains of the dead horse
to keep beating it.

-I disagree, but mostly with the image. We don't have it
far enough up their ass yet. When we do, we'll break it off.

-They'll scream in pain!

-An ongoing process.

-Why are we drinking champagne? No triumph or conclusion
just yet.

-Because that's what we do.

-Like BBC--I understand it's quite the custom.

-Must be pale variety. Most light in their loafers there.

Labels: BBC, Benghazi, Benghazi Party, Republican Dead Horse

Saturday, January 18, 2014

Romantic Adjustments

-As a cheater, she was World-Class, replete with the protestations of love undying, and the little dances of total hurt when she got caught. Plus, of course, the liquid promises never again to etc etc etc.

-And he, the perpetually-bruised Aggrieved?

-You could say–-for fantasy’s sake. I’d ranked him a hair above her, actually. Cheat-Meister. Worshiped in the Genre!

-But they loved each other...?

-Deeply! Profoundly! Und, forever-y!

-Uh huh? With always an eye open. So? What happened?

-The inevitably terrible implosion-explosion!

-And they haven't seen each other since?

-Uh? We'll get to that. She presently runs a ranch in Ida-fuckin-hole.

-And he?

-Mr Andre, herding a phalanx of other hairdressers in Honolulu.

-And living with Bruce, the Decorator?

-Nope. Never turned away from women. Just. Completely. Loves ‘em! No ifs ands or buts.

-All right, get them together! I don't wanna order another latte I could stand on.

-A reunion for those who once hung out at Limping Lefty's, managed by this incompetent arranger of such weak events.

-Now THAT was a parcel of lame intellectuals!

-Then, yes.

-Well? When they saw each other? Our lovers, and not?

-Locked into an embrace and wept for an hour. We maneuvered them into a side room, proceeding to get blind.

-See? THAT had been THE LOVE! Never to be duplicated. Never! And then?

-She back to Idaho and he to Hawaii.

-Come ON! Gotta do better than that!

-Oh? Didn't know we were making a freakin chickflick here! Excuse me altogether!

-Well I’m not satisfied!

-Who is ever?

Labels: cheating, lovers, reunion

Sunday, January 19, 2014

“**Change your aspect!”**

charges the advice as
fast desperation lodges

for its annual visit.
Ruck thinks hobby,

the former results
shoved under benches
in the garage. Or travel

to teeming Oriental interiors,
natives leaping like electrons.

Perhaps, grimy European cathedrals
showing brightest aspiration?
Pilgrims pissing among outside

stones, never quite
making it. Set-

tles on Miriam, whose ass
holds several pecks,

gallons, in fact.

Labels: depression, hobby, self improvement, travel

Monday, January 20, 2014

Blind Justice

Bell apologized to Supervisor Reddly. It was a foolish mistake, a brain fart, but trivial. And he caught it quickly, and corrected it.

Evidently not so trivial, since a guard appeared, and Bell was told to fill the proffered cardboard box and walk out with him.

“That’s not a firing mistake! Nowhere near! Did he ask you to blow him and you refuse?”

Bell didn’t know how his friend, Chunks, came up with things!

But Chunks wasn’t to be deterred. “They count on nice guys doing nothing. Well, not this time!”

Soon he was on the phone with National Overall Personnel, and his intense drama got a hearing scheduled in three months.

At the hearing, a completely different charge was read out, which was okay with Bell, since he had forgotten the original one.

His two attorneys, male and female, had negotiated the change.

The complant, when detailed, involved one, Carruthers, at a different work locale in another city.

He whispered this mistake to the attorneys, who told him they were going to let it slide, since this Carruthers was very active socially, and volunteered for everything. That would sound good in Bell’s defense.

He forgot most of what he heard in the three day procedure, and the government lawyers were sarcastic as to his misty answers.

His male advocate asserted: “Mr Carruthers has lost his mind due to the cruel and baseless and entirely erroneous charges feloniously leveled against him. The Red Cross and Salvation Army and scores of others will experience a great loss if he

cannot recover.”

His female lawyer acted out a drama where a bum is rescued near a Salvation Army Kettle, and becomes the mayor of an Alaskan town. She shivered in carrying out both parts: Kettle Attendant and bum.

The room enthusiastically applauded, and she bowed shyly. The Judge called for order, but she, too, was crying.

Bell won the case and was reinstated, but at Carruthers’ job in the bottling plant. The foreman there, Rip Kelley, laughed “What the fuck’s the difference what anybody’s called?”

Bell, though, was somewhat sad that the real Carruthers had been disappeared.

“Hey! Luck of the draw!” Chunks told him. “Besides, they’ll probably get a young guy marked for periodic eradication, and plug him in as you. So everybody wins!”

“Not Carruthers. "

“He has gone to a happier place!” Wasn’t that the crap the leaders once peddled in the dark ages? Anyway, what’s the difference? Today’s shit just as bad! By the way, what’s your first name?”

“Rensselaer.”

“Oh? Fancy-shmantsy! Gonna start wearing Calvin Klein underpanties?”

Labels: Calvin Klein, firing, hearing, identity, job

Tuesday, January 21, 2014

The Fay Wray Screaming Contest

The Usual Suspects Film Society of The Culinary University
played two classics for party backgrounds, Casablanca,
and King Kong.

As a result, students knew every line of dialog spoken by Bogart,
Bergman, and Rains, and would often spout one or two,
applicable or not, in various situations.

King Kong was honored by The Fay Wray Screaming Contest,
first instituted during the 4 AM dregs of a keg party.

Never really a contest, since Misty always won going away.
As slim a blonde as Fay, but even more of a belter, a sustained
C over C proved no strain.

When Rets took a job as Pastry Chef at The Mutiny Hotel in Miami, Misty tagged along to help run the front of the house, and they soon developed a circle of young friends.

Thus was held the first Fay Wray Screaming Contest
in Coconut Grove.

Misty again would have won, but elderly neighbors called police.

“We thought it was a murder!” they explained later to Lt Boris Haskell, with all gathered in the courtyard to sort things out.

The complainants in pajamas and robes, the elderly male
went on: "It goes through you! It goes right through you!"

Rets told the puzzled pair, "This looks like the start of a
beautiful friendship."

Misty, when signing the police report, whispered to
the woman, “The Germans wore gray, you wore blue.”

Added Rets, “I’m no good at being noble, but it doesn’t take

much to see that the problems of four little people don’t amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you two’ll understand that.”

Later in the apartment, Misty got upset anyway. "Don't worry about it,” consoled Rets, "they're just Jews."

Labels: Bergman, Bogart, Casablanca, cuisine, Fay Wray, King Kong, Miami, Rains

Wednesday, January 22, 2014

Public TV

-She's on the board so couldn't steer her away. She wanted to see backstage, the beating heart of the operation.

-So what? It is what it is.

-Yeah? It's a shithole! Crap everywhere! She froze up at the green sandwich.

-You expecting the phonecall presently?

-Inevitable.

-Hey! Tell her that sandwich is a prop from *French Cooking Now!*

-The famous green bread of Brittany?

-*Mais oui!*

Labels: backstage, French, Public TV, TV

Thursday, January 23, 2014

Celestial Boom-Boom

-Will there be guns in Heaven?

-Of course. Every make and model.

-That'll scare the fairies. They'll think murder!

-As they should. Plenty of that there.

-But the target'll just get up and walk away?

-So what? You can nail him again and again!

-Continuous revenge! I love it!

-It’s Heaven after all.

-How about hunting? The downed beast comes back to life and ambles off?

-That's right. Plenty more.

-So, no trophies!

-Just women for that.

-You're joking!

-Yes, but just in a way: They'll know their place there.

Labels: guns, heaven, hunting, knowing place, murder, place, women

Friday, January 24, 2014

Prayer And Culture

-You've been described to me as godly.

-That's a stretch. I do pray.

-Well, I don't. I both envy you, and scorn you for being in a barrel of despicables. Hypocrites!

-Not to judge. All faiths tell you that. And even Voltaire instructed in cultivating your own garden.

-You're all set then. But I'm in motion, and can't quite get to that garden.

-Must put that on top.

-And nothing tears at you in your benign...?

-Whoa! I haven't GOTTEN anywhere. It's a process of arriving. I’m not immune to despair, depression. But I give them over.

-We part on that giving up.

-Enemies I hope not.

-Yes and no.

Labels: culture, cynicism, depression, despair, hypocrisy, Prayer, religion

Saturday, January 25, 2014

Vive les règles

The baker never enters the shop. Rather, leaves his fragrant trays on tables in a room the girls call Limbo. There, they or his wife fetch them, first making sure he has left.

After many years, Dr André insists he slow down, so another baker hired to assist.

Now the women know Limbo is safe when the murmuring stops.

What they decipher: opposing points of Grammar.

Labels: bakery, French, grammar, rules

Sunday, January 26, 2014

In a Time of Lassitude

-A fierce dedication, hey? To himself!

-I don’t find that objectionable. It’s to SOMEthing.

Labels: dedication, historical period, lassitude, passion

Monday, January 27, 2014

Steady State

-All white males on the panel discussing us, so we went as barefoot and pregnant, some holding plastic babies or rag dolls!

-Jesus! At the most prestigious university on the planet. How did they react?

-Shit. A. Brick!

-They needed it! And did your little drama group sustain, hitting others equally deserving?

-Hey! You run out of energy!

-Too true, but the younger people come along.

-Yeah, but the Pricks stay constant. Steady State. This is America!

Labels: America, Conservative, feminism, performance, university

Tuesday, January 28, 2014

Representative Rant

“Never again hire me another of these thoughtful and sensitive individuals!

You’re in a meeting with the client and he’s spoiling for a fight! Then these people pause more than talk when they’re talking, getting him more and more pissed off!

Give me spouters! And I don’t give a shit what they say.

What if it’s nonsense? I can straighten that out with The Enchilada later. At least he doesn’t get the chance to drive his forklift into SENSITIVITY! Jesus H. Christ on a bicycle! It’s business! Not touchy-feely at freakin Amherst!”

Labels: business, client, Negotiation, sensitivity, thoughtful

Wednesday, January 29, 2014

Varied Literacy

-Guy walking to the end of a game. Expects scary math there.

-Is it Minecraft?

-Mycroft.

-So comic! Still besotted by literature, are we?

-TV, more.

-Not as artificial.

Labels: game, game theory, Literature, Minecraft, TV

Thursday, January 30, 2014

whilst serving the People

-That's a shoe polish Ay-rab if I ever...

-His actual skin.

-Uh huh? And that robe looks like Sears.
Ladies' department.

-When he opens it, lined with cash. No receipts,
no nothing.

-I'm passing. Could be mikes in there too.
There are smoother ways.

-To represent the people?

-That's what we do.

Labels: Arab, bribery, people, political caution, representative, Sears

Friday, January 31, 2014

One of the renowned literary theorists of his time, Paul de Man's legacy was destroyed by revelations of his allegiance to the Nazi Party.*

I can see myself absorbing a new party and vice versa. Heady, and full of great wishes for just about everybody!

But not that one, ever. None from the Right, in fact.

I’m so glad this last sentence will piss Conservatives off.

It’s just truth.

*Barnes and Noble Review

Labels: Conservative, literary, Nazi, Paul de Man, Right

Saturday, February 01, 2014

Trio

“One thing we will never miss is a college
graduation or a wedding.”

Rudd didn't respond at first. He still smarted
from her goose-step with horizontal finger under
the nose.

All to demonstrate what she took for his Hitlerian
sentiments. Well, he WAS our Righty. The Rolling
Righty!” she proclaimed several times.

I got into her line of sight as a Lefty. She'd ask,
“How many did you kill today, Uncle Joe?”
Then a Cossack dance, faster than possible.

Ever since childhood, she had entertained us, starting
with puppet shows.

Of course, as we got older she showed more edge.

When we left for college, Rudd was too sick.

"Well, Rudd, then the three of us must talk."

I winced.

She went on. "You're gonna die, no reason to think
otherwise, Honey. On the exit ramp. We love you and
all of that, so let's get that out of the way. But when
you're invited to our graduation or my wedding,
you must RSVP.”

“There should be a code. It's nobody else's business!”
I added.

So we decided on 19. Meaning very very sick
and can't make it. Or 7: I'll be there by hook

or crook.

Two sevens for graduation. He’s more wasted in
the wheelchair but getting by. Almost could slide
between the cushion and the steel.

Like a playing card.

When she got the 19 at her wedding, she showed it
to me during the reception. "He dead by now.
He's simply dead." She had been a red-eyed bride,
and I wondering why.

Labels: children, college, death, graduation, Hitler, Left, Right, Stalin, wedding, youth

Sunday, February 02, 2014

Language and Wealth

If you had that nose full of nickels you'd be rich!

How dated is that? We'll let insulting go by the boards--
has to do with upbringing. But...why not dimes? I'd be richer.

But lose the language!

Ah hah, the alliteration--again. Is language all then?

Makes a lot more bearable.

Not to the aggrieved: My Nose!

Labels: alliteration, language, nose, rich

Monday, February 03, 2014

in The Happy Shop

-I wanna hire him. Lotza promise!

-But that accent! I mean we got clients who'd say "Don't have that spick call me again!"

-Accent will fade. I really think we have future CEO material with him. Get by the accent, and he's the most impressive candidate we've had in a good while.

-Please let It go! Practically the whole interviewing committee got up and did a kind of flamenco when he left! Even Laurette clenched a pencil with a plastic daisy on the end between her teeth, and stomped about like a fiery, fallen woman!

And with Jiggers and Itsy fashioning castanets of sorts from staplers. Hilarious with those fatsos! Itsy has to be restrained from taking off his shirt! Well, effort not quite successful. He unbuttons it, and a cascade of pink bellies! I'm crying by then!

So, you can see, be too embarrassing if this José Gonzalez comes on board!

-That's not his name.

-Generic.

Labels: CEO, dance, flamenco, hiring, Hispanic, HR

Tuesday, February 04, 2014

“**Conservatives Are Always Congratulating Themselves**

on their wit! Relishing delicious ironies as the abject Lefties scatter about trying to funerally describe an asinine reality. Yes! Gleeful Righties keep uncovering fatter and fatter targets!”

“Well...absent flies to pull wings off.”

Labels: Conservative, Conservative wit, cruelty, lefty, political humor, righty, wit

Wednesday, February 05, 2014

"Let's See What Happens Hence"

Oh? Have You Imposed a Soft
Solution? Or Will a Random Craz-
iness assemble itself?

So? We Never Know. Waiting,
The Proverb Avers, Is a form
Of Courage. It Can bring

Peace
Or Road Rage.

Labels: future, random, road rage, waiting

Thursday, February 06, 2014

Thrashing it Out

-Let’s hit them on unemployment. They got a hundred pie-in-the-sky plans and they’ve all come to shit!

-That’s a perpetual mess. Probably smarter in the long run to let the market decide, but patience not a political winner.

-Women too! The other side pretends all touchy-feely sensitivity, but...

-The girls are killing us! And before you say Hispanics...!

-Let’s call them Spicks. Has to be some fun in here somewhere!

-They’ve drained the fun! The country has.

-Well, we still have our clarity!

-Once. We’re faking that too now.

-Anyway, the good thing is that our fractious Crazies are injecting us with...

-Craziness!

-Okay, they’re changing the rules of the asylum.

-Ah yes, but still no doubt who runs it. Me and Thou.

-White. Old. Tired.

-But the Force remaining with us!

-Did you say farce?

-Indispensable also. Don’t they say that tragedy ultimately gets repeated as farce? Where are we now?

-In the delightful middle of a blood sport, and we love it!

-The victims don’t.

-Some show depth and some, burlesque.

-Speaking of which, we’re like the baggy pants comedian with the erection device. He springs it when Madame La Wronga sashays by!

-Shush! Or they’ll ruin that too!

Labels: burlesque, Hispanics, old white men, platform, unemployment, women

Friday, February 07, 2014

The Goldmine

**Laurene wanted to renegotiate the Pre-Nup during the
Pre-Split, but finally agreed to enough to buy a third of a losing
spread off the grid in North Dakota. Her ancient parents supplying
the rest.**

**“Sorry to miss the goldmine of your fabulous lawsuit settlement
when it finally finally comes!” she laughed at Mox.**

It did, and the financial press, called it huge. Proverb, his accountant, spat however: “Justice delayed is Justice denied.”

“Uh huh?” Mox was ecstatic: “But Justice! At long last!”

**His feelings couldn't be dampened by Proverb's claim that
"These new fees from The El Cheato Law Firm, might just push
the whole business into the debit column.”**

**The actual firm of Mangrove, Headings, Dorst, Onofrio and
Rasmussin held a party. They emailed Mox a picture of the cake,
he being in hospital overnight due to a prescription painkiller**

mixup.

**Another of Proverb's sayings had gotten to Rasmussin
so many years ago: “A lawsuit is a tree that grows in
a lawyer's garden.”**

So he had his gardener plant a sycamore, which initially flourished.

**Mox erased his link to the webcam recently, since it had gotten
very mottled, droopy, its leaves grayish, and looked ready to die.**

In his mind, however, staying forever green! The Justice Tree!

Labels: Justice, law's delay, lawsuit, lawyer, legal fees, tree

Saturday, February 08, 2014

Flexibility

The magnetic fields had switched again, and when Mix called
Cliff to tell him he'd be late, his odd boss had answered
the phone “Saludos, Amigos!”

A Skip-Puddle was in the garage instead of his Largesse,
but that would probably be temporary.

When he got home that late evening, Carol had been replaced
by a Janine.

"We don't really know how long this is for, so let's get to bed
and get used to each other," she maintained--had proved
a great fit for all of Carol's clothes before he arrived.

Carol texted him in the little car the next morning. "w/roger
3x man. nvr cmg bk!"

When he got to the plant, it was padlocked.

MOVED TO ULTRA MEXICANO said the sign. "No one allowed in," the guard told him." Mix said just as well: only had some junk and his departed wife's picture. “Not another one gone for good? Alls I get is new ones all the time. No luck. Most of the websites say it's your fault: you're spose to bring flowers and candy even if you don't know who the hell they are!”

He concluded that “All the men anyways is women nowadays.
We should screw ourselfs!"

The tiny car had fortunately morphed into a new Largesse Max2,
and Mix whistled all the way home. Old tunes from the early 3000s.
He hadn't whistled in years, but the all-receiver announced the
magnetic shifts over, and Janine was awesomely sexy. She kept texting him twisted stick figures, which blinked red in the
head-up display.

Labels: future, magnetic, magnetic field, switch

Sunday, February 09, 2014

and of Transplants

-Go ahead and get a head transplant if you want.
About foolproof, and you'll be handsome for the first
time in your life!

-Consumer Reports recommends Ajax.

-Do they mention teeth? Some outfits are putting in crap teeth
since competition heated up.

-Nothing about teeth. By the way, what’s Ajax god of?

-Assholes!

-That's wrong image.

-Just teasing.

-Well don't! Whole process has me totally nervous!

Labels: Ajax, comedy, future, teeth, transplant

Monday, February 10, 2014

A new man

appeared at breakfast among the regulars of his
boarding house. Dressed in a garish military
uniform like a performer in a cheap operetta.

When he saw him, too, at his workplace, Oswood wondered.
Soon, a dozen more appeared there, just as absurd.

All employees directed to the auditorium. Newly-installed
Doctor Director General Hopswell, outfitted even
more bizarrely, told the regulars that they had surpassed
all goals: fewest complaints directed at any bureau.

"But, one cannot stand still in a moving stream!"
His epaulettes shook. All the epaulettes shook, so
perhaps it was a signal from him.

Oswood saw a lot of that in the next six months as
THE DOZEN was implemented. Twelve regulations
counterindicative of any decent work outcome.

Half the department took early retirement.

He stuck it out, knowing the uniforms would
eventually leave.

Indeed, the one at his boarding house announced the
program's final success at a patriotic celebration forced
on everyone there. Many tiny flags and songs of
sanctioned murder.

He sold his uniform to Oswood, the Twelfth Regulation
proscribing it for everyone remaining.

It actually became a good workplace again, another
department assuming its former duties.

The original employees, those left,traveled the entire
country for war reenactments.

Oswood wounded! Not really, but he always had to wear bandages, both in rehearsals in the capital and performances on the road.

When the new party came in years later, most thought the performers would be dispersed to other departments, but the uniform was merely redesigned by Casper of Monsieur Andre’s. It featured breast pockets for silk handkerchiefs.

And in other ways as tasteful, though still military.

Labels: bureaucracy, Military, patriotic, Regulation, uniform

Tuesday, February 11, 2014

800 Number

-Feds raided the whole place…boxes full of shit.
“Hey!” we told em, “we read from a script. Just do what we're told! I mean if product is cock lengthener, set of jars--whatever.”

-Did they accept that?

-Yes and no. Suspicious looks. So we got attorney. Employees Organization.

-No such animal.

-Made it up for occasion.

-How you gonna pay him? Everybody lives from paycheck to paycheck.

-Don’t worry about it.

-Oh oh! Good thing that look doesn’t come through over the phone. You're gonna screw him too?

-Our stock in trade.

-Maybe it’s his too. Better watch it!

-When don't we?

Labels: fraud, misleading, script, telemarketing

Wednesday, February 12, 2014

Planning For Individuals and Couples

-So I'm to have control of nothing, is it?

-Your little habit of exaggerating.

-Well that's what it sounds like.

-Pretty much your life is put on a grid, and we take it from there.

-All my romances and disappointments...and even appointments?

-That last is something we can get a grip on. Everything with the doctor, dentist etc is handled by us. A hover scooter will show up at your door and you'll go.

-The horse knows the way?

-Why bring horses into it?–your profile, though, points to bizarre comparisons.

-Got me to a T. So I'm not to know when I'm going to Doc. It shows up and...

-Precisely.

-What if I'm dirty from the garden?

-Totally unnecessary labor, but allowed. But, let's not be silly. The scooter will program itself to go elsewhere to fetch somebody else, and another one come when you've showered.

-I'm never to make, and hafta remember, another appointment?

-Most love that we take care of it!

-How about the romance department? Do you take care of that too?

-Most emphatically! You're to…according to my tablet… take a walk through The Botanical Gardens with Stella. Then tea in the Indonesian House there.

-Stella huh? Do I get anything on her beforehand, a picture?

-Not a thing, but, believe me! you've lucked out with her. Her point total is astronomical.

-How about mine?

-Not bad. Little quiddities detract somewhat.

-Which will eventually discourage her? Then the fresh start after licking the wounds. Know that routine well.

-Your pessimism is one of the quiddities. You marry her, according to the grid.

-Won't I have a choice in…?

-You shouldn't bother. It's all optimized for you. Couldn't possibly be better!

-So a guy from the government saying they got my interests at heart. Uh huh?

-Old-fashioned phrasing, but the gist.

-And my golf?

-We've decided you're to play twice a week. Once is proving inadequate for any acceptable performance.

-I'm not against it, but one wears special clothing, and brings along clubs.

-You can dress in the enclosed scooter, and a robot will be waiting for it with your clubs. Accompany you as caddy.

-That should make for some elevated conversation.

-You’d be surprised.

-So, in this new life you do what you're told, thus hafta to think just about zero?

-Delightfully so, but folks still find some elbow room–- though I shouldn’t tell you.

-Such as my programing the hoverscooter to go to some secret place for ole Stell and me?

-You're already thinking! Believe it or not, the leaders encourage it.

-Within bounds.

-Naturally.

Labels: future, future daily life, future marriage, future thinking, golf

Thursday, February 13, 2014

To Have and Have Not

“Grow up!
Man up!
Wake up!
Uh huh?”

“The ups will not cease,
however the Rave Society.”

“That’s what we is?”

“No one has a chance still,
but he or she can behave.”

“Truth first, then pronouncement.
It’s the tried Conservative Way.”

“Amen amen I say to you…”

“What you have always. Hate Radio
invented by the Pharaohs.”

“Let your people go?
I don’t think so.”

Labels: Conservative, Hate Radio, havenots, haves, nostrum, Rave Society

Friday, February 14, 2014

The Senator and His Friend

S Well, it stinks!

F Money does. So, anyway, you don't wanna be associated with...?

S I don't want my NAME associated with. Not the same thing.

F We'll call you David Blaine.

S Good! Like the magician.

F What will you make disappear?

S All decency.

F Hyperbole! Didn't your consultants tell you to tone down the act?

S That's right.

F Or not Right enough?

S It any moreso, my White Charger woulda broken down!

F We can't have that! So few represent virtue nowadays.

Labels: deal, fishy, politics and money, Right, senator, virtue

Saturday, February 15, 2014

Sunday, February 16, 2014

Good News

Iris the waitress could tell. "Good news, huh?"

Jepps acknowledged same, but begged off telling it.

He had forgotten.

Back to the messy efficiency to recheck the mail, from whence it may have come. Bills.

Then the email, Yahoo and Google. No soap.

The one he seldom used with the Cable Company refused to let him on. When he asked to change his password, they informed him he needed to type the twenty-eight digit number on the modem first.

Modern humor completely, since it consisted only of twenty-eight digit numbers. A wraparound pop art phase for commerce.

Jepps started losing his glow. It WAS good news, though. He did remember that.

The next morning, Horge sat with him in the booth, due to a trucker enveloping his usual end of counter seat.

“Then, you lost your good news?”

“It appears.”

Iris came with their orders, laughing and happy.

“She got it. Iris. You left it laying around and she expropriated it.”

“Nonsense! It's exclusive to me…whatever it is.”

“Uh uh! Women convert things as part of their usual

expropriating process. Believe me. I've been married three times.”

“I'll beg it back from her.”

“No way! They don’t give up things. But don't look so discouraged…it's mostly this filthy weather anyway. My umbrella smells like shit.”

“Then you should wash it.”

“You don't wash an umbrella! Shows your disordered thinking.”

Labels: absent minded, chaos, expropriation, losing, umbrella, women

Monday, February 17, 2014

At The Lone Star Watching the News

-Blacks too fresh, he fires into car, kills a kid.

-(exiting) If I had my way, I'd shoot every one!

-What a Neanderthal!

-Him? He's our Liberal.

Labels: prejudice, Texas

Tuesday, February 18, 2014

CARLOTTA TENDANT

Translated by Wyatt Saboy from the Yiddish edition of "Slapsie" Maxie Furman

- HER threatened art
- HER loves
- HER fight against forces of automation

And, in expanded material for this ebook only!

- HER skirmishes with Yul Brynner’s hair stylist!

Add to Your Cart to see price

Labels: advertising, striptease, Troc

Wednesday, February 19, 2014

Working Conditions

-Farm Bill weighs as much as Des Moines.
Can't justify printing it, so it's ebook.

-I know one big farmer reading it while
cranking up the a/c in his tractor cab.

-Mozart still piped in?

-Culture on the plain, not *Hee Haw.*

-What's on other screens?

-Corn and wheat futures. Real Estate in
Zurich and Tokyo. Derivatives in London.

-Yup, farmin' sure hard-scrabblin'!

-That never changes.

Labels: corruption, Farm Bill, farming, wealth

Thursday, February 20, 2014

Two Consider a Chinese Proverb

-How do we get with the laughers?

-Behave ourselves!

-Too steep a price.

-Wherefore is the modern Chinese in this matter?

-Too busy manufacturing.

-Yeah for coolie wages, so nothing changes.

-Don't go too Lefty on me! You'll ruin everything. I just got two nice speakers.

-(sings) O sneakers and speakers and you-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo.

-Go permanently to the laughed-at half!

-I'll just laugh back. That's what you're missing in all of this: full reciprocal thrust of the proverb.

-Who cares? They're inscrutable anyway.

-How're the speakers?

-Quite nice.

-Scrutable?

-Only the music.

Labels: Chinese, lefty, low wages, manufacturing

Friday, February 21, 2014

First Question

-Thank you! I fill you are seeing with the notes.
(Holding up legal pad mid laughter). Very complicated!

But it's all the time: how you do something here, and
how you do something other place.

Excuse, your Honor, but my country new for Capitalism
System. We want how fuck EVERYBODY!

-Be patient.

-Is...how you say? Art?

-Precisely.

Labels: Capitalism, Economic Structure, Predatory Capitalism

Saturday, February 22, 2014

Glenda and I

played together as tykes. I don’t know if it was because our parents ignored us, but we learned to practice little cruelties.

We were acting–-that was understood–-but tears produced at times, nonetheless.

Her family moved to a better neighborhood, ending our small drama, and presently both of us are married to indifferent partners.

I to Marcia, she Budge.

Once, I met her at Motor Vehicles would you believe?
Getting our pictures snapped at neighboring cameras.

Joked, over coffee, about my Marcia and her Budge as a couple.

When you share a childhood, you can talk about anything.

Labels: acting, children, couples, cruelty

Sunday, February 23, 2014

Stages of Piquant

Jen was piquant when they married.

But his last daydream image of her showed
a crown of thorns.

Before the stone fell from the Oxley Building.

She keeps the Channel Six report on her iPad.
Yellow tape and numerous officers.

In Dr Kildad Morrisey's course *The New You!*
she’s becoming piquant again.

Grayer.

Labels: accident, Fate, martyrdom, self improvement

Monday, February 24, 2014

Cures and Busy Aftermaths

He had physical every-
thing wrong, true, and

strongly bi-polar to boot.
So Mary Jane came along
and soothed, and soothed

it all. He’s a newly articulate fan
for legalization, and haughtily mad

for it. “Everything new is old again!” bays
Becca, his unsteady steady, exhausted.

Labels: cure, drug laws, drugs, Mary Jane, Medical Marijuana, militancy

Tuesday, February 25, 2014

“*Fighting the Last War*”

Following that logic,

Going back,

And back,

To the beginning,

It's the same war.

So? We’re similarly

Regular

Elsewhere.

An art, really.

Though the “women”

Always persist

In falling apart.

Labels: "women", order, repeating history, same war, war

Wednesday, February 26, 2014

The Leaving of It

-It's done with dignity. The law doesn't require it, though.
We have a little party, with speeches from the close relatives.
Who shortly leave.

-And then, Honorees shot?

-Exactly. Hey, eighty-five is enough years! We're saving billions!
It was cut the Military or...this.

-Surprised the near and dear go along with it.

-They can claim them as dependents for six years more.

-Wise incentive.

Labels: dependent, Euthanasia, Family, incentive, killing old, medicare, senior, Social Security, taxes

Thursday, February 27, 2014

(If Such a Thing Can Exist)

-I used to be a Republican. The Party of Moral Thrust!

-Now it's an oozing accretion of righteous idiots.

-This too shall pass.

-Yeah, like shit!

-And don’t you feel terrifically better after?

Labels: Conservative, Religious Conservative, Republican, self -righteousness

Friday, February 28, 2014

On Cell

-Twenty birds outside my window on a wire. One turns around to face the other way.

-That’s you.

-That’s me.

-What did it get you?

-Not!

a!

fuckin!

thing!

-So? Why persist?

-Endless loop. If I blow the circuit, I destroy the entire world!

-What a responsibility!

-Thus, I’m odd bird for everybody.

-I’ll never again accuse you of being a selfish, egotistical, totally scattered son of a bitch!

-Amen amen I say to you that if a man repenteth of judging his friend…

-Then both will pig out on beer and pizza. Kickoff at Eight!

-…and farteth! there will be Giants in the earth at this time!

-And playing the Eagles! And, I definitely wouldn’t leave the artisan farting out.

-Our trademark.

-True…but we've lost women thereby.

-One thing and another.

Labels: Eagles, female, football, friends, Giants, male, sports bar, young men

Saturday, March 01, 2014

Essentials

prove detrimental to Kipsy, so
she awaits the next marina
heaving into view,

where crafts, from three-pail dingh-
y to haughtiest yacht, are happy.

And true salts hailingly sing
nautical jingles at ship-shapes.

It's always full.

Labels: craft, dinghy, essentials, marina, nautical, salt, scattered, yacht

Sunday, March 02, 2014

Minus and Plus

-You're not a pianist are you?

-Very very amateur.

-Then, you'll hafta come up with some workarounds.
I'm not into music, so I can't be more specific.

So...life without right pinky.

*Mine just...disappeared. No shearing accident or anything.
First, down to the lower knuckle, and then that went too.
The Hand Doctor knew of only ten other cases. Anyway, it all looked quite smooth.*

-But, you're in luck. The new stem cell treatments will grow another, and you'll be a normal piano person once more.

It did. Two.

-I can't see that it would present much of a problem in everyday life. As to the piano, well, you'll be more of a tinkler, hey?

I reserved judgement on any day-to-day difficulties. But, there were none.

The last thing Doctor spouted involved The Finger God.

Unexpected from Man of Science, but I'm being safe anyway, praying that He or She skip me next time.

Labels: doctor, finger, hand, piano, pinky, science, stem cells

Monday, March 03, 2014

Straightening the Debate

-Capitalism builds excess in. The question is
how do we keep it from utter, murderous insanity?

-All systems, really.

-Nice intellectual point, but let’s deal with
the one so grievously fucking us!

Labels: American Capitalism, American Dream, Capitalism, Capitalism excess

Tuesday, March 04, 2014

Senator and Aide

-Which lie will you support?–all naturally purporting to help John and Jill Q Citizen.

-Which hurts me least?

-A.

-Most?

-C.

-Then let's go with B.

-Always the thoughtful compromiser. The new Henry Clay!

-Better than others they'll compare me to.

-My favorite is Hitler.

-Mine too. The busboys shrink out of the way.

-You stride this broad world like a Colossus!

-Very occasionally. Though I do love it!

-The next president!

-This swamp is enough. More tangled, and thus more bankable.

Labels: compromise, money in politics, political decision, political lying, senator

Wednesday, March 05, 2014

Varieties of Intelligence

-Owner wants fewer criminals or dummies.

-Excuse me! Guy quotes Shakespeare!

-A gimmick. They've primed him with a few and he spouts 'em out. Don't apply to anything.

-Reporters impressed.

-Well, we can't be. Another dope.

-If you're sure.

-Dumb as a bag of hammers.

-Certain brutal aspects of the game where such...!

-Not enough. I say we pass on him. Eggplant!

-Wrong image. Try a yellow squash.

-Whaaa?

-He's Chinese.

-Scouting DVDs not that close, but...impossible! Those people don't have dopes!

-The glorious, golden exception!

Labels: football, intelligence, player draft, professional football, scouting

Thursday, March 06, 2014

Institutions

-Brilliant guy! Publications, TV regular, star at conferences, the whole smear! Teaching awards up the wazoo!

-Yet he couldn't be promoted at the University?

-He could have died after staying in place for thirty years. Assistant Professor and that was that!

-I'd leave!

-As he did. Gracing a junior college, would you believe?

-And got promoted?

-Not at first. Nosed out by Professor of Auto Body Repair.

-You are pulling my leg out the door and down the street!

-Uh uh. And the field isn't as hammery-smashery-dirty as you'd imagine. At least his side of it: Aesthetics and Philosophy.

-Well, that part sounds like bullshit!

-He should transfer to University in that case.

Labels: academic, auto body, junior college, professor, promotion, teaching, university

Friday, March 07, 2014

The Company

-We lacked vision.

-That word again?

-Just putting out fires and keeping our heads above water and...

-...add your own cliche. Then send it up the flagpole!

-So they sent in a Visionary!

-Serious as a heat attack! And he, of course, proceeded to fuck everything up completely!

-We finally got his ass fired! And now we're putting out the multitudinous fires HE ignited!

-Fifth time through same cycle for me. Time to retire.

-Why is the new thing always an old thing?

-Ask God.

-Why him? He's always screwing us up with his own brand of vision.

-You'll burn in hell!

-Oh? Excuse me! Thought that's what this was.

Labels: CEO, chaos, Hell, putting out fires, reorganization, vision

Saturday, March 08, 2014

Varied Wars

If you see one Ohgo, you have millions! Thus the professor had announced on the drive to the puddle-jump airport.

Back at the hotel, Bix wanted to confer with Mona, since he had reached his friend, LARRY BUG-GUY from his cellphone.

"All my trucks out, and my own had whole interior eaten away. And I can't find Linnie! Ohgos got her too!--or it’s her flair for the dramatic."

Bix told him he knew about such a condition from Mona’s. The men laughed in their mutuality.

What both didn't know was that the two women had left together.

Notes from each confirmed this, but he and Larry had no time then, because of the war against Ohgos.

The latter called in extra exterminators from Millport and Askew and Bridgehaven.

When victory assured, Sheriff told Larry, "I didn't like your getting them here. Outsiders is what caused your trouble and Bix's. Their notions generally mess with women’s heads."

Bix quickly got out a special email newsletter.

Everything fine again and the little stream still burbles by our Quaint Hotel. Everybody keeps the windows open to hear it!

25% reacquainted discount on all levels of rooms

The women returned, disenchanted with each other.

"It's life," Mona informed him. "It's all like that."

Bix too exhausted for one of their fights.

And later, when he wanted to talk Ohgos, she waved him off.
“And close the fuckin windows!” she requested.

Labels: bucolic, bugs, exterminate, infestation, marriage, men, outsiders, rustic, women

Sunday, March 09, 2014

Guys at Philosophy

-Just tell ‘em what they wanna hear!

-Excuse me, this twenty-year scotch has
definitely addlepated. We talking politics
or women?

-Both! Wake up!

-One of these days.

-The naive get crushed in this town!

-Then the ladies’ll weep at my pitiful constitution.
And give me what I want.

-Not if you’ve nothing to trade.

-Were you always a prick?

-Born.

-And you’re always receiving awards!

-Should tell you something.

Labels: cynicism, politics, recognition, Romance, women

Monday, March 10, 2014

The Commissioner of Smiles

commanded Budge to stop the Limo. He'd walk the remainder to Ruth's, sifting his funny stories.

Winced pushing the doorbell. Tough nut she.

All failed, even a knockabout Marx Brothers short he displayed on his tablet.

Though it was puppets and not the real comedians, Ruth allowed it was professionally done.

That's the closest she came to saying anything decent, let alone smiling or laughing.

He texted Shiv Chuckie from the limo. Ending:
cnt hav n e mo o thse.

But Chuckie had to put her on the Non-Hot List, busy.

Lucky for Ruth, who met with old girlfriends in the State Party Room, all laughing and screaming over teachers’ antics long ago at Post-College Leadership Academy.

Spies reported this, and Chuckie crossed her from his list.

The Leader didn't know, nor did Commissioner.

“Don't take it all so seriously! At the bottom, it’s a political job and nobody gives much of a shit.”

Neither man knew that both had been added to Chucky's Hot List.

Labels: assassination, future, organization of society, political job

Tuesday, March 11, 2014

**The man who believed in nothing met
the woman who rejected everyone**

Hey! A month
& they're still

instructing
each other.

If they run out,
worlds await!

Labels: fussy, Nihilism, Pride, relationship, righteousness

Wednesday, March 12, 2014

Rocco and Half-Cyber Clucky

-Still pulling your hair out, Clucks?

-I put up any website and immediately get tabs all across the top. Then one of them elbows out my original choice.

-What do they say?

-Everything, but mostly “Your computer is corrupted! Click here to clean it. Free trial! After, we'll fuck you through every available orifice.”

-Lay tech on Capitalism and you get even more criminal filth.

-(sings) and the home...of the...brave.

Search Rocco on this site. He has asserted often, and would be labeled a disgrace by George Babbitt.

Labels: Capitalism, computer corruption, cyber, Cyber Capitalism, internet ads, popups

Thursday, March 13, 2014

One of those higher chains where the furniture waxed,
and the food matches.

"Tell Ed..." begins the older man.

"that the gray goose is dead," adds the younger.

The former's next whispered line gets stepped on by a woman
in a dress hugely flowered. She hears acutely, a family trait.

"Count feathers for a bed," he almost gets out as she blurts
"Espionage!"

Both men laugh. Nervously. The older softpedals: "Just a folk
song, Ma'm."

They leave shortly, separately.

The younger texts *midwestern*.

The older answers *lard*.

Labels: CIA, code, folk, hearing, operators, secret

Friday, March 14, 2014

hint: it's not Stover at Yale

-I don't know what the fuck he's talking about!

-Drop in on one of his office hours and nod
at everything he says. Worth a B right away.

-I'm halfway there. I nod OFF during every class.

-I'd say you've gone well beyond half way.
And reached Nirvana!

Labels: class, college student, Nirvana, office hour, professor

Saturday, March 15, 2014

Rick and Edy didn't know how to behave.

After all, he was the TV star!

He growled at Mac and Marie, his handlers, till they had to go to the doghouse outside, where beloved Fido had once ruled.

They ate their meal there, and host and hostess were amazed at how quickly Marie could lap.

Labels: animal training, dog, doghouse, masters, TV

Sunday, March 16, 2014

Chips and Rumpsy

Chips found it on a related search: Borodin (Bor-ah-deen) Russian Composer.

So when his Chief Accountant made a face at the piped-in music, he remarked. “Borodin again. He sets up nails but hits just a few."

Hensley looked woefully struck!

Telling it to Rumpsy in their Jack and Jill bathroom, brushing teeth prior to bedtime. (Which is Jill? their longest running joke.)

“Blip, silly and mean, in the day's dull parade.”

“My mentor always said *What good is knowledge if you can't weaponize it?”*

“I knew him. A monster! But skip the pish-tosh and look at me! I'm getting old!”

They studied the florescent mirror.

“And I?”

“Arrived!”

“Speaking of cruel…”

“I'm a journalist. Facts!”

“You’re so gay! How’s that fact working for you?”

“Better. Bitter. You name it.”

“Let’s stop naming and go to bed.”

“Always your solution.”

“My Mimsey Borrogroves!”

“My Red Queen!”

Labels: Alice in Wonderland, homosexuality, knowledge, knowledge as weapon, relationship

Monday, March 17, 2014

The Hearing

-Not a dry eye...!

-Whose bright notion was it to...?

-Your minority chair. They go for the personal, rather than ideas. This guy lost everything!

-Well, is it news that somebody gets burned? Somebody wins, somebody loses. All systems work this way–-when they’re ALLOWED to work, that is.

-From my angle in the room, I didn’t at first realize he had one arm.

-Jerking off requires just the one. He most likely has pecker plumb wore out: no work for almost a year.

-Will you vote for unemployment pay extension then?

-Hell no! Tell that half a crybaby twit two things: one, wrench up from his beloved recliner and go out and get a job! Two, I’m personally gonna shove it up his ass down the hallway and out the fuckin door!

-Why so violent?

-I’m a Republican! And we’ve done nothing but eat Lefty shit! Well, no more!

Labels: handicapped, hearing, lefty, Republican, Unemployment Compensation

Tuesday, March 18, 2014

Wags at Basketball

-Did you jump through the hoops before you filled out your Billion Dollar Bracket?

-Yup. Confirmation numbers through cell and email!

-Keeping the riffraff out.

-Who can blame them? Not me, about to join the One-Percent!

-Pick a lot of upsets?

-Fight fiercely Harvard!

-I do miss Tom Lehrer. He'd make up funny songs about Yahoo and Google today. But Yahoo gets the edge with your cell number!

-I suppose. They count the hairs on my right ball, and Google on my left.

-That's not the whole sordid picture.

-NSA handles that.

-Good! We need protection from Communist sonsabitches like you!

-Hey, I'm a fuckin Republican!

-Ever more bizarre.

Labels: ; Republican, Billion Dollar Bracket, cell phone, Communist, email, google, Harvard, NCAA Basketball, Tom Lehrer, upsets, Yahoo

Wednesday, March 19, 2014

Three Christmas Paragraphs

"God bless us every-onnnnne!" Santa, in Bermuda shorts, falling into The Diplomat's pool.

Hoad met the last bus, but no Marie. Back to Kool Kup, his cell on. There, the few speculated on what could've happened.

After Mom's death, the original garage was sold. Now, Walt presides over The Tuneup Center’s purchase by Dollar Bonanza. That money gets Dad into Pine Murmur, where he insists on Christmas, Bitsy coming early to cook. And drink: "Somebody's car was always more important than the two of us!" Dad says no cars would’ve meant no college! Walt smooths it over, and they eat, then exchange gifts. Next year, his place!--Dr Mauro expecting Lornette to be discharged from Bide a Bit soon. Bitsy starts crying because her recently-departed Rence had been the only man she truly ever...! Dad switches off the chandelier so they can enjoy the tree.

Labels: age, Christmas, Family, family conflicts, love, Santa

Thursday, March 20, 2014

Often preceded by Play.
As if to simulate Evil

will best ready us for
its inevitable, hateful win.

So say cynics, anyway. They
should probably go out more.

Labels: cynicism, devil, evil, getting out more

Friday, March 21, 2014

one room labeled Grotesques.
Can be imagined, but not fully.

Further charge, so seniors grouse. Ex-
pected, of course: they do pay.

Labels: senior, senior sex, sex, sex museum

Saturday, March 22, 2014

The pleasure
of her company

subsumed by
the pressure
of her calumny,

both move on.
His despairing of
such a vile bitch.

Her delighting in
universes
target-rich.

Labels: bitch, calumny, phase, relationship, target, victim

Sunday, March 23, 2014

A Question of Motive

“I wuv wobot!” Malcolm cried.

Sissy said, “He watched my cheerleading. Nobody else will. And he gave good suggestions.”

Nonetheless, Oscar-4 had shoved Dad into the pool, Mom reminded them.

In the return area, Father Macguire told them he was the only one at the sem paying attention to robots way back when. So he handled the required counseling at Complete-Robots now.

He informed them Oscar-4 had been infected by a virus that planted a malignant line of code left over from a programmer’s drunken orgy where all ended in the water.

“Thus, the code will be deleted, and he should be forgiven.”

“Daddy hot!” proclaimed little Malcolm.

“He…seemed to enjoy it, Oscar-4 did…” Mom puzzled.

Even in his hibernating state, Oscar-4 was able to blink thanks while viewing Dad emerging from the half-star Bluebird Motel with an Alma-2.

All the robots knew she was built for just one purpose.

Labels: modern family, programmer, robot

Monday, March 24, 2014

Rotational Date

-Opera shows the loves of large women.

-Like me?

-No, you're a sylph by comparison.

-Why all these large ones then?

-I think it’s the huge cavity for things to resonate in, and the lard to hold it down so it doesn't fly outa control.

-Or…something.

-Yeah, I know, I'm…not smart. Opinions about everything, though.

-I've noticed.

-But how about you? Quiet. Do you run deep?

-Clash, more like.

-Oh well, the rule says half an hour. Mostly my blabbing I know, but…

-I don't wish to meet anyone else.

-Well, you're defeating the purpose.

-That's the best thing you've said. Must you move to another table?

-Not unless you force me.

-We're the best either of us can do.

-Speak for yourself. You're better than I can do.

-Let's get out of here and take a ride.

-Where...?

-Where the wind goes.

Labels: date, large women, meet and greet, opera, rules, Speed Dating, vulnerability

Tuesday, March 25, 2014

In Danbury again for mail fraud, Loops berated himself for greed, but just momentarily. The suckers anxious to give him money, he got trapped within the compelling frenzy.

And now, like most actors deeply inside the justice system, he shrugged at morality or lack of it.

Discovering CemCam on a Google search, did feel guilt as a bad son, so he had the little robot wheel around Celestial Acres and show the graves of his mother and father.

Clicked yellow roses for her.

The credit card number came from a string of companies he left his sister in charge of.

Had been more careful with them, and the feds gave up on tying them into the case.

Then, her husband, Fast Mac the Plumber, got a tip that Death's Door, nearby the cemetery, could be for sale.

Since he also ran Irish acts up and down the East Coast -a sideline for years- Mac felt it could be a promising venue: the Thirty-Somethings liking spooky imagery and Hibernian music.

Loops threw in with them, half and half, and eventually watched online shows from Death’s Door. With roommate Doc, Medicare Fraud.

Doc snapped out of his blue funk with the quick melodies and step dancing, and eventually asked his wife to bring books.

“Medical?” she had whispered.

“Financial.”

Labels: con man, Danbury, Irish, mail fraud, medicare, suckers

Wednesday, March 26, 2014

Monette flunked the forsaking all others category.

She blamed Chuppy for convincing her to marry him.

Wasn’t, like, built for it.

Chuppy volunteered for the one-way assignment to Mars.

“They’d better hurry. I don’t see much getting done,” friend Harv cracked.

“Won’t be much longer.”

“Well, I see you daily, but in case I forget to say goodbye…”

“Don’t worry. I won’t forget.”

“Be a lot of horny women there after a while. Up to it?”

“So long as I don’t hafta talk.”

Labels: horny, marriage, Mars, women

Thursday, March 27, 2014

Life Story

His existence in the city exploded: fired as a drunk, and
Jen getting final decree, Mips thought he'd just stay in place.
No reason.

But Arthur texts *cd use u as mom dad altzheim tgthr.*

On the empty train platform of rainy midnight, he bellows
"Welcome Back Great Success!"

The cab stuck at a light, ghosts of other rainy midnights
in the red windshield as the wipers crawl.

Labels: Alzheimer, divorce, drunk, home, return

Friday, March 28, 2014

Common Procedures

-Mikey over at Laurette's Lunch says TV crews eat ravenously.

-From guilt. Taking a tragic situation and milking it.

-Yeah, if it bleeds it leads. Anyway, some guy shot at his wife and Romeo of Moment in that neighborhood. Missed in his rage, but chased naked duo down the mean streets.

-Stray bullet offed a cockroach--Second Amendment Casualty.

-Anyway, six days ago! So keep on bleeding it?

-Or milking it. But, they may yet get some footage from business security cameras.

-Whatever. That'll show glimpses of titty, bush, plus terrorized, thus wizened, dick. All of it later pixelated to keep us pure!

-The same moral page imperative!

-Ah Show Business, like, totally so fuckin-wonderful!

-I, for one, have never, ever, lost the romance of it!

-Cue *The Sound of Music* with your iPad!

-How is THAT relevant?

-Like nothing is.

Labels: Crime of Passion, milking, moral, pixelated, Show Business, TV, TV News

Saturday, March 29, 2014

Incident

Brawnette, on an errand to Shipping, flirted with Mackey and Hork. So pretty, even in a loose white coat.

They later speculated on who she liked better.

Each man believing it was he.

Then, alone, at a locker, rejecting the idea, shaking at its nerve.

Outside, the winter light purpling.

The department had buzzed; the plant beginning to follow. Laughing hints at widespread lockers.

Both men killed in separate traffic accidents late that icy evening.

From thence, Dr Dellacondif, lab boss, assumed an even crisper propriety.

Labels: Fatal Woman, Fate, femme fatale, flirt, work

Sunday, March 30, 2014

Word prevailed then
among friends:
POWER!

Say your boss constructs
a Hell for you? Only if
you give him the power.

Well, example sucks, since
his is hardly illusory.

Better fit in personal. Your
Significant Other yanks

you around mostly
because allowed to. So,

couples start seeing
relationships like nations.

Sam&Marianne call many
negotiations&he stands
firm&deaf&sere

&O! what walks round of him presently
can't be wedged within the human sphere.

Labels: argument, couple, power, power arrangement, relationship

Monday, March 31, 2014

Time for Ruck's famous move.

Dribbling the ball across the key and floating it up
towards the hoop. Usually.

But, the game has lost urgency since the other players
suddenly gone, spectators too.

Moreover the ball has grown several sizes and will hardly
fit the basket. Yet he keeps dribbling, it resounding hugely in
the empty amphitheater.

When he finally lets it go, looks the size of a Volkswagen as
it crashes though twin exit doors and water rushes in.

Rucks flees to the balcony where the onlookers have left scraps of
food. Even the waxed paper and styrofoam trays have retained
some flavor.

How to renegotiate his contract now? Never the thinking man’s
player, he nonetheless went at everything hard.

Thus, thought will not defeat him either, nor this temporary...
whatever it is.

He sang *Look For the Silver Lining* and it made him feel better, even while shivering.

Why not *You’ll Never Walk Alone?* (Coach insisting “We win as a team!”) Personal
preference.

Though no team without him. Even his enemies in the press
admit that.

“If I’m the last man left in the world I’ll be proud of that too!”
he informs the jazzy scoreboard running a slide show of his career just before it
explodes.

Labels: basketball, End of the World, hoops, lonely

Tuesday, April 01, 2014

With a Car

After a week's wait in Motor Vehicles, I was given a moldy Danish
by a Lion.

The hiring freeze years old, most of the old employees had died
in place, and Lions Club took over the operation.

Had presented an old pair of glasses and got a number.

Today was supposed to be its day, but…another required because
the southern state I had moved from had so far refused to let me go.
Thus I had their plates on my car and was in violation here!

Enter the Fixer. No cards today: you show your iPad. It flashes red at me:

We have a Cray, hey hey hey!
Blink and we solve the ruckus
for a hundred buckus.

Then it changes to *For two hundred*
buckus we true the ruckus.

“Which do you prefer?” he asks.

“You mean for prose style?”

“Exactly so. That's why we changed it. Solve was so weak!”

“Well…true is better?…come on! I'll pay the two hundred.”

‘For Art! Our HQ has paintings and sculpture nobody can fathom.
And musical afternoons.”

“Well, then, my money's going for something.”

I wave my Mastercard over his iPad. And it signals *Done!*

“A little slower than usual due to that state you moved from.”

“Oh yeah, good ole…”

“Don't say it! Just the mention opens us up to slander suits. Their argument is that it evokes the corrupt, incompetent, racist past. Or present. One.”

Suddenly my phone vibrates madly. Wife texts *plates arrv.*

“Those are the permanents. My crew already has temps on your car.”

“But how?”

“They were put on right after you drove in. The Cray anticipates. Like your lunch at Bald Louie's with Dorine from Accounting? Better go easy there! We've red-flagged her for breaking up three marriages already.”

“It's business. Tax stuff!”

“Uh huh? Cray pretty suspicious.”

“Will it follow me everywhere now?”

“What do you mean, will? By the way, Today’s Special: I entered you into the Dominican Lottery and you won twelve bucks. Comes off the tab at Louie’s.”

When I leave he whispers, “Apropos of nothing, that itch is from nerves. Get some Gold Bond. Unfortunately, outa samples.”

Labels: car, fix, Gold Bond, hiring freeze, Lion, marriage, Motor Vehicles, red tape, Southern

Wednesday, April 02, 2014

Met Diva in Dive

& sd "Won't jive
u, didn't expect

t’see yr quality lady
in this sorta hole."

“So? It IS low if they let
likes of yourself in!" com-
menced her sibilant rant.

"You can be articulate when
not panting," I counseled.

Scotch stings the eyes.

Labels: argument, Diva, dive, insult

Thursday, April 03, 2014

-They stole the exam the department uses to throw weaksters out. Then keyed the answers in patterns of six. So, start on six and answers up to thirty-six would be a,b,c,d,e,f in sequence.

Thus Question Six fill in a, Seven, b, Eight c, and so on.
Then, skip five and start again on forty-two etc.

-In the skipped questions, you're on your own?

-Exactly.

-But it's still too fishy.

-Yeah, so they scattered wild cards.

-So, our heroes would get those wrong?

-Most likely. The idea is to pass, 70 or above. It was a bitchin difficult test.

-All the suspect group passed, save our favorite senator?

-At first. But they ran the whole batch through the machine twice to verify, and lo and behold, he got 70.

-On the nose!

-Took some doing. Couple of erasures, etc, in the confusion.

-Oh well, we all cheated in some manner in school. But it pretty much ends there for a lot of folks.

-Not our favorite senator. A virtuoso!

-Not senator for much longer, anyway. That brokers consortium scandal with all those foreign banks? He's toast!

-Nope. Aide confessed and said he was out of the loop. Our hero's tearful apology already in the can. Along with promise to give any proceeds he unconsciously derived to boy’s and girl's clubs, most

in black neighbrohoods.

-And him with a closet of Christian Awards!

-Peculiar you should choose that enclosure.

-No! You mean he...?

-Hunting and fishing trips with Honey-Boy!

-And his wife? Does she...?

-Busy with her own Bum of the Month.

-Jesus!

-Welcome to America!

-Uh uh! Just the Red State version. Besides, how come so many want to come here?

-Their own country even more corrupt? Well...used to be.

Labels: America, bribery, corruption, personal life, red state, rigged exam, senator

Friday, April 04, 2014

They Probably WON'T Always Be With Us

-Can't have health insurance for all without subsidizing poor people. Just can't be done, and that sticks in the Republican craw.

-The bums'll go out and get sick for the benefits?

-Yeah, like the lazy bastards who'd rather collect unemployment than work!

-That last according to Senator So and So, anyway.

-Takes one to know one.

Labels: GOP, health insurance, lazy, poor, Republican, unemployment insurance

Saturday, April 05, 2014

-Are you starry-eyed and vaguely discontented?

-A bit, the latter.

-Like a nightingale without a song to sing?

-Not really, but I do wish that I could shimmy
like my sister Kate.

-Will she be here later?

-Yes and no.

Labels: nightingale, popular songs, shimmy

Sunday, April 06, 2014

Characters

“They ripped me from my group and tried to rape me! Through the back part.”

Patrolperson Mary Cort had him sign his statement, and then drove Pinocchio home.

Meantime, the two accused admitted they desired Goofy, but couldn’t wait.

When she got back, Chief proclaimed, “I’m telling mayor no more parades! Attracts wrong element.”

“But my daughter and Jiminy Cricket! And I love *When You Wish Upon a Star*, his lovely falsetto in there!”

“Download it. Who’s preventing? Anyhow, no more perverts going up the chute of Kermit the Frog!”

“Maybe just a personal point of view problem there, Chief?”

“I got THAT all right!”

Labels: Goofy, Jiminy Cricket, Kermit the Frog, parade, Pinocchio, police, rape

Monday, April 07, 2014

Castaway

The company sent a team to search the island.

The women proved not as diligent as the men, and separated to skinny dip.

Holbart saw them from his hiding place and it upset him.

To the extent that he looked for an opportunity to cull one.

Rae cooperated by digging through her messy backpack for a comb as the others dressed and left.

“I was always the mope,” she explained to him.

But a strong swimmer. They went to a nearby island to avoid even more searchers the next day or so.

Moonless, but he knew the stars.

“Yeah,” she remarked, “it’s all there in there.”

Three years, and she wonders if her sister married.

Everything else working out.

Labels: castaway, island, rescue, search

Tuesday, April 08, 2014

Comedians of Governance

-Well it's all over but the counting!

-And we do that, so it's all over!

-I think we won legitimately.

-Shush! That's no fun.

-And now, the governing. All those new ideas we campaigned on.

-Songs and dances! Our core, fortunately, knew them to be lies.

-But we do stick to our central theme, no? “The Recipe for Governance!” Love its sound!

-Sure. Here it is: First, stir the morons.

-Oh no! Not another Benghazi Cake?

-What else?

-But...it's lost its flavor.

-Then, imagine it. This is politics! Once past the Money, The Realm of the Imagination!

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, core politics, election, GOP, politics, rigged election

Wednesday, April 09, 2014

Councils

He dreams continuously of screwing small brass parts together, and awakes exhausted, with stiff and throbbing fingers.

Night after night. Finally, gets permission to present his case to the Dream Council.

All listen thoughtfully except a quite fat woman. "Now you know what it feels like to actually WORK!"

He assures her that his meet-greet job involving immigrants can be tiring: keeping up the smile and patter etc.

“I don't understand all these song-and-dance positions. And why do we even need an Immigrant Council? They get everything they want already. At the expense of true Americans!”

She later insists her remarks be stricken from the record.

Meets him later at the compulsory coffee. "I'm sorry to undermine your real work, but getting tired of all the whining, especially from Spick-e-os, and the Black and Yellow Perils." She chomps a danish menacingly.

He puts the small black square from the council under his pillow that night and sleeps well, but wakes thinking of the virulent fat woman.

He would have reported her to The Surveillance Council, but anyone who did was, in turn, intensely shadowed in minute by minute life and online.

It had been six years with one couple he knew, and they even invited one of their trailers to their Wedding Anniversary party.

Originally, they had made the mistake of complaining about a neighbor's uproarious Nazi Sing-Alongs.

Surveillance Council, in sum, ended up with virtually no work and thus became a natural berth for politician's sons and daughters, their parties legendary.

Labels: council, future, government, immigration, Nepotism, surveillance

Thursday, April 10, 2014

in Philadelphia

Mark being articulate, too much, we went crazy with his repetitions.

Whatever the subject, and they, too, proved limitless.

Lizzy, our garage sale maniac, hit one of Eagles memorabilia, the old dude having kicked his last football. Evidently a true idiot, his compressed air horn was thrown in by the grinning widow when Liz bought all the jerseys at full price.

So, we dressed in them, and blasted the horn when Mark spouted on and on.

Worked for a while: he clammed after a normal time!

But one night, he kept going anyway, so we adjourned outside for some weed.

There we just caught his murmurs, not unbearable. Anyway, the subject was mothers, specifically his.

When we got back, Liz gave him one extraordinarily sustained blast and he exploded into tears.

Trembling wetly, explained that talking was like breathing to him!

So we compromised. He sped on, seemingly with infinity in mind, and we simply turned off.

Yeah? Don’t worry about it! We ARE becoming adults.

Taking our own routes.

Labels: air horn, Eagles, football, Philadelphia, voluble

Friday, April 11, 2014

To Republicans

Refusing to govern
is not Treason, just
malfeasance. *Shrug.*

Labels: malfeasance, obstruction, Republican, treason

Saturday, April 12, 2014

-The only Austrian village comprised entirely of idiots.

-I don't believe it.

-Professor Lewistone, my mentor, didn't either.

-Skeptical in everything!

-Naturally. So he sent me to investigate.

-And you plugged in all the models?

-Mostly the American one of forty percent.

-And that confirmed...?

-No go. Others failed also. So I spoke to each citizen.

-And some were idiots and some...

-Nope. All idiots. My report confirmed.

-But how could they run a village? You'd have chaos.

-Not quite, at least not always. I was present at an important meeting. First of all, everyone had a wonderful time!

-I can imagine.

-And, actually an agenda item in there! Appointing police officer.

-What criteria would...?

-After much disassociated screaming, they settled on Katrina... with the proviso that she wear polka dot panties. She misunderstood, so that's all she wore the first duty day.

-Cold!

-But off the chart cute! So much so that everyone wore them after that.

-Men too?

-None of that stuff makes any difference there.

-And did they keep on being happy ever after? As in the fairy tales?

-Until the election. Then you got the usual vituperation.

-And an idiot won?

-Per usual.

Labels: Austria, intelligence, mountains, politics, village idiot

Sunday, April 13, 2014

-Still have that 20% off coupon?

-If they return for us, we won't insist.

-Nobody's coming back.

-Afraid so.

-Lousy fuckin deal!

-Well…'ll be fast when it…

-Burns up? Hardly painless.

-I'm gonna write a poem.

-You? I've got more talent than you and
I've got none.

-So what? I'll write about us.

-Not even Dorine or Ginger will read it!
They're probably living it up on the new
planet with some obnoxious space goons.

-Not in our control.

-Nothing is. We're, like, totally screwed.

-I'll put that in our poem.

-Your poem. I'M, somehow, gonna fight against the fire.

-The world will know our story. All the worlds.

-Yeah. I'll bet they can't wait.

-I believe in my poem!

-Keep it up! I’m…really done. The rest is talk.

-That’s my title!

-And if they ever would rescue us, you‘ll never shut up!

-That’s right. You’re a doer, I’m a talker.

Labels: burning planet, last men, left behind, poetry

Monday, April 14, 2014

-Look at that! Jesus will you freakin look at that!

-I knew you'd be taken with it. You've heard the concept, and since we believe it so deeply, we wanted to show it in terms the American Moron could understand.

-Does he speak in just greenbacks, or are there coins mixed in there somewhere?

-Bills make the point.

-But how did you...?

-Trade secret. We've worked on it a good while.

-I...can't make the words out, really.

-What difference does that make? It's the principle. Money is speaking! Therefore money is speech.

-Will he keep it up forever, or do you gather up about a bushel and stick it up his ass for the process to begin anew?

-Something like that.

-Well, eighth wonder of the world. The man talks out money! Wow! It keeps spewing and spewing from his mouth! I can't get over it!

-Intellect solves problems if the smarmy government stays away!

-I'd send a clip of him to the Supreme Court. Sorta back them up. I mean it sounds ridiculous to say money is speech and vice versa. Two different things.

-But, observe! Obviously not!

-You keep educating the morons, and one fine day some will make the Supreme Court.

-That battle has been won.

Labels: Money as Speech, morons, Supreme Court

Tuesday, April 15, 2014

President Joline Shellmire will sign into law

Quotes:

1) I'll sign it. It's trivial, but let's get it out of the way.
Our table is too full to waste any more time on it.

2) Trivial, hey? If Freedom is trivial! -Sen Malcom Rosstell,R,WY.

3) Let the boys have their little peekaboo. But, buy new garments.
Modified ones too chintzy! -Actress Mixxy Elbore

4) Add a devil-may-care female president to a perpetually cowardly congress, and is it any wonder that the Hollywoodization of America is finally accomplished? We will pay! God insists!
-Rev Osgood Greb, Decency Front

5) Scrotum? How to not show what accompanies it? -Till Evans, Women’s Aggregate

More from Sex & Politics WebNews in fifteen minutes

Labels: Christian, Hollywood, politics, scrotum, sex

Wednesday, April 16, 2014

Latest edition of his history of the club featured the new President on the cover, sitting with him on the famous bench off the first tee.

He couldn't play with him, though. Three others had flown in, their helicopter landing next to Marine One.

"Not you, of course! Billionaires, not peons!" remarked Assistant Professional, Bert Sommes. Socialist Bert.

His editor concocted five pages describing the visit, including the President going into the kitchen to ask Andre to deep fry a sweet potato. Never happened.

Labels: billionaires, golf, golf club, power, President

Thursday, April 17, 2014

Most scorned the legal barbarism of one slash monthly. But it made no difference in the bought-and-paid for democracy.

The National Slashers Association lobbied for the limit to be lifted to five. And all fees eliminated.

Many people, of course, didn't carry swords.

Which makes all five feet of Jeanette stand out. She wanders through the group of roistering Slashers on the fetid subway platform until she reaches the one who has abused her daughter.

The viral video proves remarkable, all commentators amazed at the speed a small woman could generate. Experts break it down like a golf swing.

Of course, she runs immediately afterwards, and the oafs can’t catch her.

The one clings to life as Senators decry vigilante lawlessness.

But Jeanette, for all her passion, had obtained a one-month license.

They apologize, and the news moves on to Fourth of July celebrations.

Labels: legal, legal barbarism, slashing, swords, vigilante

Friday, April 18, 2014

Civil Servants

-All hail the conquering hero! hey?

-I'll remain here.

-The rabble will yell themselves hoarse.

-And get hit for it, or have trinkets showered on them.

-How many of these marauders have...?

-This is my last. He'll kill me or use me. If the latter, I'll eventually ease to retirement.

-We could have left with the others.

-I've run, and run in place. No more.

-One word is he wants you for a post.

-I'll serve. As if there's a choice.

-He'll bathe with you. It's how he does everything.

-Well I'm old and fat and not likely to attract him.

-Why is it that some exist like us, smoothing things between cataclysms?

-It's a mystery I've never solved for myself.

-Despised by all?

-Probably.

Labels: civil servant, revolution, upheaval

Saturday, April 19, 2014

-So you need a wronged woman? I got one! Deepest hurt for the ladies. And then endless homicidal rage for the more vicious segment of them.

-I'll call the agent of this…?

-Laurie. Nothing like her on the planet. Scares the shit outa me just looking at her.

-Sounds perfect.

-Uh…I just thought, unfortunately. I'm afraid she recently ruled herself out.

-Stop it! How could…?

-She became a Larry.

-Sex change operation?

-The whole meghilla. So, if you need a wronged man someday, that inner drive to murder translates easily enough.

-Call in one of the lazy-ass writers!

-Interesting move. Flip the script from girl to guy.

-No problem-o! But I'm thinking deeper this instant. Wronged both as woman and man! In fact…perhaps not by external people at all.

-The whole searing drama played inside Larry-Laurie? Jekyll and Helen?

-I'm sniffing Academy Awards!

-At least one of those genius ones for you.

-*"I'd like to thank…nobody."* It's a lonely life.

Labels: Academy Award, Hollywood, Jekyll and Hyde, producer, script, story conference

Sunday, April 20, 2014

Together

-We're all becoming van Gogh.

-Mid (sings) *Starry starry niiiiights...?*

-No, the part about struggling for his sanity.

-What's the outcome?

-Ask the Bell Dance.

-That gong did done me wrong!

-Are we...making things up?

-Can't tell.

Labels: art, complexity, composition, insanity, van Gogh

Monday, April 21, 2014

Music &...

Her mom o'd
& so she was-
n't about to!

Except...they
get talking with-

in 1 haunting
episode...

&. &. &.

Labels: Fate, Music, overdose

Tuesday, April 22, 2014

Delsee enjoyed the toy factory. Bitsey made it a lark.

Delsee placed a blue beret on red-haired *B. Hocart, International Detective*, and Bitsey ran a stitch through it, in case a child might swallow the tiny hat.

Delsee and Renton lived on a farm, their trailer being part of his pay.

They enjoyed the fields turning dark gold, then purple, after work, and a beer.

Suddenly Renton got a mystery disease making him weak all over. Simultaneously, just about, the colors of *R. Hocart, International Detective*, got switched: red beret on blue hair!

"And they're Gothing up Priscilla too!" Bitsey informed her.

Priscilla has helped him solve crimes in a sunny, blond way! Not any more.

Both women start hating their jobs, and with Delsee worrying about Renton alone in the trailer, and probably burning it down...?

These anxieties cease shortly after when the factory moves to Mexico.

Delsee stays with Renton day and night. They hardly leave the trailer.

She receives early Social Security, and he, younger, has to fight for Disability, getting a lawyer.

"In tough times, lots of faking," the examiner tells them. But Renton is finally approved, the VA doctor writing a letter.

Everything going fairly well one year later, the farmer having given them the trailer, but Delsee still dreams seas of red berets, and wakes up sweating.

Labels: disability, globalization, Social Security, toys

Wednesday, April 23, 2014

Barbette rocked with
one suicidal lover
after another. Her

father tried breathing
again when she turned
celibate Goth.

“Looks like shit but
who gives a fuck?”

Labels: daughter, father, Goth, rock n' roll, suicidal, youthful experimentation

Thursday, April 24, 2014

Techniques For Getting Ahead

-First of all, my Sissy marries a Mohawk guy. She gets "ditzy" from her mother's sde.

-What color hair?

-Cerulean.

-What's that?

-Azure blue.

-Striking!

-Especially with the tattoos. So, anyway, he gets laid off from a warehouse of a whole bunch of 'em.

-Employment prospects then?

-Close to zip! And Sissy comes over to cry. We usually like her visits of course. Goth or not. And naturally, she's pregnant.

-Troubled young people, whatever the costume.

-Well...unbelievably they listen. What a shock that was! First thing, we get him a suit.

-That's a sight!

-And a haircut.

-Goodbye Mohawk? Once proudly up there like a blue hatchet!

-Lou evened it all up. Or down. Like Marine Corps.

-How about the color.

-Dyed black.

-Next step for this now-acceptable young man?

-Training program for young brokers. Larry Finnerty, in charge, owed me favor.

-Ugh! Not my world! Anyway, I feel two ways. One, he has to work, and two, most of us do have to compromise.

-Amen!

-But...will he turn into something like you? A weaseling toady who'd blow anybody to get ahead? Known far and wide for the sink of his kowtow?

-Though your unfortunate bush-league sarcasm has grievously held you back, we're really speaking now of an Art. Let's give him time.

Labels: "Art" of Getting Ahead, broker, Goth, kowtow, Mohawk

Friday, April 25, 2014

Something to Remember You By*

-Why did she keep an arm? I mean, she stabbed him a frenzied two hundred, give or take. Then acid-bathed him. Then, ground...

-Stop there! I get the gist.

-They find the arm in the freezer. Wrapped up like a roast. Hadn’t really been able to extract DNA before this.

-(sings) Please give me something to remember you by.

-(also singing) When you are far away from me-yee.

-Some little something saying love will not die.

They continue alternating in song.

*Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz

Labels: Crime of Passion, DNA, forensics, mordant, passion, popular songs, stabbing

Saturday, April 26, 2014

-In Georgia, can take a gun to church.

-And Atlanta, Beacon of the New South!

-Used to be.

-Why don't they just make two states:
Georgia and Backwards Georgia?

-Too late.

Labels: Atlanta, Georgia, guns, guns in church, Rural South

Sunday, April 27, 2014

-(shouts) Don't say hello again! Put the phone to your good ear!

-Hello? Oh, I don't mean that. I'm hearing you loud and clear.

-Which practitioner are you complaining about today? Obviously not an ear person.

-Never mind! I'm seeing the Cancer Impresario at four. I'll let you know what he slices off with his laser.

-Can't wait. You know...even at your age people develop interests, hobbies?

-I should fly little airplanes down Lincoln Road?

-Anything! Spare me the medical bore. On and freakin on!

-Hey! What can I say? It's my whole life!

-Why don't you have a party for the Big-C Billionaire, the Dermo, the Dentist, the...

-I get the idea. But I'm not treating them, they're treating me!

-Humor! Lame, but valiant try from one nearly dead.

-All from Miami Beach, and I'm not even Jewish.

-Too bad. Then there'd be a tradition behind your abject misery. A tremendous folklore from Russia and Poland. Artists who translate tragedy to fiddles. And, add the thumping comedic record coming down from the Yiddish theater.

-Okay! Okay! So there's nothing behind me except a succession of sour and icy Puritans.

-Broke THAT tradition at least! You'll die doing it.

-As long as I can find it. I...tied a string!

-By God you’re laughing! Laughing!

-That's why I call you!

-I should go on the medical and psychiatric payroll.

-No room.

-I’ll serve for a dollar a year.

-Fifty cents!

Labels: Cancer, complaints, death, doctors, medical, medical conditions, senior, sex

Monday, April 28, 2014

"Let me freshen your drink, Senator!"

Since John Q never in
Position to utter such
Magic words, he loses.

And loses inexorably.
Unsaved

In the Land of the Fried
And Home of the Bought.

Labels: bribery, corruption, John Q, money in politics, senator

Tuesday, April 29, 2014

-Jilly learned it in school. International Week. Anyway, dog bites wife’s nose, and husband feeds it cookies after! It’s a Flamingo song.

-Flamenco.

-Whatever. Gotta hand it to those Spaniels!

-Spaniards.

-What I say?

-Spaniels.

-Well, you know what I meant.

-Always.

-What...if I didn’t talk a whole day? Would you read my thoughts?

-Easy as pie.

-Pie! Mmmm! What’s it with French Apple? I don’t see it anymore. Apples, raisins, and thick topping of vanilla icing. Jesus!

-Too too much even before that last!

-Yeah, what do they call that? I mean, when something is added and it’s, like, awful awful extra.

-Grilling the lilly.

-Stop it! Can’t be that! What a stink!

-You got that right.

-What would you do without me to tease?

-Life would be infinitely poorer.

-I’m going on the net to see where French Apple is.

-One of youse intelligent.

-I’ll guess which. Should I google you to see if you’re one?

-Nothing stings like the taunt of a fool!

-You got that right.

Labels: friends, intelligence, native wit, proverbs, repartee, wit

Wednesday, April 30, 2014

Dream remnants beset Carlsen, each day amplifying them.

Until he couldn’t tell the difference, and life and work became the dream also.

His boss told him not to worry. “You’re just late to discover what we’ve all known.”

Labels: dream, reality, work

Thursday, May 01, 2014

-The New Incoherence just about swept most musicians out.
And now with Ragged Incoherence...?

-It all finished me, and the group.

-They...glue rags together before each performance!

-Clever enough, so they can flip around here and there and
show their little things.

-Rather prodigious in the case of Mickey-Mel-Mookie, my daughter's favorite. And each instrument, too, becomes a laugh. They pass them hand to hand. And in the performance we witnessed, all converged for a laser-slashed finale on
one drum-set, obliterating it in a frenzy.

-Yeah? Well there's still real music elsewhere!

-And you wish to represent it by teaching “Intro” at this obscure
junior college?

-An ambassador!

-Well, there are already PhDs in The Incoherences, and you just have the bachelor's. But you studied with eminent classical persons, and performed worldwide. At any rate, I'll get you before the committee. Don't be surprised if you’re bombarded with anagrams. DKM is Deaf Kraut Music, after Beethoven. MM is Metronome in Molasses--what they call Sinatra, Beatles, Ella Fitzgerald etc. JOM equals Jerking Off in Mirrors, or Jazz. HC means Hick Central, or Country. Many more coined relatively recently, but you'll be up for them, I'm sure.

-We always got warnings, but never thought sheer ignorance would
take over.

-You're one to help lead the counterrevolution. I'm done! With teaching, family, and committee work...and nerves permanently on edge with the traffic shrieks of Ragged Incoherence!

Labels: Beatles, chaos, Ella, incoherence, jazz, Music, musical revolution, Sinatra,

style, taste

Friday, May 02, 2014

Tap-Dancing in the House

-You came here an indifferent Christian.

-Comic-book version of Bible in my office.

-Then the Evangelicals steamrolled the party in your state.

-And The White Flame of Faith has shot from my ass ever since!

-How could you do it so fast? Metamorphose like that?

-Called Method Acting. Brando taught me. And Cockroaches.

-Uh huh? And what if by some Kafka-esque miracle, the whole shebang turned atheist?

-Need you ask? God wouldn't bless our work, but who gives a shit?

-That last phrase encapsulates your service.

-Something has to.

Labels: atheist, Bible, Brando, cockroach, Congress, Evangelicals, faith, hypocrisy, Kafka, Metamorphosis

Saturday, May 03, 2014

-Every other Blue Moon, we get a wedding
between two nearly spent duckies at Bide a Bit.
TV offers them up as "cute."

-At that age, each must hold all kinds of sins
and guilts. And secrets!

-Sure! If both pure, why bother marrying?

Labels: retirement community, senior, senior romance, wedding

Sunday, May 04, 2014

-I'm not there with porn. Watching others doing it? No thanks.

-Would it matter if it were two males?

-I've not thought.

-Well...extraneous, or upsetting?

-Maybe, some of the latter.

-Lesbos?

-Please! No!

-How about watching yourself with a partner? Name the sex.

-I don't know.

-Well, I'd say you're about halfway there as a pervert.

-Perhaps a quarter.

-At any rate, a weak case.

-Yup. I'd put the world asleep. If they paid any attention at all.

-No chance of that!

Labels: homosexual, lesbian, porn, pornography

Monday, May 05, 2014

Since fully 70% of the working population
had ceased sleeping, Republicans have pushed
for a 12-hour workday.

Those workers who have gotten so hyper
so as to frighten their family have been
prescribed Golden Gophers, severe
downers from the University of California
lab, the same that invented *NoSleepEver.*

Come aboard! beckons the National Bureau of
Health TV ad, showing a gleeful train running
by graveyards, celebrants singing at the top
of their lungs and passing around trays
of food.

“Why snooze away a third of your life?”
actor Marcus Headly resonates near its close.
The swift train dopplers as we no longer see it.
Then, Marcus repeats.

Thus it’s all doppler.

Labels: downer, medication, pill, sleep

Tuesday, May 06, 2014

The Art of It

-You're a perfect example of the Hired Gun!
Turnout Specialist for the Democrats
hired away by Republicans. Differences?

-Vast! With the Dems, cut and dried. Checking
this list against that. Arranging transportation
for old ladies in nursing homes, etc. And
just around election time, more or less, not
24-7

-And with those tough, rather than functionary
Republicans?

-Never stops! And much more emotional. Putting
all the media in play, especially radio. Why a special set of under-lock surveys
demonstrates...

-Uh oh! Nerd Alert, Nerd Alert! Wanted lectures,
woulda stayed in school. Give us the phrase
that encapsulates it! Now!

-Keeping the Crazies white-hot!

Labels: crazies, Democrat, election turnout, hired gun, Republican

Wednesday, May 07, 2014

of the NSA sings

Let's all Gather

Information

By the River.

Labels: Christian, hymn, NSA

Thursday, May 08, 2014

Tries figuring particular knots, but all types, from granny to complex.

Can hop around, but stops.

Too late, since old man downstairs complains.

Patrolmen Minnerty and Rauch are responding. In their good time.

The complex keeps them busy.

Gets one hand semi-loose for breakfast. Toasted frozen waffle, strawberry jam, coffee. It takes twice as long, and tries sliding rather than hopping, for quieter results.

Finally phones Gwen whose father brought her up as sea person, other ways a boy.

“Like to meet you for lunch but I’m all tied up.”

She's finally horrified. “First step in elimination process!”

She rushes there to untie. He recommends in his discomfort a butcher knife, but she insists it’s important not to cut.

Some ropes communicating.

Can hear patrolmen in hall. “Let's get this sissy in sisal!”

She quickly sends the wrong floor signal.

“14! In all my documentation!” screams Officer Minnerty.

“Nah, 15. It’s blinking its ass off!”

Can hear them in elevator as they ascend. Officer Rauch hisses. "1407 or 1507: we’ll get both sonsabitches!”

A fight with a retired welder ensues. Shots.

“They’ll straighten it out” she whispers.

“Somebody could be dead by then.”

“No way! They can’t shoot accurately. At any rate,” flicking the last knot aside, “say goodbye to this apartment. You’ll never see it again.”

“I can’t leave in pjs!”

“That’s where you’re wrong.”

Labels: future, government murder, knots, seamanship, tied up

Friday, May 09, 2014

The shack in the rear of the dingy apartment house was vacant and decrepit. A club of boys last used it ten years ago.

Macky met Clyde there, hissing “Benghazi!”

“It’s back then?” Clyde started striking his face with his fists.

“Yes, and I’m...getting your pants down now. I’m gonna f--!”

“No!”

“Don’t struggle. Must be done. For the Party. And God! And Patriotism!”

“I wanna kill myself!”

“No shit? Changed my mind. Struggle!”

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, politics, Republican Dead Horse

Saturday, May 10, 2014

and be and be

-Have you sampled the new facilities
in Piccadilly?

-Sounds like music hall banter.

-Feels a bit like it too. Ridiculous. Multisex!

-Oh? How is...?

-You punch up a board of colored lights
for your exact preference.

-Sounds more public than I’d prefer.

-I said it awkwardly. Rather like an iPad, really.

-If it's clean, I could care less about...

-Well, it creeps me out a bit, I'm afraid. The whole
exacting process.

-Buck up! England expects each person to do
that person's duty!

-Shall I pack up my troubles in my old kit bag
and smile, smile, smile?

-One quite sufficient.

Labels: England, multisex, music hall, public bathroom, World War 1

Sunday, May 11, 2014

“Who died and made him God? He’s half our age and gets us trembling! It’s a farce.”

“Later.”

"He’s incompetent and we’re heading for disaster!”

“Soft-pedal a bit till we’re outa here. Then, we’ll talk. Like, really cool it!”

The lobby was all tile and the sound of the disintegrator deafened me.

George ended in a sealed waxen box.

“I warned him but, well, bit headstrong.”

Not the first time I had addressed such a box.

Labels: future, leadership, political disaster, speaking out, totalitarian

Monday, May 12, 2014

Well, One

Do they disappear?
The unfinished
tasks in dreams?

You worked so hard,
but then woke up.

Perhaps there's
a repository, so

some person in Bangladesh
or Argentina checks one out

and commences on it. If thus,
something of yours actually
gets finished. Hallelujah!

Labels: dreams, finishing tasks, universal dreams

Tuesday, May 13, 2014

For Love and Glory

-We're supposed to be into the Chinese Century,
but look at their New Years, and all the nonsense
with dragons. Dragons! Oh my!

-You're implying no more dragons to be feared,
and even slain?

-Cut it out!

-How about metaphorically? Buoy us up a bit!

-I don't deal in figures of speech.

-I bet you don't even want Mickey Rooney and
Judy Garland to find an old barn in Connecticut
and put on a show!

-Not really.

-Or Fred and Ginger to dance by signs of
railroad stations right up to Broadway's Palace?

-Toodley-doo.

-But people want a show! To see one or...

-My show's the bottom line.

-*A fine and private place,*
but none, I fear, do there embrace.

-Poetry! The very definition of useless.

-Let’s make a movie!

-Where I'm converted to bullshit at the end?
Buying statues for the peasants’ church?

-Better than your version.

-Mine just wins!

Labels: businessman, Chinese, Dragon, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, John Donne, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, movies, New Year, poetry, reality

Wednesday, May 14, 2014

Are All Answers Questions?

C shunned involvement
as A detailed the quarrel
with B. C *uh huh-ed* and

mmm'd at random peaks,
feeling it would play out.

Never did, and the bitterness
weighed on C so much that
a meeting arranged, moderated

with such great skill and emotion
that the hatchet buried.

In C's back. Both parties henceforth
despising this incompetent peacemaker.

Who becomes a thoroughgoing mess.
Is this where it all had to go? C never
believed in Destiny, but A, B, did.

Will those who feel the world being shaped
shape our world?

Or is this heavy question showing off
on its own accord? Like most.

Labels: bury hatchet, peacemaking, quarrel

Thursday, May 15, 2014

Rooms Have Power

Makes no difference
their size.

Big meeting takes place
once in medium,
and he is terrorized

on the stairs by
CEO fleeing,

and moans inside,
finally "darting howls."

He did spare in his art time.

Labels: business, business cliches, CEO, meeting, room, terror

Friday, May 16, 2014

Breaking Up Proving Easy To Do

His Medical Girlfriend informed him she had
found a one less boring.

But, knowing he'd be a mope acquiring another
woman, she advised taking care of himself--
for his prostate.

He took the advice, even to professorial levels,
buying many books and tapes and DVDs.

At meetings in the plant, he frequently excused
himself as the frenzy descended.

The result, upshot? Well the one instance
where the Old Wives spot on: He went mad!

The nurses at Single Pine have a nickname
for him. Unimaginative but accurate.

Labels: addiction, breakup, masturbation, mental illness, relationship, sex, sex addiction

Saturday, May 17, 2014

Chupsy never said anything clever. And coming close to 40.

One night when the whole gang assed around, all looked to him for some mystical reason, and he...emitted a something to make everyone cringe.

The whole group turned its back as if praying for the shame to vanish.

And then it happened. A new remark, somewhat esoteric, and yet fitting the topic on more than one point.

A beat or two, and then the spontaneous roar of laughter.

He was much congratulated, but people often avoided him after.

Expecting that laser wit to cut them mid mot.

Needn't have bothered. One-shot wonder.

Labels: friendship, loser, table wit, wit

Sunday, May 18, 2014

Eventually, as expired Mom had
predicted, his name. Found it,

of course, on bank statements
but enough was enough.

Changed legally to Huggert Dahl.
The women liked the Dahl part
since he was blankly handsome.

And the Huggert gave them excuses
to hug. Darlene, as per her nature,
proved the most passionate.

And the most insistent. They marry.
When friends throw rice, he asks
what that is. Truly,

never mind. Recalls enough for her
to leverage direction. One must, she
feels, in every match.

Labels: forgetfulness, marriage, power, sex

Monday, May 19, 2014

Lift That Bale!

Like most Americans
I've worked

hard,
or fled.

Former not quite matching
Larry the Plumber of
a hundred-degree day

wrestling a water heater
through a dogshit
crawl space.

Presently under back treatment
from Dr Trellsor, he will
man the tiny office

and dispatch his guys. Now
time to watch BENGHASI REDUX.

There he might detect
how hard legislators toil,
telling each other of it, oil-

ing over party lines
to do so. Sighing
at the end.

Work.
Hard.

Uh huh?

Labels: Benghazi, Congress, self-congratulatory, work

Tuesday, May 20, 2014

And Merry Melodies, Not

Bloomberg favors me of Saturdays
by showcasing true business leaders.

With vision yet. Rest of week,
ultra right-wing creeps and Loon-
y Tunes basically full of shit.

John Galt, if he slid an
icy hand in your pocket.

Labels: Bloomberg, business, John Galt, leader, Right Wing, vision

Wednesday, May 21, 2014

The Sweet Aesthetic

-My first agenda item: kicking the shit out of these teachers' pensions.

-Left'll scream! Another wealth transfer from the middle-class to the Got-Rocks.

-Uh huh? You know the beauty of that theory?

-None!

-No, it has the sweet aesthetic of being spot on!

-Well, let's not acknowledge it as such.

-No worry. They don't have the balls.

Labels: Governor, pensions, Republican, spoils, teachers, wealth, wealth transfer

Thursday, May 22, 2014

(Last one, emergency a minute!)

At any rate, put her in our Expedition to her Aunt's country
place, and then don my faux military garb, complete with
AK-47 won at church.

Not much time, due to her casual warning.

Join the Assassination Squad on their sweep of our floor,
no one the wiser.

They flood off the elevators as I merge smoothly, imitating
their duck-and-poke Swat Team manner.

We batter down doors that are unlocked.

Lingering, then, within domestic sets of sofas, and tables with
toasters. Lost for meditative seconds after determining the
absence of the persons in the photographs about, which the
others match with ones on phones.

Usually the leader, when we gather in the hallway again, lights
a cigarette, indicating All-Clear.

But today he performs a vicious uppercut with his weapon,
so up the stairs we go to 15.

All stealth lost in our thundering, but 15 perceives slowly,
being mostly retired.

Bipsy-Lou has rigged the elevator not to stop there again,
till the cleanup and refurbishment complete.

There's a waiting list already.

The leader has been mildly reprimanded for overzealousness, and
my wife has returned, casting bucolic Instagram snaps on House-TV.

Labels: assassination, future, militarism, murder, over-reaction, police

Friday, May 23, 2014

It’s hard to address a waxy box. Nothing writes on it, and labels fall off.

Yet Maxine gave him 52 of all sizes for his birthday.

“No you can give me something every week of the year!” she crowed.

He consulted Standing Bear of the Utes.

Turned her into actual crow.

She’s missed, and he’d still like a word with her from time to time.

But no crows have answered yet, though one stole his watch from a picnic table. He had taken it off
to check his pulse.

Labels: birthday, crow, gift, magic

Saturday, May 24, 2014

Asking heavy questions about
inconsequential things. That’s
Humanities. Science finds

the animating nonsense. Fairy-
lands of Arts fog any goals, putz
around in marshmallows.

The Business School, of course,
features heavy lifting. Grounded

in philosophy of Galt. Halt-
ing dingbats and dancers

at the door. In Engineering
nothing changes in the mind.
Should have kept the slide-rule.

Labels: arts, business, college, Engineering, Galt, Humanities, university

Sunday, May 25, 2014

The Process of Certain Arts

-The gathering of guitar students out there.

-Raw beginners and somewhat advanced.

-The latter pretty good.

-One person hangs apart. Royalty. Doesn’t speak to any of them.

-The Master Teacher comes rarely, and only for him.

-He’s so terrific, you’d think nothing left to teach him.

-Little things here and there.

-Anyway, they’ll hafta hurry. Master Teacher goes on tour in a month.

-Then our new artist joins the band backing some mega star. Already signed. He'll get solos when she rests.

-Didn’t know that. And! After all the years of booze and broads and drugs and acclaim...?

-It’s back here as the new Master Teacher. Twenty pounds lighter and nerves about shot!

-How many more of these cycles we got left, before we die or retire?

-Same.

Labels: and rock n roll, booze, cycle, drugs, guitar, Master Teacher, Music, music instruction

Monday, May 26, 2014

-It's wrong that we characterize our co-workers. Like, “Bossy Millie.” She can be bossy but there's a great deal more to her.

"What was all that about in there?"

"The Moralist wants finer detail."
.....

-What's up?” I had to ask...way the air felt then.

-Max and Jenny in a helluva fight! She stormed out forever!”

-Sorry I asked.

I've not asked since, some twelve years.

Now when I encounter the beginning of a slippery atmospheric, I intuit problems and run away like hell!

Labels: bossy, label, romantic quarrel, running away, stereotyping

Tuesday, May 27, 2014

“Jicks and I thought we’d avoid the jealously thing, if you…? We shared you?”

But Marnie tells them she’s a Jill seeking another.

Jicks and Bell agree it’s just bad luck.

They continue to work on the large dugout canoe.

On huge-moon nights they have heard faint slapping noises from a nearby island. Why the women washed clothes at that hour makes for much speculation.

They decide on a night raid, to kidnap three. Marnie just laughs when they ask how she can be sure she’ll pick a Jill.

Comes the raid, finally, and the sea turns rougher than Bell has planned, the moon obscured by low clouds. They come tantalizingly close, the laundry song booming in the stormy atmospherics. Lightning illuminates the mass of women.

Then the canoe is swept out into the further, stroboscopic ocean, where the rain eventually ceases.

Their luck changes at first light when they’re picked up by a Chinese freighter.

The women doctor treats them equally, but with a tiny smile towards Marnie.

Who lives in Beijing presently; the men have successfully married, but dream the laundry song of moonlit nights.

Labels: Beijing, Chinese, jealously, marooned, moonlight, raid, rescue

Wednesday, May 28, 2014

On this heavy day,
the gull can hardly
lift his wings, thus

wrinkling
the universe
somewhat less.

Somewhere else
along the globe
a brother or sister

beats with the untir-
ing vigor they know
is instantly required.

Labels: balance, globe, Nature, seagull

Thursday, May 29, 2014

Young Law

Mike and Dolores required to read alternative sections of the 147-page Telemark Industrials v Hopkinsen Leisure Manufacturing to each other.

He: Isaac Babel said that a comma in the right place stabs the human heart.

She: I got your right place! Stick it up your ass!

Labels: Babel, Law, law suit, lawyers, overkill, vulgarity

Friday, May 30, 2014

Solon and Aide

-Whatever happened to *Fiercely Independent Champion of the Working Man and Woman?*

-Not a thing. You keep saying it!

-Won't your Wall Street Bankers get pissed?

-You don't get to be a Wall Street Banker unless you know everything is bullshit.

-Or a Senator?

-Church Dude...whatever. You name it!

-And your favorite movie, *The Sound of Music*?

-And you're (sings) *a bird that is learning to sing.*

-The NRA wants me blasted away.

-No rhyming in the office!

-Where do you stand on Gun Control?

-I don't stand anywhere. For anything. I persuade.

-What are you persuading your gun nuts to...?

-Not to bring a bazooka to a pea-shooting contest.

-The latter weapon will be a great help when the black and Hispanic Marauders come down the hill!

-I'm persuading 'em: Stay up there!

-Let's start casting you as Peacemaker!

-Bi-fuckin-partisan!

Labels: black, bullshit, compromise, gun control, Hispanic, NRA, senator, Wall Street, Working Man, Working Woman

Saturday, May 31, 2014

“I sold rights to it to Charlie Hokk. He put it on T-Shirts, mugs, the whole smear!

Would you believe that then I had to pay him a thousand each time I said it in the act? And it was once my trademark phrase! I tried others, of course, but came back to it. Adoring public!

So, I made a mistake. And the million he paid me was all pissed away anyhow. *C’est la*...whatever. Win some, lose some. Others called off due to Acid Rain! Hey! Wuzawoowuz!-–can say it cuz it cost me nothing in private conversation.

How did I become a comedian?

Everybody laughed at me growing up! Got to like the sound.

That’s AT me, not with me?

So what? Who gives a shit? You wear yourself out worrying about crap like that.

Wuzawoowuz!

Can I put it on my tombstone? Well, that’s advertising medium too! Maybe he’ll relent to acknowledge the public’s love of me.

Yeah, love. Don’t act so shocked!”

Labels: comedian, comedy, laughing, saying

Sunday, June 01, 2014

Fidelity in the Neighborhood

They used the forever word.

Feeling hotly natural about it.

Thereafter, something...quirked.

Unexpected, and odd.

She shrugged: the Roulette Wheel
of Love.

He nodded, having lost standing in
the forever business.

Later, that wheel spun again.

And yet again.

Place your bets, Ladies and Gentlemen!

Labels: casino, fidelity, forever, gambling, love

Monday, June 02, 2014

Your new tablet chimes you alerts. Phils vs Mets, each scoring play.

But a darker turn this moment at the hotel.

Delsey leaving you

Then the chimes in fairly rapid succession:

Girlfriend Mims in taxi

Picking out Delsey's stuff from yours

Delsey claims she bought toaster oven

Given up on splitting goods

Mims says too much fuss anyway

Delsey says you're not worth it

Mims agrees

Phones Two Vets and a Truck and will take it all

The chimes have lulled you, and Phils and Mets in extra innings.

Howard home run wins it in 12 for Phils

Time to switch off.

Charge.

Labels: alerts, breakup, girlfriend, Howard, Mets, Phils, tablet, women

Tuesday, June 03, 2014

How Many Illegal Immigrants
Can Dance On the Head of a Pin?

Depends. You need ‘em for rhetoric, what’s the difference ever?

You need ‘em to pick your fuckin melons:
battalions!

Labels: farming, immigration, politics of immigration, rhetoric

Wednesday, June 04, 2014

We phone
the judge as

a tug to get on
same page. Then,

don’t fuss. Knows
our pretty way a-

round a case.
Supremely so
at present.

Labels: corruption, crooked, influence, judge, legal, political influence, Supreme Court

Thursday, June 05, 2014

Forgive the French
for being crooks.

In other ways, so so
très charmant! Look-

ing élégante
as others sweat
about the books.

**Times*

Labels: banking, banking scandals, French

Friday, June 06, 2014

Rose at noon,
hit Starbucks
sans makeup, in

boxy sweater and
ripped jeans. No use.

Male Barista shakily jived,
and her sisters, though tart-
ed up for business,

could never match her
even in this slattern state.

Who can say life fair?
You only work bits

at a time towards that. At
any rate, the women in
museums display

admired music,
seemingly forever.

Labels: beauty, casual dress, museum, Startbucks

Saturday, June 07, 2014

Thus Working It Out

“Is it okay if I don’t do everything perfectly
every single time?”

Melody snapped the whip. “No!...and sorta yes.”

“Good! Wiggle room!”

“Try wiggling. Anything!”

Labels: compromise, couple, sex, wiggle room

Sunday, June 08, 2014

Kiss

“I hope it’s all right.
Felt so natural.”

Was, and did. Not to rash
prattlers who assert

her former perished
in a flaming crash.

(Bit of a daredevil and
bad luck too.) This

present transported his keen
self a few blocks away,

where a random drive-by
did him in. Teen: “We

had the gun and the car,
so why not?”

“Kiss of Death” sold
in the neighbor-
hood. Has gotten old,

but no line forms
for pretty her.

Labels: 'hood, death, drive-by, kiss, kiss of death, neighborhood

Monday, June 09, 2014

-Well, more and more jobs! No mistaking this recovery. At last!

-Pour me out another two fingers.

-You've been drinking my Democratic Scotch for fifteen years!

-My Tea Partiers want it to be patriotic bourbon.

-And you better start paying for it. Show receipts when you're hauled in.

-Hey! According to them, I should never be in your impure company. But back to today's figures. You got permanently unemployed in there, not counted.

-Them. Once more into the breach!

-These simpletons will never work again. And you Democrats don't give a shit!

-Historically, you Republicans never have! And never will!

-Yup, but don't know about the latter. Your nerdy scientists might get pigs flying yet.

Labels: Democrat, flying pigs, Republican, science, senator, unemployment, work

Tuesday, June 10, 2014

The Relatively Happy Manager

was shattered at work that Monday
with the news that all the fork-lifts
were missing. The usual drivers watched
porno and sent out for donuts.

His supervisors screamed as usual, but in
a higher key.

Just acting. They had rented out the machines at
an exorbitant rate to The John Galt Physicians Corps, who were attacking City Hall at that moment.

Part of the First Privatized Revolution--eschewing
the Army, any government component--were soon
joined by Chamber of Commerce types who gouged
everybody buying munitions.

The revolutionaries soon began fighting among
themselves over eventual splits of booty.

City Hall forgotten as a prize, and destroyed.

The overall leader, a militant accountant, was
summarily executed on the smoking ruins
by The Tea Party Patriotic Brigade.

A Rabbi went on TV to plead for reconciliation
but was ridiculed for not carrying a gun.

The other clergy had leased tanks from NATO partners.

One shadowy group who proudly called themselves
Wingnuts for Capitalism claimed they had the bomb, and would explode it at a random National Football League game.

Con men were freed from Danbury and other federal prisons.

One became the new, nominal leader, saying,

in his best Patrick Henry imitation: "The opportunity to so massively steal cannot be ignored."

Well, Money never lost a war. Or a revolution?

But shouldn’t either have some ideals? Okay, stupid question. For America anyway.

The Commercial is Everything! had been the motto going in. Most of the spouters are dead but the words live on.

Non-revolutionaries held for ransom. The case with our original manager. His wife fetched him for ten thousand and they immediately left for Paraguay.

Labels: American Capitalism, Commercialism, privatization, revolution

Wednesday, June 11, 2014

to war are not killed.
So they sing along

with martial strains.
The girls are warm

and the old men warmer. But,
the former worth something.

So...you should emerge with nothing
worse than an ingrown toenail?

A salubrious state, more or less.
If a part of you is blown off--

and let's face it, they're valuable
all--you'll be thanked for

your service by politicians, and
placed on a waiting list
at the VA hospital.

Most of your life comprised
of waiting from here on.

So pack up your troubles
in a plastic bag

and smile smile smile.
Lucifer in attendance
to light your flag.

You'll recognize him as
the steadiest patriot
out there.

Labels: Lucifer, martial, martial music, war, war wounds

Thursday, June 12, 2014

Mr Empty

doesn’t die but stops.

Placed in warehouse.

Finally they put in flashdrive containing Jack Mercer-Dunne of Show Low, AZ.

Thus Mr Empty then cheers for the AZ State Sun Devils, tells corny jokes and gooses both sexes.

Gone are weighty concerns. Replaced by a dream of guns.

Labels: AZ, future, guns, Show Low, Sun Devils

Friday, June 13, 2014

Legislative Melody

-That's some fund you've authored there! Millions upon millions!

-To help me and certain hand-picked others.

-And the zillionaires who contribute expect nothing in return: that's the American Miracle!

-Just the advancement of core conservative principles.

-Primarily, Stealing.

-You were never one for phrasing.

Labels: bribery, Conservative, fund raising, legislator, naming, principle, stealing

Saturday, June 14, 2014

Deodorant Failing!

And the bridesmaids' dresses, of a kind of semi-florescent salmon, were soaking through with sweat!

Oak Juntsley went to the minister. "Crank up the A/C! I'll pay extra, you cheap ecclesiastical son of a bitch!"

Just before the ceremony, old Dr Andernathy went to the car for a blanket for his Cecille, who had once synchronized swum in a justly forgotten Olympics.

The bride turned tremblingly beautiful. Groom leaned into her to support. The double rings proved difficult, what with icy fingers.

Fortunately, the reception outdoors: the smothering humidly a positive tonic by then.

A tottering Oak finally offered a toast to the minister, who then repeated word for word his message about forgiveness in marriage--his wife, already drunk, sneered so, she had to be eased behind the caterer's tent.

Labels: A/C, bride, bridesmaid, heat, hysteria, marriage, minister, wedding

Sunday, June 15, 2014

Lara

beat the social media craze. Long before Facebook and LinkedIn, she handled a network of about two dozen.

And she told each her secret.

Extracting the promise not to tell another!

Would you believe that promise kept?

Flies against the odds.

Thus she, at eighteen, was spared ugly and brutish and sarcastic and vicious gossip.

This last from women.

What WAS Lara’s secret?

As one of the two dozen, my lips remain sealed.

Sexual in nature?

At eighteen? How could you get such an idea?

Labels: eighteen, Facebook, LinkedIn, secret, sex, women

Monday, June 16, 2014

PIN A STINKWEED ON RIGHTIES

KEENING
WHEN GOVERNMENT PAYS

THE PRICE SHOOTS UP. THEIR
GOUGING

CONTRIBUTORS LEARNED IT
WITH MOTHERS' MILK.

THE REST COMPRISED OF
DIVING.

Labels: bribery, diving, diving in certain sports, gouging, government, government contracting, money in politics, politics

Tuesday, June 17, 2014

Visions and Revisions

2d Amendment too ill-
defined & 18th Century-ish.

The right to shoot &
kill the rest of us

must be more late-
ly enshrined. In

language like this.

Labels: 18th Century, Constitution, gun rights, guns, language, Second Amendment

Wednesday, June 18, 2014

Nimbus

Girl dreams boy.
Boy dreams girl.
Sighs a’plenty.

Missing is glory. So
that’s catered by

literal war. Say,
maybe they’ll get
together after glow?

The pretty gimp
and the impotent.

Labels: dreams, male and female veterans, nimbus, war, war wounds

Thursday, June 19, 2014

Confessions Over Coffee

-Dreaded introducing anyone. I'd forget a name--even of close people at times.

-Some things we're good, others not so.

-It was like I'd expose myself as a fraud. Nervous and not really cool.

-A human person, in short.

-Very nearly panicked!

-Maybe too much about YOU?

-All I got is me. Is it any wonder that...?

-Well, it's late now.

-Not really. My watch says...

-I mean in your life.

-What difference does that make?

-Low expectations.

-I can come short and nobody cares?

-They care all right, but counting the months till you’re out of here.

-Doesn’t...add up to much.

-Join the club.

Labels: business, insecurity, introductions, social skills

Friday, June 20, 2014

Sergeant Karks took a pile from the copying machine.

GUIDELINES FOR REMAINING TROOPS

"Shit! Paper cut!"

Sergeant Dentster had been watching him, under the principle that anyone working in the army should be witnessed by another. "Very symbolic, Karkie! Last drop of blood shed in this fuckin shitass country!"

“Shove that symbolism where the sun doesn't shine, and get me a bandaid outa that top drawer.”

“Top-Drawer all right! Like the both of us.”

“As if anyone cared!”

Labels: Afghanistan, American Occupation, army, Iraq, morale, war

Saturday, June 21, 2014

Couples of Varying Ages

-How crazy would you say we were?

-Scale of ten, with ten threatening to plummet through bizarre space forever?

-Correcto.

-We're sevens.

-That's up there!

-Well, I don't wanna brag.

-Who are the ones through sixes? Relative normals.

-Your mother and my father, being sweetly incompetent.

-Can't say that! Incompetence being another scale.

-Okay, let's leave it pure then. Nut-ness chart only.

-Now, the opposite set...?

-YOUR father and MY mother?

-Definite tens.

-I shudder!

-They may already be in charge.

-Armies must be raised against them!

-Too late! They're great organizers. They've got all the tens already drilling, shooting. The whole heroic smear.

-What'll we do?

-Flee to Bora Bora.

-Where’s Bora Bora anyway?

-I'll google it before the severe maniacs come to dinner.
Why aren’t the incompetents better buffers, anyway?

-They’ll do their sweet, weak bests.

-Ugh! Dreading dinner diminishes!

-It’ll get worse when the batso pair know we’ve blown their cover.

-Maybe they’ll all get divorced, and then these two’ll…!

-It’s already a horror show without homegrown sex.
That…last …IMAGE…has permanently mishmashed my brain!

-Like some Bacon with that Scrambled?

Labels: couples, Family, homegrown sex, in-laws, insanity

Sunday, June 22, 2014

Clarence seemed too iffy, but *Rence* had intellectuality
to his friends.

He instructed Alice on complexities.

She finally shot: "You're ALL gray areas!"

He countered, "Then get a man who's black and white!"

She did. One who had lost his wife-dance partner
to Breast Cancer.

"All the queers marrying confuses. What the Church
is for, I'm for. Against, against."

Alice opined that there wasn't much in the 'for' category.

But Macher swept her into his hairy arms and an endless waltz.

Labels: animalistic, black and white, complex, gray, intellectual, primal, simple, sophisticated

Monday, June 23, 2014

The greasy transaction
  is given cachet.

One merely plays
  the patsies

playing the odds.
With Stealing next

  to God.

Labels: "Free" Market, investment, market, suckers

Tuesday, June 24, 2014

They went to resonate with the famous guru.
It rained that week and so the dozens met
him in a basketball court, filling its dustiness
with chant and song.

Came home benign, as if rolling on ball bearings.

Decided to rid themselves of most worldly goods.

One day, Macky and Mushy, tenants there, staged
a quick intervention at the dump where the couple
had been strangling each other.

Labels: Eastern Religion, follower, guru, New Age, violence

Wednesday, June 25, 2014

Munchkin

hung? Photo
evidence
debunks.

No sense to it,
but conspiratists
endure.

As in far-out politics,
you seize your

barmy vision
forever.

Labels: Munchkin, politics, vision, Wizard of Oz

Thursday, June 26, 2014

Making Law Midst Insult

"Yeah, nothing stings like the taunt of a fool!"

“Well, I'm stung all right! That Fairy! That intellectual non-weight! Without government programs and insane patrons he'd be...”

“Shining shoes?”

“No, that takes a knack and some brains. He's got neither. In anything!”

“We can get back at him. It's gradual. Starts with a few phone calls.”

“How about one? To a hitman!”

“Dumbest bastard ever to draw breath, and he's that much under your skin?”

“And a big man with the ladies, would you believe?--fighting his fruity self.”

“They like to baby simpletons.”

“Yeah, especially with big dongs!”

“Another reason to hate him!”

“Women are Stupidos! Can't help it. Half in their genes.”

“And you run as a feminist!”

“What's the difference which lie you run on?”

Labels: anger, feminism, insult, politics

Friday, June 27, 2014

Two Billionaires

-We can’t afford to extend Unemployment Payments!
Nor anything else right now!

There is no Magical Money-Printing Machine!

-Could’ve fooled me.

Labels: billionaire, unemployment, Unemployment Compensation

Saturday, June 28, 2014

Pretty. Poor.

Married at 16. Divorced at 17. Again at 18, again divorced, at 19.

21, the inevitable at 22.

At 24, married to a math professor she met at a gym climbing wall, and who delighted in showing her previous stints in a formula.

Came the critical year and they drank champagne. So, she broke her string.

Took her GED instead. Then enrolled at the university in the Bachelor Program in Physics!

Most thought she'd wouldn't last the semester. Graduated with honors.

Accepted as a PhD candidate.

Given a lab after that graduation...and twin girls.

Spent three fruitless years in research...but, somehow, was getting somewhere.

Gave a paper in Gutenberg, and Hiyakawa of Japan and Schiller of Germany lingered after it. They'd been experiencing the same frustrations in the same slippery area.

She had no such right, but invited them to join her at the lab.

The dean went along for the publicity value. But the president harbored numerous doubts. Had to be begged by her for budget year after year.

In the meantime, her husband received a prestigious, though minor, Math award, and they celebrated with colleagues in his jammed office. The little girls were very cute in insisting on handling the

cleanup by themselves. Hardly big enough to lift the empty bottles.

Since it was so quirky, he knew his work would receive no further recognition. But hoped for hers and her partners'.

"That ship has sailed!" she announced to them after one long day.

"But our ship sails on!" Shiller countered, and Hiyakawa applauded.

Those two continued to go at everything in a spirit of fun.

She, of fire.

The papers they wrote together were joked to be by Lady Macbeth and her Song-and-Dance Men.

On her 44th birthday the Nobel shockingly called. Her team had been at 30 to 1 odds among the trade.

The celebration in the lab became a blast! With Drs Hiyakawa and Schiller dancing a flamenco as their wives clapped and shrieked.

In the strange quiet after, with all gone except the family, she exploded into tears. "The stupid...little broad...has done... growed up!"

Teen daughters mystified.

Labels: academics, divorce, marriage, Nobel, poverty

Sunday, June 29, 2014

Whenever Mark called on
for a small public gesture,

like a toast at a wedding
reception, his Gladys
whispered “So pathetic.”

Tuesday last
he bent in half

and gave it all over
leaving a coffee shop.

She held form.

Labels: "Art" of Getting Ahead, couple, cynicism, death, judgement, relationship

Monday, June 30, 2014

Doing chores around his tiny cabin,
Nurpie liked listening to Budge
Magnow. Though Budge was pretty
far right.

In fact, had just finished labeling caller
Montreal Eddie as left of Marx, but
Eddie laughed that was a compliment.

But the best part of Magnow's shows
were when he took a week on a topic.

This next week would be Anxiety, and
Nurpie looked forward to it.

A lady doctor would come on from the
provincial hospital.

The bad side was that Nurpie started to
get anxious about everything, and called
his grownup kids without having much to say.

Emailed his ex who wisecracked “I just love
worry. It defines me.”

He met his only close neighbor, Bell, at
the mailbox, and Bell laughed, "Snow and
dread, an unbeatable combination."

The anxiety week passed and he encountered
nothing dreadful until he slipped and cut a
finger on the mailbox. Put on antibiotic
ointment and wrapped it tightly.

Wasn't sure if it needed a stitch, but
probably not. A lady in the southern
village did stitches. She had been
a nurse in mining camps.

Budge was going on about the American

Republicans having more guts than their Canadian counterparts. Nurpie turned down the volume and smiled as hail ticked.

Labels: Canada, Republican, Right Wing, snow, Talk Radio

Tuesday, July 01, 2014

The Japanese Do Corporate

Apology. Tears in shrink-
ing humiliation.

Our CEO tosses it off,
face on Empty. Acting

coach inquired of,
but needs a center

to resonate with:
Board had picked chief

since he possessed none.
Each member serves on

various boards hiring newer
moralists. Multiplier effect,

like delusion
or theft.

Labels: apology, CEO, corporate governance, delusion, Japanese, theft

Wednesday, July 02, 2014

-GM has recalled so many millions
of cars, not enough time in the
day for Service Managers to...!

-They just wave their magic wand.

-Don't they hafta show you the murderous
part they took out?

-There's a generic pile. Aged and honored.

-Hell, they could show me a hunk from a
Chrysler and I wouldn't know!

-John Doe for American Capitalists.
Willing and brainless.

-Now wait a minute!

-It's okay. I am too. Just smile and you'll keep
your dick.

-What for? I'm not using it.

-Always hope. If some car company doesn't
incinerate you.

-It takes guts to drive.

-You're our hero!

Labels: cars, GM, incompetence, recall, safety

Thursday, July 03, 2014

Mickey’s Opinion

“Why is it when we talk about sex here, we
end up sounding like total fuckin idiots?”

Ridge had just come in for a quick lunch,
on his way to inspect a house.

“Don‘t sweat it. The Supreme Court too. Everybody!”

Labels: bar, cafe, idiot, sex, sex talk, Supreme Court

Friday, July 04, 2014

-When I came aboard as the token “NEE-gro,” they had low expectations.

-What did you do?

-Fulfilled them.

-Embarking on the longggg slide to retirement?

-Yeah, but a funny thing happened. The new black guys:
hip and quick.

-Inciting high expectations?

-*Mais oui!* And my shtick done stuck!

-Did they offer to buy you out?

-No need. Ran so fast I passed the dudes!

-So they actually helped you? The youngsters did?

-Yes and no.

Labels: black, black employment, black intellectual, token

Saturday, July 05, 2014

-What do the American Indians say? To get to know a man, walk a mile in his moccasins.

-I've got loafers, will they do?

-At...any rate, we want to keep the experiment in the office. You're to choose one person, and we'll implant a tiny chip representing their inner self. So, you think his or her thoughts for twenty four hours. Then, come back for a few questions.

-Can't wait! Actually can. To spend the thousand dollar Sears card for my participation.

-Even in the present inflation, should buy a few shirts.

-Just about.

-Well, be all that where it may, have you chosen?

-I wanted to avoid the drama queens of both sexes, too many portfolios of pretended hurt.

-No objection.

-So, I pick Reppy. Benign and balanced.

-He's our acknowledged sweetheart!

-Could make me a better person! Nah! No need.

...

-Enough is enough! Reppy has a vast interior life. In a sort of tangled, horrible jungle! Ugh!

-You never know.

-Get the chip out! I'm still shaking!

-Already done.

-The Twenty Second Century: Slick and fast.

-You got it! And you should get out more. Then the Reppys of the world wouldn't shock you so.

-This experience makes me even more of an isolator.

-England expects every man and women to do his or her duty!

-First, to the language.

Labels: chip implant, future, interior life, psychology

Sunday, July 06, 2014

Bert liked to inform the salesmen personally
of their raises and bonuses. Thus he took
Sammy out to an elaborate champagne
lunch at Mario's.

"I'm rounding out twenty years, and you're
the best I've ever seen!" he toasted him.

"Meek Mockum!" replied this Ace.

Bert changed the subject to baseball, and things
flowed from there. Sammy having sharp opinions
re the underperforming Yankees.

Anyway...was Bert's first exposure to Sammy's
Tourette's. Pretty much nothing. He wondered
what the clients saw, but who cares if somebody
could sell like that? And, no tics yet.

His cellphone vibrated, and when he glimpsed the screen,
he told Sammy, "Gotta take this. A few seconds."

Was Honey, as could be discerned by "Honey...
please Honey...Honey! Paris!"

Before he could flip the phone closed, her hissed
conclusion carried: "Take the tickets and stick em
up your ass!"

Bert then spouted "Meek Mockum!" Four times.

Mario's brother, their waiter, sped over. Then, he repeated
Bert. Sammy repeated him, and Bert, and himself.

At the next table, a woman fell to the floor, foaming it from
the mouth, blurrily, it sounding more like "Moo-oo-hoo!'

Her husband sang "In fair London City,
where girls have big titties..."

When the ambulance came, the attendants, under
the principle of removing the least affected,
piled this singer into the back.

“I blame it on the TV,” Attendant A remarked when underway.

“How about video games?”

“Absolutely!”

“Bicycles?”

“I don’t get that.”

“Nor anything else. Look! *Time* nailed it: *The Empathetic Society.*
It’ll kill us!”

Labels: empathy, Executive, salesmanship, Tourette, Yankees

Monday, July 07, 2014

Two “Representatives”

-Big Maha gonna govern by Executive Order then?

-They never leave without an egregious power grab.

-Fucking the Constitution thereby!

-Instead of waiting their turn.

Labels: Congress, Constitution, Executive Order, power, power grab, President

Tuesday, July 08, 2014

Bus to Merritt Island

-If Hillary runs, will Repubs come up with
a woman?

-They might.

-They're not comfortable with women.

-With Republican Women they are.

Labels: Hillary, Republican Women, War on Women, women in politics

Wednesday, July 09, 2014

He fell down. Many times a day.

Millie, the breakfast cook at the Starlight, wanted to start a pool.

“When he turns the corner at Brently to the point where he passes our exquisite diner? I’ve seen as many as eight. So, if we can get eight people to throw in…?”

Lydia, the young waitress, thought that was mean. The next time he fell outside the diner, she went to help, coaxing him back in to the corner stool.

He ordered ham and eggs, finally declaring that he homefries were the best he’d ever eaten.

On Millie’s good side forever after that.

He became her Jelly, and the stool his. His name had proven to be Jellsome Wandersea. “Name like that’d make you tumble all by itself,” opined Dishwasher Jerry.

He’d have gone on, but Millie barked to clear the pans out around her. “I’ve got five omlettes working and up to my elbows in dirty pans while you talk!”

Now that he had a family, Jelly fell less often.

One day, Patrice, retired on the 401K of a Princess from Walmart, fell in front of Jelly.

He scooped her frailness up and into a booth. Where he joined her…for a year.

Soon after, Cashier Mike asked Mr and Mrs Jellsome Wandersea how everything was. “If anything, the homefries are even more heavenly!” Jelly shouted, and Millie waved from her cloud in the kitchen.

Mike never mentioned heretofore since he was born

fading into the background.

The couple went outside and fell.

Labels: couple, diner, fall, falling, marriage, Walmart

Thursday, July 10, 2014

-What is it with these fractious fuckin Republicans?

-They don't believe in government, so when they get in they do nothing. But they know that looks bad, thus investigate everybody and his brother.

-MY brother, they got a case. But…just making noise?

-Loud and slapdash clowns! They severely lack an Emmett Kelly, the SILENT one. And that's just the start! Why…!

-Do go on. NOT! Too vomit-inducing.

-What's that Chinese curse? *May you live in interesting times.*

-But we don't. BORRRRRR-ing!

Labels: anarchy, boring, Emmett Kelly, government, Republican Clowns

Friday, July 11, 2014

-Computer hiccuped, and last eighth of refunds went out with an extra ten bucks.

-What y'wanna do?

-Let it go. Cost us more to get it back.

-Reluctant okay...but I don't wanna be exposed to some yapping Congressional Committee if it gets leaked. Never again hanging there with my limp dick out!

-Did you get emails from Republicans offering to firm it up?

-Hey! Them in the closet, out of the closet?--couldn't give less of a shit! So long as I make it to retirement without being a joke on late-night TV!

Labels: closet, Congressional Committee, IRS, late-night TV, refund, Republican

Saturday, July 12, 2014

-Oh boy, number 67 of Hobart Grimshaw's Bromides. Listen and learn to live!

-I don't deny that I've culled proverbs etc from books, from friends, the Net, Bible.

-Horseradish. Mostly.

-Guides life! What do you do?

-Just a good heart, that's all. What's that part of Bible? Don't worry about what to say, I'll help you when the time comes!

-I like your simple rephrasing, Lil. The hens in the barnyard would stop pecking to listen.

-Uh huh? Well they wouldn't listen to your *Jiffy Guide to Silly-ass Living.*

-O ye of little faith!

-I'm still getting it, staying on the wavelength!

-Yeah. Sure.

-Hey if the speaker for United Nations suddenly died and they tabbed you to go on, you'd be a chattering wreck!

-And you'd stride in bold as brass.

-Bet your ass! I'd just open my mouth.

-And knock the international scene back fifty years!

-Thrust it forward through real faith, not ticky-tacky.

-Well, harmless as these daydreams are, Dear, I gotta go back to what they pay me for. Anyway, enjoy your belfry!

-**I** will.

Labels: Bible, bromides, faith, proverbs, saw, sayings

Sunday, July 13, 2014

-Do not let the sun set upon your wrath!

-Oh yeah, well when we both get home from work, it'll all fly again! And I'll make my points!

-No you won't. You'll just repeat them.

-Whatever. My Wrath's a mighty bastard! And he has saved up!

-Poor Jenny-Ann!

-Huh! She's a Fury to stand up to God himself!

-You make it sound like fun.

-It is if she really gets hurt–not Academy Award, but the real thing. Defeated tears. Bitter, defeated tears.

-Sick.

-I suppose, but it's like a machine can't be stopped.

-Try a little maturity.

-Never again. That just makes you into an asshole like all the rest.

Labels: argument, couple, defeat, fighting, hurtful comments

Monday, July 14, 2014

Chapter One

-I’m outa gas with all my stupid lines, and fixated on Delly.

-Delly! That Strawberry Blonde? No dirty male sock has hit the floor of her apartment in many a year.

-Has she swung the other way?

-She swings no ways. Done. Finito! Case closed, as we say in the trade.

-It’ll take the cleverness that has fled me.

-The bullshit you mean.

-If you will. I’m done, you’re right.

-How about your self? Not much of a commodity but what you have.

-She’s a beauty. She’ll laugh.

-Laughing is halfway there. Seriously, how about a direct approach where you tell the truth? “Just the facts, Ma’am.”

-How…can you recognize…?

-Trust yourself! You’ll be giving evidence as to your physical and moral fitness.

-I hardly think much of the person you’re referencing!

-Humility. She’ll eat that up! Go under her window like Romeo.

-So, get under her window and…?

-Howl.

-Not much of that in my family.

-How about moaning?

-I can do moan.

-And when she opens the window...!

-Throws open the sash, in poetry.

-Very well! Tell her it’s urgent that you speak to her!

-What if she says no?

-That’s when you must sustain.

-How so?

-Say anything! Keep the babble up to wear her down.

-What if I wear down?

-You can’t! Hafta get up to that apartment!

-For the male sex?

-Screw the rest, for yourself!

-Okay I’m up there. What...?

-Tell her you can’t live without her!

-The truth again? That’s tough for somebody who...

-Forget all that. A New Dawn!

-But...you’re...half kidding, yes?

-Just half. It’s the cop in me. Lotzaluck!

-I just might fool you.

Chapter Two

He had been watching before clerks opened the stores

on Church Street. Chief thought a rash of vandalism could spread there from the surrounding neighborhoods.

His friend flew by in his red Mitsu convertible, scarves flinging back from a strawberry blond.

Chapter Three

The Lieutenant’s champagne-fueled Wedding Speech has so many cynical asides from a bed of mush, his wife gestures for him to sit down.

That, the second shot; the first being his friend succeeding.

Labels: cynicism, giving up, police, Romance, romantic advice, romantic strategy

Tuesday, July 15, 2014

“You’re so nervous I can’t stand it!”

Rose to Mick, not the opposite the culture
has decreed.

She married calm Nocky, and they died
in a blistering suburb of Phoenix.

But it was a dry death.

And merely figurative, for the nonce.

Labels: cultural roles, death, heat, metaphor, nervous, Phoenix

Wednesday, July 16, 2014

Marie became a Barista!

She phoned home right away. Her father answered.

“I’m always proud, but this time prouder!" He cried.

When she got home, the party was already swinging, Aunt Dot,
who had gotten the express bus, atop the antique console TV,
lifting her skirt for a tarantella. Her panties sported Disney characters.

Her father continued to cry. Her mother never, but smiled more
than thinly for once.

“Barista” filtered through the apartments, and even outside. Marie took a break to get the mail, and old Mr Tompkinson felt her up.

Mailman Jicky dug an elbow into his back, and his nose crashed into his exact mailbox, springing it.

“Coincidence,” Jicky laughed, revealing a missing front tooth.

The old man cried that he was only teasing, but was ignored.

“What's it with the mouth?”

“Hey! Why should a Barista worry? Anyway, your government has
taken most of my benefits away.”

“Baristas get Dental!

“So maybe you'll help me become one of you then? I'm getting
bought out, but so far they only offer McDonalds coupons.”

“It's funny…I got good news and nobody else has.”

“I'm dropping by for a belt!”

“More the merrier!”

Labels: barista, benefits, Dental Insurance, wages

Thursday, July 17, 2014

Email from Rick (Red) Dreshler

Thanx for sending along MY DAD'S A RIGHT-
WING IDIOT AND WE'RE NOT EVEN RICH.

But we handle only full songs here, not
just lyrics. And they have gone through
several layers of development before they
reach my desk.

I will, though, forward it to Sned Uccles. He has
done music for novelty numbers. You may
remember STICKY ICKY FROM SELWICKY?

ps If he takes it on, might require some seed
money from you--he's on Social Security.

Labels: lyric, novelty music, Right-wing, songwriting

Friday, July 18, 2014

Granada, or Only Asbury Park?

“What’s so bad about Asbury Park? Look around!”

“Well, it ain’t Granada. That’s the point of the song.”

“Fuck Granada! You got your Mitzi and the kids
screaming in the water. My Nell strumming
Soft Rock. THIS is my heaven on earth!…and
with my chicken, you’ll get the final dose.”

“You got a point. From the smell I’m ready to
eat it, foil and all!”

“Like, so much better than some Spanish bean thing
make you fart all night.”

“You know some Spanish chords, Nell?”

“Nah, just these.”

“She’s a Rock Princess!”

Labels: Asbury Park, class, Granada, picnic, resort, rock n' roll, swimming

Saturday, July 19, 2014

-Just let me load the dishwasher. Then we can talk.

-No ironing panties tonight?

-Stop! Macho Man for Macho Machine!

-Whatever. Living with women a conundrum intractable!

-Now listen! Laurie starts rehearsing. You'll see what I meant.

-"I wanna big cock!"

-Close your door! We can't hear ourselves think down here!

-I couldn't have heard that. Laurie! The little girl on the bicycle, so fresh and alive!

-From Eekee-Ookee Island Mythology. A goddess wants the Overall God-Honcho to turn her into a male god.

-In Laurie's kinda words at THAT time?

-Nah, Eekee Ookees are softly gentle. Was in the super-polite language of the pantheon there. Laurie and the other young women want edge and bite in their play! So, the change.

-They'll get hell from the school board!

-Those Neanderthals For Christ will be aghast and sermonizing, but quickly turn to football.

-Does her role consist of the one vulgarity only?

-She's just getting started. And Shop working on a balsa wood...thing.

-Shop? In a progressive school?

-Communists.

-They really should use the variety called Two-Balsa.

-Sixth grade joke!

-I never got out in my smarmy mind! Anyway, what does your Bridget think?

-All cheers!

-Stay outa it then. Women thing. Whatchallit?––Feminism Shit.

-The world's abandoning me at this fuckin dishwasher! My voice will turn into its gurgles!

-Ah...the girl on the bicycle!

-Crisscrossing my mind in love forever!

-You'll hafta leave room in there for a zealot with a balsa dick.

-This too shall pass...Bible say that?

-It should.

Labels: Drama, girls, penis, role playing, school board, sex

Sunday, July 20, 2014

The clever people in Marcum's skull suddenly fled.

The last to leave being the fellow who asked Gwen,
"What time is it getting to be? My biological clock
has gone haywire!"

When he asked her out then, she went ice.

And such a warm creature!

But later, further ascertaining his new dopeyness, she accepted.

In fact, his dating calendar became full.

"It's true!" he informed Berkie, his close friend, "Inarticulate is the new Flavor of the Month!"

"Have the girls gotten equally as stupid?"

"Nah, they're the same. Smart as hell! And Jean-Ann cuts the legs out from under you with her wit!"

"You're a fad. Everybody'll get sick of you in no time.”

“You're hitting my fear!”

“It's no doubt. Then where'll you be?"

“Wherever they want! I'll adapt. “

"There's the conundrum! Is it easier to become somebody else if you're dumb? Or if you're clever?"

“I don't know but I'll...!”

“You'll WHAT?”

“What we were saying.”

“I don't think so!”

Labels: dating, dating scene, dumb, men, wit, women

Monday, July 21, 2014

Not a one!

But...God was finally sick
of the vile and vicious

spouters. Too, he gave
no break to those who

talked a good game
but were really base.

Oh how others as depraved
pretended otherwise! (Hey,

after all, if hypocrisy weighed,
there'd be next to no one here:
It’s The Golden Mean.) So, at

any rate, we've spoken
to God. Not decorous
to only have Democrats.

Labels: base, Democrat, God, Golden Mean, heaven, hypocrisy, Republican

Tuesday, July 22, 2014

“Usually get sold in pairs. Up to you. Fine then! The deuce will do it! Your profile shows Mazda SUV. Better yet! Calders will carry them out, and get them in that locked compartment back there. Overcautious? Why look for trouble?”

But Flip forgot to tell Glad when they exchanged cars, and he took the Altima for state inspection to Hoppy's Garage.

Back from the appointment only to find squad cars and a Hazmat Team, plus five officers carrying automatic rifles. And Glad inside the house shrieking “Green Ooze! I can’t get the stink off!”

The Captain pulls up, siren and multitudinous blinking lights, white, blue, red. Siren spinning down to a ticking. Lights dim.

His red face seems to pulse then.

"Isn't all of this overkill?" Flip shouts, waving both arms.

"Not in our experience."

Labels: emergency, Hazmat, police, strange purchase

Wednesday, July 23, 2014

The Start

-Poor John Q Schnook is finally getting health insurance, and Republican judges are lopping parts off as “unconstitutional.”

-Where are they when bankers, brokers, hedge fund honchos, and corporate CEOs, plus their boards, are screwing us blind? Abuse of the law! All round!

-More of your understatement. Is it the crookedness, subterfuge, bribery, or robbery gets you down?

-It's the masquerade!

-Then the laws should be written more explicitly. Let me try. “The purpose of this measure is to enable bankers, brokers, hedge fund honchos, and corporate CEOs, plus their boards, to screw everybody else blind.”

-That's a start.

Labels: bankers, business chicanery, Constitutional, corporate boards, Hedge Fund, Law, phrasing of laws, Republican Judge

Thursday, July 24, 2014

-We'll all be summoned. Treason.

-Nonsense! We've cooperated with
this new regime in every way possible!

-And haven't laughed.

-Besides, we just did what everybody...

-Best, anyway, to get lawyers.

-They've all been shot.

-That's in Shakespeare.

-Thank you, Jerome! You can always be relied
on for the trivial allusion!

-For how much longer?

Labels: lawyer, new regime, Shakespeare, treason

Friday, July 25, 2014

When the Octonicks take over, I think their insane restrictions will filter down slowly. Wrong.

So I have to call in Bidge. In a former life, he could have been a jockey. That tiny.

“The word we just got on you, unfortunately, is that you take up too much space.”

“Me? I live in a studio apartment with three other guys, bunks to the ceiling. Fart and they'd murder me. We have a minuscule, old-fashioned TV. None of this Feel-a-Vision or whatever it's called.

I'm small, my life is small, I'm using almost no resources! Just the threads I wear."

“Nice ones. But, I'm sorry. You can't go home tonight. Rather to...Compression. I hear it's not so bad there.”

“Have you seen the homeless at the railroad station? They look like dirty breadboxes!”

“Can't do a thing,” I inform him.

About a month later, I hear a squeak and get up to look at my chair.

But it comes from Bidge in the opposite one. He looks like a cigar box someone has left.

"You've got to use me now or they crush me altogether!"

"But what can you do? You're too small to work here anymore. Maybe a transfer? To play with children or something?"

"I'll blow you!" he pipes.

"Too small even for that."

A great tragedy.

At any rate, he eventually wills me his clothes and I sell them. Is that heartless?

Labels: future, Law, restrictions, size

Saturday, July 26, 2014

The only strategy the small family could concoct to slow Jeanine was...

Oh it made no difference! Again. She did what she pleased, and had her two sisters in tears with her slicing tongue.

The father babbled and the mother came down with a gentler version of Tourette's.

It consisted of emitting “Jeanine!” at sporadic and unexpected moments. The Beautification Committee had depended on her leading a team for the Garden Day, but now found something else: emailing prospects for self-tours.

“Too bad we couldn't trade her, but no other team would ever agree to ruin their morale.” This from Ruthie.

Desperate times, desperate measures: They called in Uncle Rivers, the psychologist.

He listened and smiled. "Needs a boyfriend."

“Has a string!”

“That’s casual. We need deep.”

The discussion led to men who admired her.

“An assistant manager at Costco called her a force of nature!”

“He's the one, then.”

She had disputed a price and was ready to take on the whole staff! Mother wished to go on with the anecdote, but Uncle Rivers said they knew enough already.

“And sex...might help,” he maintained quietly.

“We'd rather not mix that in there!” Dad heard from.

“I feel sorry for that guy already. Give her that weapon and she might destroy him.” Millsy punched her palm.

It was set. Ruthie would tell him to give her a call.

Ruark did, and the rest is history, mostly of a sexual complexion.

He would eventually have been fired for surliness, but left for another city, where she joined him.

Their quarrels are already legendary in the new apartment complex. They are locked together in miserable love.

Laughter frequently erupts at 26 Almond Place. The girls have new boyfriends and they're such characters! Dad has nicknamed them Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Mother whistles at her chores, and wouldn’t mention Jeanine even if her mild disease compelled.

Labels: family conflicts, powerful personality

Sunday, July 27, 2014

My job took me out in brutal storms, days without rest,
and one 4-AM as the howling died, told the wife,
"I'm sleeping for a thousand years!"

Off by a factor of five. I woke up in this hostile place
in 7014.

What I gathered from my hospitality committee--I'm
being sarcastic--is that I was irredeemably dumb since
I could catch none of their language.

"Yeah, it's really simple, but weird, " Marky-O told me,
another time-traveler. "Just consists of three words and
two ending sounds for each.

Tookah, Wookah, Yookah. That's the whole barrel, but it
seems like a million intonation levels added to the endings."

“Why are they so mean to me?”

“Because you're Wookah-ooo. New one, no promise.”

“What're you?”

“Wookah-eee. Never again to be spoken to.”

“But what can I…?”

“I'll help you. We'll work on it. Please, please, be my friend.
It's been a hundred years or so, since I… I came here in
Tookah-ooo 8ooo. I'm translating the number. They’re
expressed in Tookah, Wookah, Yookah combinations also.”

“Give you a headache!”

“Yes, but you must try. Treats are free every Yookah-ooo.
Twelfth day of the week. It’s garbage for us until we break
through…or you do.”

“I…got way way beyond exhaustion…and then I was here.”

“We'll fight them! It's our only hope!”

“But...if I do learn enough of the stupid language, they'll make me shun you."

“That's okay. So long as you keep getting the treats to me.”

“I promise!”

But, nine earth years later, they Tookah-ooo’d him.
And that's what you think it is.

I'm married to a real Tartar now. An extreme Tookah-eee! I’ve learned all the ways to tell her I despise her, but that’s expected here, and everybody laughs.

Labels: future, language, time, time traveler

Monday, July 28, 2014

The Poor line up to give a dollar to the Rich,
and are roundly congratulated. Real affection!

(Coffee and Danish had been suggested, but give
‘em an inch...)

Banker C Hogart Marilsohn said to no one, after
staying for the whole event, “Well, not so bad!
A whitewall for the antique Bentley.”

Labels: poor, rich, skin in the game, taxation

Tuesday, July 29, 2014

Wags Encore

-Texas wants to be a separate nation!

-Will they have The Bomb?

-Probably.

-Then let's preemptively nuke 'em back
to their Scratch-ass Stink-finger Hog Age!

-What theyz in now? Fuckin Renaissance?

Labels: hog, nuke, politics, Renaissance, scratch-ass, Texas, The Bomb

Wednesday, July 30, 2014

CORONER
What's left of the old Republican?

OFFICER
Just a corroded money clip and a bitter laugh.

CORONER
I can get DNA from the former, but is it
usual the laugh goes on after death?

OFFICER
The Jesus Freaks say it's start of Hereafter.

CORONER
Not a welcoming one.

OFFICER
*C’est la…*every fuckin thing. Should stop
in the next hour.

CORONER
Bring me a body next time.

OFFICER
We all have desires.

Labels: coroner, death, police, postmortem, Republican

Thursday, July 31, 2014

Trio At Lunch

-What’s the point of Science Fiction?

-To show that the people of the future are
just as venally stupid.

-But with more machines.

-Then, we’re there!

Labels: friends, future, lunch, machines, Science Fiction

Friday, August 01, 2014

Rest of us, crudest
jokes drinking, vile
double-entendres, too,

hungover. Add hysterical
laughter traveling behind

accidental cracks whilst high.
Our HMC, though: Spinoza

or some such tangled egghead dude.
Thence Christ for revered simplicity.

Larry Lank sneered “Wouldn’t say ‘shit’
if they hadda mouthful!”

Well, we’ve all matured now, fully,
customarily would approach their

level of spotlessness, but they’ve
spurted ahead in the Doctrine.

Birthers, with no end of plots thereby.
Other conspiracies cavort madly

in the looser wings to test them.
They are, moreover, beset horribly

with Mencken's dread involving an
earlier American “Puritanism:

The haunting fear that someone,
somewhere, may be happy.”

Labels: birther, Christ, Doctrine, egghead, high-minded, Mencken, plots, Puritan, Spinoza

Saturday, August 02, 2014

Three Lines of Nothing

-The sunlight scattered like someone threw it.

-You're blind. How do you...?

-I don't know.

Labels: blind, perception, synaesthesia

Sunday, August 03, 2014

We're warned not

to injure same
in the case
of X.

But
shouldn't there
be other inputs

from
the general public

some-
where, hint
of approval?

Just
hint, tiniest 'll suffice.
Otherwise, "Lack

of
Self Esteem” seems
most deserved.

Labels: conduct, injury, public, self-esteem

Monday, August 04, 2014

and with ultimate trump card

“I've today introduced in the Senate
The Tri-part Dress Code.

Upper Class can wear what they wish--
but always with a patriotic flag pin.

Middle Class, a uniform, quite fashionable,
product of a top faggot designer.

Working Class, shirt and trousers, gray
in summer, blue in winter. No exceptions
for Church or Marriage or parties or
celebrations, etc. Always worn everywhere.

The non-working class of loafers and idiots...
any rag they can get their hands on.

(They're tagged for elimination anyway--
in a very methodical and merciful way.)

Children should echo their parents, as a
necessary reinforcement to Community.

Critics say CLASS? I say ORDER!!!

Knowing your place is next to knowing God!

And their little boats are crushed on the rocks of
THAT certainty!”

Labels: class, class war, Dress Code, knowing place, religion, Religious Right, senate

Tuesday, August 05, 2014

"We have to be cruel to be kind.”

Rudge swallowed this, and worked his
ass off for the Republican Party.

But no evidence ever emerged as to the latter
part of the maxim.

He finally brought it up at headquarters.

And was shot.

His body carried across the street and dumped on
the Democrats.

Police Chief complained that it was murder, but since
the parties tied 3-3 this year, Prosecutor would let it
slide if it all stopped.

“That’s how you make a deal!” trumpeted Boss Edmunds,
“Scare the shit outa everybody! Even though Prosecutor
non-partisan in this bailiwick, still a politician. That stipulation
in County Code puts us in Dark Ages, though.”

Labels: deal making, Democrat, Political Murder, prosecution, Republican

Wednesday, August 06, 2014

-Okay, they throw up “Party of the Rich!”

-Proudly embrace it!

-Won’t fly. How ‘bout “We wanna make everybody rich!”

-Fuck that! That’s Socialism. Dems stuck with that crap.

-So we stay Party of Rich?

-Honorably!

-But we’ll lose.

-Again, honorably.

-Where’s the strategy in doing the same thing over and over?

-Why mess with perfection?

Labels: 2016, Party of Rich, political rut, Republican

Thursday, August 07, 2014

-Israelis dropping rockets on schools.

-The death of children is a scar forever!

-Haven’t noticed in the bad old places,
where people drink cappuccino now,
and talk of shitting.

Labels: children, Gaza, Hamas, Israel, schools, war

Friday, August 08, 2014

Parables For Children

-The little boy put a white pebble in a hidden box
every time he attended Mass.

When he went to count them much later, instead of
many pebbles, were three.

-So...the times he really DID Mass!

-Ponder this: the archetypal religious story.
Moral as heavy as The Earth itself!

-But be sure to stick your thumb up your ass whilst.

Labels: archetype, Catholic, Mass, religion, story moral

Saturday, August 09, 2014

As Related By Rural Comedians

-*(sings)* They got married in a fever.

-And it done never burnt out.

-As a result, skin and bones, both.

-What’s loudest sound in world?

-Two skeletons fucking on a tin roof.

-They don’t got the roof.

-Or much else.

Labels: married in fever, rural, rural humor, rural sex

Sunday, August 10, 2014

From her reading she knows
it's a cliché, but schoolmarm,

after being extensively felt up
at stimulating sites, goes sex-

ually mad in Rome.
Back Midwestern home,
forgets the wild stuff

and pens her cultural
boyfriend in ex-

quisite cursive, re classier
joys of the trip. Slants

and rounds almost ro-
mancing all of art

itself. Though, of
course, controlled.

Labels: affair, cursive, Romance, romantic cliche, Rome, teacher

Monday, August 11, 2014

Figuring Her Out

-Sorry to miss the wedding, having just returned from the same sewer where I've twice before kept the nation safe for Crony Capitalism. But, anyway, you caught you a young one! Good for you!

-Not so. She's working her way off the hook.

-How so?

-Screaming *divorce* practically an hour after the honeymoon.

-Weren’t you tender? Isn’t that Italian?

-I honored my heritage thusly. Plus some caveman stuff to keep her interested.

-Anyway...shrug I, Period of Adjustment. For anybody.

-You know that saying *the tumult and the shouting dies?*

-No, having been mostly in the middle of it for the army.

-Looks like it's never gonna domestically also.

-A temporary impossible. Get her pregnant!

-Should I take away her shoes too?

-You mean you haven't?

Labels: army, barefoot and pregnant, honeymoon, marriage, relationship, war

Tuesday, August 12, 2014

-Song says "Ain't gonna study war no more"
and yet that’s what you do.

-Won't go away. It or me.

-What's latest model?

-Two. We ran them together.

-Let me guess. Revolution from the Left?

-Soaring rhetoric!

-But the follow-through?

-When the tumult and the shouting died,
women looked for steadier partners.

-And men?

-Dissolved into a massive lump of
bureaucratic suet.

-So, the more or less mushy moderate
nation of today. Bourgeois crooks, and
those they worship.

-Amen.

-I know you had to run the Right Upheaval too.

-Glowing goals! Clear and clean. Simple and
understandable.

-And the penalties, lucid?

-Most are so.

-Upshot?

-Firing squads for the least pure.

-And, then, for the middling immaculate too?

-In short, they killed themselves off. But the anger trooped on.

-Over too many corpses to count?

-Precisely. When they declared victory, not much left.

-But Anger. Lovely and sustained, it embraced Mayhem upon the smoking piles.

-Yeah, Nation so weak, a foreign power marched in. Monarchists. Now the Righties are too busy reverently smooching their ass.

-Who says the vicious can’t become loving?

Labels: anger, Left Revolution, Monarchy, Right Revolution, war

Wednesday, August 13, 2014

I hope not! ...Bruce.

Cat vids are The Fairy's Bible! ...Malcolm

Swish or Macho? ...Bruce

In your case, the sound of waltzing gowns
during the Queen's Ball! ...Malcolm

Listen to John Wayne of Faggots Inc! ...Bruce

Partners, they go on this way. But we love 'em.
Is it all right to say that?

Labels: cat videos, partners quarrel, tolerance

Thursday, August 14, 2014

saying goodbye to somebody you haven’t seen in years.

-Not so! I ran into the corpse last year when the Steelers came in.

-Don’t mention that game. I’m still sick!

-Don’t take it too far, or you’ll be lying there soon with New York Giant decals on the coffin.

-You discovered my last wish!

-Rest in relative peace!

-But how about you? Still the Rebel Without a Cause?

-I won’t be the stuffed dummy in the box! That’s for sure!

-Yeah, yeah? Conform in some fuckin something, will you? You’re a total faggot bore!

-It’s stupid!

-Life is fuckin stupid. Grow up!

-I refuse.

-Refuse! Confuse! Defuse! Shut up!

-Our friendship never changes.

-Huh! I got real friends!

-You’re just trying to hurt.

-What’s this? Chickflick?

Labels: chickflick, custom, friends, funeral

Friday, August 15, 2014

Dreadnought Screw and Die

-The morning is here. Light has returned!

-Just been elsewhere.

-Thank you, Murray. But let's assume the model is
our place here and now. Thus morning, and light,
in the twenty-four hour cycle.

-Narrow.

-Well...must start somewhere. Might I ask if you sold anything lately?

-Life is disgusting!

-Probably, but let’s see the printouts.

-All on my tablet. Look!

-Clever. But we don’t get paid for clever.

-It’s a good thing.

Labels: airy personality, business conflict, by the book, sales

Saturday, August 16, 2014

-Do you surrender, Irene?

-Surrender? What the fuck is this?
Great-Grandma's love music?

-No such trick!

-Or even a silent movie with
the virgin imperiled?--
though never *impregged.*

-Just an expression. Truly!

-Hey! I MIGHT go along with a few
things if you shut up enroute.

Labels: couple, lovemaking, old music, surrender

Sunday, August 17, 2014

Hoxey would wear no clothes. One day he takes off in a run, and leaps the back fence.

Sgt Williby returns him, saying "I feel like it myself with this heat!"

He suggests another trip to The Ramparts.

Though Old Carter said “Never Again!” his last discharge, the new Doctor proves warm.

So, Rose and Wagner in the house again. She hides his Viagra.

Labels: mental illness, neighborhood, Viagra

Monday, August 18, 2014

Bert and Gert

-Now you take Karl. Hates Jews and Blacks
and Spicks and Women and Gays...uh,
Moslems of any sex and shade.

-Covers the Waterfront. And afterthoughts.

-But is open about it all and funny!
His wisecracks about Political Correctness
are hilarious. Does one witty routine there.

-Comedian of Hate.

-You're overstating! Especially since he's
the loveliest guy you'll ever meet.

-I've met lovelier.

Labels: black, hate, Hispanic, humor, Jew, Political Correctness, women

Tuesday, August 19, 2014

Two National Guardsmen

-So it’s off to the big fuckin riot?

-Bringing Order!

-Could be. License to kill?

-Would be, if Media didn’t ruin everything!

Labels: Law and Order, militarism, National Guard, Race, riot, state murder, unrest

Wednesday, August 20, 2014

Jilly calls CSPAN. (The men around her amused afterwards.) She’s nervous, but wrenches her point out.

Goes to Party Chair and wants to run for something.

“I need help. Details submerging me. Be my third hand for a bit. Party going down the toilet here, let alone nationally! Learn the ropes, we’ll run you for something. Eventually. Maybe.”

When she’s later elected as a Delegate to the National Convention, all their friends didn’t know she had it in her.

Husband suspected it, though.

Jip Heller opines *she's gotta be the cutest one!*

Labels: condescension, party, women, women in politics

Thursday, August 21, 2014

Aficionados

-Music incredible during Nam!

-So, like, weak now!

-Let’s have another!

-Nah, driving.

-I meant war.

-That’s crazy.

-Yeah!

Labels: insanity, Music, Nam, Protest Music, Vietnam War, war

Friday, August 22, 2014

KoolKup Bar

“Who’d wanna be President?”

“Most of what they…well, damned if you do,
damned if you don’t!”

“But they know that going in.”

“And all the rest of the political shit too?”

“Anyway…you get in the history books.”

Then The Professor intruded. “Not necessarily!
I quote a book from the future: ‘The presidents
in the so-called *Incompetence Lull* were named
Hoskey, Minters, and Landofil.’--all misspelled
by the present Ruler’s toadies.”

“Just a bare mention, and screwed up too?”

“Nothing is more probable!”

“Science Fiction, Professor. Nothing is easier to
bullshit about than the future.”

“We’ll see.”

Labels: bar, discussion, Political Science., President, Presidential Decisions

Saturday, August 23, 2014

Tired of the attention, disgusted really, and, skipping the makeup that morning, puts on her grungiest sweater and jeans.

The test fails when she passes the construction workers after exiting the Lexis.

Instead of individual calls, though, just one slamming sound like a wall falling.

Once she’s in Starbucks the Baristas stare so, they bump each other assembling cappuccinos.

But Desko Ho Muchanols approaches her mezzanine table with a proposition.

Business. She eventually accepts, and is now Queen of the Hellgora Tribe in Exile.

Picked up every morning in a limo, and the driver is forbidden to look at her.

She catches him peeking in his mirror. “Do it again, Motherfuck, and I’ll get you fried!”

Queens can be vulgar, though very very occasionally.

She eats mostly chocolate now, and is gaining tremendously.

The tribe loves this. “More more more!” is begged of her.

Their Goddess, Samolist, having been many stones.

Labels: beauty, chocolate, Goddess, Queen, Starbucks, Tribe, weight

Sunday, August 24, 2014

Mr Bellsome always chooses the bench next to the spready oak. You can be mostly alone to see the light before evening.

Mrs Travis happens along, and he informs her that "The Light is beautiful!"

"Beautiful I don't know. Pretty I'd go for."

"Pretty!" he tells Light when she’s gone. "I've always hated that word. It's like half a word."

“What can you do?” wearies Light.

Mrs Travis hears Mr Bellsome’s voice, and hurries along the dirt and bark path.

"In my family," she whispers, "we don’t talk to nothing!"

Labels: language, point of view, sunset

Monday, August 25, 2014

Core Scat

Back on the plantation, hey hey hey,
were important and controlled,

but today? Hey hey hey,
would the Cullids go away?

Yellows next cuz their food
stinks so. Ho ho ho!

Get more ships and planes for
Spicks. But take the knives away.

They can talk to each other,
Hey hey hey!

In that endless babble of theirs
all the way to wherever.

Some Hell anywayz!
Or they'll make it so,
like our other pretty groups.

Hey hey hey. Ho ho ho.
Hava cuppa Joe

and toast 'em all with
a comfortable sigh. Hey

hey hey and ho ho ho,
fuckin forever! True?
You seen the light? It's

Bright White, Baby!

Labels: black, Hispanic, Oriental, plantation, scat, White Power

Tuesday, August 26, 2014

Singularity

They can mouth all the Lefty and Righty shit
they want, but the real question is

Can they raise money? And how

that question insures toadies
from here to eternity!

Labels: Left, money in politics, Right

Wednesday, August 27, 2014

Short Political Conversation

Buster, who has remained a Reagan Democrat, thus Republican, seemingly out of inertia, asks Lou, "Why are you a Democrat?

“With them, poor and middle class have someWHAT of a chance. With the Republicans, none.”

“Not a strong commitment.”

“Mostly against. You?”

“A to Z? Abortion.”

“And Z?”

“See A.”

Labels: Abortion, Democrat, Middle Class, poor, Reagan Democrat, Republican

Thursday, August 28, 2014

-My Congressman needs your Golden Negro!

-There's a fee.

-Always, but let's be reasonable.

-What's the mission?

-Accompany him to black districts, where Republicans reflexively despised.

-He can do that, and then to Hispanic if you want. As a labor leader he negotiated contracts in Spanish.

-Pinch me! Is this heaven?

-About the opposite, really. Why we love it!

-But what are his actual politics? He seems to have started as a Lefty. We don't want the media proving it's all Academy-Award presently.

-He's far far right of Generalissimo Franco.

-Who's that?

-Spanish Civil War?

-Can't be bothered. Got our own.

Labels: black, Franco, Golden Negro, Labor, Negro, Republican, Spain, Spanish Civil War

Friday, August 29, 2014

The kids have gotten themselves into their beds,
after fighting about video games most of the
evening.

Glenda, a fairly competent referee usually,
snores on the sofa, Martini-ed out.

Cliff picks up the pitcher from the stale rug
and places it back on the coffee table.

The TV blares offers--second one free if you
pony up additional shipping charge, etc.

(Etc.)

He clicks the remote.

The blank screen makes him aware of the computer
blinking, so he jiggles the mouse to find out why.
Three potentially unwanted programs have been found.
Cliff checks *Quarantine All.*

"Thus I COMMAND!" he whispers.

Labels: argument, Computer Programs, drinking, martini, neighborhood, TV, video games

Saturday, August 30, 2014

Opal and Carrie

O
I just left the dankness of his living tomb.

C
What was that like?

O
Dying, flat and cold, not warmed-over. Icy!

C
Add him to the defunct list!

O
Have we alphabetized yet?

C
I had an Aaron.

O
First in your heart, also?

C
Hell of a body at any rate. Professional Athlete.

O
Marriage considered?

C
Yeah, but his wife wouldn't let him.

O
Leave us move, then, to my Allard. Dedicated cell phone to Mother. She called constantly. During our love and kisses once, she offered me love and kisses. Turned, like, everything off in sex department.

C
Shall we go on?

O
Nah! Too boring! Let's do a crappy soap opera marathon. Weed, beer, monster hoagies. Farting slobs in the worst of it.

C
Like the guys! Except for the stink. Why are all the good ones taken?

O
Bribed.

C
Thus not Men of Honor anyway?

O
Where YOU been? At any stupid rate, let’s order up *Pride and Price.* Every episode, chaos. One time a so-called actor said. “I think I really hate you, Carl.”

C
And the other said “YOU’RE Carl! I’m Maxey!”

O
Idiot actors and twisted loves! All directed by morons!

C
Like life itself?

O
Amen!

Labels: beer, chaos, girltalk, hoagies, soap opera, soap opera marathon, twisted love, weed

Sunday, August 31, 2014

He still hated her.

But there she was at the party for Mickey and
Melora going to Europe for his job.

Laughing! Well he had seen her cry many a time.

The more she enjoyed, the more he withdrew.
Finally sitting in the middle of several chairs,
nursing the bottle he had brought. Perhaps not
the exact one...had grabbed it from a table.

He's eventually shoved to the wall with the chairs,
and rugs thrown over the jumble. For the kids and
their dancing.

Muttering under there, and then crying. One youngster
shouts “Lighten up, Old Man!”

Their comedian.

He falls asleep, but wakes to hear her leaving.
Even over all the din, her usual hysteria.

Emerges in the middle of crazy dancing.

But Becks rescues blinking him. "Where you been?
We got a helluva football pool going! Throwing in
twenty each, so one sweet payoff!"

"I'm in!"

“Money talks!”

Gives him the twenty. “I got the munchies you wouldn’t believe!”

“Eat for Crisakes! Enough for an army!”

Laurette loads her plate too. Did she see Delsey leave?

“Yeah, with some bum. Exquisite taste!...oh I’m sorry:
you were one.”

“Ancient History!”

Labels: behavior, hate, hurt, neighborhood, party, relationship, time

Monday, September 01, 2014

-Yeah, and every vicious Righty hater of working people
will suddenly find a union member in his brutal tribe.
“And my cousin, Hipp Eskew of Bakers’ Union Local 97,
has given many a delicious cake to all sorts of celebrations!”

-It’s miraculous!

-I don’t know. Look in a family you don’t know whatever
you’ll find.

Labels: Capitalism, hatred of working people, Labor, Labor Day, Union

Tuesday, September 02, 2014

The Future of the Party

-Lessee now: We've alienated Women, Blacks, and Hispanics. Not to mention...

-They'll do well enough for your argument. But don't you see? It's all working! We keep getting more and more angry white men!

-And more and more of them blow their fuses, departing for some other political place, like Heaven.

-Others take their place!

-Yes, but not enough in the long run. What then?

-Why we do an About-Face! Unload ‘em on the Dems while giving the love to Broads n' Blacks n' Spicks n’ Pansies! Like, *Embrace the New Quartet!*

-About-Face that flagrant?

-Been done many a time.

-I’m leaving politics!

-Grow up!

Labels: About-Face, Blacks, Gays, Hispanics, New Republican Party, political switch, women

Wednesday, September 03, 2014

He was afraid of everything. The future held horrors!

The authorities knew of his type, and sought to understand. In order to insure more producing units: cut down on sick days.

Thus they instituted an essay with the annual tax form. *Tell us about your non-financial year.*

Unfortunately, the fearful man, after writing many cautious drafts, forgot.

He was deported.

In his new country, though despised, he fears nothing.

Lives on odd jobs and scraps of food.

He sings continuously, early folk-rock, and is laughed at for his attempts.

Years have passed and he won’t stop smiling.

Efforts have been made to send him elsewhere, but no one wants him.

He can’t make a friend, male or female, but keeps trying.

When he gets senior, the Foreign Department softens, gives him a vague award.

At the tiny ceremony, he thanks his old and new nations equally. And Melody, his blind cat.

Labels: deportation, exile, fear, taxes

Thursday, September 04, 2014

God has finally revealed to me that
He's Google. "I didn't think any
fuckin reason to keep it quiet
any longer."

"God shouldn't say fuckin."

"Who are you to say? And it's hardly the
first time: conduct of others being of
such great concern! I quote a nonbeliever:
Cultivate your own garden."

I took the advice, and soon counted
a hundred offers for seeds on my tablet.

Labels: garden, God, google, nonbeliever, tablet, Voltaire

Friday, September 05, 2014

should jettison the Free
and Brave shit.

O wouldn’t the Rich
be sorely miffed?

& their patriot lackeys
and bought Congress!

Labels: bribery, class, Congress, free and brave, free and brave nonsense, inequality, patriot, rich

Saturday, September 06, 2014

-Ladies of limited experience, such as us’n,
should attend to the bull sessions in our
dorm. You slept through the last: about enumerating.

The champ stopped at 178...now doesn’t bother.

-Jesus H. Christ on a Bicycle! Wonder she
can still perambulate, the slut!

-Well, we COULD expand our horizons.

-Walk out the door and be a whore?

-That easy?

-Easier.

Labels: bull session, dorm, slut, whore, women

Sunday, September 07, 2014

Krutz flees in the dead of night.
No one to jeer that way.

His new country, though hardly
welcoming, is at least not sarcastic.

He brought a proverb: “Pay me,
I'll work hard. More, I'll work harder.”

He prospered, since the surrounding
citizens laughed at work.

At a folk fair, he spots the embroidered
wedding caps from the old country.

Enjoys a piece of Babka, sliced by a
young man.

Not! The pastry terrible, ashes of the
dead! And the young man apologizes.

His pretty sister rearranges the wedding
caps, and Krutz does a strange thing--
for any country: He places one on her head.

He isn't kidding, but neither is she. Short story
shorter: They marry and move to a new cottage,
with a room for the brother.

The trio flourishes, the caps becoming a fad
in this new country, worn by both sexes.

Krutz quits his job to manage the firm, and
the brother becomes its traveling salesman.
Who often goes to the border region and fetches
back Babka. Like eating bricks.

Years pass, Babka-deprived, and a man tells Krutz
an uncle bakes it up in the mountains of the old
country. The deal becomes five cakes for the

price of a wedding cap. He sends the money by Paypal.

But the border guards seize all but one.
So the brother makes his way home with that.

They sit at the table afraid to slice it, that it
will prove yet another disappointment.

But, heavenly!

Never able to get another, but that one lingers
forever in memory. Indeed, they have talked of
little else over the years.

Labels: Babka, foreigners, new country

Monday, September 08, 2014

The Congressman Listens With Gravity

-I got two talking points for your *Meet the Press:*

One, President too aggressive! Dangerous to
us and the whole freakin world!

Two, President a pussy! Just too timid for these
virulent times!

-Do I alternate them?

-Hey! When the shoe fits...?

-And when it doesn't?

-Jam it on!

Labels: bizarre politics, Congress, contradiction, insane politics, Meet the Press, paradox

Tuesday, September 09, 2014

Effie pretended nothing was
different, but, truth is, she
couldn't really see their faces.

They were pixillated in life, like
some victims on TV.

She walked elsewhere in
the company to see others
with exact noses, eyes,
mouths. So, it wasn't her.

But just her boss, Rector, Sales
Manager, Mipsky, and Jill, in
charge of New Business.

Last week they had been called
into the boardroom. Thereafter,
their facial features had gradually
disappeared.

Now she is called in. Funny, she
has no fear, but has kept out of
the loop during the last, disastrous
month.

It couldn’t have been a warmer
experience, and she emerges
in charge of her section.

She'd have to fire Rector. Promised to.
Indeed, the other two will shortly
follow in her plans.

They'll all receive faces back, so not
a complete tragedy.

And the new people will be well-
defined, like everything else
under her.

Labels: business, business atmosphere, face, firing, save face

Wednesday, September 10, 2014

"Jidgey" Carker-Hollins turns into a huge banana.
Had been warned by physicians, but, like the rest
of us in other matters, mostly ignored them.

Happens at the office, like everything of moment
in his fated life.

Maintenance guys George 1 and 2 tasked by Boss,
Lippy Hoaks, to get rid of it. They drive the firm's
SUV to a Walmart lot and shove it out.

Captured by Security Cameras, and a speeded-up
version goes viral.

George 1 signed by an agent. George 2, hopeless.

He’s sent to Hollywood, and affects extra large
sunglasses. Also, an Oxford accent.

Cast as a professor Brit who turns into a rutabaga,
but, a colossal flop!

WHAT'S NEXT? headlines *Variety*. CUMQUATS?

The original banana metamorphosis is uncovered
as a fraud, and "Jidgey" arrested in El Salvador.

In the embrace of one, Conchita. Really.

The Republican Congress tries him, Exhibit A,
far past ripe on a large table. It proves to be
a sculpture comprised of a thousand ground-up
bananas under a skin of yellow Corinthian Leather.

Democrats attempt to comment on the stink,
but are caustically silenced by the Southern Chair.
His putdowns are legendary.

Those and Race have insured seniority.

Labels: banana, business, Corinthian Leather, Metamorphosis, Republican, sculpture, seniority, Southern

Thursday, September 11, 2014

-Well you’re sent to make laws by
the party that says we have enough.

-I’ll work it out.

-You already SAY nothing beautifully. Just
a small step to DO nothing the same.

-Where’s the cash machine? I wanna
fuckin start!

Labels: Congress, do-nothing, Do-Nothing Congress, eloquence, making laws, Republican

Friday, September 12, 2014

Template For Both Parties

We know you’re sick of begging emails, but…

Labels: Democrat, fund raising, latest outraged appeal, Republican

Saturday, September 13, 2014

-If your father starts telling those same stories of his,
I'm going to sing the loudest note I'm capable of!

-I thought those kind of tales to be essential to
community. Imprint, and all that good shit.

-Oversupply at present.

-You've a duty to be patient. For all humankind!

-I gotta work for a fuckin living! Weekends must let off
a thousand pounds of pressure or so.

-Oh? Are you a giver or a taker?

-A striver. And without a discernable goal. Trapped in
a maze of complete stupidity!

-Isn't that called a rat race? Literally?

-Check my whiskers!

-I've got a headache.

Labels: community, desperation, Family, giver, marriage, rat race, relationship, stories, striver, taker, work

Sunday, September 14, 2014

we want to throw rice afterwards. Best Man, Chubby Carker, has been chatting with Reverend Baxmead, who pronounces "No they haven't left yet."

"But the limo awaits!" Chubby adds drily, pointing.

They're nowhere in the usual church rooms, so a search party forms.

Chubby ultimately confides to Bridesmaid, Helena Markham Dillars O'Malley Insull, that he thinks they vagued themselves into another dimension.

"I wish they took this shitty dress with 'em!"

Salmon and nearly florescent.

"Yes," he remarked sagely, "everybody has to go through things the right way, no matter what."

"Well that includes them two! I'm stopping. My shimmers are bouncing off the Bible pictures on the wall, and giving me a headache."

"Funny how we affect the environment."

"Hah hah!"

Labels: Bible, convention, dimension, marriage, mystery, vague

Monday, September 15, 2014

Wits Ponder

A quite small conference center, and new, in a medium Texas city. Opens with *Future of Freedom*. Several Right Notables on tap.

The program is explicit in its topics and their descriptions, until the item SRC.

Whatever it is, Drs Exlor and Merksy of Stanford and Dilham Bible University, respectively, discuss it, and take questions.

No reporters present, but a few get hold of the program after.

A contest ensues as to the meaning of SRC. The most ridiculous assertion, “Selling Rita’s Cu*t,” gives the flavor of the discourse.

But all finally settle on *Striking the Racial Chord*.

Labels: conference, freedom, obscenity, Race, Right, Stanford

Tuesday, September 16, 2014

Sen Bought guffawed, & Sen Sold nodded.

Sen On-the-Fence took the call from the billionaire.

“Randy” he reminded. Code for cash.

Labels: bribery, business as usual, cash, senate

Wednesday, September 17, 2014

“Go to the war between the Packers and Giants,
and a game breaks out. Boring! So the kids shriek
for Corky’s Breakass Burgers from the video on all
their phones.

To the concessions before halftime, and mobbed!
I fight up to about third in line and everybody leaves!--
Help too! Huge wooshing sound banging up to
the rafters!

They’re panicked! But still plenty of time to see the
beheading. Leading off with Bonzy and the Brooklyn
Belles, and then Cheerleader Awards.

Next, reading out the mangled legal horseshit.

And Main Event, quick.

Clean up a scosh, hoses, followed by drawing for
the Infinity.

Yeah! My turn! I can feel it!

So if the Giants break my heart again, I won’t even
know it! Purring along the highway, refusing to
turn on the radio!”

Labels: beheading, cars, football, future, sport, war

Thursday, September 18, 2014

-Letzi says she won't be an Aunt Jemima!

-I can hear her. Does she do nothing quietly?

-Her boyfriend puts cotton in his ears, but
takes it out when they do it.

-More than I want to know. But, anyway, she's white.

-Last time I looked.

-So, what's with the Aunt...?

-Burks, in Shipping, is white, but they call him Uncle Tom.

-So this plantation imagery has invaded our fair firm?

-You could put it that way.

-What? If you're inarticulate?...if I read your tone. At any rate,
Max, I wonder if those terms don't fit SOME power structures.
But, not here!

-Nevah!

-Look, you're middle management and I , ahem, upper.

-Just the facts, Man.

-And yet we rib the shit out of each other playing softball.
No class crap here!

-None. Squat. Zip. Zilch. Zer-er-O!

-Right! Example of how things should be!

Mr Ralph leaves, and Heskey, the fresh intern, tells Max

-You're such a freakin Uncle Tom!

-Survival of the Flatter-ist.

-You gwine t’lunch? Ah be.

-Can’t eat with field hands.

-Yeah! Just with House Nig-

-You studying company handbook? If you come up looking stupid, it’s MY ass gets burnt!

-Must you interrupt?...de-dupt, de-dupt, de-dupt?

Labels: Aunt Jemima, class, company politics, company structure, power, power relationships, Race, Uncle Tom

Friday, September 19, 2014

Two Amateur Democrats

-Could be effective. Who you emailing?

-I pretty much just know Lefties.

-Wasted there, Preaching to the Converted.
And Righties'll say it's basest propaganda.
And Godless too!

-Gotta reach the Leaners.

-How you gonna find out...? Hafta buy a list.

-That's the trouble with this country!
Everything's for sale!

-It's gone overboard, of course, but
I don't know but that's our strength.

Labels: ;Republican, Democrat, for sale, moderate, money in politics, political advertising, rich

Saturday, September 20, 2014

-I need a shrieker!

-Got one.

-To be heard over the Exchange Floor. I mean. The bustle of IPOs...the news some CEO just got pinched for a boy sex rap...or the preliminary bellowing before the Crash!

-Sound of hearts breaking?

-My present girl yells, but then goes all kittenish and girly-girly. And you can't freakin hear her!

-This one can do C over C, and sustain. Bottles explode!

-Send her!

-But that's all she...

-Hey, forget my former reputation! I even chucked out the Viagra. Actual speed approaching Zero now.

-I went with her a while. It was like: *Would you care to move a bit, Missy? For my, like, ego?*

-As I said, I'm done in that department anyway.

-The Earth has kicked into a new orbit!

-Good for The Earth.

Labels: female voice, sex, shrieking, Stock Market, TV, Viagra

Sunday, September 21, 2014

Uncle Harkie

criticized as Mitzi ran through the cable channels.

“*That faker!..That idiot!...Stop that imbecile!...*
Funny black folks? No thanks!....Young people
mucking everything up. Uh huh?...The News?
When it's about the frauds spose to be giving it?
Off with their talking heads!”

Finally, Zip took out the video camera, throwing
Uncle Harkie's image up on the screen.

“And chuck that fat-faced loser!” he laughed.

Labels: cable TV, criticism, Family, TV, video

Monday, September 22, 2014

“If life's an orange crate, you keep going back
through yesterdays to find the future there.”

Jeannie answered as she always did: “Whatever.”
Her piercings a-glimmer.

He sang *I dream of Jeannie*
with the light green hair.
Borne like a vapor on
the slutty air.

It sounded pretty, so they tried awakening the Guru
to hear, but he was dead.

Next day they sacrificed a virtual dog to him online.

Then, the vital doctrines reasserted: “Life goes on!”

“Whatever.”

Labels: emptiness, future, Goth, guru, orange crate, Philosophy, piercing

Tuesday, September 23, 2014

Ole Miss

Elrenda's grandmother dealt Blackjack at the smallest
Indian Casino in Mississippi.

Hurricane Irmalene hit, depositing her sparrow-like
frame onto a power pole.

Which cracked in half, landing hers in the Mendsenal River.

There she reposes, pop-eyed mid murk and rubbers,
the half pole on the surface gouged out and replaced
by one in Ole Miss colors.

Bells wanted to marry Elrenda even though Grandmom
legally missing, and she finally relented.

The happy couple went to Penny's during their honeymoon.
Charmed, then, by a strange man at the entrance.

He arranged for a limo to pick them up at their motel, and they
haven’t been seen since.

Not a worry though. They’re in another dimension. No, really.

Guide there, Jerome, laughs at their questions.

Some sort of Jew.

Labels: dimension, hurricane, Indian Casino, Jew, Mississippi, Ole Miss

Wednesday, September 24, 2014

Clean

Rudd got in a conga line of slashing signs at
the Clean Water Demonstration, and had to sit
on the curb since his asthma started acting up.

Next to him, a polar bear. He tried conversation,
the way he did with any creature.

"Before you get any further," warned the bear, "I should tell you
that I'm frigid."

A female voice, and sultry, regardless of ludicrous sentiment.

Rudd rushed on to detail the purposes of the demonstration,
while she *uh huhed* in quiet desperation at his muddiness.

"You...want me to leave since I'm hardly Brad Pitt!"

"Hardly."

"Well I won't. I'm treating you to lunch, in costume or not!"

The first place they went didn't serve polar bears.

But they stumbled on *Lunch By Gus.* Millie and Betts insisted
on hugs, and Mickey and Oops in the kitchen suggested Lasagna
Alfredo because of its whiteness.

Gus came in and told them their meal was on the house. "Hey! I fish, and the lake has turned into a piss puddle!"

"The rich prefer it that way!" shot the polar bear. Jen, in her
other life.

Well, Rudd and Jen hit it off after that, he eventually moving into her immaculate live-work studio, where she fashioned a brand new
polar bear costume for him.

The efficiency he left was condemned by the Board of Health.

Not really, but that was its flavor.

Twin bears at demonstrations after that, and interviewed
by the cable networks.

But then, Leadership wanted her solely in Organization.

So, Rudd went solo polar bear. He got awfully good and
made the whole bus happy going to DC.

His wrestling with cops there made TV news worldwide.
Thence viral videos in all languages!

A former gross polluter wanted him for commercials.
“Not just yet,” Rudd told them. “A few more things for
you to do.”

Which they did. After first, of course, maintaining it was
impossible. He turned the money back to the cause.

Rudd became famous, and Jen's costumes generally.

So, supreme cause, good life.

She passed with breast cancer. Everything dies, and everybody.

He became both of them after that, training a cousin in being
the polar bear. Thence, happily taking Jen’s organizational post.

Had been seen as somewhat scattered, but now everything
at his fingertips.

As if the Environment were a person you could sit down with,
and discover therein the exact resonance for life.

Labels: clean water, environment, organization, polar bear, pollution

Thursday, September 25, 2014

-Well, we meet once more! Your Holmes to
my Moriarty! Dr Stark Z Reilly, noted
Criminologist! Expert in the Annals of Cri...!

-Speaking of which, you're probably in there.

-No such luck, Grimy Guru. No convictions.

-Oh?

-Ooops, I spoke too fast. Pinched for Speeding
in New Jersey. Paid the fine. Case closed.

-So, a criminal.

-Yeah, a regular Baby Face Nelson, Willy Sutton,
Lucy Borden, even--for modern variety's sake,
and sexual tolerance in all acceptable examples.

-She was acquitted.

-Ah but the rhyme lives on! Pen being mightier than
the Shiksa!

-Whatever. No thefts or assaults on your record?
Convicted or not?

-Hey, in our neighborhood? Lifting something was, like,
a Badge of Honor! So when that retired cop, Totally White
Leary, trimmed his rosebushes with a neat-o little hand
thing, and absently put it down...?

-You...?

-So pretty! Like jewelry. But I did it just to hear him roar.

-Assaults?

-Ex and I, après drunken ice skating. One frozen word leads
to another and we swing some vicious haymakers. But they

land on layers and layers, so we just get exhausted to icy tears.
I can still hear the muffled blows and shrieks of frustration.

-Lovely story, but just Assault. Disturbing the Peace etc.
At any rate, you're a criminal all right!

-Hey, key me into your Annals of Vicious Crime then!
Be my guest! Like, lemme aid your academic freakin
career with my dark example!

-You're already in there!

-Oh yeah? Well maybe I care a hell of a lot more about
what St Peter is bringing up on HIS laptop.

-He's in The Cloud.

-Atheist humor, weaker than most.

Labels: assault, Baby Face Nelson, crime, criminal, Criminal Justice, Lucy Borden, marriage, speeding, Willy Sutton

Friday, September 26, 2014

-That’s one bright one up there! When I lived way in the country, just stars’d show the way to the shitter. Didn’t need no moon.

-You realize that light has been traveling many many years to get here? It happened tons and tons of years ago.

-Uh huh? You went to that college two towns over. They get paid to make things complicated. Look! I see the light. I close my eyes and I don’t see it. It’s there, I’m here. You don’t need no fuckin light-years, or whatever they’re called.

-Hundred eighty six thousand miles a second! Think about that!

-I did. It’s bullshit!

-How can you say that?

-As a Baptist. God’s up there taking charge. Alls you gotta know!

-I don’t agree! God wants us to know as much as we can.

-No He don’t. That commandment He didn’t make.

-So, the light didn’t travel here?

-It’s up there and I see it here. What could be simpler?

Labels: astronomy, Baptist, country, light years

Saturday, September 27, 2014

Mrs van I was more than pleased to see Proprietor Dolph tending bar. Would insure a proper evening for her friends.

One irritation though, some black Major in nondescript uniform.

“Can you do something?” she asked Dolph.

“Once, yes. Now, looking at prison.”

But he proved to be funny. And, even, cultured.

Clincher: Sent a bottle of Dolph’s best French champagne.

As the evening swam, she confided in Dolph, “I’m becoming a Liberal, despite myself.”

Lillian, their youngest member, eventually asked for, and was granted, permission to leave with the dark person.

But had to promise to phone after noon.

If sex, detail.

Labels: bar, black, high- class bar, prejudice, privilege, sex, wealth

Sunday, September 28, 2014

The Golden Third

Well, did you like Rompsey?

Not really. What’s that last dreadful thing
he said?

"A bottle for a night, a woman for a week,
but a garden for life!"

Drunken male-chauvinist pig!

But not his last third.

I don’t know about that!

Hey! We all have that, then world’s okay.

Labels: drunk, gardden, male chauvinism, sexist

Monday, September 29, 2014

-Gotta pour more money into the Iraqi Army!

-Give them roller skates so they can retreat faster?

-Wouldn't work in the desert.

-You iz right! How did the Eye-talians do it?
And just about everywhere! An Art Form!

-Going a ways back for an example!

-If the foo shits...?

-Speaking of which, how come you
punctuate every utterance with farts.

-A skill.

Labels: art form, Iraq, Italy, retreat, Whale

Tuesday, September 30, 2014

Bootstraps

-Parties might spend up to two hundred
a voter in this state!

-Amazing! This pissy place!

-So I went to the Republicans and told them
give me the two hundred outright! Cause,
I’m, like, stone broke!

-Doesn’t work that way.

-Oh?

Labels: buying votes, money in politics, Republican

Wednesday, October 01, 2014

The Uncertains

Not knowing, quite,
she did nothing. Again.

A pattern? You might say?
You might, if you said
anything at all. Why

not try? Oh? Well,
better luck next time!

Labels: cowardice, incomplete knowledge, knowledge, timidity

Thursday, October 02, 2014

The System

“Look! You take a hundred dollar bite out of millions of ragged asses.

That way you leave the Gotrocks be!

They finance our campaigns. A fair tradeoff
for Patriots.”

Labels: campaign financing, gifts for rich, gouge, loopholes, politics, taxation

Friday, October 03, 2014

Opposing Chairs

-Well, you groused and orated, but used the grimy regulations to raise more money than us.

-We had a choice? Your Court rammed it in and broke it off. We walk around with it in there, or we don‘t walk!

-And you beat us again with a vigorous young person! Uh huh? Half vacant!

-And you’re monumentally pissed! Having come so close with your corn-fed prissy. Oh well, let the dance begin! You’ll oppose the President on everything, however petty, for his first term. And odds are he’ll get a second.

-We’ll blow him outa the water before that!

-Uh huh? In the second, you’ll investigate everyone and his grandmother. Throwing up pictures of the old broad's cunt on monitors around the hearing room.

-You exaggerate! Somewhat. But if your boy gets two terms, he leaves on a Rascal Scooter!

Labels: Democrat, investigation, Party Chairs, petty opposition, Rascal Scooter, Republican, sexism, women

Saturday, October 04, 2014

that “Doctors amazed!”
Thus, flaming assholes

cured in faithful
Ozarks. Not so
much in lurching

cities where sin
greases to each

unchurched.
(Unconned?)

And wit is all
they have
to go on.

Labels: cure, faith, religion, rural, unchurched, urban

Sunday, October 05, 2014

The bald man has
a Bad Hair Day.

What's left, spiking
crazily. We thank him
for being

our resident asshole.
Born to that strident
trade the day

he commenced the chrome-
doming process. When

a laugh track
gets requisite,
we’ll switch.

To our ditz-
y blonde, perhaps.

Or fully tap another
even lesser, anent

the usual
gang of idiots.

Labels: "Mad", bald, dumb blonde, scapegoat

Monday, October 06, 2014

Colorado Schoolboard retreats on a History
exalting Heroes of Free Enterprise.

That vast thrust of grease.

Thus, anyway, does Right fail again in its
lecturing the undeserving Help from the
Country Club porch.

Hop over to Utah, meet Joe Hill. Go early: he’s
coming off the Graveyard Shift.

Labels: Capitalism, Colorado, Free Enterprise, ignorance, Jim Fisk, Joe Hill, Right, Utah

Tuesday, October 07, 2014

-Not enough they done already, now this disease!

-E Freakin Bola!

-Sounds like one of thems weird names in phone book.

-You want ‘em have separate one?

-Nah, you can tell.

-Well…don’t catch it!

-Their final gift?

Labels: Ebola", Race, racial prejudice, South

Wednesday, October 08, 2014

-I can let you go, or you can become one
the kids again. At a fifth of the salary.

-I'll do it! Gwen has saved.

-You'll be treated like shit.

-Looking forward to it!

-Welcome to Capitalism where they grind
your balls off!

-That's just reality. I'm encouraged!

-And after reading all that shit in the business
press about indomitable spirit, here I thought
it was only for CEOs!

Labels: Capitalism, fired, layoff, pay reduction, retread, survivor

Thursday, October 09, 2014

Engaged on Several Fronts

-Harry up with those drinks! He's coming to a boil!

-Centuries of crazy shit, and they've emerged from dusty backwardness to be able to kill each other with close to Western Competence. I say get out of their way!

-Wouldn't talk like this if we had a Mahmoud in the group.

-Who's stopping him? We got two Afros and Saul, so who's to say we're prejudiced?

-Haven't seen him lately.

-You hear him first.

-Incidentally, don't you think we had OUR centuries of crazy shit?

-That was then! This is now!

-(muffled) *Who dat fightin down dere? Save it for after the game!*

-(together) Nobody here but us Christians.

-(shouting) Besides, you got the wrong end of the stick. It's the TV!

(laughter)

Labels: black, Christian, football, Jew, Moslem, religious war, sectarian war, TV, war

Friday, October 10, 2014

The Tragic Flaw

The next revolution came too fast.
I had just gotten my uniform tailored.
"Get rid of that pot, you'll be a movie star!"
my supervisor cracked.

Now he's dead, and the uniform's forbidden.
We have to find old clothes, paying dearly
for them.

"This is the first example," laughed Causely.
“Après le Deluge, le Gouge! Therefore we no
longer must mouth *Socialist Man*! Now it's
Free Market! Doesn't that just give you a tingle?"

"There'll be more. Classes compulsory."

"Can't wait! Hey! This one might last shorter
than the last."

"I've hidden my uniform."

"Shhhh! Just be patient. Their thieves
are undermining them even as we speak.
Their tragic flaw."

Labels: "Free" Market, Left Revolution, revolution, Right Revolution, Socialist Man, thievery, tragic flaw

Saturday, October 11, 2014

Giru, Bowling Alley

-I worry ALL THE TIME!

-Nothing all the time.

-I thought, maybe God? Give it to...?

-Depends on which one.

-Was brought up Catholic.

-That's a good one for worry.
Jewish best. Various Protestant
sects a mollycoddle third.

-Leaving out Moslem.

-Those people? All they do is
kill each other!

-Sounds prejudiced, o Exalted One!

-A strong prejudice or two stamps
a character!

-Well...that does it for worry, then?
Now, there's another problem that...

-Stop! Gotta bowl.

-Do you get mostly strikes?

-Far from it. The sport defies goodness.
Three strikes and I'm outa here!

-Mixing your metaphors.

-Show your badge, Detective Language Police!

Labels: bowling, Catholic, God, guru, language, Moslem, Protestant

Sunday, October 12, 2014

Hubby

-After lovemaking... and I cringe to use
that phrase.

-You cringe to use any phrase.

-I thought I'd be clever back then.

-That's a reach always.

-So I said "That's all gratifying enough,
but how does it work mathematically?"

-Severe mistake.

-She ran with it and hasn't shut up since.

-Even now? Old Married Folks.

-Worse!

-Well, how could you know she was a mathematician?

-She's hardly a large number, but she's the
large number girl!

-A trillion, she's just getting started.

-It never stops! Even now, she's sleeping,
but all the computers in the house are
buzzing equations. Endless stream.

-Love’s a strange amalgam.

-Stranger yet. Herself, she just fiddles
on a legal pad and sings. It's nonsense,
but the whole world comes to...

-You know, you been looking dowdy. Let me

comb your closet for something
sedate but sufficiently masculine.
The latter to eventually alleviate the *Minimalist Husband Syndrome* at the Nobel.

-Hey! Minimalist I love. Screw it! Let's go to
the hockey game and scream our asses off.

-Let's go to ten. Fast! She's on the short list.
Distinguished! She'll win! Some of it will rub off.

-I hope not!

-Why don’t you aspire to aspire?

-One's enough! How many empty Rice Crispie boxes do you wanna pick from the shelves?

-They also serve who straighten out the
petty shit?

-She's crazy about me!

-Part of her insane parcel.

-I'm King, I'm fuckin King!

-Maybe more like Dan McGrew. “With the first shot he stiffened, second one he fell, third, a new
man's face in hell!"

-You be Dan. I'm Louis Fourteen!

-Think of each face in hell in an entirely vast
panoramic shot, then zoom out leaving each
as small as a grain of sand! Wow!

-She'll do the math in her head!

-What’ll you do in yours?

-Absolutely nothing!

-You've gotta stop being happy! I can’t
stand it!

-They also serve who only screw around.

Labels: couple.Nobel, marriage, math, Mathematics, roles

Monday, October 13, 2014

Three Italian-American Stallions

1
You got jaggedy things sliding around
in your eyes?

2
Yeah! Multi colors.

1
That's the clincher!

3
Ebola?

1
A certainty. And note how black he is!

2
Hey, Ignoramus! Sturdy Sicilian peasant stock!

3
Mafia.

2
A few family members, but just keeping their
hand in.

1
My Friend, OUR oldest predecessors hailed from
the cultured cities. From Rome and Florence!

3
And we go back to Caesar! Whitely.

1
Who screwed up on the Ides of March crap,
or he'd still be with us.

3

Whereas you?

1
Busting clods of shit with webbed feet!

2
So now I'm a duck? I don't get no respect!

1
By way of alleviation, allow me soon to escort
raw you unto my Corridor of Art.

3
He got two paintings.

1
Number One: “Mussolini Midst the Flowers.”

3
Or, “The Ghinny in the Garden.”

2
Can't wait.

1
And Number Two...!

3
“The Ghinny in the Gas Station.”

1
Hanging upside down, unfortunately. Duce, not painting.

3
Mistress alongside. But the Partisans tied her skirt for modesty sake.

2
The morals of murderers.

1
From an old Puritan strain that 's big here now.

3
Enough culture! What'll we do with our Ebola *paison?*

1
Unfortunately, my Hazmat Suit is hanging in Mother's closet. Maybe my Father can bring it on the bus.

3
He standing guard on it presently?

1
Yeah! Retired. You know how they are.

3
Too much fuss and bother! Let's pour about
a gallon of homemade Ghinny Red down him!

1
And watch pro football?

2
Si! Any Italian players?

1
Most of your color, but not ethnicity.

Labels: black, Ebola, execution, football, Italian, Mussolini, partisan, war

Tuesday, October 14, 2014

-How’s that anti-virus?

-Just got it, and popups asking me to renew.

-Hurried Capitalism. We call it Rush to Fuck.

Labels: anti-virus, Capitalism, popups, virus

Wednesday, October 15, 2014

Rip and Cooley, Machinists Union

R
So, another health care idiot in Texas gets Ebola?
Despite the funny suit!

C
Hey the blueprint set when Ruby shot Oswald.
The whole huge state is, like, totally incompetent!

R
It’s a Right-to-Work State.

C
Right to get fucked!

R
Some wanna make it a separate nation!

C
Don’t let the door hit 'em in the ass!

Labels: dumb Texans, Ebola, Oswald, ridicule of Texas, Right-to-Work, Ruby, Texas, Texas Hate

Thursday, October 16, 2014

is easy! Not rough
to understand--
a kind of thrill.

Rich tell you what
it is, and politicians

follow suit, boots
strapped up and
pockets stuffed.

Clergy approve,
but only with
the codicil of

pie in the sky
bye and bye.

Labels: American Dream, clergy, Joe Hill, pie in sky, politician, rich

Friday, October 17, 2014

Trying to Understand: Budge and Hexler

-I never said the Republican Party didn’t have
a moral core-message!

-But...?

-It’s fatally undermined by charlatans and thieves.

-How about sex whackos?

-The worst!

-Can you have a traffic jam of clown cars?

-We’ll see.

Labels: charlatans, Circus, clown car, Republican, sex, thieves

Saturday, October 18, 2014

Misty complains that Rudolph is not getting Buck right.

Misty:
He’s all four-letter words!

Rudolph:
It’s acting. We suggest. If it’s one f-word after the other, it’s too disgusting.

Misty:
Yeah it is! That’s him!

Darla steps in and plays Buck. She’s withering!

Rudolph:
Wow! Hidden fires.

Darla:
I suppose. I do fury!

The judge has decreed that Buck come in later and watch the DVD. He sits like a librarian.

Buck:
A broad as me? How chick-flick!

Rudolph:
You’ll hafta watch it again and again if you don’t say something positive.

Buck:
She uglier than I am.

But Buck does offer to play a part in the next psychodrama. He’s assigned sex-addict Carly. Really shimmies, even grabbing Rudolph by the crotch.

Rudolph:
Ouch! Don’t get carried away!

Buck:
We can be. Together.

In this tender moment, news comes that Rhonda has missed this performance to buy a gun!

Misty:
So what? It's a Right To Shoot State!

*But Darla inquires on her cell, finding out
it's a gift to Rhonda's mother for Mothers' Day.*

Buck:
So sweet! Like you!

Darla:
Stick to Rudolph, you pig!

*Now Misty informs Buck that if he didn't clean up
his act right now, she'd...!*

Buck:
You'll get Rhonda's mother to shoot me, or Rudolph to blow me!

Rudolph:
You're sub-human!

Buck:
You'll love it! Ask Misty about my humongous package!

More Words follow, and Buck destroys the furniture. Cops get there, and him in a choke-hold, and he squeaks out:

I'm innocent! They're the criminals! Breaking up
loving relationships!

*Misty has a change of heart then, hitting one
of the cops.*

Buck:
See?

Labels: guns, love, manners, psychodrama, relationships, sex, therapy, violence

Sunday, October 19, 2014

Academic Chat

-I told him that when we were kids we said
“I’m a-scared!”

-Grave mistake. He’s a linguist. Will write
a series of papers on that tiny element.
And talk us crazy!

-Why are so many bores in the university?

-Design.

Labels: academic, bore, design, linguist, university

Monday, October 20, 2014

Our new museum has a nice-looking fella
revolving in a lighted case. Looking like a
manikin from a solid store.

MODERATE REPUBLICAN

The radio guys keep giving it the horselaugh, but
Buzz Deadly, who’s head and shoulders over the rest–-
not narrow--says History should preserve everything.

Even assholes.

Labels: Moderate Republican, museum, Talk Radio

Tuesday, October 21, 2014

Patriot’s Sundae

I didn't worry that the Administration and its
fierce Party labeled my unemployment
insurance as a crippling entitlement against
the whole country.

But then, they persuaded Congress to eliminate the
program on the philosophical ground that it lacked
the real starving possibility that got folks off their ass.

Thus, yet another blow to natural laziness.

No problem with this last here. Our shop had work
out the door and stretching to Kalamazoo!

Overtime mandatory, which was fine with me.

Was. Whole shebang to Latvia. Our labor just too costly.
Sometimes, you get the chance to give back wages?
But not in this case.

After a couple of months, when the old government
handout would’ve come in handy, and we exhausted
our savings, and our daughters couldn't play soccer
because we couldn't afford the uniforms, I landed
on my feet at Dollar-O-Rama!

The best thing here: we buy up the food that
supermarkets throw away, and some WE actually
throw away. Well, no more! That last goes to OUR table.

My wife last week took a smashed blueberry pie and
blended it with her homemade yogurt. Great!

We called it our Patriot’s Sundae.

The girls bragged about it, and we had to stand up
at their next game. The announcer said that praising
us was praising America!

Labels: Dollar Store, food, lazy, patriotism, soccer, starvation, sundae, supermarket, Unemployment Compensation, unemployment insurance

Wednesday, October 22, 2014

-They love the undercurrent of Race--its
sly risk especially. Though they’re not racists.

-Of course not!

-Courage under flair.

-They say we miss their humor.

-So do they.

Labels: political hatred, political humor, President, Racism

Thursday, October 23, 2014

Billionaire’s Reasonable Ask

-It’s not that much! Just mostly symbolic! A tiny bit
on your finger.

-It’s still eating shit!

-Do me, and the country, this favor. The Whole Nation was built by the little people who did this! Unafraid! Heroes!

-I don’t know.

-I salute you!

Labels: billionaire, eating shit, little people, subservience, system, unfair system, wealth

Friday, October 24, 2014

Harsh, But Fun

-Dirksen wrote a play. *Chinese Love*.

-How on earth do you know that?

-He was the last Republican to do anything human.

Labels: Chinese Love, Dirksen, human, Republican

Saturday, October 25, 2014

Examples:

-Almost Marlowed the entire bunch
but Grumpy came up with a fix.

-The new kid Grumpied the makeover
work, first thing I give him. But, he’s bright.
He'll catch on.

The newest foreman, Hodge, wasn't immune.
He ruined a small lot before his elevation.
And now he, even, refers to the same mistake:

-Let's everybody be careful on that big job!
I don't want any Hodging!

When Marlow died, we thought we should
desist in his case, but habit took hold and we
still kept labeling that particular screwup
after him.

Grumpy pronounced -It's his memory forever.

-A mistake? sneered Hodge.

-We're human. He stays with us this way.

The question persisted: Why did Marlow die anyhow?

Grumpy opined that he was too happy.

Labels: blue collar, errors at work, Labor, shop wit, shop work

Sunday, October 26, 2014

If she were hanged

for her beauty, she’d die innocent.*
The landscape of her sisters, an end-

less plain. Though, hollows
hold ponds reflecting sly
angels of Earthly Paradise.

*Irish Proverb

Labels: angel, beauty, proverbs, ugliness

Monday, October 27, 2014

Two Sens (Part 1 or 2)

-And the lesson to be drawn from
our mutual election? Twin triumphs!...
but this HAS to be my last Scotch!

-That the people wish us to continue
fucking them. And the night is young!

Two Sens (Part 2 or 1)

-Can’t tell if that’s a burp or a fart.

-No matter. Like a trumpet of triumph!

-Dicey for a bit, but the people reverted
to their natural stupidity.

-Money talks.

-And do we LISTEN!

Labels: business as usual, election, money in politics, political corruption, senator

Tuesday, October 28, 2014

Working Scholar

Brencher knew his PhD from The Interstellar
University was earned by doing practically
nothing.

Now teaching at a prestigious institution
in New York State, he didn't fear getting
exposed as a fraud, since he each day
introduced a controversial topic and let
the students fight it out.

Inserting, of course, a *hmmm* or *uh huh.*

Today, a twentieth century song: *You picked
a fine time to leave me, Lucille!*

Males and females lined up rhetorically,
and let fly.

He graded on class participation, not wanting
to read anything the simpletons might compose.

Some few sat with sarcastic faces, but he forced
them to speak also.

Thus could he give all of them A's.

Dean called him in. Danger-Time!

But he just complained that the average grade
had become A for the entire university.

“WE'VE LOST OUR STANDARDS!”

As Dr Brencher headed for a seminar for the professors
entitled *Creative Instruction in the Twenty-Eighth Century,*
he couldn't stop laughing.

When tears rolled down his cheeks outside the Student Union,

Melissy Oxard, one of his students, felt it mirrored his soul.

Labels: college, future university, grade inflation, PhD, university

Wednesday, October 29, 2014

Knowing Our Time

“Are you sure you want Glomohs and not Wixters?”

“Yeah, what the fuck!” So Rip had ticked Glomohs.

Everybody went nuts on his Board after!

“We can’t get on! It’s jump though hoop after hoop! Did you change anything?”

“No.”

“Come on! You bastard!”

So he confessed, and had to change it back, not ever knowing what the terms meant.

In a year, he knew what nothing meant.

“I been trained,” he joked.

Labels: computer, computer games, confusion, Discussion Board, losing memory, lost definition, mixed-up time

Thursday, October 30, 2014

Oh well! Lost In the huge stadium with its crazy-weird dopplers!

Based on German drinking song, anyway.

You need a beerhall to really give it the right push.

Labels: beerhall., German Drinking Song, National Anthem

Friday, October 31, 2014

-The Free Market!

-Uh huh? I'll give you this: You can never jettison all the crooks and charlatans, so no fair trial of it ever!

-Real Libertarians maintain that the lowlifes, finally, fatally, screw themselves. Thus the people will get rid of them by simply withholding their trade.

-Your mother raised at least one Dancing Fool!

Labels: charlatans, crooks, Free Market, Libertarian, marketplace, thieves

Saturday, November 01, 2014

Bellsome-9 made Heloise-16 his Dream Girl

But she objected, since his speech was halting, and she felt that they'd never get to it. In the dream, or the life.

As a result, she migrated, without permission. And Glad-44, instead, clanged in.

Belsome-9 awoke with headaches.

Having heard the ad-whispers, he signed on to the short string of planets. Starting with Rolful, where they eschewed machines and robots, thus all work done by hand. There he grew strong!

When transferred to Maxton, he found the same rules. No wonder, it was the same planet! Those who know Rolful humor can understand.

Final planet was Opera, where they sang everything.

When Belsome-9 finally got home from there, he couldn't stop. This made him popular with the women--and he had retained his muscular body from Rolful-Maxton.

With so many actual girls he didn't require a Dream one anymore.

And he started writing songs!--in Opera there had been no actual songs, just workaday tasks, sung.

His first one:

Got a body out in space
and it made me an ace.

Now I write songs
to right wrongs

for the rest of it.

So that's new.
A meadow is freshest
with dew.

The Culture Commissioner immediately declared him
a National Treasure, and his original Dream Girl came
sucking round, but he dismissed her "with extreme prejudice!"

Labels: dream girl, future, language, opera, planets

Sunday, November 02, 2014

Media Excitement is Absolutely Excitement!

Another Opening, Another Show!

And the gangster is a prankster!

Funny as hell in speech too.

The prosecutor has a list of those he snuffed.

It’s boring.

But then it gets repeated, and our Star has
an appropriate remark for each victim.

Camera people and mike-thrusters go nuts after!

They’re making a movie, too! Bet you didn’t know that!

Labels: gangster, gangster humor, media frenzy, trial

Monday, November 03, 2014

discuss one political stance,
or heartfelt hold

LOB
The Dems running away from Obama.

R
A pronounced and revered strain in the party!

LOB
Yeah, Cowardice. And Republicans keep stinging
with the same question: Did you vote for him?

R
And, therefore, the dead horse in the Benghazi
courtyard.

LOB
Keep beating it?

R
It's symbolic of their whole reason for being.

LOB
I thought it was to comfort the comfortable
and afflict the afflicted.

R
They'll let you out of that last! Takes some
shekels.

LOB
Will they do what I say then?

R
Probably.

LOB
You're painting 'em too melodramatically.
It's not like every close-minded prejudice

gets added up!

R
Well, don’t add the Race one! That and accepting bribes being their only constants.

LOB
One more! They're prospering with a product that's shit.

R
Pay enough, they'll drum up underwear and rubbers.

LOB
Republican Rubbers already has a ring!

R
Who’s your other brother? When can I meet him?

LOB
Don’t bother. He snored through his honeymoon.

R
Couldn’t the girl shake him awake, do a little sexy dance or something.

LOB
Went back to Italy.

R
Thus, pines there?

LOB
Not the type.

R
Well then, the Human Drama!

LOB
And other pains in the ass!

Rocco is a fictional character in South Philadelphia.
But don’t say that to him!

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, Democrats as cowards, Lefty's Other Brother, midterm election, Republicans, Republicans as Scoundrels, Rocco

Tuesday, November 04, 2014

-I know you’re affectionate and all that, but lay off the stroking of the cheek!

-We found gold in you, Senator!

-Well, keep...less demonstrative.

-And you’ve uncovered a bit yourself.

Labels: gold, influence, politicians getting rich

Wednesday, November 05, 2014

A Tale of Two Cities

-Dr Johnson said that a man who is sick
of London is sick of life!

-How ‘bout Cow Gulch, Wisconsin?
Never find a girl here to twink your tiddles?

-If you do, you’re Knight of *The Round Table*!

-Or of *Kippy’s Kool Kup*?

-An impossible standard, that latter.

-They also serve who only suck it up!

Labels: drinking, London, love, rural hangouts, Samuel Johnson, sick of life, Wisconsin

Thursday, November 06, 2014

Dances with Ocelot

“Claws fake,” it purrs, “but I just wanna st-
RETCCCH with you until something happens.”

But Tattoo of the Wrench-Mouths arrives.
The real one, and briefly alone!

Labels: famous musician, Halloween Dance, music group

Friday, November 07, 2014

-Needs a break!–-sick as a freakin dog

-Will he get it?

-Nah.

-That nah seems compounded of sarcasm
and tragedy.

-I got others in brighter colors.

-For light times at Black Rock?

-I’ll be Spencer Tracy!

-Don’t see it. Sorry. A Wally Cox role?

-Don Knotts I’d prefer. More resonance.
The women flocking round!

-Is anything serious?

-I’m still looking.

-So is Diogenes.

-That Minimum Wage job?

-Less. Tips to keep him moving.

-What’s he looking for here, really?

-A country.

Labels: Bad Day at Black Rock, Don Knotts, nation, sarcasm, sick, Spencer Tracy, tragedy, Wally Cox

Saturday, November 08, 2014

Sacrifice Staging

Half-stocky fellow channels Fred Astaire.
Wife, his scattered Samantha, launches
unexpected punches at him.

This Renz, therefore, choreographs a
sort of Reverse Apache for them.

A will, an art from accidents.

Labels: apache dance, choreography, dancing, Fred Astaire, staging

Sunday, November 09, 2014

“Anything you say!” she said, and meant it.

He had never met any woman who...!

Boring etc and etc...before this.

Anyway, was transfixed,

mixed,

and bitched.

End

of

story.

Labels: relationship, sex

Monday, November 10, 2014

One of our gang is a newspaper columnist. Unlike us, he leans Right. But, you can always bank on a stinging answer, no matter where you're coming from.

"How come they can't let go of the O's Community Organizer past?"

"Makes them seethe anew. They like that. Hand in glove with Race–-if anybody pulls up in a Purple Scion and asks."

"Why don't you write about it? Don't wanna sound Lefty?"

"I have no care as to how I sound, and never have! But the sneer in question is cheap coin. I've upgraded my Treasury."

"What kinda newspaperman are YOU?"

"I don't know: Leaving the yellow but not quite for the pink."

There he laughs uproariously. He enjoys no humor but his own, and that so fully, it's an embarrassment.

Labels: columnist, Community Organizer, humor, Left, newspaper, Obama, Race, Right

Tuesday, November 11, 2014

-I think it's called Animated Venn Diagram or something. I'm just playing with it to see if it shows...

-Okay, one big balloon, Racists. I get that. Another, Republicans. And...the two getting together...whoa! Like, wait a minute! It shows all Republicans Racists. That ain't Science!

-It'll take some tinkering.

-You need new data!

-I was expecting three-quarters.

-That's realistic. I know that I'm a Republican and a Racist, but not THEREFORE a Racist! Let's, like, get real!

-Constant experiment! It's the Science Life.

-They pay you for this?

-Your government does.

-Well, now with our new Righty bunch, you're out on your ass!

-Not necessarily. Why, look! The diagram changing before our very eyes.

-Looks to be-eeeee about seven Republican Racists.

-They'll be deified.

Labels: experiment, government, racist, Republican, Republican Racist, science, Venn

Wednesday, November 12, 2014

as Discussed by Billionaires, Deuce

-We've bought the country.

-Your gift for hyperbole.

-I can show you the charts. We've done it this time.

-Bought an assortment of politicians and elections--
not really the same thing.

-Ah, but it is!

-And they're a fractious lot, always. Some will stray
from the reservation.

-We'll buy them back in that case. But, rest assured,
we were much more careful this time. These boys
and girls will remain bought. End of story.

-And what will they legislate?

-Nothing. That serves us best. And Obstruction. Plus,
enough scandal oozing down the pike to give them
face-time on TV. They'll be happy as pigs in shit!

-Uh uh! Your Perfect Model cries for Revolution!

-That's going on all the time.

-We buy it?

-Yup.

-God sanction all of this?

-Who else?

Labels: bought country, bought politicians, bribery, God, political corruption,

revolution

Thursday, November 13, 2014

or ***Four Days To Wedding***

Ruck’s grandmother is coming and not, has
checked all the entrees. Gramps not around
to help, having gone to Heaven for the quiet.

Stephanie can't handle one more thing,
and is lying down.

A secret network works to get him to the
Eagles game tonight, but even supine, Steph's
radar clanks away.

"Don't you even THINK about...!"

"A linguistic pattern I'm getting used to,"
Ruck informs Clancy, the Irish Setter.
"Verb smashed hard, and the thought thus
can be left unfinished.”

Clancy's soupy eyes sympathize.

(Not to get too rhymey-dimey within the
whole hysterical smear.)

Ruck’s breaths keep snagging. “What’s a
Panic Attack?” he asks Clancy.

Labels: Eagles, last minute glitches, plans, radar, wedding, wedding hysteria

Friday, November 14, 2014

“Face your monsters, throttle some, have them
come out of you into the miasma etc.”

The guys drink to this, and another man comes
by on the road, then down to his knees.

The road a dark moon of blacker trees.

“Mother! I worked and worked! But the women
and the booze, and later all the drugs and I
never came close to your dreams for me! But I’m
your little Honey-Boy. I’m still your little Christopher!”

“Next time I dress as him. I’d been missing the horror,”
Chups tells Bester.

“What’s horror all about, anyway?”

“Living.”
…

'Twas very dark on Hallowe'en,
With not a speck of light;

The clouds had just passed o'er the moon,
And silent was the night.

The clouds had just passed o'er the moon,
And silent was the night.

We waited in a lonely grove
And then a ghost went by;
We were too scared to run away,

And much too old to cry;
We were too scared to run away,
And much too old to cry.

It had a wide and flaming mouth,
Its eyes were glowing too;

If you had seen it, I am sure,

It would have frightened you!
If you had seen it, I am sure,
It would have frightened you!

But then the glowing light went dim,
And ev'rybody said
Was only Christopher

With such a pumpkin head!
That it was only Christopher,
*With such a pumpkin head!**

**Swedish Traditional*

Labels: booze, drugs, Halloween, Mother, regret, Swedish, tragedy, wrecked lives

Saturday, November 15, 2014

Hodge, Belsky, and Dred told Lou they couldn’t stand hearing anymore about A.

A was a person or an idea, possibly both. Retellings grow fuzzy with time.

Lou answered then: integral part of him! He couldn’t surrender it or him or her or whatever!

Well, mature people iron things out, compromise. Thus, Lou could talk somewhat less about A?

Uh uh. He left, never to be seen again. Immature, some say. But, stuck to his guns–-whatever on Earth they were.

Most who flee are heard from again, or someone spots them on a street or at a ballgame. Or kids go to conferences and ask about parents.

Nope.

Not a great loss?

Who can tell?

Labels: compromise, estrangement, friends, quarrels

Sunday, November 16, 2014

The pair take a walkabout. Mark Reilly
Markie, Libertarian, and Mrs van Iderstein,
as disdainfully upright as she had appeared
on Earth.

"I do so love this place! No rules, all riot!"
exults he.

"But the public defecation mars the aesthetic."

"Hey! When you gotta go...! God tried stopping
it on his last tour, but he's powerless here."

"God is dead?"

"As a door pail."

"That's door nail, I do believe."

"All the petty little bourgeois exactitudes
of speech!"

"Similar to what the Devil says, his hands
all over one!"

"Never misses a beat!"

"But, we must needs route ourselves differently.
The...Aromas!" she sniffs.

"The Smell of Freedom!"

Labels: bourgeois, devil, freedom, God, Hell, Libertarian, rich

Monday, November 17, 2014

Vince and the Women and the Men

Vince in line when the woman approaches.
"I'm looking for a man with a big you-
know-what. The whole package!"

"I see. How about those Mets?"

"How about them indeed! Excuse me while
I move on."

(to Ralph, returning with popcorn) “That woman
desires me, I think.”

"Well, act! Are you a homosexual?"

"Nope. I'm afraid of men too.

"Still living with Mother?"

"She passed, unfortunately. Boy could she
cook! Roast Beef with oven-browned potatoes,
Christ! Now I throw crap in the microwave!"

"Well, that's a clue. You need a motherly
woman that cooks. Probably content with
cuddles, with the Big Event few and far
between."

"I'd compromise."

"Okay! Let's word it! ***NO SEX BOMBS!
WANTED, MATURE LADY
COMFORTABLE WITH CHILD-LIKE
NERD. HOME COOKING!"***

"Doesn't that last have a sexual meaning?"

"I suppose. If it's a wild card, keep it in!"

"Okay. I've had dreams where I was daring!"

"We won't overdo it."

“Oven-browned! Mmmmm!”

“Pray.”

Labels: aggressive women, home cooking, nerd, personal ad, sex

Tuesday, November 18, 2014

A Dread for Three Voices

“The guy is seething!”

“You should meet wifey. He’s a choirboy.”

“Well I hope they kill each other rather than one of us.”

“I’ve had it with him! I’m dumping it into Carl’s lap.”

“Enter Carl with ample lap, saying I heard it all.
Transfer the sonofabitch to Phoenix. I never met
anyone from there who wasn’t an asshole!”

“I’ll do the paperwork today. Just hope bodies don’t
start turning up in a couple of weeks.”

Hey! Who gives a shit? It’s the freakin desert! Plenty of
room before anybody notices.

Labels: anger, business, desert, explosive employee, manufacturing, murder, personnel, personnel problem, Phoenix

Wednesday, November 19, 2014

(Squeal for Bargains!)

She shrugs “I don't have a bag
big enough.” Pre-haunted Yours

Truly: “Well, find SOME-
thing in the back. I'm
not riding on the bus

with an exposed toilet seat for
some usually slow wit to boil forth
"Taking it with you now, huh?”

NOTHING STINGS LIKE THE TAUNT
OF A FOOL! “Who's the fool?” you ask--
as if newly-hatched.

Labels: bargain, fool, Nothing stings like the taunt of a fool, proverb, sensitive, shopping, toilet seat

Thursday, November 20, 2014

When The Wit passes,

the doctors and nurses become doubly
morose.

The new patient, Bertram Runcey
Carruthers, strict in life and worse
approaching death, wouldn't say *shit*
if he had a mouthful.

"Oh Well!" from Head Nurse, Frederika,
"They also serve, etc. And, a little nobility
won't hurt this time."

"Fuck nobility!" counters assistant, Delsey,
too outspoken for her own good.

"You're too outspoken for your own good!"
reminds Frederika.

Labels: authority, Cancer, hospital, nobility, nurses, wit, youth

Friday, November 21, 2014

“We found stupid the best cover. Send a rep for Midwestern locks or something into a European city. Business man! Yeah!

“Solid?”

“Well…semi-solid.”

“Yuz intrigues.”

“Both patriot and half-inane righty--working further in the acting department. And just a whiff of racism. No over-doing.”

“American Exceptionalism then?”

“You got it! And before it assumed flavor of the month.”

Labels: American Exceptionalism, CIA, cover, operator, spy, spy cover

Saturday, November 22, 2014

Commercial Director

-Get me the ugly little broad with
the enormous ass!

-Again?

-I like her! Doesn't turn all Betsy-Wetsy
when I scream.

-Do you care about the product this time?

-Never. All the same.

-Well, some background anyway: Whole Body
Makeup applied with a shovel. She punches
men before she discovers it, then gets all
fluttery-buttery and flirtsy-wirtsy after.

-Another Commercial Miracle!

-That latter part softens her image, though.
Her agent might not like...

-Hey! Like, dislike! That's the old rhetoric!
Each person a circus today.

-And if Madame Za-Longa is shot from the
canon and freezes mid-air?

-Crank her to the target or we all starve!

Labels: Circus, cynicism, language, modern life, TV, TV commercial

Sunday, November 23, 2014

is frequently let down, end-
ing up with fellows rather
be at football contests.

When she discovers the slick
sexual technician she sought,
and invests a ton of emotion,

he proves a shallow, lying
sonofabitch. Such a surprise? Go

to a cheap store and wonder
what you bought after? So why

not tutor a decent bloke?
It’s not Rocket Science, though

devilishly complex, nonetheless,
on the less mechanistic side.

After awarding his diploma,
go to the game with him,

and meet the other women,
who expected what they got.

They’re laughing anew, and only
softly ironic. And when the guys

catapult into the game
to scream, stay at
the tailgate party, where

the swelling cheers roll back
into talk of women and men.
But more bemused than acid.

Labels: football, relationship, sex, sexual competence, sexual technology, tailgate

Monday, November 24, 2014

-Stale, flat, derivative, imitative!

-You can tell by looking at one little painting?

-Naturally.

-What if it’s satire, mocking its rigid form?

-It’s not.

-I’ve seen others of his, and they’re fresh and cheeky. He takes chances.

-That’s your view.

-Views. That’s where we differ.

-Whatever.

Labels: art, conceit, critic, criticism, experimentation in arts, painting, rigidity

Tuesday, November 25, 2014

Opposition Research

-You can always go morality at the end.

-How? Why? Remember ISSUES?

-Fuck issues! Look! He or she has done SOMEthing. Everybody has. Just point out that what most people think average is actually depraved.

-But the areas are really too gray! Slippery.

-Not when we get done!

-Nothing painted as something.

-In Circus Colors!

-How do you sleep at night?

-Realistically.

Labels: dirty politics, issues, low blow, Opposition Research, politics, reputation, sex

Wednesday, November 26, 2014

Stelly on fresh prescription meds, so
informs Carl she’s not about to decide
anything. He theorizes she’s the opposite

of her name: Stella: Star, steady over millions of
years. She further clarifies that she is minimum-

ly, desperately, trying to stay intact
an hour at a crack.

They both apply the character high-
lighter thereafter, his indicating that
she’s permanently, hopelessly, scattered,

and hers, finally: His mother really did
a job on him! Presently, they’ve
not spoken in a week.

Bridget, his sister, suggests a token offering
of flowers. The gesture trumping the amount. He

listens, "Bridge" having a psych degree. Moreover,
one of them.

Labels: argument, couple, keeping it together, lovers' quarrel, men and women

Thursday, November 27, 2014

The President pardoned a turkey for Thanksgiving.

Talk among the rest agreed he picked the worst one.

He knew, of course, that it wasn’t the first time
he had failed in the judgement of turkeys.

Labels: judging President, judging turkeys, President, Thanksgiving, Turkey

Friday, November 28, 2014

-Hey! That’s me! Rebel without a cause!

-More like without a clue.

-You’re from the impotent humor section
of the family.

-You came in here and tried to destroy
our little institutions, with nothing to
take their place.

-Like what?

-Marriage.

-A bourgeois idiocy prompting a drunken orgy
of gluttony!

-What’s better?

-Anything!

-People devise things over centuries.

-The more reason to rip them out!

-We’re not getting anywhere.

-Who made that a goal?

Labels: custom, Family, marriage, rebel, Rebel Without a Cause, rebellion

Saturday, November 29, 2014

Two. One Topic

-I go with Thomas Wolfe: *We walk the streets*
of life alone.

-That’s awful! How about friends? Besides, I feel a Presence. For this journey, and the next.

-Comforting…for you.

-Why not for you?

-Should I make something up?

-Of course. Why not? Yes!

-I was being sarcastic.

-Then yes, yes, yes!

Labels: death, friends, God, hereafter, Presence, solitary

Sunday, November 30, 2014

Neighborhood Association

Bixxy projected what was on his iPad. Rectangular map filled in with images of association parties, mostly happy or snarling children.

Then, suddenly, red blotches equidistant along the edge!

“These represent families of demons,” he stated.

“But, how can you tell? What do they DO?” asked Mary Detzy Hope.

“Right now, just routiney demony things. Early stage, thus this meeting.”

“Thank God I didn’t marry you! Another flatly awful answer!”

“I don’t understand. We never even went out.”

“I keep a list.”

“Run the meeting, Bixxy! Cut all blabber short!”-- from Old Man Coakly.

“Including yours?” smiled sweetly Mary.

“The…next slide will answer most questions.”

And the next and next, until all groaned.

Lort Harrell piped up finally. “Thirty-seven ways to identify demons? I’d be fired in the Ad Business! Boil it down to five bullet points!”

“I will! This is a preliminary meeting.”

Mr and Mrs Oglesy spoke in one voice, but sort of dopplerian. “We go by these homes! Bicycles in the driveways, kids playing catch, our neighborhood

minibus picking them up for Little League."

"All just cover. They're demons!"

"Don't forget the parents!" added Coakly to the couple.
"Breaking their ass for the American Dream!"

Although meetings usually broke up in chaos,
this one made a plan. Spies appointed to watch
each family, taking pictures with cell phones.

Supposed to bring evidence to the next
meeting but, Mary reminded, that's in
July and there's not enough time to handle
this and The Fourth of July Picnic and Baby
Parade. And, especially, the crowning of
Little Miss Delco Heights.

So, August appointed to get to the demonological
bottom of things.

"Be hot as hell!" Coakly recollected.

Labels: American Dream, demon, Little League, neighborhood, neighborhood activities, neighborhood association

Monday, December 01, 2014

& the Grammar of Working

Blatch is a calm boss. And somewhat firm.

As a result, the girls fine-tune him, and he them.

But a something wanders. They slack off, and he proves a beat behind.

A day's work ruined! And he lights into them!

From his boss…the usual sarcasm.

But the Big Guy emails he's coming for a "little walkabout."

"Anxious to chat, though." Uh huh?

Marcy had worked there before they married.

"Ominous!" she pronounces. "And, more immediately, you've lost the trust of your girls. Oh well, there's time to…"

But there isn't. He's transferred to a city a hundred miles away. A 'Showcase' where the girls are in a retarded program with the State.

"A promotion!" she wisecracks.

How the company is selling it in the business press.

"See you on weekends!"

The silver lining? Marcy will devote all her time exploring retirement options. She's super meticulous in anything like that!

"Did you blink when the Big Guy took you on?" she asks, the second or fifth weekend in.

“I merely listened.”

“One bad habit!”

“But all the psychologists are always saying...!”

“Next time, beg! An active verb!”

Labels: Big Guy, boss, business, girls, irrational bosses, listening, office politics, retirement, supervision, women in workplace

Tuesday, December 02, 2014

Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy

barked and snarled while
ripping off raw meat from
a huge bone.

Sideshow Barker supplied
the background: how his

devout missionary parents
were slaughtered in ***Vastest***

Afreekuh! How he was
raised by wild dogs,

and how his Aunt Bertha
rescued him with **The Bible**
thrust at the snapping pack!

When Jo-Jo could be calmed down,
you were invited to ask him
a scriptural question for a nickel.

Very much more than that to see different
evidence in a dim, straw-smelling room
of LOU-LIL! Man? Woman? Both?

Hodge, the new barber, lays his money
down! And later testifies: “Side-by-side.
Cunt and prick! I kid you not!”

The Professor peers over his
Des Moines Register. “Sets up
an intriguing question.”

But before it can be answered,
a young man wearing a wristwatch
ambles past. All rush to the window,

Hodge, with scissors, leading with
“Truly hope it doesn’t injure
your pretty little wrist, Darling!”

Spew what you will in your way,
but America is only one-tenth
as moronic presently.

Labels: 19th Century, America, barber shop, dogfaced, dogs, man-woman, side show, wristwatch

Wednesday, December 03, 2014

Two Congressional Aides

-Still working on The Freedom Act?

-Unfortunately.

-What’s the holdup?

-Too many restrictions!

-Is it Fascism yet?

-The Republicans say so.

-And pray so.

Labels: Congress, freedom, Law, Republican, restrictions

Thursday, December 04, 2014

-But I’m not Jewish!

-I get it. We start with the punchline! Then safari back through your whole range of ethnic prejudices to ascertain just what you are.

-I love this game! And you don’t shoot any little bundles of electrons representing aliens. Or sell off those parts of Atlantic City not occupied by glitz-seedy-boffo casinos.

-Do I ask questions? Is that the drill?

-You can. Or I can give a patriotic speech?

-How much will you take not to?

-What has ruined Patriotism in this country?

-Patriots. So-called. Or self-designated.

-The trouble is all the little pissy wars! We need one we can sink our teeth into. A big one with arty posters.

-It’s not a real war without them. They rally one!

-Loose lips sink ships!

-You’re Hungarian!

-How did you know?

-The hot way you embrace dead concepts.

-You’re amazing!

-I’m about to exhibit modesty. Now THAT’S amazing!

-We had gotten far off the topic, and then...!

-Amen amen I say to you…

-that if a man gives a fish to another man, well what good is that?

-Uncool.

-But if he LEARNS to fish!

-Then he can also learn to love minimum wage with squat benefits.

-There’s the patriot we’ve been seeking! But, not now! I’m busy dreaming of shoving rich people through eyes of needles.

-I, as God, will bless you!

-Don’t bother! You’ve been a disaster for me!

-You expect too much! I’ll put my batting average against anyone’s!

-Well, I’d never sign you. Too much baggage.

Labels: Atlantic City, Baseball, casino, God, Hungarian, Jewish, patriotism

Friday, December 05, 2014

The few times Skutz met other employees,
he asked them about their work. He had
glimpsed hints of it from the papers
crossing his desk.

This was evidently an etiquette breach,
for all communications from the company
henceforth came to his home. And no other
company person came near his office.

And what came across his desk was now
coded, except for the signature on the bottom.
He had been instructed to stamp everything
APPROVED.

Which he did. For eight years.

Then he was told to stamp nothing unless
it contained the name, Murcer.

That was easy. All signed by Murcer anyway.
A very large signature he knew by heart.
No first name.

Three more years passed, pleasantly enough.
He had gotten used to seeing no other
worker.

Then one morning, the very first paper,
contained the word, Murder.

He locked it in his top drawer.

No paper qualified after that, not having
the signature.

The obvious conclusion: Murcer was murdered.

But his not to reason why.

Soon enough, another communication in his home mailbox notifying him to stamp nothing not containing the name Oggnurst.

He wonders, for years now, what that name can be turned into.

Labels: corporate ethics, corporate murder, murder, office, secret, secret work, solo worker, strange employer, working

Saturday, December 06, 2014

(Try Another Room for Romance)

-Excuse me, but we've both waited an hour or so.
Our dates aren't showing.

-Just another one of these lousy, rotten...!

-Me too. Distressing. Let's get coffee.

-With you? A stranger?

-Not so! I'm on Facebook.

-Does anybody like you?

-Three. All in Iceland.

-Excuse ME, now. But the light suddenly got better: you're hardly a bargain.

-It's tuned to the warmth of bodies.

-Is this a mortuary establishment or a bookstore?

-Anyway...you should talk!

-Me, I know. I was appraising you.

-Well, don't! Enough hurt tonight, thank you.

-No hurt! Facts for both of us. So what? The Handsomes rule us out! Who needs 'em?

-Let's not have coffee in the store. Bookish types stare, and categorize in ice.

-Then where?

-Lou and Letty's *All Nighter* across the rain-soaked street. Their neon shimmering!

-Any good?

-Fine for our purpose.

-Who pays?

-Dutch. From here to infinity.

-Let’s not go there.

-To Lou and Let...?

-You know what I mean.

Labels: blind date, bookstore, hurt, stood up

Sunday, December 07, 2014

-Well, we go coed next year! How am I...?

-To teach women?

-I've had such wretched luck.

-Oh, I don't know, Bernice has stuck in there
and made you civil, if not civilized.

-She's the Eighth Wonder!

-And! Your future resource when things get sticky.

-Will they? I'm worrying all the time!

-The Great Persona! The Character! The Legend!
Scholar, and brilliant and witty teacher! Jumps
into a pickup basketball game of students.
Is actually credible. Things heat up and he
exchanges four letter words! Whattaguy!

-All true, in more modest measure. Add 'Walker
on Eggs' now. I'll prove more than cautious with
the young ladies.

-Be yourself!

-That's looking for trouble.

-Hey! Don't we all modify our acts as life wears on?
Why are you exempted? Well...you HAVE been.
A great ride heretofore!

-Retiring not out of the question.

-To what? Writing even more of those articles that seven
hermits in Iceland read? You're a born teacher! Let 'er rip!

-You give me contrary advice!

-Wait until the contrary sex gets ushered in!

-Harrowing image by itself! I'm doomed! It'll lead off Action News.
Some stupid thing I say that forces every women in America to drop her Macy's bag and man the barricades!

-You've deranged your mind with anxiety! Again, wait for the actual girls. They don't fall from some pure universe, instead having angry and babbling fathers, and horny uncles.

-And boyfriends they'd like to kill?

-They won't desire killing you. They'll love you! You really don't have a worry in the world.

-Easy for you to say!

-Evidently, nothing is, for you.

Labels: anxiety, art of teaching, character, coed, difficulty of teaching, persona, scholarship, teaching, women

Monday, December 08, 2014

Two Know It Nearly All Dems

-In their deeper Southern holes, Republicans
fanned the hatred of the black president
since Day 1!

-But that’s color-blind hate.

-Isn’t it?

Labels: "color-blind", Democrat, Obama, President, Race, Republican, Southern

Tuesday, December 09, 2014

Ev and Betsy

-That father of yours and the life he’s led. You could strike a match on his nose!

-He’s a hard one. Bulletproof.

-And yet he bursts into tears at Thanksgiving Dinner!

-What was that all about? I was at the other end of the table.

-He was reciting some stupid children’s poem.

-Which one? Do you remember any of the words?

-I wasn’t listening.

-Is that Old Age? You finally put your heart out there, and nobody gives a shit?

-All Age.

Labels: children's poem, emotion, Family, Old Age, revealing, Thanksgiving

Wednesday, December 10, 2014

-You’re one hell of a *femme fatale*, Cynthia!
But the caustic wisecracks undermine it all.

-Can’t help myself.

-Shouldn’t the sex come first?

-That’s up to it.

Labels: distaff, femme fatale, sex, wit, witty woman

Friday, December 12, 2014

Maudie

decided against getting serious.

Her friends who had finally seized
control now wanted to speak only
of Misery.

It became their God.

She persisted in her trivial life.

Smelling the roses almost exclusively.

"What a waste!" proclaimed Cynthia, Rust,
and Delsey.

The trio who’ll put you in a new Lexis!

Labels: commercial, serious, smell roses, trivial

Saturday, December 13, 2014

Detectives Romey and Pearl

Herve Best, Carpenter, reported
it from his cell and stuck
around as instructed.

“No human made that!” Pearl emitted.
And Romey started hinting
that Bell had fashioned a form

from wood and pressed it
in the mud. Bell laughed.

“Let me point out here and here!
Places where things ain’t square.

No carpenter would let that go like that.
He’d a-put the levels to it in the shop.”

“Makes sense,” Pearl shrugged.
"Then we got us a monster…”

“Or another hoax! Police
Work being a hoax a day
presently.” Spat Romey. Patrol-

person Joanne Harrel,
taking the pictures.

Went back to the car
for the molding kit, then

“What’ll I tell my future grandchildren?
With all their cop toys! Years later?
With all these jokes on us?”

“You served with distinction!” Pearl began,
“And a fool, both.” Romey finished.

Labels: Bigfoot, bitterness, forensics, hoax, police

Sunday, December 14, 2014

Denises

Denise 1 captains barges.
Steady as she goes! she went.
Having had it with Larky's imbibing.

Denise 2 climbs aboard *Good Ship Drunk.*
Organizing. Does his many closets first, un-
covering all the bottles and trashing them.

Larky orates painfully, abusing his
few friends. They, preferring the souse
to the louse, rashly vacate him. As does

Denise 2, in favor of a Latin stud
who likes their fiery dancing
more than firewater.

But a funny thing happens to Larky
after Denises. He sobers to the near-
corpse stage of Professing Puritans.

Denise 1 barges back,
taking him in tow
with a taut line.

His favorite proverb, *When*
the Devil cannot come himself
he sends a woman! goes mod.

Truly clearer now
for the first time
he substitutes God.

Labels: alcoholic, barge, devil, God, organizing, women

Monday, December 15, 2014

“I’ll give Libertarians another:
When Government buys it,
the price goes up! Hardly rot.

But Good Government bargains
it down! End of story understood. Not

the Thieves’ Parley we
have at present, courtesy
of the advising Parties.

And their consenting,
and directing, Billionaires.”

Labels: billionaires, bought elections, bought Government, bribery, corruption, Libertarian, parties

Tuesday, December 16, 2014

The Brilliant Associate

-I just know they're culling the quiet ones. They read out an order and then shoot you. And not necessarily in that order!

-I'm saying nothing because I don't understand a thing anyone says. I recognize that it's English, though.

-That's a start. Look! Learn the buzz words. When anyone looks to you to say anything, spout!

-Such as?

-Well, *prioritize* always stays hot.

-As in Prioritize the remaining aggregate?

-That's inspired!

-Just...came to me.

-Then, follow it up with something sorta rhymey.

-Don't...buy the insaning domain!

-Better yet! You've been a slumbering genius.
Now, add something literary.

-For there are more things in heaven and earth
than are dreamt of in your philosophy!

-*Too* literary. They'll say you're condescending them. Shoot you for that too! Notch it down from Shakespeare.

-Okay, okay. Because it's the best of times and the worst of times, you...

-Go on!...must prioritize the remaining aggregate...

-...thus avoiding the insaning domain!

-Finishing touch of vulgar or folky? Continue!

-Since that's all she wrote...

-Bingo!

-...before she bought the farm!

-You’re God-like! Recap the whole business!

-Nah! I'll puke! But I can vary things, right? Juggle ‘em around, and with different intros? Bit of a joke here and there?

-That's where the Art comes in. Man! Instead of dead, you'll be a Section Leader!

Down by a couple of rungs. Retired as Chief of Thirty Sections! Honored personally by the Presiding Chief! as “The Associate who always found the right, brilliant, words.”

Labels: business, buzz, buzz words, government, jargon, totalitarian

Wednesday, December 17, 2014

Professor

-What do you profess at the university?

-Myself.

-That’s too narrow for us to pay you.

-Really, myself making Art as an example
to students attempting same.

-Uh huh? That shit prospers at Harvard or
Penn where they’re burning through rich men’s
moolah, but this is Commonwealth of Pennsylvania--
and we desire minimum nonsense in the eyes of
John and Joannie Q.

-Let me sit with them and deeply explain the pain
and joy of it!

-With the former, they’re familiar. The latter might as well
be on another planet.

-Not so! I can show...!

-No time. Just keep going on in the same half-ass way.
There’s elbow room for well-meaning naifs in even
dictatorships.

Labels: art, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Harvard, Ivy League, Penn, taxpayer, university

Thursday, December 18, 2014

Consultant, Assistant

-Okay, what you got on the broad?

-Nothing! There’s nothing! She’s as pure as the driven snow.

-Bad news! Whereas our guy…?

-Slush! The wives, the mistresses and messy divorces. The girlfriends coming into the game off the bench.

-Been one busy sonabitch!

-Boyfriends…the latest.

-Demonstrating tolerance! Keeping up.

-In shrieking fight in male whorehouse in Vegas over one of ‘em.

-That was a guy with a similar name. Not our idiot!

-Identical!

-Can’t really tell at present: records lost.

-Good things happen to bad people.

-Nothing “happens.”

-And now, returning to the present, our opposing Pure Prudence also dragging vaguely dissatisfied hubby to everything.

-Domesticity worth ten percent of vote.

-Yeah, but she lacks the core lunatics our guy has!

-Exactly! Just one more task and we win! I stride forth to the enemy camp! Not afraid to be a hero!

-And?

-Why offer not to use our opposition research if they promise the same!

-A bluff!

-Why would you use that word?

-Sorry, I...

-Nah! It’s okay. I’m just surprised because it's the precisely right one!

Labels: campaign, dirt, Opposition Research, political bluff, political dirt

Friday, December 19, 2014

Would Marcus prove incompetent in everything?

He answered that by wearing one sock to the office.

Since he was Boss, and this being America, staff
followed suit thereafter.

Thus Incompetence became the New Competence!

Time named him Person of the Year.

Pointed out to children, who couldn’t be bothered.
Fortunately.

Labels: business, competence, example, incompetence, office, Time Magazine

Saturday, December 20, 2014

Another Conservative Solution

-I usually handle it myself.

-Together, more things are possible.

-Whacking off in a group...I don't know.

-For Liberty!

-Well, that's nice, I suppose. Whacking off for Liberty.

-We don't put it in that vulgar way.

-Oh? What precise vulgar way do you...?

-Haven't found the right words yet. Someone suggested Release for God and Country. Another modified that to Releasing God and Country.

-Doesn't ring a bell, especially a cracked one.

-Whatever. You show up and help us!

-I been mostly helping myself.

-That's the trouble! Strength Together!

-Sounds like a Nazi slogan.

-They weren’t all bad. We don't have any Jews, for one thing.

-Well, there goes one worry!

Labels: Conservative, Jew, liberty, Nazi, Right Wing, sex

Sunday, December 21, 2014

**Pennsylvania Dutch for Neatening*

-I don’t sleep well because I’m not tired
when I go to bed.

-So, work a little!

-I do. That is I rhett up from time to time.
Just enough so a friend might not say
“Christ! What foul wind sped through
this dump?”

-That should fatigue you somewhat.

-It does, but the rest is merely trivial shit
and worry.

-You need a girlfriend. She’ll heighten
the experiences just described.
And exhaust you otherwise.

-Which otherwise?

-That question is indicative of more serious
trouble!

-Just teasing is all!

-And THAT, further…!

-I know. I’m a bundle of complexes, and what I don’t have you’ll donate as a form of weird charity.

-Why can’t you just be like me?

-Everyone’s most important question!

Labels: advice, analysis of friends, housekeeping, neaten, rhett up, sleep

Monday, December 22, 2014

Surviving

Jenks and I only ones alive.

Half the plane still bobbed in the cove.

We buried bodies best we could. Piled rocks etc.

Phones worked, and after trying rescue channels--
no luck!--we quickly searched what fruits etc were
edible and not poisonous.

Kept working long after batteries should be dead,
so they were being charged by something.

Welcome to Satellite Orch! the screens finally
announced. *You're guests, but encouraged to study
for citizenship.*

We studied. Figured best way to survive.

Exact parallel to our old place with Constitution and Bill of Rights.

But laid on particularly thick.

Jenks gave a flat, smooth hand gesture, meaning
they lie like a rug. But to them, such a gesture meant things remain placid, courtesy of an enlightened government. An accidental plus for us!...they always watched, of course.

Anyway, we gave all the answers they desired, and
after a year or so, they sent an enveloping flag and
we were lifted up to an esoteric vessel and transported to Central Orch. And to a nice citizenship celebration.

Lots of a beverage that practically set one afire--
national drink.

We're both married to Orchian women. They started with us as spies, but slacked off, and all that's forgotten.

The best thing about life here is the same as the place we left via that fateful airplane:

Human Nature to let the bullshit go after a while
and just live.

Labels: Bill of Rights, citizenship, Constitution, Human Nature, plane crash, survival, system

Tuesday, December 23, 2014

-Thoreau was right. Have a sparse place. Easy to clean without the dusty knickknacks. Thus, your mind clean also.

-I'd go along, but would add a woman.

-Ever met one not cluttered?

-Nope.

-Case closed!

-How 'bout a man?

-Do you swing that way in addition?

-I mean for companionship. You're projecting awful lonely!

-The only trouble there would be attitudes. These muck, certainly.

-So be a clean hermit in a clean cabin? Like, totally alone?

-That's the way to do it.

-Can I make it Disney, with racoons and rabbits coming for din-din? And Bambi making goo-goo eyes?

-We're getting far afield!

-Nice country around there, and all the people warm--if not necessarily spotless.

-You're simply not one for Thoreau then?

-He lives in a book.

Labels: book, books, cabin, clean, companion, hermit, neat, Thoreau, uncluttered, Walden, Woman

Wednesday, December 24, 2014

-It’s hardboiled detective drama from the Forties. With the boxy clothes! Can’t have Chevvie SUVs and humongous vans, and Special K on breakfast tables!

-Handsome product placement fees!

-They’re anachronisms!

-So is the producer! Here for thirty years and still can’t speak English!

-Doesn’t affect the product.

-The PRODUCT? Is it affected by a director fresh off his latest detox after the boyfriend finally left? A leading man and lady without a discernable IQ between them? Techs who’ve been around so long that this Jewel in the Crown is not the worst crap they’ve worked on?

-Never mind all that! Let’s keep the integrity of the script.

-That WHAT? It started straight-stupid drama, and then sent itself up for demented chuckles. It’s a total, unreclaimable mess! ANYWAY...as they say in Chinatown, let’s cut to the Chink!

-Which is?

-You got shit? Swing with it!

Labels: anachronism, Bomb, Chinatown, detective drama, hardboiled, Hollywood, product placement

Thursday, December 25, 2014

Christmas is coming,
The goose is getting fat.

Let’s put a penny
In the old man’s hat!

sings Chuppie.

We’re walking down nighttime, like daylight! Broadway.

-Won’t let them stick a penny in my hat, Chups!

-There’s a broken heart for every light here!

-Nothing to us. Used up our quota.

Labels: Broadway, broken heart, elderly, lights, quota, senior

Friday, December 26, 2014

-Those categories too narrow: naughty or nice.

-Have you amplified?

-The former most definitely.

-Latter?

-That’d disgust me. The last thing a relationship or country needs.

-Drag politics into it!

-Let’s DO Drag next year!

Labels: Christmas, drag, naughty, nice, politics, relationship, Xmas

Saturday, December 27, 2014

“The Couple”

-I got a hundred hours of Honey-Bunnies!

-Thank God a week of rain in there, and they cuddled! She became his Cuddly-Wuddly.

-And he?

-Bumpky-Wumpky!

-Bumpky-Wumpky? I'll talk to the linguist about that one! Darker, somehow!

-Oh don't be a Poopy-Doopy!

-Me a Poopy-Doopy? You're the Poopy Doopy! I'm Mr Sunny-Wunny!

-Uh uh! I’m the Sunny-Wunny one! Even the techs call me Little Miss Sunny-Wunny!

No use going on. The whole world turned Baby Talk at the end of 2014! Before ***The Great Wrenching Puke*** *which caused it to be banned in several countries, notably France.*

Labels: baby talk, babytalk, France, reality TV

Sunday, December 28, 2014

Reality Therefore Arranged

-We can proved you cheated during the Race Down the Mountain!

-It was foggy and we ran into a jeep. Trundled the whole obnoxious crew into it.

-We have Truth on our side now!

-What's that? We have ex-cons with edge. Add a totally sexy bombshell, plus one woman who chews nails and shits bullets, and we're TV! You're old radio. The whole weak group huddled round the Sears Silvertone, and kissing Grandpa's and Grandma's ass!

-Say what you want. We eventually win!

-Only cuz we agreed to the fix. Be much bigger next time. Public loves it when nasties return.

-Well, we've learned some tricks also. Thus...

-Yeah, but you're librarians! You read about Evil and think that's enough!

-There'll be no fix this next time. We will legitimately triumph!

-Not a chance in Hell!

Labels: evil, fix, good, librarians, reality TV, winning

Monday, December 29, 2014

-How did you become so thoroughly
an asshole?

-It started when I took the advice of elders.

-Always a mistake. They lie to entrench.

-And now it's hard to go through Google News
without something about me. At work--or
shudder--play!

-That latter has cost you dearly.

-Divorces and scandals! And no grounds in
either.

-Just extortions?

-Definitely!

-Yet you wouldn't trade it for a pot of gold!

-I've got that. Whacked, but intact.

-I think I'd like to try being worshiped also.

-You get so carried away, you join in.

Labels: advice, celebrity, divorce, elder, fame, media, News, Pot of Gold., scandal

Tuesday, December 30, 2014

-It's a pigsty!

-Don't you just love it?

-Oink!

-Your oink is disgusting!

-No, YOUR oink...!

Labels: Democrat; Republican, grimy politics, politics

Wednesday, December 31, 2014

After Visitors Left the Lab

-Not the Curies...

-Better equipped.

-but we do our best.

-*Where are the snows of yesteryear?*

-Melted, mixed with mud, run down the gutters!

Labels: Curie, medical research, modern, science, scientific method, scientific research, snows of yesteryear

Thursday, January 01, 2015

“Is This Short Enough?"

When wife Gemma left to start a software shop in Seattle--
relying on the Old Man's money--Rick at sixes and sevens.

A heat wave struck the village and he cut down some old jeans,
modeling them for Marco, buddy.

"You went too far, and the effect is genital. Trying to attract boys?"

"Neither boys or girls. Just...be cool."

"Forever beyond you. Listen! you better get moving! Unless you
want to die an unrequited fairy in this nondescript burg."

The words stung so, he began dating the Postmistress, a stump
enamored of Hollywood romantic comedies of the thirties,
which they watched.

And watched.

Labels: divorce, fairy, friendship, genital, loneliness, relationship, romantic comedy, separation, village, village life

Friday, January 02, 2015

Ad Show

-Technically Brilliant...

-Ah hah!

-and throughly stupid!

-Our Presentation! Cue Chorus of Angels!

-Opens with Alpine...

-where we see the mountain goat leaping
from precipice to precipice...

-and back again to piss!

-How many screens to terminally behold?

-I lost count.

-And the potential client bought it?

-Hook, line, and stinker!

-Does it close with the Product?

-Amen amen I say to you, as something
verily to be adored!

-All essentially dishonest!

-Now hold on there, podner! I didn’t say
it was THAT good!

Labels: advertising, client, multimedia, Presentation

Saturday, January 03, 2015

Two Mature Women

-We go out and come back. Then he wants to fool around.

-How are you with that?

-I don’t care. About it or him.

-Motivated beyond the average then.

Labels: attitude, maturity, motivation, sex, women

Sunday, January 04, 2015

The Bachelor Rises

to sniff his shorts.
“They smell of me
and not of pee.”

Dinner with K last night
proved icy cold. Cross
her off! R will set up Coffee

later. Any fattening Danish
she desires: it’s Dutch.

That flops since her mother
requires her for a rush
trip to Arthritis Doc. Thus

he phones L for a walk through
the park. “It’s so beautiful
this time of year!”

“Isn’t it beautiful?” she asks therein.
“Yeah it’s beautiful,” he affirms.

Labels: bachelor, date, dating, relationship, routine, women

Monday, January 05, 2015

Brace of Wits

-The woman who screws routinely routinely screws.

-I'd a-thought she'd get good at it.

-That's your Achilles' Heel!

-What's my...?

-What you just said.

-I forgot it. Oh! Do you mean...?

-Thinking.

-We both need work there.

Ripsey and Suds

-First thing I win the twenty million on Powerball,
I register Republican!

-So fast?

-Gonna turn asshole anyway, might as well
go for it!

Biff and Gladys

-People will little note what we said here.

-There's a reason.

Labels: Achilles, Gettysburg Address, Lincoln, Powerball, promiscuity, Republican

Tuesday, January 06, 2015

-Instead of spending billions to go into a country to destroy it, and then even more billions to rebuild it, why not...?

-Just not go in at all?

-Too much common sense?

-One way to put it. But our contributors have fingers in the pie. And need the other hand free to salute.

-Patriotism and mega-cash?

-That’s it! Show Business–-no business like.

-Hey! I’M the bitter souse here!

-Move over!

Labels: boondoggle, Congressman, drunk, money in politics, patriotism, rebuilding, Show Business, war

Wednesday, January 07, 2015

-Goethe said he never heard of a sin he could not commit.

-That’s the old German dude, yes? I saw a picture of him lounging in a white silk robe. Typical Fainting-Fairy Liberal.

-What he said was Liberal stuff?

-Of course! Indiscriminate Lover of Mankind! The whole stupidly juvenile smear! *Cum bye yah!*

-Putting all that aside, how about Nonpartisan Sin, anyway?

-I've heard hundreds I couldn't commit. So many that I just pick a few non-swish ones at random and let fly!

-Isn't that pretty wild?

-Some get hurt. But it's their own fault.

-Do they forgive? Do you ask?

-Excuse me. Drawing a blank here: not familiar with the word.

Labels: Conservative, forgiveness, Goethe, liberal, sin

Thursday, January 08, 2015

-After Hoppy died, Glads wanted to give me his expensive Bermuda Shorts. But I hadda try them on in her pinkish room, and she kept popping in to check the fits. And feel my ass. Not to mention squeeze my dick a little!

-Horrors!

-And that maid, Marie, did almost the same thing!

-And me with no smelling salts! Sit down anyway.

-Oh I know I'm easy to tease! I grew up without sisters, and never learned much about women.

-No one really does.

-Naive, I know. Naive!

-You perform a useful function. We have the female dumb blonde stereotype. You're sorta the male version for the gals.

-That's awful!

-Not really! We all love you! Both sexes. No, uh, use going home tonight in all this rain!

-Completely...dry out there.

-Let's remain dry.

Labels: dumb blonde, handsome, molestation, sex, sexism, sister, stereotyping, women

Friday, January 09, 2015

Zink adored the fierce concentration
needed in his position at Consolidated.
Thus when women flooded noisily by his
cubicle on breaks, he seethed.

A narrowing of passageways there formed
a sort of choke-point.

So he choked one.

*Sorry for the cheap rhetorical trick, but
it IS expressive of the language of his
present domicile, where men joke of their
fatal transgressions at cards etc.*

Except George Washington.

"I AM THE FATHER OF MY COUNTRY!"
insists he, periodically.

The rest of the time, though, he inhabits
Roseltandazerfaland, in fantastic scifi imagery.

Quite worth listening for, if the men would bother.

Zink does, now dwelling on a beautiful promontory there.

Some place!

Labels: fantasy, insanity, irritation, perfectionism, scifi, women, work

Saturday, January 10, 2015

His Friend, Ridge

-You know, Ridgey, my condo‘s on a river. Water, yes?

-I’m following.

-It’s pretty at sunset, and when the dolphins come, but I don’t go into it any further than that.

-So what?

-Thoreau makes me guilty with all the detail about Walden Pond.

-Hey! He’s a philosopher. Deeper and deeper into shit!--what they do.

-I still don’t feel quite right...

-Look at me! Omar Khayyam says *I was never deep in anything save wine?* Well, I was never deep in anything, period!

-You exaggerate!

-Understate.

Labels: condo, depth, Omar Khayyam, Philosophy, Thoreau, Walden, water

Sunday, January 11, 2015

“You got the world on a string, Carlos!
Unfortunately, it's a greasy one!”

Glenda's last remark as she embarked
on a sales trip.

Puzzled, he asked Monette. "Oh she's just
Othering. It's what we do to those not
True-Blue American Idiots."

“But I am! A citizen!”

“Just a fact. We're talking about perceptions.”

“Well, how do I...?”

“Listen! For a start, go to the football game
tonight with my brother. He's a Uniformed
Fireman. Helps carry that humongous flag.
Covers the whole field! With soldiers, sailors,
cops, those patriotic by profession.”

“And me? Great!”

“Well, not exactly, uh, across the field for you.
You'll be a Flag Wrangler, dragging it off the
truck with other Others, wrestling it through
the gate, unfolding the whole massive thing
for the washed ones to get under it. Hoist it.
March it billowing out. Ah!”

"Washed-unwashed? You're starting to sound
like Glenda!”

“You're not a Spick Terrorist are you?”

“Monette! I trusted you!”

“I'm sorry. Just a brief fit. It’s in the genes!”

Labels: greasy, Hispanic, Other, Othering, patriotism, prejudice, spick, terrorist

Monday, January 12, 2015

-You’re Charlie, hey? According to your homemade-spotcho T-shirt. On yellowed stock from the Eisenhower Administration, obviously.

-I didn’t wanna ruin a nice new one.

-And speaking of yellow, I seem to remember *Cheese-eating Surrender Monkeys* from your mouth to any fellow imbecile’s right ear!

-That was then and...

-AND! your staunchly patriotic approval of french fries being renamed FREEDOM FRIES in the Horrid Halls of Congress.

-this is now! Plus, that’s Hallowed Halls.

-I forgot. I wonder why.

-Don’t you have...whatchacallit...with the French?

-Solidarity? Only with their idiots.

Labels: Congress, freedom fries, French, Je suis Charlie, solidarity, surrender monkeys, terrorism

Tuesday, January 13, 2015

G misperceived, thinking that non-idiots had to be invited.

But L reassured. -Think about it! Their managing something like that? Be a monster screw-up!

-I suppose.

-Nah! You just go.

He went.

-So? What transpired at the nitwits' bash?

-Surprising. It felt wonderfully...freeing!

-No surprise at all. It's our intellect gives us most of the problems.

-But, old clothes next time. All that drool flying around!

-Uh huh? And why this...sudden cloud drifting in just this half-second?

-An anxiety.

-Worry not! Nobody will think YOU'RE an idiot.

-I know. This is America. With every pleasure, a...soul-dig.

-How awkward! But, everywhere that Puritans sway. Banish it from what's left of your mind. It's a long process all in all: Idiot-Making.

-I'm glad of that!

-The mistake you made is not hanging out with them sooner!

Labels: America, anxiety, dancing, idiot, Puritan

Wednesday, January 14, 2015

In the Small Office Off the Receiving Dock

Bertie laughed “I was at home…in my usual déshabillé.”

Macko opined “We’ve all become faggots!”

“Untrue! Déshabillé has taken me a long way!”

“Impress the new girl with that French baloney.
Don’t forget to add a half-sweeping gesture
with a limp wrist!”

“Helen? The face that launched a thousand ships?”

“Wrecked some, but held most in port. At any rate,
she’s using it to get her Photo-ID just now.”

“Just a little romance’d render our Macko less wretched!”

“Get a boyfriend! Closet has warped you!”

“In or out? Sauerkraut! I’m both at once!”

“Then how ‘bout the two of you taking yourselves outside? We gotta truck coming in!”

Labels: AC/DC, closet, déshabillé, French, Helen, Iliad, working

Thursday, January 15, 2015

in the Land of the Seldom Free and Rarely Brave

-Whoopie! Another gray day!

-Maybe it’s just your attitude?

-What the fuck else I got?

-WE got!

-I!

Labels: attitude, gray day, married, sharing

Friday, January 16, 2015

Both
Prostitution of the Constitution!

Left
Well, hafta bend things just a bit for our agenda.

Right
You like bend? We'll show you BEND!

Left
Uh...there can be a middle ground.

Right
That's for fairies!

Labels: agenda, Constitution, fairy, Left, Right

Saturday, January 17, 2015

-You're sure, then? B and not A?

-Sure. Yes. B.

-Then, you sign here, and I initial
your signature as being from someone
I know.

-Done!

-Not quite. "The Statement of Intents and
Purposes." Mine. You must read it and
then...

-I already tried. It's incomprehensible.

-Lawyer-Language.

-I'll sign.

-No, just initial.

-Are we almost done?

-Yes! Believe it or not, though, I must ask you
once more as to B.

-I feel like saying "and may God have mercy
on my soul!"

-I too. We must be old-fashioned types.
Besides...it would be phrased: *If there
is a God, would you like that apparent entity
to have mercy on your soul?*

Both laugh.

-We mustn't laugh. Too serious.

-It's a bitter laugh. Fits all situations.

Labels: CYA, disclaimer, fill out form, form, God, Lawyer Language, mercy

Sunday, January 18, 2015

(...and the Handful)

A carpenter. Thus the gossips re the women
he "nailed." In his own hammering mind, legend!

When Ida's turn came up, her father delighted,
knowing her toughness. And hoping they'd eventually
marry, since she ate like three longshoremen.

The Sheik never experience a handful like her. Too,
she took over his messy books, as she had for her
father's hardware store.

Soon, she was literally running both businesses.

They eloped to Vegas, she not wanting the "crap"
of a big wedding. Besides, he had no family.

Her father had predicted she'd start popping the
babies out and never stop.

But she did, after five. The year he had a stroke, and
her mother Alzheimered out totally.

Both presently at Bide-a-Bit. Dr Gretz see progress, but
then shakes his head.

Ida at the hardware store all day now. And weekends at
the branch in the new shopping center.

The Shiek's carpentry business has prospered too:
Enough employees to qualify for Obamacare. (Ida, of
course, handles all that also.)

He has a couple of sad-ass affairs somewhere in there,
which Ida disposes of expeditiously.

The children? They've been dragged up. So, half-wild.

Not likely to end up with psychologists because they love

the freedom, and support each other tenaciously.

The town sees the couple as characters. His romantic past--
more talk than prowess, but never mind--and her ballistic drive.

The gossips fatally conclude “Married to a woman like that enough
to kill two men!”

Just one. The New Sheik is gray and courtly, but as full of shit.

Labels: business, children, gossip, handful, hard work, Obamacare, powerful women, sheik

Monday, January 19, 2015

-Well, Congressman! Still that five handicap at golf? Well, I'm a ten and yet I'll whip your ass for a few hundred *buckarinos* this next time!

-Uh huh? We'll see about that!

-Bring cash. I don't take American Express.

-All talk as usual! But that's hardly why I'm calling: Our German friends we previously discussed are actually manufacturing that crazy concept car they featured at the New York Show.

-In der Black Forest? Mit der elves?

-Mostly robots, and they've kept it pretty damn secret.

-It'll kick the crap outa top of our line! Thanks for the tip. We'll plug in some Flash-Trash to mute them. Beat them to a release date with it! Afterwards, we'll run some clever ads to mock this *Vundercar!*

-Funny stuff always!

-Butter up the right sarcastic critics too.

-Remind me to never buy this impromptu mongrel of yours!

-A tricked-up version could find its way your way. For a trial merely, of course. But who's saying how long it can last?

-You better practice your long game! Mine's a Tiger!

After hanging up, to his Confidential Aide:
-I'll always vote Republican. They cover more ass!

Labels: car, concept car, Congressman, CYA, German, golf, insider, insider knowledge, Republican, secrecy, trade secrets

Tuesday, January 20, 2015

& how rare that is in Speedup America!

-It’s like football.

-How so? What is?

-You’re running with the ball and some oaf hammers you!

-Ouch!

-And you fumble. You jump on it, the ball. And all the meat wagons do too--those who don’t jump directly on you! And under there, they punch and gouge you while others try to rip the ball away! It’s a horror show–-with stinks!

-I get all that. But you’re comparing it to around HERE?

-Comparing what?

-Football, fumble, dirty shit!

-Who said anything about around here?

-Then, comparing to WHAT?

-Nothing! It’s Football, that’s all.

-But you said like, like, something was LIKE football.

-Sure!

-Well, that’s what I’m trying to find out!

-Good luck with all of that!

-You take the Patience of Job!

-My wife always says that. But, like you, she always says a lot of things.

-Uh huh?

-Says a lot of things.

Labels: confusion, football, friends, job, language, Patience of Job

Wednesday, January 21, 2015

Meaty Politics

-Went to see my parents in Cocoa Beach, and the Publix has tripled their freezer section in Health Foods. Got me some Sunshine Burgers.

-Garden Herbal?

-The same.

-Must affect the Ranchers.

-Fuck ‘em! They’re all Republicans.

Labels: Cocoa Beach, Health Foods, Herbal, meat, Publix, Ranchers, Republican

Thursday, January 22, 2015

How To Understand By Conversing

-Repubs against equal pay for women?

-Not in spirit. But they point out that it'll actually hurt the girls.

-Mustn't do that!

-Small employers'll throw in the sponge at yet another government regulation! Thus hire fewer or none.

-And large ones follow suit!

-The Party covers the waterfront.

-Don't they? Always proving that the inconveniencing of their deep-pocket gombahs is, like, so totally bad for the rest of us!

-That principle leads to the appearance of the abandoning of principle altogether. And, sadly, leads the actually striving-saintly among them to be labeled bullshitters. And their women to be shamed again. Actually, all women, preferably.

-C'est la guerre, Madame et Mad-mwam-zellies!

-Why does your fractured French always make it worse?

-It can’t be made worse.

Labels: Equal Pay for Women, hypocrisy, Republican, Republican Propaganda, shaming, women

Friday, January 23, 2015

The Debate

MALE MODERATOR
Welcome to our debate “Equal Pay For Women.” I’d like to introduce Jeanette Otz of *Get It Done!*, and Laurette Finnegan Bellcose, of *Women For Old Fashioned Rock-Ribbed Republican Values of Holding Down Our Filthy Sex and helping Our Admirable Men Gouge the American Consumer Blind, Plus...*

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
Whoa whoa whoa! She’s an egregious Troll!

LAURETTE
And you’re a whore!

FAM
It’ll be like two despicable Socialists arguing

JEANETTE
Slut!

MODERATOR
Let’s move everything to a higher plane, shall we?

LAURETTE AND JEANETTE
And you’re an asshole!

FAM
We can all agree on that!

Labels: debate, Equal Pay for Women, fairness, men, troll

Saturday, January 24, 2015

Good Guy and Good Gal

go to a party
and nod off.

After that, every-
one does.

Drinks grow flat
and chips wilt.

Hostesses speeds back
from 7-11 w/ad-
ditional Diet Coke.

The sight brings her tears.
Her guides never detailing
how to keep people awake.

But she rallies: “Hey!
What is this? *The Night
of the Living Dead?*”

Her boyfriend, Murph,
shoves the sodas in
the frig while muttering

of his weird dream.
“I hope about me!”

“No way! For you’re my true
dream everyday!” His bullshit

revs up all, and they rouse
now to dance. An awfully fast

one, so some fall down,
the start of a victorious Do!

Labels: dancing, Do, dull party, lovers, party, youth

Sunday, January 25, 2015

-I promised to go to The French Shop,
and buy two little quiches for Monette.
Her party.

-Hop to it! *mon ami.*

-Only one problem. Was in a dream.

-Well, buy them tonight whilst slumbering.

-You can't just...!

-Yeah you can! Rehearse it just before you cork off.

-Just a dream, why bother?

-She'll get you!

-In a dream or...?

-Both!

-The...little microscopic way she cuts
those things!

-Yeah, it's tediously beautiful. Symbolizing one
of her rare soft moods.

-I think I'll go there today, French Shop, and
buy the damn things awake.

-Safest.

Labels: dream, quiche, reality, strong women

Monday, January 26, 2015

The Campaign Manager

-Well, I've entered Politics! You'll laugh, but I feel
almost as if I entered a monastery!

-Scale that back a bit. Uh, a big picnic at Harsee Falls? Teens? Ring a bell?

-I was there.

-Lots of sex?

-Maybe some handsome guys hooked up. But I recall sitting with a guy name Ferdie. Sipping homemade wine. Both of us mud turtles in attractiveness.

-Ghinny Red! you drank. But don't ever call it that!

-Of course not!

-And at no time did you rip off the panties of one,
Dierdre?

-Is this a filthy joke? I've never know any Dierdres.
How hurtful!

-Ferdie says the opposite, and he'll be your opponent. A real Ghinny Champion!

-Well, hit them with both barrels! Liars!

-It's not a film with Jimmy Stewart. Relax!

-I never in my life...!

-Welcome to OUR monastery!

-What'll we do, then?

-I'll chat with Ferdie. We got more on him
than they had on Dillinger. I wouldn't be
surprised if the campaign hinged on issues,
would you believe? With you a real boyscout,

and him pretending.

-Wow! When it's over I'll want to dive into
a monastery all right!

-Is it Trappists don't talk?

-My choice!

Labels: boyscout, dirty politics, monastery, newbie, sex, Trappist

Tuesday, January 27, 2015

No problem detailing the horrendous abuse legally.

Thus, Debs acquitted.

Jelly, from the Evidence Room, offered to fix the Colt, which had jammed after the fatal bullet.

She said yes, but take his time. She had purchased a pretty Ruger--his family muttering against her.

The Colt attempted to speak to it upon eventual arrival, but it proved snooty.

Labels: Colt, female, guns, Law, murder, Ruger

Wednesday, January 28, 2015

Levers of Power Regarding Levers of Power

-His governance mode is screaming.

-That's one in that part of the world.

-Aides so terrified they do nothing.
The tribes take that as carte blanche
to murder each other. Outside groups
send in suicide bombers as frosting
on the cake.

-Is there a central opposition?

-Woman. I know her. Powerhouse of ideas
all over the map. Nobody regards her
seriously.

-If a teacher, she couldn't get tenure, huh?
That type? Intellectual and incompetent?

-Most of the newer leadership we deal with.

-Well, let's stop with him. Push for elections?

-Not in the Constitution.

-What? We wrote it?

-Right-wing college boys and girls did when they
were shoved in there. So frantic with John Galt’s
Utopia, they brushed a few minor things off.

-Next move with...?

-He goes!

-Exile I like immensely. No real fallout.

-I was thinking that one to heaven, to cavort

with virgins.

-Approve! Get it done.

-Within the quarter-hour!”

-How could you…move that fast?

-By moving fast beforehand. Excuse me
while I answer this call.

-You’re excused, and if that’s all…?

-He’s out of our hair forever!

-Impossible!

-I told you. In the works already.

-I…don't know if I like that.

-Initiative.

Labels: action, assassination, CIA, executive decision, fast action, method, murder, preparation

Thursday, January 29, 2015

NFZ

The Professor perched at the end of the bar
at Kippy's Kool Kup, observed our antics with
half-lidded, yet twinkling, amusement, and
always paid by check at closing time.

He only spoke when asked a question, the
answer to which could be unraveled during
the rest of the week.

Well, a benign presence, really. Until a
strange evening when one, Laurie, sought
to flirt with him for the absolute hell of it.

Unfortunately, a scattered argument ensued
during which the Professor pushed her right
nipple as if she were a doorbell.

An immediate slap! One of the loudest sounds
ever heard there.

Immediate hysterics from the young lady--which
her friends later classified as one-quarter genuine--
and Kippy jumped in and told the Professor to leave.

Fortunately a semi-famous hockey player known to
Laurie entered upon his exit, and she leapt into his
comforting arms.

A week, and no Professor, so we tried to find out his
phone number. Unlisted. And where he lived.

His Department Chair popped in and asked for direct
intervention. He gave us the address.

A hearing would be held if this temporary recluse
didn't make his next scheduled class.

So, I enlisted Mark, the former Green Beret, and his

brother, former Navy Seal. Thus, heavy lifters, supervised by weak me.

(Mark's brother might have had a name but we always referred to him as Mark's Brother--as in “Hey Mark's Brother, what's the point spread on the Giants-Eagles?”)

Anyway, we sped off to the Professor's efficiency.

No answer, but I knew the lock and took out my Swiss Army Knife. "Take a few minutes," I informed the musculars.

They, of course, shouldered the door in.

The Professor sprung up like Hamlet's Father's Ghost from a daybed indistinguishable from surrounding papers and books.

"What is the outrage of this meaning?" as a scotch bottle crashed to the tile floor.

“The outrage?” Mark's Brother snapped, “is that you stink!”

“Yeah,” added Mark, and a shower will take care of the meaning.”

So, they hauled him into the bathroom.

Much rushing water and protests as I piled up things more evenly, so the Board of Health wouldn't condemn the dump outright.

Mark’s Brother had prepped for the Seals at the state reform school, and had evidently learned towel-snapping at naked victims there.

Thus when the water went off, loud snaps and extraordinary howls.

Long story short, Professor back at his school. And his stool.

Diehard pricks in the department still wanted
the hearing, but the Chairman rustled up an old
paper on Wordsworth our hero had written, and the
damned incomprehensible thing won an award.

So, Prof secure in both domains presently.

Mark’s Brother exhibits a surprising artistic flair
fashioning a stand-up sign for Prof's station at
the bar. Midst curlicues and obese Cupids diagonally
slashed in red, it reads “NFZ.”

For *No-Female Zone.*

Labels: academic, art, bar, betting, binge, Cupid, English Dept, female, football, sex, teacher, Wordsworth

Friday, January 30, 2015

-You've known me since kids, and a question like that? Like from some cheap website!

-I'm curious sometimes. But haven't felt free to ask.

-You're free to say or do anything? How can *I* control you?

-Through that coal-black dude looks like a wall, watching us while pretending not to.

-A gentle giant.

-I'm sure. And if I did a thing we did as kids assing around... like grab that pen from that threadbare flannel shirt pocket...?

-He'd be all over you like a cheap suit!

-Being constantly watched! Jesus! Bodyguards!

-Used to it. And hate it. Both.

-Get death threats?

-Daily, I suppose. They don't tell me.

-Can you ever get alone?

-In the inner portions of the island. The bad guys can’t get through the cameras on the perimeters.

-Owning an island. Like to try that!

-As everything, tremendous responsibility! Besides I don't own it entirely. There's that resort.

-Felicity Blot? Who the hell ever heard of such a name?

-Lady author, Victorian times, pen and ink, and thus...

-The modern name is Fuck-a-Lot. Did you know that?

-No, I didn't.

-Another rich dude parks the crazy wife at Bide-a-Bit, and then breaks in the new secretary there. A giggler!

-Whatever. I can’t supervise the morality there.

-Bullshit! You own the resort too!

-I can't say that I do.

-Yeah, for tax purposes--where you're a criminal, really.

-True, but a legal one.

-How can you live with yourself?

-Rather easily when it's only me.

-Meeting in Paris apartment next, according to Wall Street Journal. Girl in every port sort of thing?

-All business. Drenched in business.

-And scaring the shit outa the guys in suits, I'll bet.

-A regrettable part, always.

-You really are a prick after all's said and done!

-Guilty. But the only way I keep things in line.

-Then London? Rio?

-Same show. Thence back to island.

-Where the female employees of the resort constitute a harem.

-I only can handle one at a time!

-Life is mostly an immense cramp in the balls for you, but it has, yes?, its compensations?

-Love that last word!

Labels: friendship, guys in suits, harem, island, London, Paris, protection, resort, Rio, tax avoidance, tax fraud, wealthy, women, WSJ

Saturday, January 31, 2015

Jixxy used ‘em and threw ‘em away!

Before Stella, that is. Her RV kept him around, and its Friday Ritual.

He’d shower at the campground, chucking the robe as soon he got back into the RV.

Thence, danced as she drove while glimpsing his strenuous efforts in the jiggling mirror.

When he finally bowed, all-hair like a wet ape, she usually spotted a quiet place to pull in.

After everything, the icy milk she had placed an hour before in the tiny freezer, and her chocolate chip cookies, still warm and aromatic in the airtight canister he had bought at Home Depot.

And she had lined with waxed paper.

“They’re forever,” he mused, lightly burping, a string of sweat beads on his upper lip, through the milk there.

“As if we could wait!”

“Like us! You Sex Bomb!” concluded he.

Labels: cookies, Home Depot, milk, Romance, RV, sex, wet ape, wet hair

Sunday, February 01, 2015

The dating questionnaire said nothing about voice. And Rose was loud.

And her clothes too. The waiter shot them a miffed glance, as if Cliff should tone her down. The little rowhouse restaurant had low ceilings.

He did get her to skip dessert.

“That's fine. I like talking better.”

She did that, while they walked along the river.

He composed the usual email thanking her, wishing her luck in her search.

But, couldn't hit the send button.

She's so so beautiful, he reasoned. *Maybe I could get her to...*

He couldn't. "You're the Quiet Man, and I'm Maureen O'Hara!" asserts she the next time.

But this particular redhead ratchets things up a couple of decibels! he thought.

“Say it!” she intuited. “I'm loud! Mother and Dad begged for mercy!”

“You're like Ethel Merman. Belting it out to the back rows! But I’m in the front one. See little ole me?” he waved.

“In...our own quiet times, should we arrive there, you won't find me so.”

And he didn't.

Shortening things up: They eventually move in together. Sparkling condo in the Old Rope Factory Building. Jack Early, an old school chum, rents it to him. “3C is my best unit. I'm 3D above you, and if I killed an elephant, you wouldn't hear it!”

“Good, my Rose can get, uh, boisterous.”

A couple of months later, in the old freight elevator that Jack retained for its grungy feeling: "Do you hear anything from us?”

"Well, your Rose effectively defeated the expensive insulation. But, I'm kidding, of course. There's just a…sort of vibration.”

“Let me apologize.”

“Don't! It's most pleasant. And moreso since I’ve met her a few times. She envelops! And I mean that in a good way. It's like...I don't know... love or something."

"Gonna steal her away from me?"

"Listen! Let me tell you the effect this woman has had on me. My sister has tried fixing me up for a year or so and I always say no. But not this time!"

Jenny proves as strident as Rose, and when they eventually have them in for drinks, the men smoke Cuban cigars on the balcony while the women...well it resembles shouting.

"Wanna bet on the winner?" he asks Jack Early.

"I don't hafta. It's both of us!"

Labels: compatibility, dating, loud, matchmaking, quiet, relationship

Monday, February 02, 2015

saddened Murtha. When Luna dropped by after the Women's Convention, he told her.

"Well, don't wallow! Find out everything about him. His mother and dad, the early training. More you know, better you feel. Too bad you're not a woman: We're learning to be afraid of nothing! But, let me do it for you! Faster. She sat at the computer. After a few seconds, Luna snapped "You idiot! Walter didn't die, it was his 'amusing' horse, Rory. All performers are high-pitched so they need a..."

“I feel better! Nothing against...”

“Rory? A great card! Well, he's in Horse Laugh Heaven, and you're still a moron!” she laughed.

A horse laugh, really. It seeped into the bricks and was twisted out at night by the cold.

He frequently awoke to hear it.

Oddly, when they lived together, he never woke up at night for any reason. Her daylight antics exhausted him.

His own computer search, after she left, led him to The Horse Entertainment Network. But that ghosted out on the screen, and a banner blinked red to tell him to press the red button on his cable remote to attain this HEN.

He did, but had to okay an eight dollar a month surcharge.

Unfortunately, what he got concerned a lot of chickens! But then, Bill Haspell came on and explained they thought the chickens would be clever branding, a la HEN! He apologized for the glitch and introduced the new branding, featuring, of course, horses.

Murtha had then to endure *Horses of Australia,*
however the extraordinary aerial views to begin with.
But then, blessedly, *World Horse News* and the lead
story of training another ‘card’ to replace the departed Rory.
The search process had been complicated during his illness,
for most horses with humor were also cynical and lazy.

Popped up again Bill Haspell, offering T-Shirts convered
with hens. Seven dollars each, three for Twenty, but only
available in XXXXXLarge.

Bought three for sleeping--Murtha liked roomy comfort there.

Sarcastic Luna would never see them in this new scheme
of things. She had encouraged him to get another girlfriend,
that he'd be doing her a favor, that she’d never ever be
jealous, etc. He knew better.

Labels: Cable, dancing horse, girlfriend, horse, jealousy, relationship

Tuesday, February 03, 2015

Annika’s love for Dieter
was shaky, and not helped
by his allegedly undying one.

Then he sobbed he couldn't live
without her!

Made things worse, but she didn't
know what to do.

A truck full of Christmas trees
slid into his one-man optical
sales office.

His mother gave her a battered
microscope, and she looked at
some dirt.

She often replays his death during
slack times at the factory, waiting for
the Turkish dwarf to bring her work.

Labels: Frankfurt, German, Munich, relationship, Rodgau, Romance, Turk, unrequited love

Wednesday, February 04, 2015

-Doctors give it a big long name, but she's...soluble.

-Jeez! Like Wicked Witch of the West that Dorothy
flunged the bucket on?

-Same. She'll melt too.

-Who was the other one, that nice witch, anyhow?

-Billie Burke.

-Sounds like ballplayer. Anyway, should be a law against being that nice.

-Still hunting one up like that?

-Nope, terrified of the entire sex.

-With the exception of our own biodegradable doll!

-What'll we do? And I thought you said soluble.

-Both. Take her to Wrigley and her beloved Cubbies tonight!
I got a huge NASCAR umbrella if it rains.

-But, if a real gully-washer?

-With my arthritis, I crawl, but you can take her
in your arms and run! How come you can still run?
Every symptom in the Medical Dictionary, and you
run like the wind!

-I don't know, but I've taken a lot of shekels from
the neighborhood kids in bets.

-Ever really compete anymore?

-Couple weeks ago in Skokie. Driving though
and here's a 10-K!

-Win your age group?

-Won the whole damn thing! Was on TV and everything!

-I only watch the weather-panic channels.

-Storm of the Century! Blizzard of the Century! Heat of the...!

-Knock it off! Don't be as lavish as they are!

-Jeez! Biodegradable! Soluble!

-Comes to us all. If we hafta flee, we'll meet at Murphs. Order for me before I creak through the door.

-Drink our troubles away?

-Toast all the gods besetting us!

-That buys time.

-That's all we want.

Labels: Baseball, biodegradable, Chicago, Cubs, NASCAR, Skokie, soluble, Wrigley Field

Thursday, February 05, 2015

-Grandpa, is everybody in Stupid, stupid?

-No, Haspel, we got mad at each other once upon a time, and some people started a new town. They said a modern one, not fuddy-duddy.

-Fud...?

-Old.

-Like you?

-Precisely.

-Mommy name old!

-Isolde? A pretty name, Haspel!

When the child left, his pockets stuffed with cookies, the newlyweds swept in. Damn near 40, both, he mused, and acting like kids.

His other daughter, Mauve, spoke first. "Well, we're moving to Stupid!"

"Yeah, everything's new there!"

"Daddy calls it Flashtrash," laughed Mauve.

"Then you'd love our new apartment. All the latest! Furnished! We even got to pick the colors of the appliances and bathroom!"

"So we picked mauve, of course! We even have a mauve bidet!" He loved her the less for this last degrading idea.

"Is there even a bidet in this ancient burg?" hubby inquired.

"Of course, my Simple Love. To cool the Ahhhfter Dinner Wine!"

"Ah! Ahhhfter Dinner wine! Separates us from the savages!"

They went on in this Saturday Night Live manner, Grandpa merely smiling. After some moments, they turned serious, started using Stupid Borough’s proper name…after some Rock 'n Roll *chanteuse.*

The couple leaves, and he finally realizes he has failed with Mauve. The idiot was never his responsibility.

He pours an after-dinner wine. Not the accepted time, but why not be daring?

Labels: bidet, Conservative, daughter, flash, fuddy-duddy, marriage, Rock 'n Roll, town, wine

Friday, February 06, 2015

PATIENT
Explosive diarrhea and vomiting.
Followed by an obsessive desire
to sing the *Candyman* song.

PHYSICIAN
You're in luck! Your insurance
company just issued a code for
all of that.

PATIENT
Great! Otherwise this visit'd cost
me a thousand.

PHYSICIAN
Give or take.

PATIENT
Just out of curiosity, is there a Medicare
code too?

PHYSICIAN
Who gives a shit about those leeches?
They’re at Death's Door anyhow.

PATIENT
Nice collection of ceramic elephants you
got here.

PHYSICIAN
Make the office homey.

Labels: insurance, insurance codes, medical insurance, medicare, Republican

Saturday, February 07, 2015

-The dentist drilled for decay as I said.
Down deep in my head!

-You usually speak in deathless prose.
But, exquisite poetry?

-A mere bagatelle.

-But, there’s a fly in your universal Jello.

-Howso?

-Wouldn’t GET decay if you brushed and flossed
assiduously.

-I’m as big an assiduous as the next guy!

-And you take days off from the process to inhale hangover fumes.

-Not many!

-Okay, so you’re a top-flight brusher and flosser, really!
The Lady Dentists will feature you at their convention.
In a brilliant glass case. Revolving.

-Me or the case?

-Both, in opposite directions.

-Christ! Vertigo!

-That’s for another kind of convention. Or film.

-And when they turn the lights out, do I hafta stay
in the case?

-Nein! They have their will of you then!

-Jesus! Can one get Viagra over the counter?

-Never you! The community must be protected.

-Be quiet while I’m practicing revolving.

-Fine! I’m making out the card for your display.

-Master Flosser?

-Asshole.

-All great men get hurt. But…should I wave? Thusly?

-Like the Pope saying “Get those fuckin peasants
off the grass!”

-No! More modesty-honesty. See? I can fake that best.

-People will little remember what we say here.

-That’s because they got sense.

Labels: brush, comedian, comedy, convention, dentist, floss, poetry, Pope, prose, Viagra

Sunday, February 08, 2015

A Short Time

Lots of frenetic activity of all sorts,
and weakly creative lying.

Cynthia told Bart: “Why don’t we
just stop?”

And they did.

///

Games

So, who'da thought?

JJ -- a pallid flower with a soft way
and a wit to match. Once just missed
the Olympics in Softball. Catcher,
and quiet Generalissima.

Q -- her husband, the sort you'd call on
if a gate broke away from rusty hinges.

MT -- a man usually playing the machines
at their club...with some fire.

Well, now, JJ a Passion Flower?

Come ON!

MT was eventually transferred to a far city.
Asked to join him, JJ laughed.

*The modern way seemed to tell your husband,
so she did. The lover, inept, she confessed,
proved an asshole-idiot altogether, and with
sixth grade conversation skills.*

He refused to believe it, but then turned cold.

Counseling? Of course!

The practitioner, a professional woman, very nearly curt.

She couldn't bring Q to talk much, but JJ approved the apparent direction of things.

It was evolving, alongside other troubles being revealed, to being mostly his fault.

Though she knew the affair, at least, was entirely hers--and embarked on with a silly sense of experimentation--she, naturally, went along with the counselor.

Husband complained he was being ganged up on, but started admitting minor deficiencies.

She knew more of the burden would pass to her in subsequent appointments, so tried bringing the tight counselor close to tears.

It worked every third session or so.

A good average in Softball, reasoned this pallid flower.

///

Max and Dilly in Casual Conversation re a Breakup of Friends

-An affair is a cry for help, of course. Much is wrong and must be talked out, however painful

-You got that last part right!

-But, there is a bottom line, and one person is being betrayed.

-Come ON!

-Horribly so!

-Maxy, you’re so fuckin old-fashioned!

Labels: affair, betrayal, counseling, old-fashioned, relationship, sex

Monday, February 09, 2015

A Fragment Expressing Attitudes

Uncle Mario, Larkie delivering Tastycakes, and Rocco.

Minnie’s Ranch Luncheonette.

ROCCO
When he came out, his wife didn’t like it one
little bit.

LARKIE
Why? Was it her turn?

MARIO
Disgusting!

ROCCO
I’m quitting! Larkie gets all the good lines.

LARKIE
My day!

MARIO
I liked it better when everything was a deep, dark secret. People weren’t such pains in the ass!

ROCCO
That’s too superficial and ego-centered! Give us the
intricate psychoanalysis your advanced years are
supposed to enable you to puke out.

MARIO
Fuck you! I never did like you! I told my sister…!

LARKIE
Family! I love Family!

ROCCO
Join ours! No requirements.

LARKIE
Can I be gay?

MARIO
No!

ROCCO
Only if you shoot video. If we can teach Uncle Mario, here, to operate a VCR, he might learn something yet.

MARIO
I’m gonna bring you up to the Family, fuckin Rocco! Disrespectful little...!

LARKIE
I love Family!

Rocco’s South Philadelphia is unafraid of modern topics. Since there are none. Search him atop this page for further idiotic history.

Labels: Family, gay, Rocco, South Philadelphia, Tastycakes, VCR, video, Western

Tuesday, February 10, 2015

or **Under God**

Since we were fighting in nearly all the known countries,
the newly-elected Democrats re-instituted the Draft.

Chubbie, Ruck, and I turned in our draft cards month later
as a protest. The only official spot in town, Sheriff's.

He came to my house later while we were watching the Falcons.

Accompanied by deputies, Legion guys, and some layabouts
from Mixxy’s Paradise Lounge.

“As I see it, you take these back, One. Or we beat the shit
outa you, Two.”

One.

Labels: American Legion, draft, law enforcement, neocon, Sheriff, threat, war, wars

Wednesday, February 11, 2015

in a friendly manner. Linguists can tell us how some language develops like this.

Thus, anyway, the word slut loses it shaming aspect.

Not a worry.

The Despicables will coin another.

Labels: class, condescension, custom, gossip, language, linguist, morality, mores, shame, slut, slut shaming

Thursday, February 12, 2015

-Well, for the ten thousandth time, the devil is in the details.

-We're the devils!

-Don't get theological on me! Our fellows rely on us to hammer out a deal.

-Just speaking to you is sacrilege, according to a good many of my voters.

-Mine too, and we will rape their purity once again this night.

-You're a Catholic: you've got Confession. I've just got elevated thought.

-Well, hold it down so we can talk.

-And as grimy as it all proves, our better angels will drift in when we're exhausted.

-I think we should belay the holy or infernal imagery. We're...sleazy car dealers in a seedy part of town.

-My battered Ford and a thousand for your Chevvie!

-When we shake hands on that, we lift the neighborhood.

Labels: Art of Compromise, Catholic, compromise, Confession, core voter, devil, Devil in details, ideological purity, political purity, rape, theology.

Friday, February 13, 2015

Doc Mac, Noggo the reader, Slice, deli guy

-Bitsy is a Fatal Woman.
She’s killed one man,
and ruined seven...
and counting.

-Like Circe, she turns
men into swine!

-What’s hard about that?

...

The Easy Game

At the athletic club we chatted
about a certain total cuteness.

Shorty overheard, warning
“Stay a hundred miles away!
Pure Poison! Guy over in
Fletcher killed hisself!”

Chubby, Maroon, and I threw
towels at him. He was supposed
to collect them anyway, this
Crabapple Jones in everything!

Maroon remarked, "Pure Poison,
hey? Well, who's pure in everything?
We're all amalgams."

Not in her case. A year later she
had gone through each, our
nerves shot.

We invited a Shaman, Paint Horse
of the Waluta Tribe, to come to

Chubby's house.

Must return at least twice more:
“*Bad Woman Magic!”*

“That’s ambiguous!” Maroon has said.
“And with his strange intonations, you
can’t pin it down.”

“Give him a break! He’s trying to get
us right with the Spirit World.” -Chubs.

“I’ll settle for this shattering one!”

…

A Certain Kind of Club

Come on, Mick! You act as if I’m
killing you!

Mick?

Mick!

Is Doctor Fessbinder in the club?

Labels: cute, Fatal Woman, friendship, relationship, sex, sex club, Shaman, Spirit World

Saturday, February 14, 2015

Lies?

Rhetorical exaggerations I admit to.
And flourishes. Old-School there, I'm afraid.

You point especially to my Labor Day speech.
And scathingly see me as Republican, of course,
thus avowed enemy of the working person.

Some are, and very clearly. Ask them, they'll
tell you. They love to! Wallow in their own
poisonous spit!

And you claim that we've destroyed unions?

Lots of factors have militated against unions,
though we've been the most important.

But I'm, individually, very Pro-Labor. I believe the
present dynamic is sick, and toxic to the country.
I believe, mostly, in a strong safety net.

The billionaire supplies his own, hedging his bets.
The worker bets his labor, and must be allowed to
hedge also.

Why haven't you heard this before?

A hand clamps my mouth, known as Party.

If they turn off the cash spigot, I lose.

And, as the wilfully naive Supreme Court has
allowed obscene amounts, I can't fall behind.

Hey! Everybody's job contains terrible contradictions
and anomalies. Why should mine be different?

They'll smear me RINO?

They can do much worse!

“*Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind.” ?*

And some horrible, dreadful, degrading things they are!

Why don’t you hear more from me? Why don’t I take more of a stand?

Politics is incremental. And the parties have even blatantly switched in history. If we live long enough, we’ll see Republicans as the liberal party, and Democrats as the stick-in-the-mud, and thoroughly despicable, Conservatives.

When I can fight, I will. When I can’t, I’ll talk the crap they wish.

A sort of partial and quite unsatisfactory answer?

That’s me. And you. And everybody.

Hey! They hanged Nathan Hale! “My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country.” Tremendous!

But he wasn’t always that Nathan Hale.

Labels: anti-labor, Conservative, Democrat, Emerson, Labor, Labor Day, liberal, realpolitic, Republican, Safety Net

Sunday, February 15, 2015

Red State

When Jup and Mitzy got down, they always went to Trash Alley. This time she got Dutch Boys and Girls. The Chinese man didn't have windmills, but girlfriend, Letz did, she knew.

Jup got National Football League players, sort of. Splotchily painted, but the jerseys were the approximate color, and had script identifying the team name.

No ceramic pants, but little erect penises.

"Cute, but they'll break off if you play with them," warned Mitzy.

"I'm not gonna play with their peckers!"

"I mean just play generally. They're delicate."

He had another plan, which he told her. It inspired her.

So, for each game that year, he paired the figures. Thus Bronco versus Raiders, as an example. Then, photographed them with his phone camera. Sixteen games, sixteen pictures that week.

When the season opened, she brought along the actual Dutch figures. Girlfriend Letz, her own little windmills and wagons and such. They sat in a booth with other women at Mad Martha's, and played the way they did as girls.

On the way back from the men's room, Jip told them "Don't get too rough now!"

Then he returned to his gang watching the contest on the biggest screen in the place.

Wills and Hester always came late, but this time

she brought the ceramic food she had fashioned.
She got a hearty Dutch welcome. “Let’s eat the
sausages first!” gushed Emily Hertzmeuller.

Meantime, the men tapped their phones together ritually,
and thus received the obscene schedule of Jup’s.

Men, their wives and girlfriends, appreciated him and Mitzy
further livening up their gameday.

Mad Martha in the kitchen yelled to Gypsy Joe at the bar
that they were a class act!

Some of the newer lady friends were tomboys and wouldn’t
play with the women, but roared alongside the men.

“It takes all kinds,” Jup reminded the very conservative
Ralph Betz, nicknamed Reagan.

Labels: child play, Dutch, female bonding, football, male bonding, Reagan, relationships, segregating by sex, sex roles, trash

Monday, February 16, 2015

The Linguist Returns From Planet RahSTELaphon

-What's their language like?

-Some surprising parallels.

-We can learn it?

-Average American, one year: Be able
to talk like a six-grader there.

-Not bad! What's the usual subject? Themes?
What do they talk ABOUT?

-Total bullshit!

-No problem then.

Labels: alien language, planet, space travel

Tuesday, February 17, 2015

that alters when it alternation finds

-Monday is a great day to be a vicious Conservative!
Think about it: you're forced back into work,
hung over from the weekend, stomach-sick,
and thoroughly pissed.

-Do you relax Tuesday?

-Then I'm a Liberal! Pie-in-the-sky horseshit to spend
everybody else's money.

-Don't tell me you alternate!

-Precisely! Wednesday, gleefully back to grinding the
faces of the undeserving poor...which is all of them,
especially our darker brethren.

-So? You're opposite extreme Extremists!

-Thursday, I peak. Pretty little guillotine on the bed of
my pickup, I cruse the upscale shopping centers after work.
.
-My God! You don't...execute?

-Not yet. Just, remind. Play a cassette of heads hitting
baskets is all.

-I'm afraid to ask about Friday.

--Don't be! I take it off. Friday begins a long weekend.
A prolonged Drunk!

-Well, you must stop! It's crazy! And even though you
alternate, the twin monsters are inside you at all times.
Contraries! You can't hold contraries...!

-Why I've held as many as six contraries before breakfast!

-That's *Alice in Wonderland!*

-Isn’t everything?

Labels: Alice in Wonderland, alternate, Conservative, extremist, guillotine, liberal, weekend

Wednesday, February 18, 2015

-Chickenhawks had no end of sharp-as-a-tack
advice to those willing to risk their lives.

-Whatever happened to them, anywayz?

-They're still around. Advising your KID now.

-And theirs remain safe, family and militant gombahs huddled round?

-They wouldn't have it any other way!

-Why do cowardly assholes have such longevity in America?

-It's our greatest feature!

Labels: bravery, chickenhawk, courage, coward, longevity, neocon, war

Thursday, February 19, 2015

-Well, paid all my bills except the one.

-Run outa checks?

-Nope. Lost it.

-Call up! Ask them how much, etcetera.

-Don't remember who they is!

-If you was a company, you flop!

-Ah, but not before firing half the workers.

-Go on!

-Eliminating all vacations and overtime!

-Bingo!

-And then cutting the wages of the remaining terrorized in half!

-Capitalism is one slicing marvel! Is the Big Boss done?

-Raids the pension plan.

-Where you been? They’s gone long ago! Replaced by IRAs, or THE WALL STREET BONANZA GOUGE.

-No matter, for now that he's whipped you into submission, you're the chief selling-point when he unloads to a competitor.

-Another Republican?

-Mais oui! What else?

-I can get ALONG with this new guy!

-First one fired!

-Too bad. I came close to working for nothing!

-That's the perfection they're aiming for.
They call it the *Right To Work For Nothing*.

-Well, good luck to the seven left.

-They're dismissed! Plant moves South!

-His first mistake! To the Land of *Take This Job and Shove It ?*

-Things get shoved all right! Up the rectum of the most docile and cowardly workers in the world!

-Outside of Asia?

-Asian companies come there. Case closed.

-Will Cornpone Capitalism save the world?

-Undoubtedly! Plain as the nose on your ear.

-Psychosomatic. Now that I'm fired, I expect it to migrate back to its proper place.

-We must keep our place. Therein lies happiness!

-Lies happen!

Labels: American Capitalism, benefits, Cornpone Capitalism, low wages, pay, Race to Bottom, Republican, Right To Work, South, Southern worker, wages, Wall Street

Friday, February 20, 2015

“**Marie, Marie!**

Go wash your feet.
The Board of Health's
across the street!”

How we Irish asserted thus
our hygienic superiority in
New Haven, for now we won

via Mayor Richard Lee,
after generations of Yankee

fucking. So, we, in turn
fucked the Italians. My
father worked for the Journal-

Courier, published by
John Day Jackson, who

didn't descend from Prospect
Street to cast many Democratic

votes. Italians eventually got
their Dick Celentano, Republican.

Then, the Blacks fretted in
the wings. Eventually scored too.
And, after, the Hispanics. It’s

the story of the slugging Northeast city.

And one hell of a one in it’s grimier

precincts! Freedom of Information Act
devised for such. Small potatoes, but
toxic little buggers!

Labels: black, city politics, Democrat, Irish, Italian, New England Politics, New Haven, Northeast, Republican

Saturday, February 21, 2015

THE BLUFFS CHRISTIAN HOME

Homer Shnitzman, MD
Delbert Hans, MD
Loretta Menton-Hale, MD, PhD

Two Orderlies:

-Nothing ever happened on my vacation before.
I caught a break!

-Surprised the news never penetrated the Poconos.

-Only Panic-Weather TV there. STORM OF THE CENTURY!

-Well, anyway, one of our ninety year olds grabbed
a young girl visitor. He “sprung” from Supply Room.

-Did she escape *The Fate Worse Than Death?*

-By kicking him in the balls, hard and repeatedly.

-Ouch, I think–-whatever is left of that shrunken package,
at any rate.

-Shnitzy wants us to sign on to new, ever-watchful regulations.

-Even if good sports crap on TV?

-That new lady Doc said the old fart had “reverted to Pure Male!”

-Did he now? Something in the water? That one’s a snip!

-The Church has declared her husband a martyr.

-Not shocked.

-What if…one of our women reverts to Pure Female?”

-Much more serious!

-Too Scary!

-God wouldn’t let it happen.

Labels: Alzheimer, dementia, doctors, God, men, mental hospital, Old Age, orderly, women

Sunday, February 22, 2015

Cornhuskers

-Go with the flow! Will you, SOMEtimes, Mark? Everything isn’t like writing a termpaper at Chadron State!

-Well, I still don’t understand why a whore in Vegas affects my new muffler in Hastings!

-Chitzy at the garage is tight with Otz, the muffler salesman. He usually just gives him calendars, ballpoints, do-dads, but his year he really came through!

-Well, my research shows that Rackell dropped a lot in the rankings. Too late now, but I would prefer another brand!

-Put it in the paper, and then, for CRIsakes, hit Vegas yourself!

Labels: car repair, Consumer Reports, muffler, Nebraska, Vegas

Monday, February 23, 2015

Drifting and Dreaming

A Saturday rain had been almost guaranteed, but not this monsoon!

Kept Hodge in, so he watched the Weather Channel, drifted into daydreams.

Violent ones! He took out Arabs, got medals.
Just an outline. Then, slept for two hours, waking up with ferocious munchies as he was being honored by the UN, but as a steady Man of Peace.

There had been in there a totally unsatisfactory argument with Gwen. Soon to be *ex!* he now proclaimed silently.

A homosexual episode tried to horn in, also. He had tried before with ridiculous results.

The man was transferred soon after, and he bumped into him in an airport once. They had a quick drink, since this Rentz had a date with a pilot.

“Stay with your pilot, but as for me, there's work to be done!” Hodge shouted over the pounding rain as he hunted for crackers.

Gwen phoned, promising the deluge would stop by early evening, so they decided to see a Russian historical flick.

Gwen laughed at the inept titling. She had taken a couple of Russian courses at Cornell, and hung around the department, then in an old house.

Mostly for the food, since two professors cooked lunch if she brought the ingredients.

After the movie, at the *Too-Chaste Coffee Emporium* he knew enough to say nothing of the daydream.

"Oh that’s just Walter Mitty!" she would have said.

Most everything of his was dismissed in a literary manner. She often wore a French beret. Though tonight, a Yankee’s cap.

Hodge stayed benign, perhaps hung-over from the vividness of the dreams. She found it refreshing. He had been labeled Chatty Kathy by her several times.

She snuggled up. Tried to steal his Danish while whispering amorous plans.

He decided to keep her.

Labels: daydream, dream, fantasy, heroism, homosexuality, monsoon, rain, relationship;Weather Channel, weather

Tuesday, February 24, 2015

-However celestial the goal, it still required some old-fashioned politics. I won't bore Your Magnificence with the grimy details.

And, of course, this is for you, and... doesn't include the wife?

-Her? A God? I can see that you couldn't stretch things THAT far. It's fine. She'll be satisfied if it's just me.

-Okay, the Senate and House will be called together in a week, compulsory! And you be declared a God!

-I'm humbled.

-We have yet to work out holidays in your honor and where the temple is to be built.

-I'd like a small one on The Mall, but a much larger one back home. I'll live in the later and receive sinners. In the former, folks can go to my image and pray to me for The Nation!

-Finished! Or as good AS! My only worry is that it sets a precedent.

-One and done! I'd say.

-Well, the Democrats could come back in, and eventually want to declare one of theirs a...

-The very idea is absurd on its face!

Labels: declaring a God, Democrat, divinity, faith, Faith and Politics, God, politics, Republican

Wednesday, February 25, 2015

Large Political Consultant

-I thought you were done when you predicted your party'd prevail for the next fifty or so years. And your vaunted clock got cleaned in the very next election!

-Hey! You win some, you lose some. And some are called off because of rain.

-Of Stupidity, rather.

-That too.

-And now here you are, bigger than ever!

-MONEY! I got our important boys and girls together and explained that's what it's all about! And forget the rest.

-Then, the Supreme Court affirmed your distinguished thinking.

-They found, in their wisdom, the side their bread was buttered on.

-And yours?

-Definitely mine.

-Thus, we're all frantically running in a race nobody wants to be in.

-Speak for yourself. God made the world.

-Doing you a helluva favor!

-It's about favors too.

-Tammany Hall, blown up to mega proportions!

-Super Mega!

-A Black Hole! if you ask me. Where the one-percent of the one-percent buy elections outright! Like estates or limousines!

-Or politicians? So? Wake up and smell the greenbacks! *Ahhhh!*

Labels: bought and sold, Citizens United, favors, Money as Speech, money in politics, one-percent, political corruption, Supreme Court, Wake up and smell the money

Thursday, February 26, 2015

A Few Points Coming In

1 Well, they got their compromise!

2 And so fast-hatched and shoddy, it favors us.

3 The main thrust was to save THEIR face!

1 They owe us one.

2 You mean when we're neck-deep in mire someday?

3 Of their debt to us, we must constantly remind them.

1 Lest they shunt it, and us, aside out of embarrassment?

2 It always behooves us to remind them of embarrassment.

3 What is face-time for? Especially on the networks?

1 To twist it in unrelentingly!

2 I'm keeping my kids out of politics.

3 Nonsense! Just have to apprise them of a few points coming in.

Labels: compromise, face, face-time, political compromise, political vulnerability, politics, Saving Face

Friday, February 27, 2015

BOTH
We live in Cocoa Beach, awash in
putrid Right-Wing Radio.

ONE
That's ONE Fascist stink!

TWO
Aspiring. Too incoherent to get there yet.

ONE
Beware! *The Idiots' Lobby* is very very
strong!

TWO
I'm bewaring! Should I get a gun?

ONE
What else?

TWO
We're spose to dance off singing a song
about mothers.

ONE
Uh uh! Mine just told me to go f-

TWO
Why do some people ruin just perfectly
lovely schemes? Family, Home, Nation!

ONE
It's like a tide-ful of rubbers.

TWO
But THAT could be either Right OR Left!

ONE
Not aesthetically.

Labels: aesthetics, American Fascism, Cocoa Beach, Fascism, Left, Right Wing Radio

Saturday, February 28, 2015

--in muddled dialog

-Watched CPAC for a week this morning.

-I heard College of Ophthalmologists are monitoring it for eye-bulge.

-Hey! Have some perspective! Every country in the world has a vicious Right and Left. Though this grotesque bunch stands foremost for seething.

-And the Left here has to be largely imagined.

-They do a helluva job on that point! And with Moslems in the woodwork for a bonus!

-So the speakers be bush? The videos are beautiful! The whole family walking the snowy ranch?

-Dr Goebbels lives!

-Yeah, but so what? Let them have their bent fun. The North will rise again!

-Better hurry!

Labels: Angry Right, Conservative Political Action Conference, CPAC, Diffident Left, Goebbels, Left, Right

Sunday, March 01, 2015

Please don't impute sex im-
mediately. Came out diffident
in everything. Steady, not ex-

perimental, in dull truth.
As an example, when two-
toned sneakers attacked

the village, she eschewed
chartreuse/orange for a few
pairs of firesale black.

In similar vein, when a brother-
sister gifted her a Jill Karby
Blouse--both having hopes--

she took advantage of their
emphatic glasses, and dearth
of judging size, by wearing it

to bed. Alone and happy! For
emotion exhausted and
embarrassed, and that

was that! In Hollywood Bourgeois,
she meets a Fellow Diffident, they

develop a rattling hate, then, *lah-
dee-dah,* one paradoxical love-

v-v-v! Some weirdness splits them,
AND, with all looking altogether flat-
ly, grimly pastel...ah!...

Well, she does prove Darker
Art-House, in a new flick so

Swedish-Boring as to supply pain.
Thus now, how truly to get her an
ultimate wiggle on?

Nothing. She’ll go her way.
And die. Like the rest of us.

Labels: boring, bourgeois, diffident, emotion, fad, film, love, sex, Swedish

Monday, March 02, 2015

asked Ambrose.

“I don’t know, but they know how to press each others double-hot buttons.”

“Tongue them, you mean.”

All this, while maneuvering the cables in place to lift the 40s era safe from the floor, out the place from whence the skylight had been removed, and down to the street.

Ambrose continued the operation from there. Maxy-O had jumped into the crane on the roof, and awaited his instructions via walky-talky.

Everything cautiously perfect. Then a cable snapped, the ends looking like bits of lightning.

The deep green safe hung at an angle for a few beats, while the blue sky darkened.

It slipped and plunged, flattening the fleeing Ambrose.

They took him home and slid him under the door to his wife, who, of course, had never seen him that way.

Couldn’t resist all that last, and the Lesbians should be pleased.

Labels: accident, coordinating work, death, joke, lesbian, marriage, work

Tuesday, March 03, 2015

Capital Atmospheric

-You call him Senator Arguments?

-He makes them from all sides.

-Even arguing with himself?

-Brilliantly!

-After all of that, how does he know how to vote?

-Easy! As he’s told.

-Supreme Court next?

-Doubtless!

Labels: argument, issues, puppet, rhetoric, senate, senator, Supreme Court

Wednesday, March 04, 2015

Property

-When it was decreed that everyone own land,
some purchased just a few square feet.

-Largely symbolic?

-You can say that again! Just enough room for him
to stand, but John Q has the harrowing fantasy that
someone wants to take it away!

-Thus, arguments?

-Add shootings and wars!

-Therefore, Property is evil!

-Nonsense! The System will work admirably if
everyone just calms down.

-You could say that for any System.

-And will.

Labels: arguments, Capitalism, property, shootings, socialism, system, violence, war

Thursday, March 05, 2015

Mr Disease

When Dr Cantry asked him to represent
the disease, it sounded funny.

Actually, of course, she meant efforts
to fight same.

So he became the public face for the latter.

First on TV, where Jenny made him up meticulously.
“These new cameras pick up a flyspeck at fifty miles!”

Soon, people waved on the street.

The mayor phoned with a request to join the
Youth Sports Week Parade. The army truck
holding girl softball players became his choice
since they had more hell in them, thus least
reverential to him and his disease. Called him Dad.

The most comic deference happened at Acropolis
Lunch where Markos insisted he sit in a booth now.
Still orchestrated the usual 40's era food jokes though.

Thus pretending he didn't have a lit degree, announced:
"We have two kinds apple pie today, Apple and Pin-Apple!"

It became his turn--and he didn't do one of his fadeouts,
though he had to yell from the booth. “You call this Chicken
Soup? The chicken walked through it on stilts!"

Waiter Jellybean, started dressing as a gangster, and our
Mr Disease enjoyed hassling him.

You'd almost expect Sam Spade to pop in to ask some
pointed questions!

And one blunt one.

Labels: death, disease, food, Greek, Sam Spade, TV

Friday, March 06, 2015

-What's it really like for the Party when
the other one is in?

-Easy for the Dems. More wheelbarrows
of cash rumble to the RICH, but they've learned
to live with pretty much that same old fatalistic
shit over the years anyway: any reform aiding
anyone else being quickly transmuted, one way
or another.

-A Law of Nature?

-Something like. But more iron-bound.

-And, for Republicans on the outs?

-THE END OF THE WORLD!

Labels: Armageddon, Democrat, gifts for rich, outs, Republican, rich

Saturday, March 07, 2015

Idle Hands. Not.

When the men came back from the war, Flip had completed his apprenticeship with the oldsters who had left retirement for the emergency.

The veterans proved insufferable, calling him girls' names. Too, they defied the foreman by prolonging breaks with war stories.

Flip did the job, no more, no less.

A spate of faulty raw materials ensued. And the vets complained: "Crap stock equals crap work!"

Flip spoke up then, to their amazement. "The latter you can do on your own."

Thus he made enemies and didn't care.

He became the youngest foreman ever. A concerted slowdown followed.

In here, he got to speak with a jeep messenger, who told him "Hey, I was a Major! A Big Deal! Not so now. And these other recalcitrants miss the prestige, excitement, and whores!"

Flip told him it was about time they stopped. But the slowdown got slower, so he fired the worst one.

They marched into the Big Guy's office and threatened to form a union. He pointed out that they had unanimously voted one down a year ago. But, ironed out a compromise: Flip would take the fired one back, they would do the work without further glacial drama.

But Flip told Mr Dash, "Him or me!" And wouldn't be moved.

A funny thing happened then: The remaining warriors

grew obsequious.

Moreso than Flip liked, but they did the work--
mid flattery.

Life was lightened then by Bodgey, a Doberman
with eyes, one brown, one blue. Delly brought her
home from her job at the animal hospital because
the owner stopped paying board. “He went to find
gold in South America, and is probably dead.
You can’t make this stuff up!”

So, the three of them in the cottage. Flip and Delly
bought an adjoining acre for Bodgey to romp in.

The plant hummed over the years, with most of the
foremen now closer to Flip’s age once upon the time.

Management wanted him to move up to Corporate,
but he’d miss the factory floor too much, the noise.

Bodgey eventually stiffened with arthritis and
Dr Hellickson prescribed pills and massage.
The couple took turns carrying her out to her
play area.

She passed, of course. They could hardly move
or speak for a long while.

The years flew, and new corporate masters declared
Flip must retire. Not so bad financially, since he
had a solid pension and Social Security.

Delly joined him by leaving Dr Hellickson, and they
moved to North Carolina. A double-wide next to a
barn-workshop. Flip built rustic furniture, sort of,
his take on it anyway, all by hand, no power tools.
And no nails either.

Buttsy from the lumber yard delivered some nice pine
since his driver was sick. He asked to see Flip’s pieces
and was completely blown away by a chest of drawers.

“Listen! I got some exotic wood I won’t let anybody

touch. But you use some to build one for me?
No hurry."

"It takes me forever."

It was finally done it a few months.

Buttsy fetched in his pickup, first having Flip sign it
in a hard-to-get-to interior place, then nestling it in
a nest of blankets and covering it over almost reverently.

"Well, how much? And don't sting me too badly!"

Flip and Delly laughed. "Jeez. I don't know. How about
two hundred?"

"The two's right, but make it thousand!" The couple
very nearly fainted!

"I got buyers lined up for five more. I charge them
four--just so you know what a dreadful Capitalist
you're dealing with!"

Delly volunteered at the Boys and Girls Club, and
persuaded Buttsy one day to contribute the
exotic wood for Flip to fashion a chest for the
annual auction.

It fetched Nine!

"You're getting famous!"

"Yeah, and it's going to my head! I had two Cokes
yesterday instead of the one."

Doc, the pharmacist, approached about
bookcases to line the den of his new house.

"How long you got?

"Move in, year or so."

"I'll do half, next year half also."

Doc said he couldn’t wait, and Flip shrugged.

But he phoned that night and took Flip’s deal. “I guess you don’t know it, Flip, or care, but it’s Art, I mean really is, so I’ll hafta wait.”

When Flip hung up, he reminisced with Delly.

“You know, the men called me Gertie when they returned from the war?”

“You’ve come a long way, Gertie!...but I’m worried you’ll start finding me boring.”

“No way, My Beauty! And besides, I was never bored in my life.”

Labels: art, blue collar, Craftsman, generation gap, marriage, veterans, working

Sunday, March 08, 2015

-Don’t put raisins on paper towels!

-I heard that somewhere.

-Of course, I just said it.

-I mean, before.

-I made it up. Jenny asked me to get them at Safeway, so…

-Do your memory tugs have to be negative? How about:
Use paper towels after eating raisins?

-Who could be that gross? It’s not Sloppy-Joes! Besides, negative you remember.

-I’m still pretty sure that someone said it before.

-Probably so! Four fifths of the world’s knowledge is bullshit!

-And the other fifth?

-Horseshit!

-Good! I can skip Philosophy 101 at Berkeley.

-I don’t like you. Does anybody?

-I don’t believe so. You?

-Nary a soul now. Jen did once.

-Then, I will.

-Likewise.

Labels: Berkeley, memory device, new friends, Philosophy 101, remembering, San Francisco

Monday, March 09, 2015

or God Shedding His Grace

-A funny thing happened when we were congratulating ourselves on our progress.

The Republicans got back in and threaten to pass an omnibus bill entitled "*The Right to Work for Starvation Wages As the Rich Fuck Everybody with Our Fawning Concurrence, And the Spicks Are Placed in Pens Awaiting Deportation, And the Blacks Shoved in Jail Again, And All the Lovely Ladies Kept Barefoot and Pregnant Because of Their Recalcitrant And Weirdly Hormonal Behavior Generally.*"

-That's omnibus all right. Class and Race with the usual dollop of bizarre Gynecology.

-With a special vengeance!

-Uh huh, but so what? There'll be deals to soften the whole damn thing. That's the nature of politics: It's "Work it out!"

-Not this time. The Frenzy is on 'em!

-Drool in the air?

-Wear a raincoat.

Labels: barefoot and pregnant, Blacks, class, Conservative, Gynecology, Race, Republican, rich, Right To Work, sex, The Gynecology Party, women

Tuesday, March 10, 2015

-That, all rumors to the contrary, he overwhelmingly LOVED the Dog-Eat-Dog! Would've stayed in it even for no money.

-You believe that?

-Not completely. Gotta be a bone in there somewhere for dogs to truly snarl and fight.

-We'll never see his like again.

-How about his dislike?

-Hated everybody!

-Well he gets an F-Plus!

-Which reverts to F when he gets forgotten in a week?

-Is anyone remembered past then?

-Nope. That's the outer limit.

-So? *Carpe diem!* Seize the day!

-You can't say both, the Latin and translation. One or the other!

-Didn't know there was a rule.

-Definitely!

Labels: avarice, carpe diem, Dog-Eat-Dog, dogs, greed, remembering dead

Wednesday, March 11, 2015

Burke is largely into insignificance: humans as much much less than specks in a speedily expanding universe.

Hal tells him he's sick of hearing it, and has decided to make the best of his speckdom by getting a girlfriend.

The old Ford dealer now runs Valley Couples. *"I put you in a Ford, now let me...!"*

Hal's just-hatched ad: *"Insignificance wants similar for both to prove greater or lesser."*

Burke pronounces it too romantic. But he, as you've probably concluded, is nuts.

One reply, so Hal meets her at **Just Coffee**. The fashion in the Valley is to name most establishments modestly, but sociologically. This one aids poor farmers in Central America.

Beats, for Beatrice, drives for Federal Express, Hal for its Brown Competition: a springboard for a conversation that rushes until closing.

Other dates with these two, of course. In one, though both ordinarily eschew detail, they compare contracts.

Then, one night at the **Starlight**, booze-dreamily explore living together.

Therefore, the eventual cottage on Appletree Lane, once rural, but now mostly strip-malls.

Both sets of friends come easily on board, and Burke actually encounters a woman into Astronomy, and they argue massive points–-approaching a trillion light-years. Continuously.

The most urban section of the lane holds Appletree Chapel, and Beats' special buddy, Reverend Nancy Carks.

She marries them a year later. The reception at the Starlight,

where proprietors Mo and Minnie open all the doors to let the swelling talk out.

The younger folks dance the Ratutsi-Doo right out to the sidewalk and between parked cars!

Bride and Groom join them, sliding onto the hood of a Subaru.

Some Reception? Yeah!

No babies come, and they never find out why. But Rev Nancy gets them to adopt Bert and Ernestine, two comically diverse versions of busy medium-sized mongrels--after an elderly pair of parishioners addles together to Bide-a-Bit.

Bert and Ernestine have aged alongside everyone else, and no longer emit a blood-curdling howl when Beats and Hal leave for work in their uniforms. But take more hugging now.

Labels: astronomy, dating, dating service, dogs, Federal Express, light-years, UPS

Thursday, March 12, 2015

-I’d like a committee full of prestige, and with absolutely no work.

-Sorry, they go to the boyscouts and girlscouts, to give ridiculously off-topic speeches for the dolts back home.

-Well, you gotta do something with ideologues, I suppose.

-Defuses ‘em and gets ‘em outa the way!

-How about International Bushwah, then? I can babble on and on without a thought.

-I got you on Finance.

-Mass Confusion!

-Way the bankers designed it while stealing us blind! We need hardheads like you to cut through the bullshit!

-Oy! Talk about thankless! One guy got lost in that committee around 1960 and hasn’t been heard from since.

-Never mind all that! This is the People’s House doing the People’s Business!

-Don’t remind me!

-You wanna lazy berth, run for Senate.

-Soon as the Kabuki Masks finished.

Labels: bankers, bullshit, Committee Assignment, Congressional Committee, finance, Kabuki, People's House, politics

Friday, March 13, 2015

When the candidate professed that *"The Supreme Triumph in Life is knowing one's place in it!"* Val paid no attention. He was an old man running against an old woman.

Well, the old man won, and what the newspapers now called the *New Royalists* were ecstatic.

"Good luck with all of that Class Baloney! Val told Mahan. Let's see them try to enforce that crip-crap in a nation with a tradition of equality--well, not always, but you know what I mean."

Well, they knew what they meant also. But Val and Gretchen and the gang that hung around Kippy's Kool Kup ignored these old ones the same way they would have the old ones who lost.

The newest couple watching the football games there was Gritz and Nelly-Belly. She being pregnant. Gritz worked in the foundry and had a mouth you couldn't believe! His wife matched it! Hal often got them to cool it, especially when families with young children dropped in for a snack.

But Gretchen became infatuated with them since their friends were so Steady-Eddie boring. And life itself had reached such a stuffy, boring level!

"All our friends are so CAREFUL all the time! Those two make me laugh!"

So, she started inviting them to family events--where they mostly behaved.

But, enough slipped up that his Uncle Ducks noted them.

One thing and another, he asked them to cut the vulgar couple loose. "They'd be much happier with their own kind." etc.

Hal wouldn't do it, and, of course, Gretchen backed him up.

The next request came from up higher--Ducks being just an alderman. And this time he had to insist. The policy had come down from Washington.

Her girlfriends quickly got to her, too, and so she didn't object anymore.

It fell to Val to tell them, and he did. Both cried.

It was so embarrassing!

Val and Gretchen still see them at the Kool Kup, and they're often laughing with a rougher bunch, so it may be true we're happiest staying in our place.

Labels: Conservative, football, keeping your place, knowing your place, peer pressure, social stratification

Saturday, March 14, 2015

Only ten or so people in the world can actually "play" the Feldsmurr.

He's one, and another moves into his condo complex.

He has never seen her at The Exotic Instruments Convention. So, a mystery.

She takes to playing it at the pool, and acquires some fans.

They request Sinatra melodies, but forget that!
You can start with something someWHAT recognizable, but the Feldsmurr goes wild then.

Makes you improvisational despite yourself.
An acquired taste, but her fans remain faithful.

She has a pretty nice body, and is tolerant of the various seedy-senior Romeos hanging out there.

So, he becomes one. You never know.

Right now you're saying: "Why don't they just play duets on the damn thing?"

Impossible! Two of these instruments produce sour chaos, even in expert hands.

Things go well at the pool, and they have a date tonight.

Where he'll show her his Feldsmurr, and whatever else.

Labels: exotic music, love, Music, senior, senior sex, sex

Sunday, March 15, 2015

Glurtzmans

I settle on doing one flamboyant thing a day…
then, lose interest…so, a week.

Buy a Hawaiian shirt, garish Flame-Motif!

Go back a bit. Meet this couple on the beach at the Surfing Competition, and they scream, “Dr Glurtzman!”

“No,” answers yours truly. But, they insist, and I tire of informing them otherwise.

I gather he taught at Nicolet College. Physics. And very demonstrative. Acting out Einstein, Heisenberg, Planck. Well, good for him!

I missed my chances to be demonstrative, and thus turned Church Mouse.

I google him later, but have the gist already.

Don’t worry. I didn’t become him, but did plan to add a bit of unpredictability, flair. Thus the shirt.

Which I wore to the Presbyterian Rummage Sale. Confiding to Jill-Ann that I should sit on a table and be bought.

She said she’d put in a bid now. Well, the silly talk that goes on at such events!

I plunged then, though! Inviting her for coffee after the half-day Sunday. Right after Reverend Andony will show up and stress that he wants all the crap out of the hall. We’ll throw it in closets alongside biblical displays: under the stage cubbies, it’s all Loaves and Fishes.

While I wait outside for Jill-Ann to freshen up, Dr Glurtzman shows! He isn’t the real one either, but informs me. “The old boy’s dead, entertaining St Peter and the Gang with the one that Heisenburg forgot his socks for the Nobel. It’s…important that he stay dead--if you catch my drift.”

He killed him? For the insurance? And now pretends to BE him?

Then he says “I’ll buy that shirt right off your back!”

But I’m too shook to answer. Too much for me, and I gush *It was a one-time thing, my briefly letting some inane youngsters persist in believing I’M Dr Glurtzman!*

Long story short, Jill-Ann and I marry.

And what a cramp in the balls she turns out to be!

I worry that the other phony Dr Glurtzman will return to murder me!

But that’s in the Period of Adjustment right after strangling on the knot.

All kinds of shit went down then!

Upshot? *Dr Glurtzman as Peter Destiny Hasolastern, nabbed in a terminally seedy Lauderdale motel room with a fourteen year old girl.*

So bye-de-bye, Insanely Violent Death. You can say what you want about marriage, but it’s preferable.

Labels: con man, identity, Lauderdale, murder, role-playing, sex, surfing, underage sex

Monday, March 16, 2015

-He reeks of insincerity! Especially when they force him to lard in God-references.

-I give him a pass in that case. That's merely Hypocrisy. They usually run neck-and-neck with the other side there.

-Their Hypocrisy-Triumphantalism being a passing phase?

-Most definitely! It’ll shake out to both having predictable scoundrels that way.

-Is Hypocrisy the Golden Mean then?

-There can be no other!

Labels: "democracy, God, Golden Mean, hypocrisy, political hypocrisy

Tuesday, March 17, 2015

Justine & Bernadette & Bernadette's Curley

-That man should be ashamed!

-Every chance he got, he made an exhibition of himself. And in a bad way!

-Yeah, he was no good all right! But...I liked him.

-How could you like him? Thinking of the humiliation of his wife and children?

-Well, I obviously didn't think of...

-Hey! He was never punished on this Earth!

-You mean, they'll get him eventually?

-That Final Tribune, Baby!

-Sounds like a hip newspaper. But, it's Tribunal methinks.

-Anyway, he'll get it then! Worse than he deserves, I hope.

-One can always hope. Besides, he'll have St Peter in stitches with all those little acts he pulls.

-He's worthless, but makes people laugh!

-So, Pete gives him a pass in?

-Probably.

-Who else gets passes?

--Well, the five-percent.

-They PAY their way in then?

-I suppose.

-You mean HEAVEN'S Deck is stacked too?

-Most likely.

The New Hire After a Week

-I hear nothing but bad about our boss,
Mr Hoska, but you say he's wonderful!

-And generous! Why he'd give you the
sleeves outa his vest!

-Hah! Back at YOU on THAT one! Vests HAVE
no sleeves!

-I give up trying to fool you forever!

Labels: Family, friendship, joke, office, shame, work

Wednesday, March 18, 2015

All the Gentry Will Be There!

advertises an Irish ballad.*
As in our Senate and House,

they're active, or their
designated ass-wipes.

**McNamara’s Band*

Labels: ballad, class, Gentry, House, Irish, McNamara's Band, Music, senate

Thursday, March 19, 2015

3000

When Hawks meet to usher in
The New Millennium, they

agree to stone oppo-
nents back to The
Nuke Age.

Labels: hawk, Millennium, neocon, Nuke Age, Stone Age

Friday, March 20, 2015

Varieties of Lying Experience

-I guess the moral question is can you trust someone who lies in dreams?

-Let’s jettison the dream part! I don’t wanna show off my two-bit psychology just now. Maybe the moral part too. At any rate, what happened?

-Lorkie screaming “I SENT you verification on that!”

-“Well I never GOT it!” I lied.

-Okay, okay, that’s the Self-Preservation Lie. Real question is how many share it?

-Whole department.

-Whole department lying? Triumph of Capitalism!

-Somebody’s gonna get fired!

-A necessary component! But, let’s recap: We have the Self-Preservation Lie and the Social Lie together. Yeah, they can’t let you get away with that!

-I’LL be fired?

-Most likely. They’ll trap you into lying again. With witnesses, your former friends. Then beef up the discharge report with additional Creative Writing.

-What can I do?

-Stick a fork in yourself: you’re done!

-In the dream or life?

-There’s a difference? But you can do what Bipsey Hockney did, some sort of voodoo delivered Mr Cato the flu for a week. When

the obnoxious prick came back, thirsting to perform Management's dirtiest tricks, Bipsey fell through the cracks. So let's hear it for Incompetence!

-My only hope?

-Has never failed me!

Labels: business, Capitalism, firing, incompetence, lying, Lying in Capitalism, office, prevalence of prevarication, Self-preservation lie, Social Lie

Saturday, March 21, 2015

-She says she can’t live without me!

-What do you say?

-Not much. I hardly know her. She’s making me up, and then falling in love with the, the…making-up-thing that she…

-That’s cuz you’re handsome!

-(soft) And stupid.

-But, you’re a man! Have you shown her that you’re a man!

-Not really.

-What’re you waiting for? What you think SHE’s waiting for?

-For ME!

-Damn straight!

-Well off he goes! Romance in his pants! We’re not doing her any favors.

-Hey! That’s love. And insanity. She’ll get over him FAST!

-And we don’t even know if our hero can get it up.

-Evidence from the Y’s shower room indicates a miraculous surplus available! Could have charged admission.

-Having anything doesn’t mean you know how to use it.

-A freak with the IQ of a rubber plant!

-His mother speaks well of him.

-And his Aunt Dot?

-Of nobody!--Albert Schweitzer and Mother Teresa made to feel like crumb-buns.

-I can’t help it! I love that kind of woman!

-You’re sick!

-Ah yes!

Labels: critic, endowned, enfatuation, Mother Teresa, neighborhood, Romance, Schweitzer, vulgar, Woman

Sunday, March 22, 2015

Light-Shade-Friction

"Just a matter of staying
in the shadows," explicates

Carmichael, inventor keen
as Edison & slot thief,

re ducking spycams as he
jimmied new-tech machines

with his too-weird devices. Casinos
pruned him finally, out of umbrage.

In the verge where sparks dis-
charge from the so-rubbing
pantyhose of waitresses!

Labels: casino, horticulture, light, shadow, slot crooks, slots, spycam

Monday, March 23, 2015

“We're both ragtag fundamentalist preachers,
or act the parts. He does drunks and addicts,
and I, Scarlet Women!

The Mega Church hires us to travel around to
rural churches and scare the Devil’s own shit
outa everybody.

Hey! We really go fire-and-brimstone! Everybody
loves it! Well, not the particular objects. They end
up trembling.

It's a real partnership. I research for him
and he for I. Say a guy owns a little hardware
store? Three rehabs, and slumbers in gutters.

Customers don't have a clue, so, you know:
Truth sets everybody free! My Partner gives the
shoddy bio from the pulpit as a fiery warning
to us all. The devil being the manufacturer of
all such addictive crap! And toxic secrets.

He chooses for me a typical pink pretty. Butter
wouldn't melt in her pursy mouth! Could be a
juicy abortion back there, though. Or whatever.
Well, THAT’s hitting the lottery!

Probably just the usual carnality with associated lies.

At any rate, when I'm through with her, she's quivering
Jello on the floor, that Scarlet Woman!

I say it like it's fun, but it's damn hard work too!

Good? Are we actually doing...?

Ultimate questions left for Headquarters! We serve!
Hey! Degrees from two halfass Bible “Colleges?”--
and I majored in Basketball?

Two Good Ole Boys made good, if you ask me!”

Labels: Abortion, addiction, Bible, bible thumpers, carnal, Fundamentalism, good ole boys, mega church, preaching, rehab, Scarlet Woman, sin

Tuesday, March 24, 2015

The Modest Man

would hurt blowing
his own horn, even
the merest toot! So he

had two Pulitzers,
in different fields?

He married, some wished
a true virago to vilely choke

his clean perfection, but no,
she medaled in Violin and
Olympic Skiing. Good Lord

such a pair! And never speaking
of themselves. Enter our Beau,
and the ear-splitting Trombone

of Self! A constant celebration
of zero accomplishments! When

it was suggested to look to Exemplars
and consequently shut up, he spat
"THOSE two? No thanks! Ice

coats Mount Olympus, but
on the jungle floor, the core
human stinks comfort one nicely!”

“Sez you again and again?”

“Again and again!” *Wink.*

Again and again.

Labels: accomplishment, blowing your horn, bragging, exemplar, Pulitzer, talent

Wednesday, March 25, 2015

Radical Fringes Minus One

-Their Rightest Nut will run!

-No power to ‘im! Where are our Lefty Nuts?

-Extinct!

-Oh come on now! There are some who...

-Herbert Hoover’d invite ‘em in for pool!

Labels: fringe, Herbert Hoover, Left, lunatic fringe, Right

Thursday, March 26, 2015

-How much does it weigh?

-Do you mean here?

-Okay, let's assume in our further discussion
that we're referring to this latitude and longitude,
and not Mars, or Fiji, or Jackson Hole.

-Two-point-two kilos.

-How can your wife stand you?

-Who cares as to her trivial likes and dislikes!

-Ah hah! Sounds like Mr Precision gets Aces
slapped down on his little power-hand.

-Two-point-two kilos.

Labels: friendship, Metric System, power, power games, precision, relationship, wife

Friday, March 27, 2015

When Patriotism Pays Off

-The Democrats steal the tickets,
but you Republicans steal the train!

-Our Patriots have gone one further
and stolen the stations.

-All to no avail, you're so incompetent
that no trains run!

-Be one tomorrow taking the kids to camp.

-The Fascist Indoctrination Express?

-We like to say *Cho-Cho!*

///

Mars Mafia

-THAT train has left the station!

-Thus have I lost the argument to
your brilliance! But let's leave
genius for everyday. Not a real
train has run for a year!

-And you thought the Democrats were
incompetent!

-Well, you've been so hellbent on Privatization
elsewhere, you've neglected the practical.
Can't you reward your patriotic crooks and
still run a train from time to time? I go to the
station every single day in hopes.

-And if we get one to you?

-Regardless of destination, I'll take it to the end of

the line. There to meet some Melody, in a shaft of light cutting through the rubble and bombed-out buildings.

-She must be a blond. They show off better in shafts of light.

-She is, and we shelter in each other's arms! It's truly wonderful.

-Let her have it! She's dying for it! The Romance Shit is just that.

-No hurry.

-But there is! We start rebuilding soon.

-You could make it sooner if you stuffed more money in your patriots' pockets.

-Everything in measure to build the *Shining City on the Hill!*

-Melody and I might want a studio apartment.

-Hundred G's upfront!

-Though the war is over, it’s still the Mars Mafia.

-That’s a constant!

Labels: Democrat, devastation, graft, Patriotic Graft, patriotism, Republican, Romance, sex, stealing, war

Saturday, March 28, 2015

He was hired in the factory for his ability to climb the highest machines and perform the necessary adjustments and repairs.

If it were a tree, he'd beat an ape up it!

Pretty much a solo act, his life assumed a routine where he went from huge machine to huge machine.

Until an airhose went crazy one fateful day and sent him pinballing down the supportive fretwork of the largest monster there.

The foreman expected him to be dead, but he sprung up and did stretching exercises. His face, however, remained purple and he was bruised all over.

Thence the nickname, Bruise.

Bruise refused to go the infirmary back then. Indeed climbed back up and secured the mad airhose. Wiry as ever!

The foreman was so grateful that Bruise avoided the doctor, because his department had the worst safety record, that he kept nudging him up until he reached the top of his pay grade.

His fellow workers had insisted that he should sue, but Bruise never did anything to divert him from his chosen mission.

Later, after an auto accident, he did find it convenient to sue, and settle for a large amount. “Put you on the stand and no jury would hand you less than a million!” his lawyer affirmed.

By some medical miracle or other, the bruises never faded and always looked fresh.

He resembled a newly-tattooed man if all the tattoos were shades of purple. The areas between the bruises got multi-hued.

His wife divorced him, becoming sick at the sight of it all.

But now, Glads has moved in. "I like the look of him in bed.

Sorta all colors!"

Labels: bruise, bruising, factory, hazard, industrial, industrial accident, Law, medical miracle, tattoo, worker

Sunday, March 29, 2015

Among the things
Mr Halcub never
promised his Janice

was a rose garden.
She made do with
a tub of geraniums

on the fire escape
where she dried

her hair, so bright
it lit them.

Labels: flowers, geraniums, hair, love, marriage, rose garden

Monday, March 30, 2015

With All Due Speed

Many prevailed on Senator Harley Eps
to introduce the bill asking, as a Social
Good, for the Non-Working Class to
work an hour a week. It passed.

The particular task ordained was to
schedule the off-time of the Working
Class. Thus making such leisure richer
and more fulfilling.

Not arduous, since computer programs
existed to do just that.

So the new job consisted in pressing a
button or so.

But, some of the NWs came in contact with
workers, and requested a sort of hazard pay.

The flat fee for NWs was 500 an hour.

Virulently anti-union, of course, they formed
one, and their contract was to be larded
with clauses begatting clauses as to family
leave, holidays, sick time etc.

Their first demand was a doubling of the
flat fee. So, 1000 to work an hour a week.

Eps and colleagues had enough at that point,
and legislation cancelling the law sailed through.

And, farsighted on this rare occasion, putting
aside up to two hundred million for the expected
lawsuits.

Labels: American Aristocrats, anti-labor, chutzpa, demands of labor, labor contract,

lawsuit, social engineering, Union, work

Tuesday, March 31, 2015

Forgetting SS

Baxey had told him the number to put in the blue space but the woman interrupted him, and Krick forgot.

So he put in his old Social Security number.

That eventually brought a visit from Enforcement, Mr Pal. "Were you making a joke or something?"

Krick made no answer to that, so Mr Pal wrote one and pointed to his own mouth.

Krick then said, reading, "It's just a silly joke. I certainly realize that what we have now is far superior to that despicable Social Security!"

Pal then slowly pronounced “Winchester Cathedral.”

Which shut off all sound recording devices.

"Well, The Republicans have promised an infinitely better program," shrugged Pal.

"Yeah, for eleven years," Krick added. Pouring out whiskies for both.

Mr Pal finally toasted *"That woman who caused all this!"*

"A bit of a buttinski," laughed Krick.

"No more! I'm off to shoot her."

"Isn't that drastic?"

"WE MUST STICK TOGETHER!"

Anything said in a very emphatic way turned the recorders back on.

Labels: "Entitlements", end of Social Security, future, Republican, Social Security

Wednesday, April 01, 2015

-You have the right office, but the wrong country!

-Where have I been?

-I was about to ask.

-Touring England with a Beatles Tribute band.

-Which are you? They never had a Boris Karloff.

-I'm in the business end. And aren't you exaggerating somewhat? A Brad Pitt I'm not, but...

-We'll put Boris on your license. No use using real names just yet. New country and all.

-And starting crookedly?

-The more things change...

-What will this cost me?

-A dinner. Your money will only be stolen down the line.

-Ah hah! Girls still wanna have more fun?

-You got that right! Now put on your best Boris Karloff smile while I snap a few digital beauties. I'll put it on the UN Approved Form, laminate same.

-Didn’t they go home after the referendum?

-Nope. Partying on! At any rate, they imported a French restaurant, and we'll go there. There's nothing else in this shithole.

-Excuse YOUR French?

-No apology for accuracy.

-Bye the bye, why does it REALLY stink so?

-They closed the State Meatpacking Plant. Not too carefully.

-Another triumph of Socialism?

-Actually, was run by an American firm. So, Triumph of Capitalism!

-They're running neck and neck.

-And, after dinner, what? Movie, Boris?

-I don't know. I guess. We're playing on an entirely new field here!

-We'll make it familiar.

Labels: Beatles, Boris Karloff, Capitalism, date, Motor Vehicles, referendum, socialism, UN

Thursday, April 02, 2015

-We have become massively precise. I can tell you when Eskimos shit, thus when not to send our commercials though the frozen ether.

-Of course! Since a Cray spins at HQ. Plus each minion possesses desktop, laptop, tablet, smartphone...on and on!

-The result being? By your cynical lights?

-We have become massively INCOMPETENT!

-You exaggerate.

-It’s an Art Form presently!

-Avant Garde or highly ritualized?

-Yes.

Labels: art form, computer, Cray, efficiency, laptop, smartphone, tablet, TV

Friday, April 03, 2015

Choreography Up Big

-Then they go into a great snatching dance, where they race hither and yon and snatch at things.

This time they're bellboys, and it's luggage.

-Uh huh? And where is the Big Snatch?

-She's checking in...so slowly lifts a fleshy arm...they drop the bags and instantly slide in to her on their knees!

-Worship mode? How could she have waited so patiently? If bullshit were electricity, they could power every theater on Broadway!

-In a stranger, yet parallel vein, Fred Allen cracked "If Adam were a chorus boy, there'd be no human race!"

-We lucked out then.

Labels: Broadway, choreography, chorus boy, dancing, Diva, Fred Allen, human race, show

Saturday, April 04, 2015

After the previous night, when both Rip and Caroline actually left him, Hobie proved scattered in the important scene, dropping a drink when he toasted the end of the Interstellar War.

But the Polish director wouldn't reshoot. "Good! Stupido! Ev-body stupido!"

Also his metallic pants made his rectum itch so, he cried.

"Good! Cry. Is happy time, so cry because!"

Hobie finally got to Dr Rolski, the studio's European Publicist, in town to translate in this shipwreck of a production.

"After I graduated from Krakow and signed on here, they told me Dream Factory, which I correctly translated to Bullshit Factory! Anyway, I can't say anything to the director, who belongs in an institution, American OR Polish. Better, American, since his English is better than his Polish.

Hobie sunk back into the sofa in Rolski's cluttered Winnebago. "In English, Polish, French or German, my life is flying apart!"

"Join the club!"

Labels: bisexual, breakup, director, Dream Factory, European, Hollywood, Polish, shipwreck

Sunday, April 05, 2015

him to please! Had been an independent businesswoman.

International, as a matter of fact! Enter the right young man. In the past where one vowed heat, she had laughed, keeping it casual enough until the next.

Well, she had no time for sexual and emotional depth!--if such exists and isn't simply invented.

But this new one assumed control, and the independent woman took orders.

First he dressed her. So, he no longer called her *The Crowd*.

But she, opting for some solo effect, bought bright accessories, so he changed the nickname to *The Loud.*

Then he toned her down overall. But too much!--so he admitted by labeling her *The Dowd.*

What happened to her then formed a local legend: She kept forgetting things.

Thus, *The Cloud!*

Well, you'll be pleased to know that The Cloud retained enough wherewithal to cut HIM loose!

Thus jettisoning, too, the Extraordinary Sex! Uh huh? Terribly tragic! Yup.

She gave over most of the management of her company to two sharp young women, and has semi-retired to a crazily rambling warehouse-y hulk overlooking the raw Pacific near Carmel.

There you'll see her in jeep and jeans, not giving a shit about how she looks.

Well, you can take Bohemia too far too, but she has a way to go to rank with her former idiocy.

And a boyfriend after long last! But he's an old fart who loves the classics, and seeks not to dress, rather educate her.

Oh oh! The same thing really? Nope. This she enjoys tremendously, reading voraciously, challenging his theories with relish.

Yet...only a few wine bottles short of giving him his Walking Papers, too.

Thence, celibacy will reign a good while, and then?

Makes no difference if you color her *The Proud!*

Labels: affair, businesswoman, Carmel, dependence, independence, Man on the Flying Trapeze

Monday, April 06, 2015

-My editor is on the warpath for SOMEthing outa me!

-An idea! Trace a Conservative idea from its beginnings in Puritan sermons to its present use by imbeciles.

-That's...really not bad.

-The beauty of it is I get to skip the entire middle portion. Mud Flats!

-Maybe I shouldn't write that intellectual part.

-A blessing on me! A barefoot boy!

Labels: barefoot, Conservative, intellectual, Puritan, writing

Tuesday, April 07, 2015

-Why the long face?

-Went out with my personas last night.

-But your reputation is one central person. Admirable!

-That’s baloney! I’m dealing with a whole bunch of me’s.

-How can you stand it?

-I can’t! Told them all to get the fuck out!

-And…?

-Pretty much successful, but *The Comedian* was sucking around at breakfast.

-Did you give him some toast?

-Give ‘im nothing! He’ll eat the whole freakin world!

Labels: comedian, fragmented, multiple personalities, persona, personality, schizo, selves

Wednesday, April 08, 2015

On a middling Summer morning the capital awoke to find a puddle of chocolate covering the valley to a one-inch depth.

People went a little crazy with spoons and cups and bowls.

Governor Retz ordered out the full state police, but few enforcement problems presenting themselves, they joined in!

The national press hit on “*Frenzy!”* but they would use words like that to ridicule us. Hicks, mid the greasy “Sophistication” of the rest of the country.

All the chocolate was gone by the end of the day. Eaten on the spot or stored.

The speculation began. A joke by a billionaire? Somehow... naturally occurring? What?

Never been answered.

Fortunately remnants of Hurricane Esther-Ann sped through and thrashed the odors away.

They, alone, had made many people sick.

After that, Hacks Loney of *The Morning Drive* ran the best retrospective. Awfully hard, though, on Chef Dupierre of the Excelsior Spa and Casino.

Chocolate Bacon and Eggs drawing his sustained rancor.

"And even anorexics acquired tiny pot bellies," he did go on, "a sure sign they fell off their boney-ass wagon!"

Again, the rest of the nation decries his vulgarity, but they’re fairies.

Labels: anorexic, chocolate, gourmet, great event, inexplicable event, News

Thursday, April 09, 2015

-Where am I going wrong as the conservative governor of a conservative state?

-The ideas are pure in the abstract. Put them into force and they’re beyond ridiculous!

-Thus the whole world gets a horselaugh?

-‘fraid so.

-If you live for The Ideal, the naysayers tear you down!

-Somebody around here doing that former?

-Okay, okay! Sarcasm noted. I’m still a politician.

-Then start acting like one! Not John Galt inhaling his pissy pants!

Labels: abstract, Conservative, ideals, John Galt, piss, pure, red state

Friday, April 10, 2015

-The Catholic Church is too nit-picky in declaring
martyrs, and it therefore takes too long. Thus, we've started The Martyrs' Bureau.

-And as a Conservative Protestant Patriot, I'm applying!

-Who's tormenting you?

-Hollywood!

-No one takes them seriously!

-Then, other religious. All because I insist that God
is a tree and not a rock!

-Let me get my pen.

Labels: Catholic, martyr, martyrdom, Protestant, religion

Saturday, April 11, 2015

French banning super-
skinny models, thus

partially unboning
the absurd sashay

of anorexics, a walk both
angular and sweep-
ing to flaunt

Monsieur's rags with
attitudes of gangsters.

All the rage!
Turn the page?

I don't know, there's, too, toy-
ing with someone's living...
though resembling boys.

Snaps Marcel Floatloafers:
“Shall I foist plump
farm girls with flushed
cheeks and giggles then?”

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

Labels: anorexic, boys, Fashion Industry, French, rag trade, rags, skinny

Sunday, April 12, 2015

The Dollar Store Detective
told Hasan Morrisey of the
City Police that the killer
used an electric toothbrush.

Sure enough, a check of the
more notorious flophouses
yielded Scutz Halp, and he,
and spinning brush, seized.

Soon, State Police started dropping
by, and DSD perused their files while
stocking shelves.

The real Jewel in the Crown was
the FBI, with agents helping him
unload a truck.

Dorine and Max, the owners, first
thought to fire him, but when Channel
Six *'Panic News and Worse Weather'* came
along, they learned his publicity value.

Too, Dorine had a video camera and starting
filming, with Max as director.

They sold the store--no time!--but the genius
criminologist remained there to be a consultant
to D&M Productions as they signed Hillman
Dempsey, the former "Roger Brillands, Dance
Instructor Sleuth," to play him in a new series.

Labels: Detective Series, Dollar Store, TV

Monday, April 13, 2015

Conservative Goal

I fill out forms. I know, we all do. But it's my living.

And an easy one, until I get a 5206. Nothing auto-fills there. Everything must be filled in. And correctly!

Or face the wrath of one, Jeanetta.

The sessions with her are memorable. Literally. You're given things to remember.

Such as

In 14e of 5206
A dash will do it all,
while 14f is wall to wall!
And there are other tricks!

This is just a smattering of the humiliating times I spent with this “poetic” fussbudget!

Really! I have a Master's Degree!

Headly Merse had the same difficulties, but his solution was to fetch her a Polack with a seven-word vocabulary for a week in the woods.

He set about doing just that. No one every found out how he did it, but Founder's Week we were always given off, and...

Mr and Mrs Eddings, the Mom and Pop the present employees had never seen, "celebrated" in a flag-bedecked suite in Bide-a-Bit. But they were too Altzheimed out to sense much.

Anyway, Jeanetta, came back refreshed and easy-oozie. "Let all the sticky forms...go! They're a pain in the ass. I'll handle 'em."

So, the Polack was some physician of sex! Wow!

Unfortunately, he was also now a broken man.
Everybody in Shipping remarked on it. Then...

a rogue forklift pinned him against the far
interior of a truck.

He rehabbed for a month, and when he came back,
had the most eccentric walk in the valley.

And never spoke again, though mumbled.

Was quietly retired by the company, Jeanetta's vote
being the deciding one.

Thus was Jeanetta at the peak of her power, but you'd
never know it day-to-day. She was sunshine!

There can be cloudy frames. And the one big one:
Her Mercedes shot into an overflow pond during
Hurricane Arturo, and she drowned.

Instead of her, we now have Royal. And many
days his Mrs too. Those are great days because
she brings in French Pastries from Pierre's,
the boxes decorated with crowns.

Royal eliminated ALL forms! I'm now busy
writing the history of the firm.

He's mostly austere, but does drop by
with severely rationed words of small talk.
His management style is...well simply
not apparent. But classy.

His wife is, of course, terrific!

Then, enter Melissa, on Spring Break from Smith.

Even sweeter than her mother!

But, one day of cool morning and Spring-Fever afternoon,

she leaves her ski jacket.

This precipitates a crisis because Bill Hepple
a down-the-line accountant is caught embracing,
and kissing and whispering to it. And detaching
the expired lift tickets!

By me, who really has no authority over him, but tell
him to knock it off!

"I can't help it, because I'm a Royalist!”

"We all support Royal!"

No, I don't mean that in the way you're saying it.
"They're the Royal Family! I'd give my LIFE!"

I had always been a democracy guy, and this was
all pretty upsetting.

Fast forward five years and I’m okay with it, since
I’m Pope.

Only in the yearly procession of course, but
with an unlimited budget for vestments.

The processions always go swimmingly!

The exception was the first one. The Polack
very nearly ruined it by prostrating himself
sarcastically, and mumbling fiercely in Polish
and English.

All looked to the Pope, sensing a spiritual
problem.

I blessed him with utmost peering deliberation.
“Arise! My son!”

Lion became weirdly-walking lamb, and the
procession continued

Not a dry eye.

Labels: Conservative, forms, office, Pope, Royalist, sex, spiritual

Tuesday, April 14, 2015

The One Person With Sense

Heck's ID doesn’t work at the cafeteria as he waves his phone. Loudspeaker announcing: "ID not verified!"

A guard takes him to a janitorial closet.

All the brooms and mops hanging there are brand new, still encased in plastic on the business end.

“How long, Lord? How long?”

“Not SO...!” answers a male voice through the door, followed by Gloria's “We just verified your ID!”

Indeed the loudspeaker instantly announcing “This verification brought to you by the men and women of Your National Guard!”

The door clicks open and Gloria...a crowd quickly gathers because of her beauty.

She introduces him to the 1-PS which she had magnetically drawn to her.

“I'm told there's a real shortage of you 1-PSrs,” remarks Hecks.

“I have trouble myself when I'm looking for one!”

“I found him at the Big Salad Bowl!” Gloria gushes.

“Skip it today. Wiltorama!” -exiting 1-PS as a camera crew arrives, and follows the couple into the cafeteria.

He gets the Swiss Surprise.

Gloria, as the cameraman explores her every angle except up the you know what, tells

Biff Ocknell of *6-Flash News*, "They had him in a broom closet, so I just reached in and grabbed the best one!”

They break for commercial. Just before the camera lights come on again, Loretta Spaldino, informs Gloria: “Say mop this time, *reached in for best MOP!”*

“But I already said broom!”

“Nobody remembers. Quick survey tells us mop.”

“With the crew finally absconded, Gloria asks him what’s in his Swiss Surpise.

“I don't know. Cheese.”

“Wow!”

Labels: broom, camera crew, ID, mop, sense, TV

Wednesday, April 15, 2015

she sent home Uncles Tom and Ben. Women only!

No Race Gal, she had invited Scarlet O'Hara and
Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair.

The former bored on and on concerning myths of
White Southern Womanhood!

The latter flitted about, bearing her hair. Jemima got
them down to quilting, though Scarlet insisted on
sitting on her lap.

Well, you couldn't quilt that way, so Jemima placed
her among the blackest women.

Simon Legree came to the door to do his horrible thing.
He had been tasked with keeping an eye on all uncles.

Jemima, though, turned him away so fast his atrocious
head was spinning!

The chattering quilters were making so much noise
that nobody could think! Even drowning out the beaters
of the feet on the Mississippi mud outside!

Jemima shouted that the dancers were turning that mud
into concrete for Uncle Tom's and Ben's heads!

That proved the laugh of the night! Finally you couldn't hear
the dancers, who, discouraged, quit. Save one who rapped:

De fat black broad gets uppity
n' make de party for white hos.

Racist dick he come to doh,
look for de crazy uncles. He

try seeing all de tits,
and mean as catshit!

Jemima invited him in for catfish, but Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair started her borne-vaporing again, distracting everyone.

Scarlet retched about her lost dump of a house: “Plantation!”

Jemima laughed uproariously, and was particularly jolly to all!

Where will we find her like again? Old Black Joe, he done gone!

Labels: Aunt Jemima, Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair, Mississippi, Old Black Joe, quilting, Race, rap, Simon Legree, Uncle Ben, Uncle Tom

Thursday, April 16, 2015

Pell and Marion were smallish, the couple on the wedding cake.

Therefore, the experiment had a good chance.

He dressed as her and she, him.

They were to meet Cliff and Di, both probably sloshed.

Were. So it wasn’t that difficult pulling it off. Though both imitative voices sounded like the beginning of colds.

The only emergency came with Hops dropping by. Pell, as Marion, insisted he have a drink. Too much an opening for Hops as he told two raunchy jokes involving Chinese girls, then put his arm around “Marion” who finally shoved him away when he began singing.

But Hops was none the wiser either.

Once home, our Wedding Cake couple placed clothing on the bed, and each hung things back up in separate closets.

Except for the underwear, which went into the hamper.

Pell dangled the bra last, and then dropped it in.

-Had no real use for this!

-Don’t have much of a one myself.

-The package may be small, but, ah, it’s pretty!

-Don’t get any ideas.

-I wasn’t. But I’m not tired.

-I have no desire to talk about the evening. It came off well enough.

-But you’re left...?

-Stale.

-Too easy?

-Isn’t everything?

-Did you get jealous when Hops...?

-It’s a clown show, not method acting.

They watched The Late Show, and the timer clicking off found them asleep.

Labels: boredom, couples, cross-dressing, drinking

Friday, April 17, 2015

“I see,” said Dorsel.

“I too!” from Max, followed
by Maxine's nod.

Rands, however, took some
convincing from them.

Finally came aboard!

But then Bertram announced (He always
announced!)

"In truth, you all SEE nothing but what
you're programmed to see. That hasn't
changed in many years, and won't.”

"Uh huh?" laughed Dorsel.

“Your ideas, even when you think them
daring, fit a well-worn groove the
authorities are more than comfortable with.”

His Loretta entered the room. "Stop it, Bert!
People can stand only so much reinventing
of the wheel."

“It's completely caved in and utterly useless!”
spat Bert. “Decay is all!”

When those two left, Maxine sneered
“Such men are dangerous! L-except.”

L-except meant that as a literary allusion
it was free of the requirement to use "persons."

Labels: allusion, conformity, fear, future, literary, politically correct, reinventing wheel, sexism, to see

Saturday, April 18, 2015

Nets of Silver and Gold

Rens met the trio in the laundry room.
Two six-packs, and they kept offering
beers. They had just come out of the
state university, and were alarmingly
allusive in Lit and History.

After a few beers, Rens told them.
“Look! I’m a snob. Just let it go!
Underneath I’m even worse.”

“We never met anyone like you. Should be
in a case at the Smithsonian,” laughed Wynken.

“Brilliantly lit!” added Blynken.

“And revolving!” screamed Nod. Yes, screamed!
He had gotten a head start by drinking in
the afternoon.

From then on, a quartet. Rens felt inferior
to their quick wit, and read the books that had
been actually assigned in the courses he had
bullshitted through.

With girls, different. They had three steadies
from the opinion survey team they worked on.

Rens had none and no possibilities. He worked
for his uncle in Finance, bouncing around
small New Jersey branches.

Gwennie coming along one night for no apparent
reason, Blynken phoned Rens.

She proved…Chemistry! At least that’s how he
tried explaining it.

And a great beauty!

“Great Beauty my ass! I wanna DO something in this world. Not ornament it. And Chemistry begins with C. There’s a whole range of other letters!”

She moved into his studio apartment after a bit, and they often lapsed into theoretical talk of marriage.

“My mother’d love you! Manners. She eats that crap up!”

The quartet, and the one of girls, did several things together. Great days and nights!”

Then Wynken told him that the trio would be ‘sailing off in their wooden shoe.’ Grad work at Indiana where they got a pretty good deal for all.

“Of course, we want you too.”

“Impossible!” he pronounced in French. “And you don’t NEED…”

“Not a great mystery, Rens. We love you.”

He told Gwennie that night, with the news, too, that his uncle’s firm was establishing headquarters in Newark, leaving Wall Street. So he had to move there in the new scheme.

He omitted the uncle’s racist jokes involving spear-carrier guides.

“Trains run both ways,” she told him. “Love can move with them.”

Altogether too much ‘love’ of a day and evening, and he stayed up late reading his lease and figuring an escape from it.

Gwennie slept nested in his old JPress shirt, singing, just audibly, the Broadway tunes her mother adored.

It felt so pretty he fell asleep at his computer.

Woke up in the red light of his clock radio, face soaked with tears.

“This…won’t do!” he informed 3:00 AM.

“A River of Crystal Light,” muttered Gwennie.

“Go back to sleep. No such thing.”

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

“Nowhere. Nothing.”

Labels: Blynken, Eugene Field, Ivy League, Newark, Nod, River of Crystal Light, Wall Street, Wynken

Sunday, April 19, 2015

Estelle-7 and Mona-4 couldn't stop
quarreling. Their human husbands
kept them apart, so the insults sped
electronically.

All to the effect of sex: which robot had
the techniques that madden thoroughly?
Insuring wondrous ecstasy! Uh huh?

The Robot World specialized in hyperbole.

And when the husbands didn't really seem
to care about the fighting, the state butted in.

The men ordered to sell the robots.

And take on Dorotheas. These models
discussed history and literature.

And joined civic groups.

Robot Resale handled the auction.
Winner of both: Rev Cotton Mather--
yes a descendent, but no fire-breather.

A temperate clergyman, though giddy
notes started creeping into his sermons.

Labels: civic, clergy, Cotton Mather, government interference, history, Literature, minister, robot, sermon, sex

Monday, April 20, 2015

We’re dyed in the wool! Nuff said! But it was a mistake to give our only granddaughter a Benghazi Doll.

It repeated *Benghazi* so many times that I had to cut off the strap in back with its pull-ring.

O did she scream and cry! But we bought both of them identical cowgirl outfits, and she calmed down.

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, doll, propaganda, propaganda doll, Republican Propaganda

Tuesday, April 21, 2015

The Latest Thinking

-There IS Pie in the Sky! It's for Wealthy,
of course. But, crumbs fall.

-And, if I run around hysterically, with
my maw agape?

-You'll benefit!

-And, since I'm standing, like to present
my jive version of *The Star Spangled...*

-Like? I'd say it's a requirement. But, sing
it straight. We always prefer Straight.

-Not in thinking.

-No, never there.

-When did your bullshit start? That it could
reach this enormous wattage?

-Why, with God.

-He's a Republican then?

-Another insane one! We could never run 'im.

Labels: God, pie in sky, Republican, Star Spangled Banner, trickle down

Wednesday, April 22, 2015

So the left-idiots tag us with “Benghazi Party?”

We decide to have a Benghazi Party!

Some come as corpses.

Great weed and super platinum booze, all
contributed by suck-ass lobbyists.

Only one sour note: stupid fuck brings a
real gun and shoots out the kitchen globe.

Shower of glass.

Always a stupid fuck!

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, booze, lobbyist, Republican, weed

Thursday, April 23, 2015

Hardly without bitter opposition from other families with ancient claims, but the Holy Zollerns were picked to be America's Royal Family.

The "Holy" came through a smattering of priests, ministers, and even rabbis.

But the best recommendation consisted of a crop of handsome wastrels.

From that, not ecclesiastics of course, a King would be chosen.

As it was. King Hogate, the initial ruler of the American Constitutional Monarchy!

“Twenty-Second Century,” gloated Senator Bissing(OK) “and we have finally finally arrived!”

Hogate, the greatest wastrel of them all, a former ski-surf bum, instantly took the reins--and the women.

It didn't go well with the former.

"I'm ruling by whatchacallit, Divine Right! Constitution's a shit-rag."

When a delegation from Congress protested, he made them kiss his feet, and kowtow backwards from the throne room. All shown on video worldwide.

And too much of a demeaning disgrace even for a royalist congressperson.

The women especially disheveled and hysterical.

At this historical point, Senator Einhuss of Pennsylvania, toasted at Washington's Turf Club, "Long live the King! The new one, not this stupid fuck!"

But they really hadn't made adequate plans for succession, and the

competing royal families started up again.

Intolerable. The King himself vowed beheadings, but couldn't take the time away from weed and women.

His Guard surrounded him with machine pistols, always.

Which they, following historical tradition, turned on him.

Thus the American Royalist Experiment lasted about a year.

In another one, most of that persuasion were assassinated, fled, or converted back to shoddy democracy.

After all this Civil War chaos, The New American Republic was instituted.

It proved the old one, with even more bribery.

Most of the remaining Royalists followed their money to Bermuda, looking hairy-knobby-kneed in the national shorts.

The young king is mourned, eighteen international films being made.

The tragedy is being exploited on Ebay, daily auctions of royal souvenirs that individual legislators have put up.

“*Don’t give a fuck,*
turn up a buck.”

But many feel they’ve carried the Congressional Motto too far!

“*May you live in interesting times!* cursed Chinamen a million or so freakin years ago,” rapped the Bitchy Bees, a female group heading, thank God, to Mars.

Labels: Absolutest, America's Royal Family, American Monarchists, American Royalists, Bermuda, bribery, Congress, Democracy, Mars, rap, senate

Friday, April 24, 2015

“Is there even such a a thing?” asks Marcy Chang of Hong Kong TV, after *A man, a plan, a canal--Panama!*

Mr ‘Mystery’ replied by smiling. He proved more forthcoming about the other mottos and proverbs lining his wall.

He translated the one in Spanish to English and to Chinese. *He who is bent on revenge should dig two graves.*

“Are there any fun ones?”

“Not really. Some quite grim, but most inspirational in the American style.”

Every day in every way I'm getting better and better!

Her audience liked that sort of thing the best, so she pressed sweetly.

But Mr Mystery said that proverb very nearly ended his life. He had destroyed a previous room because of his inability to live up to it.

“That much passion! If you'll excuse my saying so, you don't look...”

“There had been some drinking.”

“And is there now?”

“None! A day at a time.”

“Are you AA?”

“No, but Mr Mystery is.”

A fire in Kowloon, so Marcy had to wrap it up.

Labels: AA, Chinese, English, Hong Kong, Kowloon, palindrome, provrb, saying, Spanish, TV

Saturday, April 25, 2015

You couldn't report yourself as missing.

Someone had to miss you, and wonder where
you've gotten to, and, of course, seek the help
of the police.

He went about, expecting a cruiser's stopping,
its blue light spinning down to still.

He had dropped his wallet, probably watching
Omar and Celeste in the new ape enclosure.
Had climbed an old fretwork that the apes had
formerly used, but now outside their fancy one.

Nobody turned it in to Lost and Found.

Just as well, since he forgot his name, and someone
would surely have asked, thence checking driver's license.

Ricky and Elinor, God's New Gifts absolutely, took him
home and fed him, tried questions to jog his memory.

No go.

That night they went to Lefty's Paradise to watch
Giants-Eagle on TV.

There the Professor guessed he had graduated Harvard,
and his fresh companion, the ex chorus boy, opined he
had the quickness of an athlete or dancer.

“Good and healthy and strong!” remarked Sudsy, who
hired him on the spot to unload trucks, flu having swept
his small firm.

Strictly under the table, since no Social Security number.

So he had found friends, a neighborhood, a hangout,
and a job!...and a name, Chauncey, bestowed by the Professor.

Not bad for his first disconcerting day.

That late night on the daybed gracing the sun porch,
he tried to fit some things together.

No use, but he replayed the football game in acutest detail.

Maybe that was kind of key?

Beatrice got interested in his story. She despatched trucks,
and started bringing him lunch. They dated, and eventually
he left his cozy daybed for her cramped studio apartment.

“Believe me, Chaunce fills it up without yours truly!”

Beats had season tickets for the Jets, but had promised them
to others in her family, but not for any playoff games.

The Bengals coming in for the first round got Chauncey so
excited he could hardly speak.

The old man checking the ticket with some sort of wand cried,
"Buzz Ackley! and they couldn’t find YOU better seats than THESE?"

Ripper Collins later sought him out with his mike for the Jumbotron.
..."But I'm not sure I'm he."

"Well, I'm sure! That ‘*he’* gives it away: Pure Yalie!"

He took him down to the field and the young players, of course,
couldn't recognize him, but the twin gray-bearded trainers,
Hip and Bix, hugged him together, and massaged his shoulders.

She worked her laptop that evening. "You live in Nutley," she
told him, "18 Appletree Lane, wife Cindy, girl at Trenton State,
boy in Air Force."

They drove there next day, and Cindy fainted.

Detectives Markham and Pesticci were present, making sure that
Beats’ cautious phone call to Cindy wasn’t a con, and knew how to
revive her. Too, they swabbed his mouth for DNA. They explained
that they kept his case from the media since they believed it
involved the Mafia taking over sports memorabilia.

“We expected you were wearing a cement overcoat at the bottom of a polluted pond in The Meadowlands somewhere.”

Cindy proved completely sure, and needed no DNA, so Beats left.

In a couple of weeks, Buzz recalled almost everything, and the couple invited Beats back. Cindy told her she'd love her forever!

She became Aunt Beats at Christmas etc. to the youngsters back from college and the Air Force.

Cindy, strangely, never had a jealous bone.

All the characters in this story of forgetting are pretty unusual.

Buzz has more than his share of *where did I put my...?* but functions appropriately enough for his age.

The League is kicking in to a fund to help those like him.

“I do remember every SINGLE time on the field that my bell was truly rung!”

Labels: Bengals, characters, DNA, Eagles, football, forgetting, friends, Giants, Jets, Meadowlands, NFL, relationship, wife

Sunday, April 26, 2015

The Enormous Funk lasted seven weeks, and then one fine day I plucked the bills folder from the shelf.

Owed everybody, so I wrote the late checks, ripping up the reminders.

Mailed them, some with penalties to teach me a lesson!

I never learned, I suppose. Darkness has its way of cloaking lessons.

I did decide to walk to the drug store and pay in person there.

Holkie was a snap person on such matters, so I prepared for his "You finally paying me? I gotta pay people too you know!"

He up in his lighted enclosure and Stelly at the register, her smile... her wonderful smile.

But, no Stelly, and Holkie took the check silently.

“Where's...?”

“Lost her. Some...kinda stroke. Collapses at the register and gone that night.”

“I’ll miss her terribly!” The first sincere thing I said after the cessation of the blackness. I had been faking it to make it and was, therefore, most unsteady.

“Me too.” Both crying.

Her smile stayed with me as I walked home, all the jostling cars like double their bright colors. Somebody berated a "Tijuana" in the taxi garage.

Just before I reached my block, Stelly spoke.

"No chance to say goodbye, Rolf."

"I'm so so sorry. I...don't know how I came out of this last one!"

"Ask me not to leave."

I did.

Labels: death, depression, funk, ghost, recovery, stroke

Monday, April 27, 2015

He was letter-perfect on the script, debating
Flap Algent on *The Rising Sub.*

With the other, not so.

The Gonch, on *The Left Will Rise Again*, kept
interrupting him, for one thing.

Anyway, two “risings” from Right and Left each.

Mr Headly paid in cash. But withheld a twenty.
“Shrieking! my Friend. Let the reasoning go
at times.”

“I try to hammer the points!”

“Go freakin nuts!”

Labels: call-in, Left, phone-in show, Right, script, Talk Radio

Tuesday, April 28, 2015

Brell, the first white woman to
marry a black robot!

Got knows she's Liberal, so it goes
well enough.

But, he's been manufactured in India,
and thus, Oxford accent.

Puts the rest of us off. Uppity.

Wouldn't in *Green-witch Village*, I suppose,
but this is Marauder, Oklahoma.

I want to add *For God's Sakes!* --but, better
brought up than that.

Labels: black, Black Robot, Greenwich Village, India, liberal, Oklahoma, Oxford, robot, uppity

Wednesday, April 29, 2015

-TV full of people demonstrating for Gay Marriage,
front of Supreme Court.

-Terrif!

-Tell me, Russel, cuz I wanna know, have
you ever been sexually demeaned in here?

-Not sexually, no. Just in the way we demean each
other in here naturally.

-That's a democracy!

-Guess so.

-And, outside this boozy lounge?

-Hurt so much so many times, I've blocked!

-Too bad. Let's see, you're about six-zero.
so…fifty injurious years, give or take..

-Took! About it, for the years.

-Fifty more, home free!

-They count on my dying before that, of course.

-That's the American way…right after lynching.
But look at all those young people on the TV!
Taking your place, and with more fight!

-Yeah, but after the long struggle, it gets to be
bore-ass. And then fewer and fewer show up!

-Do the Republicans bring in Storm Troopers then?

-Bash a fag for Christ!

-But you don't give up?

-Of course not. THEY don’t!

Labels: Christian, demeaning, fag, gay, Gay Marriage, lounge, Republican Storm Troopers, scapegoat, Supreme Court, violence

Thursday, April 30, 2015

-All the marvelous electronic systems, and goofuses wandering into the White House anyway!

-And Congress boiling up one of their usual rehearsed fits about it!

-Okay, I'm bidding on the New Protection Package. All the same electro-horseshit, plus twenty Chinamen with binoculars on the rooftop. I'm bringing ’em in!

-Buck or two an hour?

-At least! And all the kimchi they can eat!

-That's Korean.

-Fuck 'em! They're all the same.

Labels: Chinese, Free Market, kimchi, Korean, security, security system, White House

Friday, May 01, 2015

-You were giving me the history of the cannery.

-Not much left up there. When everything got so fished out, Mom and Dad sold the prefab buildings to the Japanese.

-So, just that warehouse thing remains.

-Yes, and in good shape. Last year the Norwegians bought the machinery. That's my retirement, and when Social Security kicks in, off to Florida... well, one thing holds me here.

-Which is?

-Back up a bit to right after the Norwegians loaded their trucks. I walked through the hulk once a week, checking to see if any critters broke in etc. All fine, except six months ago?

-Momma and Papa Bear?

-A man.

-Squatter? Off with him!

-We looked at each other, and formed an understanding. He'd watch out for things.

-Never spoke?

-Never. A rule.

-Well, how did he live? There's no electricity or anything. How did he keep warm, cook?

-It gets good sun, and while not exactly cozy... And he...carried in furniture from somewhere. Maybe he’s a raw foodie, because he doesn't cook.

Hey! Now that we're the Oldy-Fishy-Villagey with attendant crappy souvenirs, no shortage of restaurants. He enjoys life. Seems to. Something... familiar about him.

-There's still a...danger in...

-He's quite the neat one! I have a sense of security.

-You should talk to him, even charge a nominal rent or something. Did you consult your lawyer?

-Stop it! Why monkey with simplicity? Besides, WE have often talked, the two of us here present, about charity: how we give to quake victims in Indonesia or somewhere, but neglect wretches close by? Well, I'm not neglecting this one.

-Charity begins in your warehouse?

-Why not? It’s pretty easy.

-One thought–-if you excuse the expression? With all your cameras and darkroom here--and you're really a throwback...?

-I don't have a picture of him.

-I'd get one.

-But...I do of her.

-Her? WHO her?

-A couple of weeks ago, he became...

-You're pulling my leg now!

-Very attractive female clothes, and the little place even more spruced up: curtains and doilies.

-Maybe it's someone else.

-No, you can tell--even though I didn't get the best look. It's the same person, but female.

-Is this the LAST bizarre twist in the story, or must you sustain the Victorian crap even longer?

-Dr Jekyll and Mrs Hyde? That's rich! Anyway, I felt even more secure with her up there. Women better at detail.

-I think it's sick, you think it's healthy!

-But, as you suggest, I do finally get a picture. Which...is here!

-So domestic! Frilly even!

-And...compare it to THIS old one.

-Oh no! Oh no! I don't need a ghost story too! That’s where you’re going. I know you!

-My mother when she led the Women's Club.

-Identical! Jesus H. Christ on a bicycle!

-Yup. Mom "lives" up there now, having forced out the other woman. She was always a strong person, that's for sure.

-Have you...spoken...?

-Wouldn't dare! She was ever the intensely private one in this house. She’ll pick the time.

-I'm shattered! Anything to drink, or have you drained it all into your fevered imagination?

-No time! I can see Mom approaching through my un-curtained window. You were always a favorite of hers as a very little boy.

-If she comes in, I faint.

She did, and he did.

If this were Hitchcock, she'd prove an actress
from Central Casting, and he'd pay her off.
but Mother didn't linger, given the situation.

She enters and sort of instantly leaves.

More or less departs permanently.

He eventually sells out to a toy distributor, and moves
to Cocoa Beach, on the border with Cape Canaveral.

Enjoys hearing the rockets go up.

Labels: Cape Canaveral, Cocoa Beach, fish, ghost, Mother, rocket, sex, sex change, squatter, touristy

Saturday, May 02, 2015

Young Raxxy invited to the Big Christmas Party,
unheard of for a first-year employee.

Unfortunately, the cruder types said things
such as "Who did YOU blow?" They turned
everything to teasing sex. No surprise there.

And were, of course, jealous.

Mrs Carker and Ms Miller schooled on what
to say in the receiving line. Light. Pleasant.

They rehearsed him in the warehouse, cardboard
boxes representing the founder and his usually
soused wife.

Ms Miller put her hand on his ass to represent
what the wife might do, and the women couldn't
stop laughing.

Came the Big Night and he blushed a bit while
wishing the couple Merry Christmas, and
mentioning the snow promised by the hysterical
local channel.

Whereupon Dr Massey gripped his hand super-
tightly, looked scarletly terrified, and died.

There were jokes after a suitable period,
and a bit of celebrity.

But immediately after, Detective Minsker
and Patrolman Held kept exploring his
comment as to the snow.

Raxxy seemed permanently red to them, suspicious.

Minsker finally told Held to let the young
man go. “These pure types piss me off no end!”

“Frauds, like everybody else.”

“Yeah, but we can't pinch him for being an asshole.”

Darlene Billingsly-Marks finally told him that all the girls at work were scared of him.

"But I'm not."

Labels: Christmas Party, criminality, fraud, innocence, investigation, sex

Sunday, May 03, 2015

-Do you always leave rooms at propitious times?

-My escape clause.

-Your Linda really let one go!

-Goodness!

-Not a bit of that! Like a canon!

-Boom!

-But sustained also.

-You can’t have it both way.

-I got it all ways! Staggering!

-Get a grip!

-For such a small woman she...

-‘s my Magnificent Obsession!

Labels: fart, gas, small women, women

Monday, May 04, 2015

Why Swirtzy received so much hate mail remains
a mystery. The hate was rarely directed at him
personally, but at every other target imaginable.

One group sought to destroy the Congress
at one explosive swoop. Another to destroy all
Congresses everywhere. Mostly from the right;
left lacks brio here.

No longer enough room in his mailbox,
so the apartment super gave the mailman
a duplicate key to Swirtzy's storeroom.

Heppy, the Super, declared it a fire hazard
soon after, and offered to load his pickup with
the hate and drive to a landfill.

That's when FBI and Homeland Security stepped in.
Evidence, and must be preserved. The storage room
was sealed, and Mrs Geddings had to give hers up,
moving her spare Hummel menagerie to her apartment.

Swirtzy was so bland, it was hard disliking him, but she
was an expert.

The hometown police drove him to the downtown
offices of both Security Guardians, and he was
grilled separately on the premise that there had to be
more to him than meets the eye.

There wasn't. Less. Their extensive sex questions
especially proved duds. He had none to speak of.

Lucy Hellickson, Lie Detector Operator, dozed. “I gotta
get married!” she told Agent Bellsome, “out half the
week got me whacked!”

Finally the agents labeled him HHN, Hapless,
Hopeless Nerd. Since they had thousands of
leads from his storerooms, they no longer needed him.

So they moved Swirtzy from the mail, with a new name, to a glacial lake somewhere. He became a watchman for an empty company that had moved to Vietnam.

He has been offered a computer to email his few chums from the old neighborhood, but turned it down. He knows it would be flooded by the crazies.

So, when not working, he sits and stares into the blue lake.

How productive a stare is anybody's guess. But that's the case with everyone.

Labels: Congress, hate, hate mail, Left, Paranoid Right, Right, witness protection

Tuesday, May 05, 2015

A little used device, but when I was offered a deal to stand in as a proxy in a white collar trial, I accepted.

That way, Mr_____used the time to keep his swindling ways going.

My lawyer instructed me to always appear attentive, which is more than I can say for the jury. Each took turns snoozing.

Judge Buchanan looked disgusted! At them, at me, at the evidence, and at my lawyer’s inane twisting of it.

The trial dragged on. No sweat: I’m paid by the day.

In the seventeenth day, I found out why he was called Crazy Bucky.

He dismissed the jury and declared my heinous crimes merited Capital Punishment.

Whereupon, he declared me guilty, and scheduled sentencing the following day.

Naturally I pled proxy then, the wrong guy, etc.

“You’re the only defendant we’ve got presently.”

But the lawyer and I begged successfully for an additional day.

“Oh all right! I’ll play golf instead!”

“You’re in deep shit!” cried the lawyer when the judge blackly fled. "Your only hope is that something happens to the nut!”

I lacked such power. I thought. But in my dream

that night I saw Crazy Bucky shoot from his limo in
the garage, rushing to a small toilet for the
attendants. He expired in that mean place,
on its mean throne.

Actually.

In a week the governor’s limo dropped that August
Personage at my apartment.

He brought a signed pardon. Which operated for
me and the real crook.

Be that as it may, the governor hoped I’d use my
power for the good of the Commonwealth, and
gave me a dedicated phone, where bureaucrats
could call me.

A wonderful antique, red with a rotary dial, and
salvaged from a torn-down firehouse. A wall job.

Quite the bright spot in my sparse apartment.
No one, of course, calls.

Labels: irrational judge, justice system, pardon, proxy, trial

Wednesday, May 06, 2015

Oh do not ask what is it?
Let us go and make our visit.

Last straw for Henkle, and he
forbade further allusions at
The Flaming Burger.

Difficult to enforce, since mostly
Lit Grads on the counter.

“Bring back the Sociology Majors!"
he insisted. "All talk and no point,
but at least not fancy!”

Labels: "flipping burgers", college grad, Lit, overqualified, sociology

Thursday, May 07, 2015

Dangerous Air

Twin fads swept the plant!--hugs and dieting.

The “trees” were safe from the former. (Why risk puncture wounds?) But, of course, spoke ceaselessly of the latter in the cult language of anorexics.

Personnel could be blamed for the “Give someone a hug!” nonsense, a product of their touchy-feely seminars.

The object of most affectionate therapy was Mandy, from Shipping. Pleasingly plump, mostly to accountants who hung around the platform on cigarette or vape breaks, awaiting their moment.

Her nerves went, and she pretty much stopped eating. As a result, eventually more gaunt than the most sexless tree there.

Well, anyway, both fads ran their course, the air becoming dangerous with the rumor of a new one!

Labels: anorexia, dieting, fad, hugs, personnel, touchy-feely

Friday, May 08, 2015

Her shtick: singing
passionate stuff
poker-faced, stiff.

State Theater Hartford

& band’s half-
jazzy grit. From
Lou, then, too,

so falling to Fluff-Ghinny with
I eat my antipasto twice
just becuz she is so nice!

Second stringers in rankings then.
Like present, critics no fuckin clue!

Bye, ANGELINA!

But bring us one
with Mootz, Olive Oil and
raw clams first!

Labels: critics, Hartford, jazz, Keely Smith, popular music, Prima, State Theater

Saturday, May 09, 2015

POP! goes...

When a whole bunch of them won the lottery, it wasn't that much for each, but enough for Wrench to retire with his Jill.

Everybody took something from the factory, with management's blessing. But Wrench requesting a high quality industrial spring made foreman Carks do additional paperwork.

He built his project in the garage, and then forced it into the living room.

“My Jill is a better Jack,” he inferred mysteriously to their friends.

Comes the big party and he turns the handle on the big box...

and out pops she dressed as a clown!

Dilly Hambro thought she was having a heart attack!

A feature of their upcoming parties, of course, but, like everything, grew old.

Soon enough, more of a private thing between the two of them.

So, only once a week now. Thursday, when Wrench hits Kippy's Kool Kup.

Jill gets inside and waits, but lest you feel sorry for her, it’s air-conditioned with an office chair and quality reading lamp.

She watches her favorite soap opera on demand, quite absorbed by Dr Kepperson's firing from the Chief Physician's Position, and taking up with Nurse Evil! O how his wife Veronica suffers! Her thing.

"Buck up, Girl!" Jill admonishes as the show final credits scroll by.

Then she googles recipes on her tablet. Something fast she can whip up for Wrench after he staggers in and flips the handle.

Fried Flank Steak Jullienes with Secret Sauce. And Mixed with Mixed Veggies Mixed with Tater Tots!

He'll turn the lever and she'll pop up saying

The best of cow for us
and with little fuss!

He took poetry in night school once and figures that's one.

Anyway, no more clown stuff ever: she wears her regular clothes.

(Had to put her foot down during one sordid period when he had her dressing in a nightie, and wanted to perform some ridiculous experiments right after. She'd pop up in a rush of perfume. And then! Well, she got him to calm down by warning she'd dress as biblical heroines.)

As...in all marriages...the parties settle in. Settled in.

Then she gets ill. "Don't worry," he tells friends, "My Jill will pop again!"

She never does.

But the spring eventually ***whumphs*** once more on Bishop Street.

-You're such a nut!...what rhymes with nut?

-Slut?

Mrs Hobart Grimshaw, the druggist's wife, has started walking by there with Non-Fluffy, the Chinese Crested.

"Why is it certain individuals dive down with their second wives?"

"As for me, one treasure is enough!" Some men know what to say.

Labels: Jack-in-box, lottery, marriage, marriage stunt, retired, second wife, widower, working men

Sunday, May 10, 2015

--giving the Short of It

Oregon is very pretty in the sort of green rocks at the seashore, pine trees against a boily sky kind of way.

But I like my Florida where it doesn't rain three quarters of the time! Anyway, happy old camper!

But for some reason it's Oregon trying to sign me up as Virtual Citizen. They claim it's only a one-time fee, but when did any state quit there?

Mississippi already famous for sending the same tax bills to virtual as well as actual citizens.

Well, anyway, Oregon is a Democratic state, and claim they'd never steal the way the Republican ones do.

They got something there. Must be in the genes. That’s the only way I can understand it.

Be that as it may, I'm getting the new software to block them all. I say be satisfied with the suckers you got living there already!

Senator Rapecash--you know who I mean--now that he's retired he wants just one big nation with no states.

Uh huh? Then the Democrats'll take all your money and dole back some little bit; the Republicans take it all and tell you to go f yourself!

I used to be Republican…*or is it Democrat I used to be?*

Whatever. You watch both all the time! And that’s the short of it.

Labels: Democrat, dictatorship, Republican, virtual, Virtual Citizen

Monday, May 11, 2015

-As Big Bad Republicans, it’s time
to stop the play-acting!

-My best part!

-And reform Social Security!

-Got formula?

-Hardly Draconian! Start on
the receiving end. Twenty-
percent cut across the board.

-Statesman-like. But…whereof
that twenty thereafter?

-Why, half to our Billionaires.

-Faith not being quite its own reward?

-Investment!

-Other ten?

-To me and thee!

-God DOES have a plan!

-Go easy with that, or he’ll have his hand out.

Labels: billionaires, God, graft, Republicans kill Social Security, Social Security

Tuesday, May 12, 2015

and Other, Equally Possible

-The third! retest?

-I’ll pass it yet!

-Obviously, bullshit hasn’t sufficed. Get on the net and acquire a fact or two.

-Why bother? That crap’s all in the air!

-All insane things being equal, why not just read the book?

-Fuck him! Wouldn’t give him the satisfaction!

Labels: retest, student, test, textbook

Wednesday, May 13, 2015

-Whatever happened to romantic songs? Boy meet girl,
and everything lovely and soft!

-Up the shit-chute with the rest of the lies, Gramps!

-"*Let me put this one on with all the second-rate violins and gay crooners, and then I'll show you something you ain't seen before, Dearie Mine!"*

-*"O la, Sir! Well...only thrice!"*

-Yeah yeah, you know it all with all the playacting of you two!
And do you really gotta dress like Goths?

-Goths! Goths? Ancient History lecture in next room!

-Anyway, Gramps, we're actually deconstructing Rock
Deconstuction.

-With "songs" like *Silence*?

-Hey if Johnny Q and his proud slut wantsa listen
to ten minutes of nothing, that's their prerogative!

-Utterly stupid!

-Not so! Just the opposite!

-Take a nap, Grandpa!

-I just got up!

-Take another.

Labels: Deconstructionism, experimental music, generation gap, Goth, Music, Rock

Thursday, May 14, 2015

Many Japanese have soft-
ly spoken to trees and

rocks in The Moss-
Covered Forest. Rape

of Nanking kept from
them: understood.

In any case,
moss muffles
history for good.

Labels: history, Japanese, Nature, Rape of Nanking

Friday, May 15, 2015

I know it’s a statistical impossibility, but everyone else in the waiting room of Baltimore’s Amtrak Station is Chinese.

When my New York train is called, I gather my things and join the line going down the stairway to the tracks.

They’ve beaten me to it, the old people the fastest!

Those lingering about the rear look like menacing wrestlers, but are most polite.

“We ask, please, you get other train.”

Labels: Baltimore, New York, politeness, racial prejudice

Saturday, May 16, 2015

...with a whiff of romance

-So the mild accountant pronounces
the harsh sentence?

-Harsh? We've kept it away from the
Commissioner. In the club only.
You're suspended for one game.

-Be good for my body. Healing. Always
healing.

-Another good for your body will be
to never go into sleazy nightclubs
again! Your trouble stems from the
sterling characters you meet there.
Especially the women!

-God never intended such clever ones
go into the trade!

-If you think they're so...why then o why!
do you end up fighting for them?

-Old-fashioned values!

-Well, spare the club any more of those!

-Huh! They call the owner a Robber Baron!

-THEY call? He's great to work for, and
that's enough for me.

-You kind of guys are quick to judge
the likes of me, but bend over for...!

-You're wrong there. I only do that for
those I love.

-Do you have a partner?

-Not presently. Try-outs open.

-No thanks. I'm in enough trouble.

-Seriously, you need a male friend who's not into barroom brawls.

-Culture? Art galleries and fancy music? Little bitty sandwiches?

-Among others. Consider Ballet! Closer to the athleticism you probably admire.

-We don't go up on our tippy toes!

-But frequently end up on your back.

-That's football.

-Too bad.

-The culture thing really ain't so far out an idea, but...uh...?

-Don't worry. I give warning before I predate.

-That's a relief.

-I’m warning you now.

-So aggressive!

-You're used to it.

Labels: football, gay, nightclubs, predation, suspension, women

Sunday, May 17, 2015

“I get a little tired of arriving there before I leave here.”

“Quantum Fatigue. Know it well. But, worse, I do inspecting, that is leave my place and transport over a designated section. Then get home before I left.”

“Loop! Does life consist of them?”

“I don’t know, but I get the feeling I’m always going up my own ass!”

The air pulsed red. But just once. *Vulgarity Warning.*

Both had to apologize, though just one had said it.

The innocent one stated “I liked it when we had TV. Now the air is TV.”

“And everything else!”

Quick Blue flash, which only means *Get off the topic.*

The two relaxed. Ate the fried eggs they had imagined.

Labels: concept of time, future, future travel, invasive future, quantum, quantum future, time, travel

Monday, May 18, 2015

-Bubonic Plague in California.

-Comes from bites of fleas living on rats.

-So, go after the vector, yes?

-Rats in major cities vastly outnumber people.

-If capable of organizing, they could have their own mayor and board of aldermen.

-On the federal level, they could take us to war in Iraq.

(Note: Word for word variation of a
2007 post--depraved motive?)

Labels: Alderman, Bubonic Plague, Bush, California, Cheney, fleas, Iraq, mayor, politicians, rats, Republican

Tuesday, May 19, 2015

I lived with my sister, Crestview Apartments. No criminals there. Or at Darsell Acres, or Melody Falls Condos.

But if you were to draw a rope around the three, you'd pretty much gather all the folks not incarcerated in the city of Laurel Vista.

Prisons and jails being the main municipal feature.

I commuted to my job as Chicken Inspector, at the Cluck-Cluck Farm in Bent Oak.

Well, Sis and I called it that, the job. Anyway, Foreman of an operation it's needless to go into. Think feathers.

One day I was tried, arrested, and sent to Daryl Bell Hoxey Private Prison.

The work of Judge Streamline Carter! Actually, the trial had been held without my knowledge. Then, they sent the officers to take me into custody.

"Well, it's only two years, and I'll get out in one," I counseled Sis while we read the order as the cops fidgeted.

Lynne put up with nothing! And I had to be ripped from her grip.

They never named the charge, by the way. And haven't yet.

But she was down every throat she could find! All authorities insisted I had my day in court. But I hadn't, of course.

But everybody she talked to believed it, and waved away facts. Which is how you become one.

Her efforts did get me transferred from inelegant Hoxey to a halfway house, the former Happy Hogan's Motor Court.

A startling resort in the twenties and thirties, but now a rustic ruin, more or less. But some cottages had been partially refurbished, and I got one. A third of it Fifties style,

formica everything, and a twelve inch Motorola black and white.

Hey! Quite comfortable! The catering service brought the food I ordered, and I cooked it myself.

Unfortunately, not much of a chef, which Lynne discovered after a visit.

So, she moved in. After notifying the Hogans, who were fine with it. Especially after telling them she was a bookkeeper, and would straighten out their...uh, you couldn't call them records, since the motel part still secretly ran and got mixed up with the inmates, who would frequently help with luggage for the tips.

Well, you couldn't tell which from which, and a couple from Rhode Island had been held a full week past their checkout date.

Courtesy of Bung Slater, who was the ostensible overall warden over three such "arrangements."

We're awfully good friends with the Hogans, dinners at their place or ours weekly.

Anyway, when my sentence due to end, they persuaded Bung we tried escaping when we went to Lowes, which we did frequently.

He just winked, so we're here indefinitely, I guess.

Lynne's in a fury of remodeling, but kept the thirty-forty-fifty flavor. Mostly thirty. She threw out the TV!

You'd expect John Dillinger to answer when the door chime plays *Prisoner of Love.*

By the way, I'm no longer a prisoner, but as my fellows toasted at the banquet, "An honored member of the Enforcement Community."

Lynne married Chip Hogan, who took over when he finished grad work at Syracuse. His parents moved to Indialantic, Florida.

Quite an age difference, Chip and Lynne, but he pipes that she's a dynamo in the office AND in the bedroom!

The three of us visit regularly and have seen rockets go off at

Cape Canaveral.

Believe it or not, the cons run the operation while we’re gone--
though we question the embezzlers politely upon return.

Labels: crime, Criminal Justice, jail, judge, law enforcement, motel, prison, private prison, privitization

Wednesday, May 20, 2015

-It’s gotten too involved with scratch-ass preachers, so…what is the Republican Philosophy anyway?

-Leave us the fuck alone. We’re piling up money here and don’t need no pansy regulations!

-Soft pedal that and you get the Democrats.

-Unfair! They WILL toss a bone to Poor and Middle Class.

-Why do you never toss a bone in a roomful of rapacious Republicans?

-That’s an entirely stupid question!

-I went to college.

Labels: Democrat, Middle Class, poor, Republican "Philosophy"

Thursday, May 21, 2015

Roper got sick of doing things the same way.

But when he changed, too disorienting.

To the point of illness: queasiness and unrelenting fear.

Well, enough was enough. He had tried when nobody
else would!

So, attempted switching back.

No go. A surprise that the government and corporations*
militated against it. Adoring status-quo usually!

His personal channel popped on, and a committee of professors
explained that his new way, difficult as it was proving, was the
future, that he was a pioneer, a rebel in the accepted sense that
the government was now mysteriously encouraging.

A box slid into he upper right of the screen. Mr Hepplewhite
telling him not to report to work. Congratulatory? Terrified?

A knock! NOW what? Just a Rick Kelsey, explaining that wife
and children have been removed, so don't bother yelling at
them for breakfast.

"Just to relatives. Erase the visions of terminal camps."

He'd be glad to eat their eggs instead. And clean up.
He’s detailed to help "Ropes" in every way. Later they'll
watch videos further elucidating the Authorities' new position.

For now they'll chant slogans. Those always relax.

Especially before eating.

*(*Some would say they're the same thing, but such ones have disappeared.)*

Labels: change, future, government and corporations, rebel, totalitarian, visionary

Friday, May 22, 2015

Jordy stretched. At six feet and unbelievable suppleness. All of which translated to mega-sexy to some men. Most.

As a little girl, she was a gymnast, and coaches foresaw an Olympic champ! But her post-hippie parents gave her the decision, and she told them she preferred the pre-practice stretching to anything.

So, that's all she did for years, with the exception of touring with a woman's volleyball team. There, she lacked the fire to really spike one into an opponent's face.

But she saw a portion of the world, instructive in placing herself later.

So, she happened! That is, she would show up in a selected place, and stretch.

Crowds gathered, to say the least.

Her first outfits were a sort of abbreviated middy. Sailor kind of stuff with little white cap.

A manufacturer sponsored her after a while, and his version of the middy for teens sold out in an hour!

Since the more aggressive men tried approaching her, a security firm hired.

In here somewhere, MIT studied her body. They found everything in the right place. In spades! And a sort of one-of-a-kind double-jointedness.

The sexual appeal which left men panting and moaning was not of academic concern.

She had a float in the St Patrick’s Day Parade. Stretching above a double blue ring of police officers.

Even the Times remarked on her micro Notre Dame cheerleader outfit. “In The Wearing of the etc, not much green to be seen.”

She wore it again a month later, stretching before the Jesuit seminarians of Markham, Massachusetts. The State Police had to be called to bolster her own security guys.

How many young men lost their vocation is anybody’s guess.

But the "Markham Moan" eventually heard even in little kids’ playgrounds everywhere.

Rome came in later and changed the architecture: no outfacing windows, everything looking down on an inner rose garden courtyard where women forbidden.

Church claims they’re not, but they are.

On the Late Show, Bipsy Harsell ordered them to cut to commercials when Jordy showed new moves.

In the interview portion she claimed celibacy, but “The one man is out there somewhere with the magic key!”

Cell towers got overwhelmed all over America.

She, of course, went international. A Lily Marlene in tiny muslin scraps in Berlin. A kind of Maggie Thatcher, licentious milkmaid--or something--in London. Her sole mistake.

But, she saved it all for Paris. She became Lindbergh, stretching for all she was worth before a replica Spirit of St Louis against a foggy night crossed with searchlights.

Crowd in excess of three hundred thousand!

There she was very briefly spirited away by Sorbonne students, all of whom got bloodied.

After a long rest, her next gig was to be The Native People’s Meeting in Northernmost Canada. “Inuit Maid.”

But it was effectively stopped by Mickey Katz and the Climate Kiljoys of Miami Beach, representing all Florida beach communities. They reasoned that the body heat alone would shrink icebergs and probably flood Florida.

They didn’t think that Jordy could do it alone...but Mickey wisecracked that particular way.

Well, Jordy retired after that, not wanting to hurt the ecology for following generations.

She lives unknown in an unnamed town.

But that might change since the new president, a drunk, wishes to declare her a National Monument.

Labels: Canada, Catholic, craze, ecology, Florida, happening, iceberg, Lindbergh, provocative female action, stretching, women's sports

Saturday, May 23, 2015

Designer brought in to soften. Now, outfits she wears off-court feminine, despite herself.

Mr Z-Andre also photographs her on Easter Sunday at the Presbyterian Church of Coconut Grove. Normal, and even pretty. Floppy-white hat, too, un-hawks her.

But on-court? Pure menace!

So he pins a fragment of a frilly scarf. Floats above her strenuousness, powder rose.

Emails pour in from men--as he had predicted.

“How come a faggot knows so much about straight men?” pipes Lippy Snelling, in charge of the balls.

“The question answers itself!” she informs him, with a punch taking his breath!

Labels: Beach Volleyball, butch, clothes, Coconut Grove, designer, feminine, sex roles, tomboy, volleyball

Sunday, May 24, 2015

Her Mind

Glor told Mark it was over, so he returned to his wife and babies.

And to Ice! No, really. *Ice Storm of the Century!* Thus, with Nelly at night school, he sat in the empty house as it lost power, and contemplated both his lust and fetching the children the following day from her mother's, aka Dragon's Lair.

Glor, or course, had simply changed her mind. Again. The voracious sex lasted five months this time, and Ralph-the-Mechanic had won the pool at Kippy's Kool Kup, since it didn't go six.

She became busy writing tiny missives now, to leave in the produce section of the Acme. To be read by Cal, the young manager.

Poems actually, though lost to posterity when dumped into the wrong box, of old TV Fan Magazines, by mistake.

One endured. The best one, luckily. Placed in oranges.

Blue?
Try someone new!

Clever lads find such poets, and Cal not long after rented a bungalow on Appletree Lane.

Glor, this time, went total domestic! Aprons, Apple Pies, even his lunchtime visits proved more flouncy, though hurried.

"She has found happiness at last!" proclaimed the Professor from his canted stool at Kippy's.

But, she changed her mind. Lasted over a year though, and no one won the pool.

Last--in the secular realm--a cyber millionaire installed her among

the old Pac Mens and a roller rink in his loft apartment-office.

He supplied her with iPhones and iPads no mattter how many she lost.

But...that life was not for her. All the WORKING while pretending it's fun.

She had changed her mind. Since the pool had rolled over, it became even more interesting when the commissioner ruled that the cyber-guy one was improperly set up. So, another rollover!

Serious money! And he also ruled that anyone who stayed must throw in an additional hundred. No one left, harder on the Professor, since the state recently halved his retirement check.

The rules this time: One was to write a two-word depiction of Glor's next move.

Accomplished, and placed in the greasy tub that Slippery Skinny had brought from the Roxy after devouring the popcorn therein.

When she announced, the new contents would be solemnly brought out.

She did!

And the winner was Nun, Nepal.

Glor said Thailand, but the commissioner ruled close enough!

Hector Watts, the deathly quiet accountant, took home a couple of thousand or so!

Actually, Glor, ultimately rejected both exotic locales--"Stinking long ride on a stinking airplane!"--for Jersey City.

Mother Superior Veronica-Marie was taken by this serial sinner with a burning vocation!

Everybody always was infatuated by our Glor, the Church only the latest to break down.

And such a novice! Holy too small a term!

Well. Okay. This one not profaned by a pool, but she, uh, changed her mind before the point of no return. Again.

In a first, went back to the Cyber Dude. There a third of the floorspace devoted to her painting studio with its garish abstracts, and Super-Morning-Six has interviewed her and shown her work.

We are not surprised, having seen her artistic side with the poetry.

Good Morning America wanted to come in too, but she snubbed them at the last minute.

Too immersed in painting her life. Her Life! LIFE!

Labels: abstract, art, artist, betting pool, change mind, cyber, painting, poetry, sex

Monday, May 25, 2015

At the neighborhood association meeting to plan the July 4th Picnic, Mackey asks how to vanish without a trace.

Rosa Tessler, stuck with President this year, answers "You're not the type. Just being here shows civic responsibility…or something."

"Well, last year I missed, and got stuck with the Beanbag Toss, and the teens use that for…well, mix marijuana with lust."

"Just why we need somebody like you in there policing!"

Bink Hoxley picked up on the "vanishing" theme.

"Impossible in this day and age! Can't vanish. No way! We'll get yuh anyplace."

Millie Jaegers inquired "Just how old is this Scotch?"--but that was later at the Thoreau Club meeting.

(Before we get accused of being literary, Thoreau as in Th-ROW drinks back!)

Old Man Carruthers cracked "Nothing on the label, so at least a month."

After everybody got cheaply mellow, Mackey's question re disappearing was again taken up. More informally, if that's possible.

"Knock off the Dollar Store deodorant, and you gotta head start!"--from Cliff N. T. Baumer, who could use some.

Labels: disappearance, July 4, neighborhood, neighborhood activities, neighborhood association, Thoreau

Tuesday, May 26, 2015

As I was walking down the stair,
I met, not the man who wasn't there,
but the woman. And o my didn't

she assert herself in such absence!
Reminding this nerd of the burning desert,
plus yes, the icy poles. One. Or the other. Or

simultaneous. Many more! So, she’ll not abide
your rapping any one of her away. Ever!

The moral? Don't get trapped in nursery rhymes,
or anywhere at all.

Labels: Man Who Wasn't There, nursery rhyme, Woman

Wednesday, May 27, 2015

Death and Taxes

So, Rupert Henslow became Rupert Henslowe--
with an e. Again.

That first time, he paid Rippy Baby Taxes, or
about half of his usual.

The real Henslowe given that break since his
father had fought in the terrifyingly stupid
Rippy Campaign that has destabilized that
portion of the world since. The Hawks thirst to
move back in there and do it right on this
occasion. Leave a desert!

But it’s already that.

Mose Maley straightened out things that first
time, and was due again after three years into
the new dodge.

Rupert would get away with the lesser taxes
once more, the leftist government reasoning
that not only the rich should screw the rest
of us on that score. But he has to return
to the old rate in future.

"So Rippy Baby encore, hey? Well I'm gonna
surprise you! You can stay Henslowe with an e.
Your government insists!"

"And pay Rippy Baby...?"

"Absolutely! Forever! Hey, you pay some taxes!
The Gotrocks Master Thieves in this enlightened
society pay squat."

"Nothing at all?"

"Not to worry. They're great patriots!"

"But...the original Rupert Henslowe?"

"Ex!"

"Ex? Ex what? Husband, worker, citizen? What?:

"Try *tinguished*!"

"Oh my God!"

"Yeah, all this bureaucratic rigamarole between
the two of you pissed off FBI, and they sent a
Swat Team. Nailed him at third base of his
softball team. He was on defense, but not
very well!"

"So...I'm Rippy Baby, period?"

"Barring the same kind of law-enforcement visit."

"In that horrid case, I'm thinking of surrendering my Rippy Baby Privilege?"

"Don't! Your dad fought for it! Well, his dad.
The Extinguished."

"I'm pondering that last word."

"Again, don't. Almost entirely at random really.
It can come to either of us--or not."

"You mean that the FBI picks its person and
then justifies it with the usual smokescreen?"

"Uh huh. Trust to luck. You've had it so far."

"The usual power-political trick: They throw the
dart and then paint the bullseye around it!"

"You're wise beyond your years? But one lousy
host! Where's the booze and dope?"

"How do I know you're not setting me up?"

"Because I revealed so much to you that they could ice me without trial!"

"Ex you, you mean."

"Same."

Labels: bureaucracy, future, rich tax cheats, tax cheat patriots, tax cheats, taxation, taxes

Thursday, May 28, 2015

I’m asked to visit Marlene by Clifford.

She has asked for me.

I join him there and we walk a path actually covered
with rose petals, to her Hansel and Gretel cottage.

She’s lucky there. Most other patients in wards.

Has forgotten me. So I refresh her. “My daughter,
Barbara, goes to Cornell. I call her Clancy.”

This delights her, as she bustles about the small kitchen
repeating *Clancy* and laughing.

Clifford and I sit on children’s chairs nearby, displacing dolls.

She brings the tea and crumb cakes, and puts the works on
the bitty table.

Pretend. A child’s tea set and little pewter plates.

We eat, she the gracious hostess indeed!

My mini cup is oft “refilled.” He and I tell her the missing
cakes are delicious.

The doll I replaced, a sailor boy, suddenly collapses,
on the sofa. She jumps up to straighten him up.
“Oh he’s just lazy!”

Raggedy Ann, we’re assured, agrees.

Marlene, before we leave, assumes the tragic adult: “*O Captain,
our fearful trip is done!”*

Before we get into our cars, Clifford informs me that she called
him Captain once upon a time. “But the rest, Walt Whitman.”

Unfortunately, he tells me, he must divorce her in order to

marry Rosie. “Not your Rosie,” he laughs. Who left.

My heater oddly seems to put out cinnamon later, so I stop at the bake shop next to LA Bodyworks.

As I drive, extract a crumb bun from the warm carton.

Labels: child-like, dementia, divorce, pretend games, tea party, Whitman

Friday, May 29, 2015

Bide-a-Bit lets Dad take the bus.

So, making strides.

Sensation of the platform!

In an orange leisure suit, bell bottoms wider than the world!

What I got out of him--and it wasn't easy-- laundry workers had struck, and this is what he had left.

He is to be Sonny to Mrs McGiller's Cher in their next show of decrepits.
I pulled the Benz into the garage.Thank God for tinted windows!

Left him. I still had vital business via cell.

What the hell! He had a TV, and picnic leftovers in the spare frig.

Jeanette stormed back around ten from her law job, totally pissed.

She'd hop upstairs with a pitcher of Manhattans.

And, be snoring in no time.

But...the snoring came first from the garage! Had forgotten the vodka punch on the frig's bottom shelf!

Lemon slices, only, left.

Way it goes.

When Noppie gets home from Chick-Fill-A shift, I have him pour Orange Grandpa into his shitbox and take him back.

Cost just ten.

Labels: fast pace, grandparents, senior, suburb

Saturday, May 30, 2015

Since Chucksy stammered, no one
would listen to his improvement
to the common garden spade.

None in Heaven, so he's blocked now.

He's beautifully articulate there,
but language needs imperfection.

Aesthetically.

And a measure of raw, shameless
chutzpa.

Labels: articulate, chutzpa, heaven, language, nerve, spade

Sunday, May 31, 2015

Image

Indians said never
a tornado where two
rivers meet. There,

after the roar, my
fingers prove shredded,

after coiling through
a chain-link fence.

Dare gaze up to a green
broil of sky to see how

a nude woman hangs
from a black rag-

ged tree by her long,
so-bright hair.

I won’t ever forget it!
Nor, now, will you.

Labels: death, hanging woman, Indian, tornado, Woman

Monday, June 01, 2015

Going Condo

My studio apartment is unique in having a nice kitchen.

Tillie McGregor often moaned to me that she couldn't make a decent cup of tea, for one. Never mind the "biscuits," or cookies.

The lingering odor of the latter when I return proves worth the minor inconvenience.

Well, really, none of that. As she now uses my kitchen just after I leave for work. Our two studios have a common door, which has never been locked, we discover. No, no need to go through the hallway for her.

Unlike Laurel, we call her Laurie of Wales, who begged to get hands one my small upright piano, left by a previous tenant, drunk, and untouched by me. Except for my once in a blue moon dusting. She would ordinarily go through the hallway, but Tillie grants permission to enter her apartment first.

She practices while Tillie bakes.

Of course, she must perform, and so the women hold a sort of recital-feast for me weekly. No bachelor ever happier!

In the foreign exchange section of the bank where both work, they have chosen to start at noon. Strangely to a non-banker, but I guess there's reasonable activity in that period.

When the reasonable activity at my apartment changed a trifle, I couldn't put my finger on. Or with whom first. And then... bit later...cold evenings, three of us buzzed...

Somewhere in there the place went condo, and we bought our units.

Which we didn't spare the expense modeling into one.

I treated to the king bed, state of the art.

I know, I know: women will fight in such an arrangement.

Never a cross word, but plenty of hearty Scotch food topped off with smoky whisky, and lusty hymns from the mines and moors!

Thunder might issue from pulpits, so these we avoid.

Don’t miss ‘em one damn bit!

Labels: condo, living arrangement, menage de triois, relationships

Tuesday, June 02, 2015

For those who like music with their dancing,
arrangements can be made to play melodies.*

Renata needed no music, dancing every evening
while watching herself in her studio’s mirror.

So, she was fat and had just the one leg?

Grace was entirely possible.

As were grace notes, such as evinced by redoubtable Sweeney.

Who was fat and had one leg.

Opposite amputations.

“Darling mine!” he very nearly sang, “We’ll strap together
to make one powerhouse performance!”

She still didn’t know, kept imagining how it’d look in the mirror
as she studied herself there.

*Bob and Ray Routine

Labels: amputation, dancing, handicap, mirror, studio mirror

Wednesday, June 03, 2015

to shame
a bloodied church.

Which can always fall back, as
if such forever possible, on hate

the sin, and love the sinner.
Who can tell the difference, really?

Yeats said it, as you'd expect,
better, with his dancer-dance.

Preceded by *O brightening glance!*
And you don't get many of them
to the pound, do you suppose

he was Bardic everywhere? Say the wife
finally shrieking? "For Jesus Christ's Sake,
tell me in plain words what you fancy
for dinner!" Or in the pub dissecting

our disgraceful team, maybe saying
The Little Sisters of the Poor'd beat 'em?

Well, that is poetic, the image
of a wave of nuns advancing
to our goal, concealing, one after

other, the ball in black folds!
Before the coup de grace
of our final humiliation!

Our keeper giving his best
imitation of a man. Or ass.

Labels: Bard, Catholic Church, football, Gay Marriage, Ireland, poetic language, soccer, Yeats

Thursday, June 04, 2015

“You can have your tramps, just
don't bring them home here!”

A low blow, decidedly, so Budge
mentioned what he called her
‘*Great Punctured Romance!’*

It hadn't been much then, but the
crying most bitter now.

Anyway, she ordered him out, and
told him with scarlet-faced scorn
to get his clothes later.

Clothes. When he lived by himself,
they were seldom clean.

"You always look so nice!" praised Letty,
tending bar at Mert and Mickey's.

"And smell the same!" Mickey added.
He had left Mert for a young professor
at Yale. She stayed away thereafter.

"Out of the closet and into Education!"
this aggrieved one, now sobbing at the bar,
had laughed once.

“As much as I can handle!” Mickey remarked,
pouring himself a Becks, so Letty must have
said something.

Anyway, they convinced Budge to go back to
his sister.

"We just had to clear the air!" he insisted on
his return, but then fell back on groveling.

She had the brownies ready, still warm.

Labels: breakup, brother, living arrangement, siblings, sister

Friday, June 05, 2015

explained Antony to Cleopatra.
When Little Egypt passed,
Hennesy of The World apprised
sidekick Curly Ames: “History!”

“Oh yeah? Hootchie-choocher
up there with Treaty of Ghent?”

In the style of American Acid
very nearly almost alive presently.

Spreadsheets don’t
contain malcontents.

Labels: Antony, Cleopatra, Egypt, Little Egypt, sarcasm, Shakespeare, spreadsheet

Saturday, June 06, 2015

Our whole company involved The Box. You stayed locked in, or burst out.

That is you did things traditional, Steady-Eddie, or you innovated.

Most of us stuck with good ole Eddie.

The innovators could get wild! A crazy bunch.

The whole business proved workable for most companies, but ours, finally, got stuck.

At first, this handled by everybody going into the community one day a week. But, such action turned out wretchedly since the community harbored hatred, but didn't have a way to fully express it until now.

In the Board Emergency Meeting, Dr Renslow shouted "What we need is The Man on Horseback!"

Thus we got Carlos...then a string of ten names. Cadiz royalty of sorts, and Olympic Equestrian.

We pasted to HQ windows the day he rode in, accoutered in silver, on his pale horse.

Well, he was interested in only half the work force, the women.

A big scandal followed many petty ones, and out he galloped, an embracing female assistant in back of him. Nude. Yes, that’s what I said.

New CEO, Rhodine Dirks, aka The Ax Woman!

She went so far with it, she fired herself!

This much chaos, the Master of All Chaos had

to step in: The Government!

So we really work for Uncle now! And are therefore subject to the scathings of Congressional Committees.

The Republicans praise the box dwellers: rock-ribbed, American Values, etc.

They damn the burster-outers as Socialists, responsible for the ills of the company and the world.

The Democrats came in and put through an anti-hierarchy bill. Now we have no positions of authority. But, no, we don't call each other Comrade!

The Next Chapter? Well, there can't be one, really. Just been named a Department. And now a cabinet seat for the former Sad Randolph, *The Totally Defunct and Ragged Cowboy Clown.*

He’ll be the best cabinet officer ever, no contest!

Labels: Cabinet, CEO, Democrat, employee, firing, government takeover, innovation, Man On Horseback, organization, reorganization, Republican

Sunday, June 07, 2015

We called them The Three Drama Queens. Steffi, Denise, and Roger's Other Brother, or ROB.

It wasn't that they threw insufferable fits, though they had on occasion. Mostly, language blown way up, and the same, of course, for petty hurts.

In the club, each took some tolerance, and President Craig thought if he busied them, they wouldn't have time to act out.

He threw the Ice Cream Social at them when the Carruthers moved away, and it soon started to have disaster written all over it!

Okay, but so what? There'd have to be some fuss and bother anyway. It being in August and like a furnace every year!

And the picnic area requiring some repair after some benches had collapsed after the long winter, and left in that decrepit state while unhurried Carl got bids.

ROB handled that himself, complaining endlessly. No one allowed to help, especially to touch his tools.

Plus, our usual ice cream distributor left the business!

So, it'd all be a challenge for non-Drama Queens!

Immense success! And the trio acted normally, even moreso, and quite welcoming to the members and families who seldom came out for anything.

True that ROB became famous for claiming "I'm melting on this very SPOT!" And repeating it.

And Steffi and Denise went at each other as the day wound down, but it wasn't that noticeable because they did it in slicing whispers.

The kids tried to gobble every flavor up, since things could
get soupy quickly, and some got ‘Ice Cream Eye’ and screamed,
but our female DQs proved motherly in applying warm facecloths.

A scientific note: Chocolate Macadamia caused the most problems
that way.

President Carl tried to sign them on for next year, but they exploded
in unison: "No way, José!"

But we’ve been learning, and take that for a yes.

Labels: acting out, club, Drama Queen, ice cream, making a show, petty hurt

Monday, June 08, 2015

Bit of a follower, I’m afraid. So, I went along with him, even when disaster loomed.

Just ordinary screwups easy enough to handle: get some hands in there who knew how to clean things up.

But...the hurt afterwards, and avoidance of him!

AND me. Unfazed, he! “I welcome their hate!”

Well I didn’t, so I started pulling away.

He got married! And she is very nearly worse.

Case in point, the D’Onofrio girl, worried to death about going to dance with bare shoulders pretty scarred by acne.

“Can you say Craters of the Moon?” the new wife slid in. He continued in the same vein, of course:

“I told her not to worry. She’s black enough to resemble the dark side!”

That was enough even for me, and I laid both of them out, citing the proverb *Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.*

“Pussy angels? Why does that not surprise me?”

“We’re opting for the other place,” adds she.

“Fewer bores!” he laughs.

“Freedom!”

Labels: '"Freedom", angels, boors, follower, Fools rush in, heaven, Hell, Italian, manners, prejudice

Tuesday, June 09, 2015

Deal

-Amazing they could scour all the blood
from the Plaza’s stones. I strolled through
a wedding last week. Bride,
cream-ivory-white, her attendants peaches!
When the sun slid from
clouds, the effect was brilliant!

-Delicious sundae, yes? How...long
can Mars rest?

-Forever, unless goaded by Money’s usual insane rage for ever more.

-We’ll beg them sign a paper to say they’re satisfied.

-Get us a year, then?

-The youngsters can get wed, edging
out required suicidal patriotism for a bit.

Labels: greed, patriotism, war, wedding

Wednesday, June 10, 2015

Actually, just a small park where
the kids launched their toy sailboats.

But, unknown to Bud, reason for the
slang title, men met there past curfew.

He knew of no curfew himself, often
walking late at night, sitting on a bench
and thinking.

A process interrupted by a police raid
one evening.

Even in a Fascist municipality, he was
quickly dismissed, Judge Roark suggesting
he nocturnally ramble elsewhere.

He kept to his studio apartment, wearing
a path into the carpet.

Until Sudsy, his downstairs neighbor,
remarking on his soft singing one day
in the elevator: "I know why the caged
lion sings."

A knock when one not possible one evening,
and it's Father Maguire. "Trolling," he
claims, "but not in the cyber sense."

Yes, his family had belonged. No he never...
Well, he'd try Mass, uh huh?

He did, and before long was roped into helping
with the Youth Group. Joining Stelly, as the only
singles chaperoning.

She had lost a husband in Iraq, and was mega
serious.

No hope there?

Well, a couple of coffee dates, and much more
talk than both were used to.

Emptying, to reveal the unfortunate truth.

At work, Ripper and Sunday told him of tests
to ascertain whether she was crazy.

Since most were, it seemed the best course
not to apply any.

The big event for the kids was New Years Midnight
Mass, followed by breakfast.

Stelly and he did the cleanup, and he walked her
home post 3AM.

Never to really return to his studio--thereafter only
used for storage.

Well, what Rome doesn't know...?

The Italian Period of Sensed Religious Anxiety
wouldn’t be lengthened, however.

The couple had a small wedding in April, wily
Fr Maguire presiding.

Are they happy?

Two adults, so there's a fair enough chance.
She, of course, is not crazy. A little too much
the other way, but they're working on it.

Labels: Catholic, crazy, crazy women, hook-up, Iraq, Judy Garland, lonely, priest, restless, Youth Group

Thursday, June 11, 2015

Appearances

Hopsey Cranow halted in midsts of outdoor tables at Beanie’s Grind, a 'Worldly Coffee Emporium.'

Trucks huffily contended through fetid pools in this rundown industrial slice.

“Oh the precious poopie of it all!”
wisecracked he to strangers. "Croissants in wildly miraculous variations! Coffee to gag a maggot!
All alone? Try a scone?"

Whereupon a Gryphon traversed the bags of Sumatran in the shop, flew out through the open window,and seized him by the throat.

Over!

Detective Andrew later asked Brett and
Undine of Columbia University to describe it.

“An enormous flying entity, particularly
odoriferous.”

They knew was a Gryphon, of course,
but awaiting Good Morning America
in order to reveal such.

Labels: coffee, Columbia, gryphon, pretension

Friday, June 12, 2015

Fresh from law school, neither Lorne or Erin find work.

So they decide to sue…anyone. For giggles and experience.

Enter Chuckie McCoy. Fierce Socialist, but money in the family--though he pretends otherwise.

With his spurring, the attorneys file suit against a small beachwear manufacturer, seeking damages for flagrant violations of overtime regulations.

They thought the Judge, while not dismissing things as frivolous, would throw it back to the proper government agency regulating same.

But, under the Republicans, regulation little or none, so he, a Democrat, lets it go on.

In the meantime, our fledgling attorneys do get hired by separate law firms. They keep the case as a sort of service, social hobby. The firms came aboard too, warily.

Two years pass, and the original manufacturer absorbed by a rapacious conglomerate, which wants messy legal triviality off the books, so a meeting arranged to forge a settlement in a baronial penthouse boardroom atop a new skyscraper of flash and aluminum.

They offer to pay ten thousand to each aggrieved worker. The young lawyers pour sarcasm back.

The initial Socialist has become a maniacal Righty, but such metamorphosis alters little re immediate Justice--except the reluctance to pursue it.

Just really curbs civilized expression.

What’s finally resolved: Workers receive fifteen thousand each. PCM in Conglomerate-Speak.

Paper clip money.

Since, their efforts pro bono, of course, our attorneys get nothing, but their firms like the PR value: fighting for the underdog, and sweeten their bonuses thereby.

The former Socialist glad to see it all end: embarrassed by his once shrieking out for the little guy crushed by etc etc etc.

Now he’s for the Freedom for that same little guy to choose to be crushed.

Inside, doesn’t feel that different.

Labels: conglomerate, Justice, Law, lawyer, overtime, Right, socialism

Saturday, June 13, 2015

suitable griefs
to raid the meds
of the deceased

with permission
of widow or -er.

There, the yearned-
for jiffy means

to lift or depress, fudge
or decorate pain. And when...
so finally doth ALL it flip, and thus

becometh one's own
grave wrench? Why,
pass on the stash!

A form of flash-
ing scholarship.

Labels: addiction, death, drugs, meds

Sunday, June 14, 2015

-Well, we finally got the Department Robot writing all the software!

-Which leaves us squat to do!

-Hark! I hear Management Robot sharpening his ax.

-Lance. We’re to be run through.

-Not I! said the little red hen.

-Rooster, rather.

-Once upon a time. Anyway, Gert and I pulling the trigger soon on a little three-bungalow outfit in the Adirondacks. Live in one and…

-…rent the other two to seniors farting their way into the actual sunset?

-One. The other reserved for Honeymooners fucking their way to Early Primate.

-No thanks. Besides, I’m not worried. I think the Robot loves me.

-Terrif! Will work out the way for you it would with a human man.

-Man? Thought it was a woman.

-Hey, pick your sex, or exact gradation therof. We’ll stick a module in!

-I’d like him-her wild!

-Done!…when high minds get horny…

-Don’t finish that! Let me show it!

Labels: Adirondacks, high minds, honeymoon, horny, priimate, programming, robot, robotics, senior, sex

Tuesday, June 16, 2015

-I'm dancing and I don't care WHOever says I look like a goddamn fool!

-Fuck 'em!

-The first twenty anyhow!

-And save the rest till tomorrow!

-I’m hot enough for my natural rhythm to come through!

-And Blackies try claiming only they
got it.

-Just don't bother going there.

Labels: "Natural Rhythm", dancing, Nixon, party, rhythm

Wednesday, June 17, 2015

See you!

Wednesday, July 01, 2015

The lampshades in Ilse's
und Commander's house

being goat, not Jew,
they caught a break.

She liked taking tattooed
men. So? Not in dispute.

Chose a few
to be offed?

Perhaps that's true.
But, not later illumed,
evidence seems to show.

Aggregates put
him to death,
not style. She,

after prolonged trials,
eventually hanged
self in prison. 60. Skin

going with
her.

Labels: Buchenwald, Ilse Koch, lampshade, Nazi, tattoo, war crimes

Thursday, July 02, 2015

Business and its legislative asskissers
have declared merest minions to be
Managers, to thus avoid paying overtime.

Once, there were Republicans. Saying “We
can’t sustain absurdity, so let’s hammer out
a policy for both sides, one of good, lasting
sense.”

Once.

Labels: anti-worker, business, Business influence, overtime, Traditional Republican

Friday, July 03, 2015

Further Explained

Republican

The answer to nothing

Democrat

The fear

Republican (cont)

but rhetoric.

Democrat (cont)

of fear itself.

Labels: Democrat, do-nothing, fear, parties, political rhetoric, Republican

Saturday, July 04, 2015

Eyes of Green

She did a bit of screwing. To go along
with all the screwing-up.

He was okay with that. You can’t own
another’s past! etc.

Jealous! He became, her defunct frames
more than vivid. Super so, as he further
emptied her to fill them in.

It consumed him more than the present
passion, which, of course suffered.

The general air prompted her to start asking
questions of HIS romantic background.

Mutual, old-fashioned grilling sufficed to
help build a modern relationship.

Labels: couple, jealousy, mutual grilling, obsession

Sunday, July 05, 2015

“You know,” halfway though their initial date,
“I thought I was the champion of selfish
obnoxiousness, but I've been supplanted.
All hail to the new miscreant!”

She made a sweetly fluttering reply ending with the
word, moron.

Off and running, they. And continued for several
more encounters.

Then*, Here Comes the Bride, etc.*

OKay okay, belay the Tracy-Hepburn, or its later
manifestations in films by Mike Nichols, Nora Ephron.
The latter: Chick Flicks with clawing techniques.

Well, clawing plus cloying, that’s Hollywood!

This marriage definitely not that second cl-!
They fought continuously. Occasional peace
treaties to lend time to regroup.

Exhausting most others.

For their ten-year anniversary, return to that arch
bookstore’s coffee bar, and repeat the original script,
just about word for word.

The pride in being able to do that sustains the usual war
for rollicking days.

And--Oy!--years.

Labels: Ephron, fighting couple, Hollywood, Nichols, Tracy-Hepburn

Monday, July 06, 2015

-What’s it with all these days off? Vacations too!
Doctors’ appointments? Do you ever, like,
freakin WORK?

-I drop by.

-I’m a Republican. Get with it!

-I do have a core job, mid the emasculating benefits.

-And is there a place where you can be adequately beaten?...just kidding!

-For how long?

Labels: benefits, corporal punishment, days off, job, Republican, vacation, vacation days, work

Tuesday, July 07, 2015

Bank CEO--Electronically Cleansed Room

As I see it, we have either of two protocols.
The Swirtzky: moderate crime, return the same.
Or Dressler: let ‘er rip to freakin Valhalla of Felony!

But…if we’re apprehended in the latter, even
Laydown Republicans indict.

Labels: bank, banker, criminal, felony, Laydown Republican, Republican

Wednesday, July 08, 2015

The Mountain Goat Leaps From Precipice to Precipice
––and back again to piss

-Two of the nicest ever, and they're getting married!

-The cauldron! Will determine if each is really nice,
or faking it.

-A percentage thing?

-Either way, I go for the nice, and seek it everywhere.

-Even the phoney…?

-Hey! We need a lubricant to keep us from each
other's throats!

-So, shake it until you make it?

-Any which way, or every which way!

-You talk in cliches.

-I'm taking that nicely. Besides, you’re one too,

-The important question always: Do you hafta
do one or two?

-Two.

-That’ll delay the revolution.

-I’m too nice for that.

-Do you think when you’re sitting there?

-Daydreams! What else?

-Well, the act itself.

-I don’t think that Mother Nature wants us to worry so.

-She’s nice that way.

Labels: changing subjects, friends, interchange, language, wit

Thursday, July 09, 2015

The Damascus Nudge to Greatness

His Damascus Moment passed
from participation in a strike
for roaring justice to dri-

ly mouthing the sadistic
platitudes of billionaires. Son

needed no conversion. Right
from the start, though juvenile

in matters of aristocratic humor.
A daughter in here who took

it all too personally. Feeding
bums in a mission, for one.

But, she's a woman, and, like,
who really gives a shit? Hey!

Let’s, of course, pretend
we all do. Making strange

bedfellows for that Crusade
of the Bleeding Heart

that continually departs
Victoria Station.

Labels: Bleeding Heart Liberal, Damascus Moment, righty, Road to Damascus, Woman

Friday, July 10, 2015

I'm a Second Baseman. Nine years with Cleveland,
and fadeout ones with two others.

Our agency has an office in Cleveland, and when I
drop by, a customer or two remembers.

Even my bonehead plays appreciated. By me also.

Well, anyway, the short of it: I had a career of respectable
averages, not Hall of Fame, but respectable.

Other places in the country, I haven't been heard of.
People tell me this with relish. A couple yesterday
in New York quite sharp: "Well, we never HEARD of you!"

I never understand the hate behind these comments.
The couple's face full of it. A fury. Like, somehow,
I intrude.

Labels: Baseball, Cleveland, envy, Hall of Fame, records, second base

Saturday, July 11, 2015

Beryl called a family meeting when Carl left her
and the babies for a hootchie-cootchie dancer.
Yeah, you read that last right.

She needed babysitting to go out looking for a job.

I announced it wouldn’t come to that.

I had gone to announcing school and gave everything
a resonant knowledge and wisdom.

Well, it didn’t. Carl back in the neighborhood
for a gas survey team, Beryl baked chocolate
chip cookies, and he homed in on that fragrance.

So, they patched it up then and there. Lots of
patching up in our family. But only because we
stick together.

This year’s picnic featured T-shirts saying

WE STICK IT OUT!

Since, Kirksy had been arrested for Indecent Exposure,
some were for editing the message, but Beryl said
you can’t stop what people say anyhow.

Labels: announcing school, chaos, class, Family, family solidarity

Sunday, July 12, 2015

together, Me and Mamie O'Rourke

He was an old New Yorker-type story writer.

Light allusions to hidden tragedies, all indirectly told.

Until his approaching death, when things flooded.

We avoided him then.

When meat and bones assert, some grow fearful.

An e-book publisher wants to do his life works...
not many K’s or M‘s, or whatever, there.

It’s left to the estate to negotiate, and they
can’t get the act together. Each family member
has lingering hurts, but none spoken of just yet.

Labels: indirection, New Yorker Story, sophistication, story telling.

Monday, July 13, 2015

Melody wouldn't leave without Smoothie, the cat.

So she sat in blue bra and panties and beige cowgirl hat, such outfit purpling equally in the diving light.

Hetts took the dress from atop the Lego Italian Villa, and handed her the ukelele after she finished putting it on.

Her resolve about Smoothie vanished. She went down to the cab.

The Frenchman showed up and Hetts gave him the key.

Hetts could hear him enticing Smoothie in the dark as he cautiously descended the grimy stairs with villa.

Some odd buzzes filtered down, and "I give you Half and Half!"

That night he dreams of Smoothie as a one-eyed Calico.

Asking Benjamin at breakfast.

"Could be."

"I must establish that Smoothie is corporeal!"

"You've never established anything!"

"I...had Half and Half with cornflakes once."

"No one has ever questioned your daring."

“We should buy some.”

“Or virility!”

Labels: cat, characters, eccentric, friends, Half and Half, imagination, Lego, moving, vision

Tuesday, July 14, 2015

-It was easy to become a Republican. Harder to transfigure into the Laydown Variety. Defined as spouting “You’re right there, Charley! You got THAT straight!”

-The Party shoving your moral compass right up your ass?

-Point me North. I’m looking for some breeze.

-How about Charlene? And not always CHARLEY all of the time?

-Fuck her! What’s the NEXT thing she’ll want?

-Can’t be answered. But make her black and crazy and run her!

Labels: black, crazy, Laydown Republican, moral compass, Republican

Wednesday, July 15, 2015

or something

-I’m Literature here!

Thus proclaims Clance.

-Well you better figure out what the fuck you’re doing?
All mixed up with bits and megs, and wondering where
to pander--if just TV.

-A confusing time, of course, but read my poems.

-Why?

-Cuz you can’t stop asking what is it,
instead of just making a visit.

-We ain’t got time!

Labels: art, artist, computer, Literature, poet, poetry, TV

Thursday, July 16, 2015

Old Black Joe, he carry de Interest
in de big ole sack fo De Man! The
Mississippi Mud beats his feet and
he be screamin’ "I be promise de chicken!"

“One every day! if'n you carries me too!”

De Man, he too fat t'walk now, n’ Joe he
carry him too.

But dat no good! He too heavy wit de sack,
n' Joe drop de whole kit-n-kaboodle n’
himself in de mud.

Sack, it pop open n’ make de whole world
golden light. All de Negroes comes and sings
de spirituals.

De Man he yell to shut up, n’ get dat gold
back in de sack!

“I'm requirin new Negroes,” he shout. “Two!
chickens a day.”

“Zero sum game!” Joe shout back, he dying.
“And I ends up de zero.”

“Oh who oh who will carry my Interest now?”
De fat man he sing pretty good.

But he find out de white man can be slave
like anybody else.

And de next week de new white man carry his
Interest. N' another white man do carry De Man!

N’ d’other white mens, dey learns de spirituals!
But can sing right away *Old White Joe!*

Labels: black, Carried Interest, Hedge Fund, injustice, Interest, Old Black Joe, Race,

slave, Tax Laws Favoring Rich, taxation, Zero Sum

Friday, July 17, 2015

The Transfiguring Glory Bosom
had to wait out the rain with
the rest of us. Then the war came.

Our Patriot Brand exhausted by
the last one, we opted for white
pills. Lowery, who tried both

us, and God, proclaimed
"You're all no fuckin good!"

NFG then hauled ass into
our vocabulary and remains
alongside TGB, first mentioned.

And DPB–-the D for Defunct.
Thus, Defunct Patriot Brand.
We say almost nothing with-

out initials. Understood. It hearts
communication. Some say Death.

Breath involves breathing.
Got that part knocked!

Labels: Battle Hymn Republic, death, initialing, patriot, staying alive, war

Saturday, July 18, 2015

-"Funny" abstracts. Takes that element out.

-From what? The general mess of things?

-Perhaps so. Look at *Mash.* Hot Lips and that stick of a Major.

-You're tilting. Saying it in such a way that...

-Aren't we always?

-Depends.

-On what?

-How many squares make a circle.

-There's two here.

Labels: abstraction, comedy, funny, square

Sunday, July 19, 2015

"My Great-Grandma!"

Deidre brightens at
the dim attic. Night

dresses hover-
ing about dance

programs under
gummy glass,

Class-Trip snaps,
but no scrap why

she ripped out
her heart for love.

Eaves whisper thus,
not ever to a one
triumphant.

Labels: death, heart, love, mementos, memory, tragedy

Monday, July 20, 2015

Jenn-Ann slept in a inverted cowgirl hat. Concrete,
from a Hart Hiffley rodeo display.

The last thing her father had done was to wrestle
it to the top floor of the warehouse, and build a metal
ladder up its side.

Then he exited forever. The rest of the warehouse
he had designated for some business purpose
she and her mother never found out.

The bank took over and rented it to the mother as an
apartment. All wrong from the zoning viewpoint, but was
an age of municipal winking.

She sublet the first two floors to what Jenn-Ann called
The Church of The Nifty Nazarine.

Which the women joined, though it put their rights back
a century or so.

When Jenn-Ann finished her online survey for the church,
she was informed that her cat, Hobart Grimshaw the Third,
must be renamed for a female. Thus defusing her joke that she
slept up there with Hobart.

She ignored this eccleastical stricture, but called him Third thereafter. And “The Church of the Demented Nazarine.”

Her mother was all for getting along with the pastor, Carlos Nutley,
but Jenn-Ann eventually declared war.

Never materialized, since Carlos couldn't make the nut of the rent
after six months, so the women evicted him.

“And his scab-ass collection of criminals!” Jenn-Ann added,
not caring for the parishioners she had met.

Buzz Alderson has moved in with his operation making
boat cushions.

He has taken a shine to Jenn-Ann, and regularly comes up with treats for Third.

It's no use pointing out to him that his age is more appropriate to the mother.

He, in turn, has leased part of his floorspace to what Jenn-Ann calls the Church of Jesus Hip Hop.

Third has migrated thence, enticed with fish bits to stay for his spiritual attributes.

Jenn-Ann and Buzz will marry there, and sleep in the hat together.

“It’s the personal-industrial complex!” she will wisecrack.

Labels: Church, entrepreneur, holy rollers, Romance, sex, zoning

Tuesday, July 21, 2015

“Our favorite second baseman is hitting .176.”

“Comes to us all! Sayonara-time.”

“Yeah. for him! But when I mentioned it to Glasson, he seemed to equate me with the weak player!”

“Well, he’s a little sonofabitch, and certifiable! You and Chubby, and Earnestine built the company! And without you alone, be bankrupt by now!

Glasson comes in high on the hog! Pretty easy then! AND to have his mouth now!”

“Really!"

“And another thing: without YOU…!”

Maybe his Delly too loud with this last, because Improvs of Corn thread between the restaurant‘s tables. Banjo, violin, bongos, castanets!

And singing

Without you
ooo-ooo
ooo-ooo

and

With with with
out out out
you you you

-- other riffs on Delly's words nearly as bright.

Even in his hurt, Mark applauds; she, as always, blushes.

Labels: business, Holiday Inn, hurt feelings, improvisation, Iowa, motel, riff, tradition

Wednesday, July 22, 2015

The Signing

“The pussy Democrats made me write that in!”

Declared My Big Man! I was glad they did. If I’m to be beaten by him, I didn’t want it indiscriminate, in a temper tantrum.

So I signed. TV made their usual hoopla: “First slave in 150 years blah blah. And white!”

Blue Cross Blue Shield better than I had at the mill.

Vacation days, sick leave, etc. Not bad.

So, you DO obey! No discussion. Hey! It’s been a masquerade up to now anyway.

This strips it bare.

‘

Labels: beating, beating worker, Big Man, contract, employment benefits, Modern Slavery, obedience, Slavery

Thursday, July 23, 2015

His name set on the wall
honoring select old

players. Miscellaneous
flowers grow

next to his feet during the pro-
tracted ceremony...petals fall.

(All allowed to later
dry in parched times

for the team.) A green
distance away, two wags
listen, straddling the cylinder

holding the tarp, alert
to unroll it in rain

before the real game. “So?
I'll, like, never ever forget

whatsisname over there!"
Nods that way as the lurch-

ing ritual drones back from
past the outfield. “***Hey!***

I will!" exerts his mate
against whistling feedback,

whipping behind him
with his baseball cap,

as if at a horse,
forcing the stag-

gering crowd up to a bit
of entering gaiety.

Labels: Baseball, forgotten, honor, retired player, Wall of Fame

Friday, July 24, 2015

Handymen

I wasn't a Linger-Some when Mark
built his wall. Not even here then.

But very shortly after I moved in, it was
informally named for me. Since I sat there
every morning it didn't rain with croissant
and coffee, cigarette and Times.

God’s in His sky and all’s right with the world!

Mark’s quarrel with the board had nothing to do
with the wall or me.

But he was transferred to Hop Scotch, a mental
facility in the chain.

Took the wall.

Well, not really, but you'd think it.

It was gone from the entrance of the
rose garden. So cleanly, no trace existed.

I first thought I had wandered to the wrong
part of the garden that chill, gray-wisp morn.

Well, sad for me, and a disappointment for
everybody.

It liked their eye.

Anyway, so meticulous. Removing each
rock, each pebble, each wedge, etc.

Mark’s something else!

“And in the moonlight!” Clara Barkin held,
though nobody knew just when. But then

she whispered “We're still looking at things
in a typically old-fashioned way.

What if he just disappeared the wall?”

She was at a party once and he passed
a tablecloth over her, and she found
herself home drinking tea, with
Clancy the cat nuzzling for crumbs
of Pepperidge Farms Milano Cookies.

“Well a magician is not a wizard.”

“This one is!”

“Well, whichever way he took back the wall,
I'd like it restored here!”

So, both of us worked on the politics of
the thing, persuading Rickey Speller to
take Mark's place at Hop Scotch, and having
him assume Rickey's place back here with the
mere neurotics.

Done deal! and I rushed to the garden and there
it…wasn’t. Oh well…gathering up my Times
I had dropped alongside a few crackers and the
styrofoam cup half filled with leftover breakfast
coffee.

You can’t make things happen with a halfass
show of ritual.

When I had done that, I kind of staggered back
and fell onto the wall!

There I thought: Did Mark do his other handymna
chores or merely wizard them? Didn’t seem fair.

Labels: disappearing, habit, internal politics, routine, times, wall, wizard

Saturday, July 25, 2015

The Important Question

-How about my Online Presence?
Or my OFFline Presence, or Anywhere,
Anyhow Presence? Any fuckin...!

-Please answer the question! Acting out
belongs on the next page.

-All my presences are shitty, shoddy, or
defunct!

-I wonder...how...do you ever get a date?

-Begging.

Labels: acting out, date, interview.online presence

Sunday, July 26, 2015

-It's safe in the hallway at
this hour.

-Mid the bikes and scooters.

-The neighbor's kids.

-Don't they have fire regulations
around here?

-Be careful. Might apply to scythes.
Why drag that thing around, anyway?
Just symbolic.

-We all of us drag round symbolic things.

-Probably so. Let me...swirl a bit more
whipped cream into that hot chocolate.

-Thanks. This cold is unprecedented!

-Can't you hold off on me till the warm
weather.

-I've shown you the list.

-Highlighted me! It's, like, a compliment.

-It is what it is.

-Please finish up the Lorna Doones.

-And then!

-I'd still like to tie some loose ends.
Mostly hurt feelings that I never...

-They'll get over it. Or won't.

-That last howler of a wind nearly lifted

the whole apartment house!

-Means nothing to my appointed rounds.

-I could do your job.

-You'd think. But allow me to point out...

Labels: bargaining, bargaining with Death, death, depiction of death, last journey, Lorna Doone, Mr Death, scythe

Monday, July 27, 2015

Word circulated

to write in 14E with "14E"–and not a single letter from
the list of options representing concepts, choices...
or whatever.

At any rate, this worked for everyone until a person
was called in at random, and never returned to his family.

A lump sum was, and the family seemed satisfied.

But, thereafter, anyone who 14E'd originally
was marked Q in every paper or cyber file.

The Q's living on borrowed time went the rumor.

Pretty much all the Qs gathered in the Adirondancks
and armed themselves.

They decided to preemptively attack a motor vehicles
office on Staten Island.

Fourteen deaths resulted and the numerologists went bananas.

The government called for meetings.

Never held, so everything forgotten.

“We lurch from vague crisis to vague crisis,” concluded
Senator Oliver, aka Senator Expense Account.

Labels: bureaucracy, Expense Account, form, forms, government, numerology, revolution, senate

Tuesday, July 28, 2015

-I’m from Illinois, where we have the indictment ahead of the politician!

-How can that be?

-We get it ready before he or she takes office.

-Ever been wrong?

-Yes! When the individual serves the people and not the party.

-Not in recent memory then?

-Lincoln in.

Labels: Illinois, Lincoln, party, people, political corruption

Wednesday, July 29, 2015

the morons, fre-
quently Southern,

never shy. Grand Old
Parity there. A favor

to us Eastern Brilliances,
who’d not hear such drivel

otherwise. We do require
each other: the dazzling
threads of our coherence

next to...to...?

Labels: CSPAN, Eastern, Ignorant South, moron, South, Southern

Thursday, July 30, 2015

I breezed through the form, but what the hell!

You could put anything down!

Check Chinese and nobody cared.

Married, Single, Divorced? All three. In glee!

As always, a combination of chaos and
precision:

Since they proved crazily fussy about 14B. A large
blank you had to fill in border to border. With what?
God knows.

The question varied. Mine, this time: *How far is up?*

Not intended to necessarily elicit a scientific
answer, but tap your psyche in some way. I wrote
of a trip to the shore with my elderly parents.

Wrong! The woman waved her wand and it
blinked red. So...again.

No soap either with *How many make anything else?*
I detailing the articles in my right pocket.

The woman eventually gathered her personals
and closed up. I was still her charge, so she
led me to her crisp little apartment in the same
building.

Only a short passageway, but it took some time
because of a ranging limp that grazed both walls.

In that cozy domain, over Stouffer's Microwave Lasagne,
I first noted how terrifyinging ugly she was.

But before you say anything, I'd give King Kong a run
for his money.

She eventually produced pajamas that’d fit him!
I swam in them. And out.

England expects each man to do his duty!

I’m always okay with that. You pick the way
to show your patriotism. Still a free country.

Labels: bureaucracy, chaos and, fill in form, form, free country, government, modern society, patriotism, precision in government, sex

Friday, July 31, 2015

"Take the canoli."

-So we iced the little prick using *Godfather* lines.

-Life imitates Art.

-Gangsters vary the script.

-Who’s influencing who?

-There’s a river in Italy flows both ways.

-How can that be?

-It be. We make it be.

Labels: gang murder, ganster, Godfather, Italy, movie, movie influence, murder, river

Saturday, August 01, 2015

The Five-Year Plan--
Mandatory Re-Processing

-Do you mind awfully staying as Hap Z Cranston?
By the time we trace Bert K Ives...!

-But, that’s me! Bert! I’m B--

-Formerly, I'm hoping.

-But, why should...?

-Better PR for us in not again screwing things up,
and amazing advantages for you. Thus, we don't
mix things up with your two sets of papers. And you,
as Hap, have joined the five percent.

-And laid down prodigious bribes thereby?

-Exactly! I can show you five lines of code buried
in there which cuts your processing time two thirds.
Notice, for example, born scarsdale, lower case s.
That skips the proctologist!

-What's he looking for anyway?

-I don't know, but it's mostly darkness.

-Speaking of shit, this democracy is one huge bag
of it, no?

-The present form, yes. Billionaires like you, Hap,
have bought and sold it.

-Is he me presently?

-Unfortunately. Two full days of processing left for
him, as Bert!

-And Me? Now? As Mr Rich Bitch?

-Two HOURS.

-Then back to HIS wife?

-Well, she's busy with tennis and golf pros...
during and après.

-I won't go back there then. How much code
is written in my new papers to advantage me,
and for how long?

-Don't give it a thought. Forever.

-Does he get MY wife?

-Probably.

-She has visions.

-That'll amuse him.

-Oh well! Heaven will be fairer.

-Don't bet on it!

Labels: bribery, bureaucracy, corruption, future, identity, mixup, rich, SNAFU, switch

Sunday, August 02, 2015

An electric woman passed the hat at the
softball game. Just a transitory thing.
She lit up and her bright hair stood on
end.

"There I go again!" laughed she, and then
phased out, though the ozone smell persisted
and mixed with her perfume as the lights
resumed their buzzing.

Her husband played third base and worried
about lightning. And outs and errors, and
other strikes. Humiliated himself once by
kicking the ball and being unable to locate
it as the runner sped round the bases.

His mind never leaves the game.

He better wake up! We dream of her that night.

Labels: athletic, concentration, electricity, error, out, relationship, softball, strike

Monday, August 03, 2015

-Most divorced couples did the rest of us
a favor. They were poisoning the atmosphere!

-Then how can you explain you and Rhonda
remaining together?

-Bile and terror.

-Don't you mean trial and error?

-This subject always meshugas me completely.

Labels: divorce, Jewish, marriage, meshuga, relationship, trial and error

Tuesday, August 04, 2015

had never seen so much excess capacity. I wasn't insulted by this; indeed, I had worked to keep it simple.

Anyway, most of what I did possess from the past, they slid into a coke machine. Not the least of that genre, but "Hector," who reads your eyeball for your order.

He has to tease me of course. With Cynthia, who refused my kiss at age eleven.

Anyway, I'm primarily the backup memory of Seymour Chang-Utz, the physicist. Who eats equations and shits...well, more.

Add six grade sex fantasies and you got the dullest bastard ever lived!

But I'm not bothered much by him, really.

Like froth on an occasional latte.

I'm just fine with the chip they implanted to handle my present life.

(It...wasn't just that she refused. But so mean and sarcastic!)

Labels: brain, capacity, future, memory, physics, surrogate, surrogate memory

Wednesday, August 05, 2015

Democratic Strategist

-We always run the same way:

THEY’RE CRAZY! WE’RE NOT!

-But we got our crazies too.

-Few. Far between. Impotent.

Labels: crazies, crazy, Democrat, Left, political strategy, Republican, Right

Thursday, August 06, 2015

in caverns legislative.
The Democrats stick it

to the gouging bosses
on minions' overtime.
Republicans slimily twist

those awful, flinty codes
of lascivious Old Maids.

Labels: Democrat, Legislature, old maid, overtime, Republican

Friday, August 07, 2015

-Organize the crazies and keep ‘em burning
at thousand degrees Kelvin, and you win
the off-year elections.

-The other guys bored, lazy, or just sick to death of it?

-Their problem!

-But it looks like we’ll never again win The Big Kahuna,
not with this formula.

-And if we ever come up with another, the maddest
adherents’ll punish us terminally!

-So, unless we have a nuclear war, and another
Ike emerges...?

-Who cares? You really don’t need The Kahuna!
If we managed to sneak one in, he or she’d
just do what they’re told anyway.

-I don’t know if that’d work completely.
Not Supreme Court Justices after all!

Labels: crazies, Kahuna, radical fringe, Republican, Supreme Court

Saturday, August 08, 2015

Long before her death it was lilacs. Suffocating!

She used the mildest form, a light, scented water.

But, again, somehow, her body intensified whatever
she employed.

Cinnamon had worked best for him early on.
She smelled like a bakeshop.

Now that she was gone, one would expect
the odor to trail off in the split level. But, no go.

He eventually sold the house to the new
dentist and his young wife. She loved lilacs.
Danced room to room in a kind of ecstasy.

He began courting Mollie Maguire, her actual
name. A natural fragrance, pretty neutral, and
that, mild.

They married quietly. In their fresh condo. Some
few relatives and friends.

His sister, Gwennie, played *The Second Time Around*
on her ukulele.

Quite the artist on that little thing!

Labels: fragrance, odor, perfume, smell, ukulele

Sunday, August 09, 2015

“Jeanette DIED!”

It's Clacky, and he's always EMPHASIS!

“What do you mean, died?”

“How…old…?” From Ancient Walter.

I didn't know really what that last meant, nor anyone else.

Finally, Mitz said “I…heard of people choosing it.”

“But why would anyone? Especially Jeanette!”

Nothing has ever left us so confused.

We had met daily up till then.

It became sporadic after, and then ceased
altogether. The various electronic ways
kept us acquainted. But they acquired a
robotic feel.

“She was always drama!” Bob did conclude on his
continuous blog. “She’d never want to stop that.
I just don’t get it!”

So we all chipped in to bring her back!

The Retriever an odd one to put up with, but it's
actually going well. Though, of course, they stretch
it out to charge us more.

So, another hundred from each, and Hops finally explodes
with “The more things remain the same, the more they change.”

He’s always ass backwards,

Didzy makes Jeanette a Forever Pudding. And we meet
just so she can show it. Will last until she's finally back!

“I'm so glad. I hurt her fifty years ago, and never really fixed things up.” Thus, Krell broods. His way.

“What's a year?” All the young people want to know.

We tell them to not bother.

Labels: age, death, future, immortality, mortality, retrieval, years

Monday, August 10, 2015

-What you get with us is FREEDOM!

-The banker sure does! Fucking us each way from Sunday!

-Never mind him! We're speaking of your…

-Freedom to starve?

-You're free to be responsible not to!

-Why not make me responsible for everything gone wrong in the fuckin country while you're at it?

-Love to! But must bring it up to others.

Labels: banking, freedom, love, responsibility, Right

Tuesday, August 11, 2015

of course, no one **SAID** this it’s entirely make up

-As a Republican, I don’t like us calling each other Nazis!

-Hell no! That’s for the other party of welfare cheats and assorted other Lefty thieves!...and their nasty blabbermouths, queers and lady queers.

-I’d like t’invent a time machine and go back and fix it that Hitler was never born!

-Yeah, but that’d be no good. We’d all be fuckin Jews!

Labels: Hitler, Jew, Left, Nazi, Nazi label, Republican, Right

Wednesday, August 12, 2015

Lifetime Cruise

Refurbished and all suites. Taking the old
super rich farts to ancient sites, along with a
battalion of Four Star Hotel Chefs.

High on the proverbial hog! And enough champagne
to float the damn ship!

But week in, everybody got sick. Then the crew
did too. Debilitated.

Then all died. Legionaires' Disease suspected.
From the A/C.

Coast Guard sent a Hazmat Team to clean up,
another to guide it to a port. And to pathologists.

Twenty First Century Ghost Ship!

The wealthy ones' adult children have already
been refunded.

As if that'd stop the lawsuits!

Chief Betts to Chief Anders, handlers, departing
the bridge when finally there:

-I'm wondering: Why can't they clean a ship?
I mean really clean!

-Why can't they clean anything?

-What's this? Alexandria?

-At least our odds are better home.

-And IT'S filthy too!

-What will Darlene think when you try to

make love in your hazmat suit?

-What she always thinks.

Labels: .Legionaires' Disease, Alexandria, Coast Guard, cruise, Hazmat, making love, wealthy

Thursday, August 13, 2015

place they take you, one can't answer questions.
They ask and ask, but you're not allowed.
Even as they fiercely threaten you, they know this.
If beatings, you must hold on! They’ll never forget
how you played by the rules.

Labels: acceptance, freedom, insanity, paradox, perverse authority, playing by rules, prisoner, punishment, torture

Friday, August 14, 2015

A terrifying first!
At sixes and sevens

this morning, like pre-
teen at an awkward dance.

Worse, he hardly talked
but that he snapped.

It's not me! he wanted to say
but couldn't bring himself to.

Managed, though, to make
the rounds at quitting: apologies.

So, he'd bring donuts later that week.
Had somehow to live down

the newish appellation
of *Crabapple Jones!*

The preparation for the next
day began when he slunk off

the bus. Everything check
and double-check now.
Never ever again! How his

hand trembled sliding
Marie Callender’s Chicken
Pot Pie into the microwave!

This new appliance desired
to ask him questions
as its table turned. He

demurred. “Lonely,”
it pronounced.

Labels: late for work, Marie Callender, microwave, oversleeping, relationships, smart

appliances, work, work problems, working

Saturday, August 15, 2015

-Whoa! I'm not Bucksey!

-Of course not! Fellow with same last name as yours insists we call him that. But, don't worry, because it's your voluminous medical file I have before me.

-No nicknames in my family. Ever! The children addressed by first and middle always. With, naturally, Father, Father, and Mother, Mother!

-Did you get a sense of structure, order?

-Might have if it wasn't daily chaos.

-Well, everybody tried.

-No semblance of order until Father died. Then my mother married another woman.

-How did that make you feel?

-That's the psychiatrist's question!

-We borrow liberally.

-Why isn’t this stuff digital?

-We tried, but were immediately sued.

-Epidemic around here.

Labels: computer, doctor, gay marriage, Law, litigious, medical, medical records

Sunday, August 16, 2015

Detective Rack dumped out the
Swede's footlocker and placed every
article carefully in the empty room.

Most of the cold rooms of the Swede's
house proved empty.

He spent an hour revolving a fat figurine
from an Elsinore fair.

A barmaid, he concluded.

Didn't know Chief was in the vicinity.
Brought Swede in to pick up a warmer parka.

When accused saw the barmaid, he fainted.

"That's enough for me!" Chief declared.

But wasn't quite, because he took the sensitive
miscreant, once revived, out to a frigid shed,
where he picked up a frosty snapped-off
fencepost and threatened him.

Confession, of course, wrapped it up.

Even so, Rack still perused the other junk from
the footlocker.

TV considering a series based on Rack's cases.

“I thought TV about action,” I, his sometimes
partner, remarked.

Evidently not, for they had to leave out the
fencepost in the pilot.

But they still had Racky.

Labels: clues, Detective Series, murder, Northern, pilot script, Swedish, violent policing

Monday, August 17, 2015

“Are you still blowing Chinamen for nickels?”

The Professor answered all such vulgarity with “Not recently.”

But the rough miners continued to deal this dirty coin. Drunk.

Wives, fed up, started a church. There, a circuit preacher
gave The Word.

It became the only social center, and the women cooked
and baked, and prepared dishes other ways each week.

To an enormous surplus, food spilling out of the small
building into the roadway,

The men tromp through it on their way to the mine.
Singing, rather screaming, of one, Fifi, who wouldn’t...
at first.

On their return, blackly cursing her and wives and all else.

Labels: anti-women, Capitalism, Chinese, Church, food, mining, social, West, women

Tuesday, August 18, 2015

The Big Exhaustion

When Smitty caught The Big Exhaustion, he stayed home and watched familiar reruns. Soon he switched off the TV and recited the scripts by heart.

Then, he rewrote them until they morphed into entirely different shows. Thus, Gilligan’s Island became Mother Knows Worst.

At any rate, he amused himself. Those who didn't passed.

But there were no funerals because the undertakers had BE also.

Just about nobody went to work, though he tried again and again. Luckily, his automated train kept running. But when he did finally get to the office, he was alone mid computers all set to search The Big Exhaustion. No cure, of course, regardless of the health whackos and their exotic juices. Others averred you’d need gold bars to buy your way to care.

Those juices abandoned at the office were tasty enough, but useless.

When Dilly Hotz managed to make it in, long dormant thoughts visited him.

And her. But, no go. Both just tired out of their minds.

They lost track of each other when dogs invaded the company and ate the envelopes.

It took him two days to walk home through empty streets because the train just stopped and no one could stir to repair it.

Now only the Southern Stupid shows played on TV, and he proved too finished to try rewriting their drivel.

So, he turned off the sound and just watched the girls.

Banners across the bottom of the screen announced the authorities were trying to meet.

Also that The Big Exhaustion had simply quit New Zealand.

And people swarmed the streets and lanes!

America's turn would come. Heading our way!

Hawaii sparked up soon after. Aloha Moments everywhere.

He smashed into the 7-11. Took hours, and only Rice Crispies remained.

His farts smelled like rice, but it wasn’t all that bad.

Finally, Smitty relented and rewrote the Southern Stupid shows as Travelogues For Morons. He called it his Southern Strategy.

When NFL took over every channel to replay Bruk Utzler receiving Lineman of the Week around 2000, Smitty did a video awarding himself Weak Man of the Line.

Then he pondered: Had Dumbing-Down been the first condition allowing The Big Exhaustion to take root?

All large questions on hold as The Big Exhaustion suddenly ceases!

Laughter everywhere, and people screaming at their kids!

Smitty decides to do parodies of his parodies, knowing that never works.

Labels: cynicism, dumb down, entertainment, exhaustion, NFL, parody, Southern, Southern Strategy, TV, video, working, writing

Wednesday, August 19, 2015

Max the blueberry farmer left Portland airport and landed in Philadelphia. He rented a car to drive to Phoenixville and the New Dinnerplate Pancake Factory.

But Mr Jellings wasn't there as promised, so Max couldn't discuss his dismissal letter.

Rita told him "You'll only have luck with him by cell or email. He's off to Scranton to introduce the huge new blueberry pancake. Well, it's all over the country. They're about the last to get it." Then she frowned. "Hey! That's you! Or used to be. I'm sorry."

She took him out to the floor to see the rivers of "blueberries." Size of marbles, and millions!

"They're hard as rocks now, but they're furnaced for a few seconds just before they merge with the batter stream. Mushed up just enough."

"Well, REAL blueberries...!" he began but she cut him off with a laugh.

When he got home to Waterville that early evening, Millie was unloading the groceries from the Ford Expedition. He helped her carry them in.

She flipped the kitchen switch and the florescent lights buzzed, then caught.

They both looked ghastly green. But worse, atop the largest plastic bag:

MAINE MAID DINNERPLATE BLUEBERRY PANCAKES

Featuring the latest technology in artificial blueberries!

"Millie for Jesus Christ's sake!"

“I like them. They taste the same.”

“There’s no way on God’s Green Earth…!”

“Uh huh? Well…this is as good a time as any to announce
that I’m leaving you!”

“Well, go ahead then!”

“Go ahead what?”

“Go ahead and announce.”

“I just did!”

“That’s no announcement!”

“Nobody ever pleased you! Your mother died young trying!
Well I’M…!”

She went to girlfriend, Glads.

He finished putting away the groceries. Carrying out the “pancakes”
to the furthest trash can on the dank property.

Eventually sipped coffee in the dark kitchen as the twilight deepened, very nearly palpably.

“I’m a blueberry,” he sighed after blackness got there.

Perhaps evoked by its rare clanking.

Labels: blueberry, farmer, food, food technology, Maine, pancakes

Thursday, August 20, 2015

Nice Party!

Celebrating the firing of Heppy.
Last of our gang to have a real job.

We get the whole thing catered, thus
can concentrate on drinking.

The bartender a contractor too, and tells
Heppy he can get him on.

At most gigs they do, it's just twisting off
beer bottle caps.

But our hero drunk by then, maintains he’s
an artist!

Laugh of the evening!

Not that he's not.

But, still, laugh of the evening.

Labels: Cobra, contractor, employment picture, full time, job with benefits, medical insurance, part time, worker exploitation

Friday, August 21, 2015

Thus Falleth

When Dartmouth won the Ivy Basketball Championship,
Jiffy Horter brought the other two managers to our
Massachusetts Swim Club.

One black, and the genial center of any group he was in.

At a far table, Hoddings Cartwright led the whispered toast with
lemonade. “Thus falleth the last bastion of Northern Segregation!”

Uh huh? No big deal. And he agreed.

In his Audi later, though, sobs caught at him.

In case you think merely prejudice.

Heartfelt tradition too!

Labels: Dartmouth, Ivy League, Northern Segregation, prejudice, Race, Race and Tradition, racial prejudice, swim club

Saturday, August 22, 2015

The Psychologists right! He had nightmares after watching *Harrowing Shadows* in its regular late slot.

So, he bought the game since he figured he could tie up loose ends, and go to sleep satisfied.

Finally, he dismissed the TV entirely to enter the virtual hallway where José was holding off the machine pistol attack of biker, Ropes.

The latter hologram didn't see him one fated night, so Teps laser-gunned him, it, to death.

Triumph! So back to the bedroom and slept like a baby!

...

"You do realize, Teps, that it's merely a game based on a show?" He had won the Pancake Ranch Breakfast with José and Producer Sally for finally getting the elusive Ropes.

"Now I do, but not when I'm zapping that maniac, or another motorcycle pervert!" laughed Teps. They joined in.

Finally José proclaimed "If I eat another chocolate chip pancake, I'll become one!"

"Method Acting!" shot Producer Sally.

Labels: computer game, nightmare, video game, violence

Sunday, August 23, 2015

-It’s a real confessional bunch!

-Yeah, when drunk!

-All except you. Close to the vest.

-Look for no gut-spilling from this quarter.

-No good to keep it all inside!

-I must differ. A preference for quiet horror.

-When you crack up, I’ll visit you in the giggle factory.

-Good! Since I won’t know.

-What do you know now?

-Not much, like all of us.

Labels: Confession, crack-up, friends, interior, quiet lives, sharing

Monday, August 24, 2015

-Doing my version of *Measure for Measure*.
He...gets his actual pound of flesh in this one.

-Good God! Shylock does?

-And for Antonio, I got Antonio, a foreman down at the docks. The only one not using a bullhorn there, a real screaming ghinny! He complains about everything in real life, anyway, so when the cutting begins on him...?

-Horrible!

-Goes C over C in shrieking!

-And the Jew?

-Random casting. Anybody can play him.

-Because a vengeful homicidal maniac resides in us all?

-Exactly! We'll pick him from the audience, or someone passing by.

-Can't wait! The beautiful Portia?

-Just knocked her down to the one speech, since we get to the bloody climax pretty soon.

-The quality of mercy is not strained...?

-IS! Changed it to conform with reality.

-Well, she doesn't have much to do then?

-Swells a progress, like most women.

-Ah hah! Now we get Sexist, to add to anti-Semitic and anti-Italian. Any racist?

-That comes in the Epilogue.

-After the flashing knife, or scalpel, or whatever?

-Laser.

-Another modern touch! It all sounds like such a thoroughgoing mess, you'll be labeled Genius!

-I'm expecting it. I've been genius-ing around lately in preparation.

-How long is this *Slaughter on Second Avenue?*

-Fifteen, twenty minutes. Surveys tell us the audience couldn't take any more.

-So, you soften with the Epilogue?

-Two hip-hop guys who despise one another. They summarize the play in a couple of lines back and forth, and then really go at each other! And, of course, at the racists out front too!

-How do you know there'll be racists?

-You gotta be kidding! Is the Pope a Catholic?

-There's some debate.

-I thrive on all of it!

-This alleged play sounds like something gets a Pulitzer! Making you an even greater asshole.

-I'm humbled.

Labels: Antonio, black, director, hip-hop, Italian, Measure For Measure, mercy, Portia, pound of flesh, Shakespeare, Shylock, theater

Tuesday, August 25, 2015

ROCCO
So build a wall! Thus employ a cadre
of lazy and stupid Texans with political
connections? How Republican!

TS
What wall? WIRE! Get within ten feet and
you're broiled.

ROCCO
Whole families?

TS
Take em back steaming and dump em at
Mexi-McDonalds: *Spick Special!*

ROCCO
Your great grandfather came from Italy!

TS
Yeah, but with *BRIO!* Not stink!

Rocco, severely Liberal, resides in South Philadelphia.

*Search him for his uneven appearances on
this blog.*

Labels: American, Border, dumb Texans, ethnic, ethnic prejudice, illegal immigrant, immigrant, Italian, Mexican, prejudice, Texan, wall, zap

Wednesday, August 26, 2015

Two Custodians at the High School

-What’s on the stage? Crippled hippies and oldish men and women.

-Program from History Department. Mr Alkhers. All of ‘em against Vietnam War way back when.

-Sure don’t look like anybody today!

-Nope. Had guts.

Labels: generation, hippie, history, protest, Vietnam

Thursday, August 27, 2015

Accounting Identities

When Cliff started fooling around with her, she was shocked.

Even moreso as she found herself responding.

Both caught hold, then. Cooly agreed to try for a year.

Accountants, they had stayed late that Friday to
trace a trivial anomaly in local taxes.

After the year was up, he emailed regrets from
Portland, where the company had sent him to
straighten out the billing of a satellite office.

She could have sent the same message, with
the horizontal row of the same smiley faces--
though the down-turned models of same.

Oh well, both warm and funny people, yet not
a good fit.

Good Faith Effort! And long! “*How long, Lord,
how long?”* she sang a quiet joke.

After, mused, primarily on the moderate sex, which
she'd probably miss.

"Probably? Why not not at all?" laughed she, finally.

"Marcy Firestone!" she proclaimed to her dark image in
the hall mirror that night. "You’re growing up!"

Which bothered her, initially, because she wasn't
Marcy Firestone.

Who swims in several times in the next week or two.

A comfort.

Labels: accountant, identity, office romance, Romance, trial relationship

Friday, August 28, 2015

The motorcyclist stops,
lifts his black visor,
smiles, triggers the bomb.

Everybody runs.

Rosa starts to, but realizes
she’s gone,

and thumps down.
Madame Hartzell, fat, rolls

a distance in the shock
wave after. One fore-

ground head and trunk
sings of its beloved.

Labels: Bomb, bomb aftermath, bomber, death, explosion, maiming, suicide

Saturday, August 29, 2015

-A trifle queer here and there. But then I married Stephanie and knocked it off.

-Good knocking there?

-The best!

-And she?

-Not so fidelitous.

-Failure at such thy name is woman!

-The town sent a road crew to repair the intersection,

-And one...?

-Carl, simple and six-packed. Much giggling as he drinks from the hose she proffers. Once, as twilight falls, and the water silvering...?

-Pretty, but what did you DO?

-Won him away from her!

-Life-Challenges on Appletree Lane!

-Not so much now, the corner with Kumquat smooth again.

-And you and Steph?

-Alas! It's Modern Life! Full of splits. Heartaches and potholes!

-And Carl, the universally tempting? Unfairly presented by Divinity at weak times?

-The both of us live in the city now and he obeys.

-Caesar will spread his authority?

-At any chance!

Labels: bi, Caesar, city, sex, sex and authority, sex and power, suburb

Sunday, August 30, 2015

In the village we say
we thread our way
to death.

With the looms, of course,
but, too, the paths above
devouring seas. One

winter, a lovesick black-
smith fled his forge
for their silver cold.

As children we played
stern games on

the same bluff, and
two lost together. “Jeremy and

Lorna” the bobbing wreath
denotes yearly. Green in

green water. A woman falls,
but, well, we have our doubts as

her husband drinks him-
self to terminal rout thereafter.

Next year, two women, hand
in hand. A modern end.

The tourists still come for
the fabrics. And the stories.

We grow unsure. Perhaps lat-
ter from another village? We’d

encourage anyone to fasten
to them. Cloth, increasingly
not as good, passes.

Labels: bluff, cloth, death, drowning, fabric, folklore, murder, story, suicide, village

Monday, August 31, 2015

-Are you the man who…?

-When?

-made a fool of himself...

-Probably!

-over a woman?

-Serially!

-Under together
or asunder or
both at once?

-Yeah, regardless of
the Old Guy’s shelf!

Trying of low nom-
enclature when one

gets Jeopardy afternoons,
not a ballgame. Never much

threat with high bat anyway.
So? Caught and thrown

out, formerly the mostly.
Jenny always made babka,
never caring who’s fighting.

You lunge for truces
by enumerating heart
crimes all around.

Who can list with
anyone else? And

don't say a sailor!

Labels: argument, Babka, heart crimes, marriage, relationship

Tuesday, September 01, 2015

-I was addressing a mob of Southern Cretins
when it kicked in!

-Thereafter, you believed the righty bullshit?

-Amazingly!

-You departed The Bank of Cynicism and
never returned.

-I wouldn't say that, not exactly. In my personal
life I still fuck immensely around. And not cynicism, Play!

-Would God approve?

-Can't live on Him alone.

Labels: cynicism, God, hypocrisy, political hypocrisy, politics, politics of cynicism, Right, Southern

Wednesday, September 02, 2015

-So I’m to go 180 and blast my signature issue?
Which really represents us all! Our pride!

-Sorry. You owe. And we need you.

-For the Party? What kind of party goes back on itself?
Its hallowed, traditional word!

-One which survives.

-Well I won’t! I’ll go Third Party! Campaign on a bicycle!
The Last Honest…!

-We got a room where we scrap Don or Donna Quixotes.

-I can win!

-Uh huh? And another room for whoever helps you, your
Sancho Panzas.

-You’re exclusive in all else, but not in revenge!

-Hispanic Inclusion! Let’s welcome Spicks all to hell!

Labels: campaigning, Congress, Don Quixote, Hispanic, party, party line, Sancho Panza, Third Party

Thursday, September 03, 2015

1

The woman who pushed you to higher
moral ground.

Usually by cheating in some form. Thus
she taught her lovers compassion and
humanity and forgiveness by frequently
switching.

Heaven's a cinch for those she gypped.

They owe her.

2

The singularly vicious woman alienated
everyone, but her family stuck. With the
penalty of early deaths for some.

Eventually, those left got her into an old
persons' home where management
finally had to build her a special cottage.

There the staff approach in hazmat
suits since she has become physically
toxic.

3

The 24-7 Sweet Woman blessedly died.

Having done a lot of good! To most.
The rest decried the sugary.

Heaven agreed with the latter, inventing
a special plane outside the airy precincts.

Which the theologians haven't discovered
yet in order to talk it to death.

Labels: cheating woman, heaven, nice woman, theology, vicious woman, women

Friday, September 04, 2015

Then I opened the package.
Two Hershey Bars beautifully
wrapped in Christmas paper.

"You trying to bribe me?" I phoned.

He laughed. "In a way, yes."

I congratulated him for having a
girlfriend, since there's no way he
wrapped them. And added the tiny
bows. I rolled one between finger
and thumb.

“Is this a secure phone?”

“The securist!” whispered I.

“Okay, if you could help in the Northern...
our surveys indicate they still like you there.”

“Must be the only place. The South harbors
forever acid.”

“Never mind them! They take their one square
of chocolate a week, and thank me effusively.”

“But the North has armed?”

“HAVE they! Even to Grandmas!”

“Then be a hero! Make it one square a DAY!”

“My Party'll throw me out! The one a week
is established law! They'll scream chaos!”

“I'll call Wahnzo Cotzy and other radio and
TV personalities up there, and suggest the
new rationing. And you'll go along with it
while begging grandma to shove her Glock

back in the knitting bag.”

“Give them the exceptionalism spiel too?”

“Go for it! I do half believe it still. So that,
and the wisdom of stepping away from bloodshed.
But it's hardly admirable that we limit
a product the rest of the world can get
as much as they want of.”

“I voted for you once. Despite the grammar.”

“And I'll for you again, if you defuse the
Chocolate Rebels.”

Labels: chocolate, ex-President, President, rationing, rebellion

Saturday, September 05, 2015

Milkmen

My brother sang *Blueberry Hill* for
the Sealtest Dairy's Christmas Party.

Their auditorium, and every kid got
a present from a roaming Santa.

Except me.

They didn't know I was coming

Still, made me sad, but a milkman was there
the next morning with a metal replica of
a Sealtest delivery van with a little milkman
inside.

Even now I see him coming up our stairs.
The human one.

So I play milkman several times, but my Uncle
Bill is one, from another dairy, and with a horse!

He enters our route with clops and the rattle of
of bottles.

Then the smaller clicks of bottles in his carrier as
he runs from the wagon, and the horse, a gray,
moves on at varied speeds, or stops for him to load
twin carriers.

A ballet that ends at Curran's Old Fashioned, which he
helps open while the horse chomps meditatively in a
bag of oats, gray in the still-gray light.

Labels: between man and horse, horse, milk delivery, milkman

Sunday, September 06, 2015

All friends, indeed, proving fickle,

Chupsy got a dog. Irish Wolfhound.
They fall asleep staring at each other's
eyes for depths.

Dorry Maxine Delilah Ruth-Ann Hockner
let herself in with her key and stole the dog.

Moved to Vegas.

Chups bought another. And another.

Louise Bella Tess Destiny-Rohner eased off the
second mid soft snores.

The third, Patrick, well-hedged with electronics.

Though Mickey Helen Trina Orrie Dodge keeps an
eye open anyway.

Labels: break-ups, dog, names, relationships, stealing, women's names

Monday, September 07, 2015

Macaulay enjoys
pronouncing.

The New Economy grips
his opposites. Dregs

who fancy themselves
wits. They go!

further into wearing thin,
whilst he hauls in a stroke,
stopping at Bide a Bit.

His wheelchair slotted at
the fountain there for
whole, joyous

days, rain or fair.
It has quit.
Parts ordered.

Labels: cogs, New Economy, stroke, work, work attitudes

Tuesday, September 08, 2015

Mornisey was ugly.

“Don’t you just adore my face?”
He asked cashiers.

They answered it was lovely,
sharing the jest.

Some went further, by claiming
not to be Mr or Miss America.

Joked himself through…anyway…
“Body like a block of crap!”

went his rap. Well then,
“He accepted him-
self for who he was!”–uh huh?

Thus saith self-help language,
which aids no one, really. Hey!

he played his hand and
who doesn’t?

Did he marry a beauty?
Gain, too, riches before?

Considering the motivation,
you’d think…SOMEthing!

Dwelt solo in a loft,
pretty-picture-surround,

until the Big Cough
did siege him! Terminally.

You want better in this town?
Get a dog.

Labels: compensation, death, dog, handsome, humor, loneliness, looks, self-

depreciation, ugly

Wednesday, September 09, 2015

Tiny “Murks” goes missing. And Hobnel sick almost,
while frantically searching.

But...a daily occurrence. And the elusive Murks
always shows up around dinner, meriting the
best little tin of cat food.

It grows dark, though, and we exhaust all
the hiding places.

“Dark cat on a dark night...maybe he's heat-
seeking.” From Zello, the beer distributor
who always wore Birkenstocks. "They say
you're never too old,” he confides to Nehru-
jacketed Doc.

Before you think we're a bunch of hippies, we're
a bunch of hippies. Never fully reclaimed by the
coherent world.

Bent, who channels Walt Whitman, finds Murks
dead under some wiry brush.

"No sign of violence," pronounces Doc. “Just
his time.”

Bent then embarks on a bad trip, and Doc quickly
places him into Shoreline Clinic. So he can’t compose anything for the funeral.

It falls to Zollo, somehow. "I'm...a blunt man.
A lovely, lovely cat. A miraculous creature
of God to take your breath away!"

Tillie then lifts the lid off the shoebox, and her
artwork, so we all could eventually see Murks
darkly nestled into multicolored scarves--
once she nudges one aside, its silver-
embroidered M.

Zollo loses it. "I never cry," he keeps repeating.

Then we all do.

We toast Murks at Kippy's Kool Kup after,
individually rubbing Hobnel's shoulders too.

Lillian pushes us aside, her profession and she
doesn’t abide amateurs.

Then we all beg her, and she massages each
in turn as Kippy keeps the Seven and Sevens
flowing her way.

Labels: bad trip, Birkenstocks, cat, funeral, hangout, hippy, massage, Seagram, Walt Whitman

Thursday, September 10, 2015

Islands of a certain size sort themselves
as to conveniences and sin. Thus the
small hotel.

Plus the restaurant, the pharmacy, hardware,
etc. Where the longer relationships build
to climaxes boring or fatal.

The rare body found, native anyway. For some
reason the tourists kill themselves more often.
The last one covered with snails.

A new teacher comes from the mainland and the
gossips assign her to a married man.

The bachelors without the staying power required.

At any rate, a buzzing during the day of the energy
of moderate money and immoderate sex.

It quiets at latest night, fires banked. Except for the
baker who rises at three and walks a block to his tables
and ovens.

The first stirrings of the rest of the village prompted
by the aromas of his loaves and rolls.

The more acrid one of brewing coffee adds in
from separate, lighted, places.

His pretty wife opens the shop at six. At eight he’s
home drinking gallons of water, followed by whiskey.
Then, cursing at the newspaper to sleeping like
a redolent brick.

She closes the shop at twilight. Taking long
walks in sturdy boots before facing his snoring.

The gossips leave her alone, understanding her
function completely.

The affairs of the village provide them enough.
It’s almost as if they arrange them.

Labels: affair, bachelor, body, gossip, hotel, island, lust, married, murder

Friday, September 11, 2015

Sailor Boy Blue and Etsuko

She had a parka for him
because it would be needed
exploring the inlets of Chile.

But she begged him to stay
in Japan.

Papa-san was brought in to bless
both, and he counseled the same.

It had gotten too serious for
Sailor Boy Blue, and after he
zipped up the parka, he asked
Billy Joel to sing *Uptown Girl.*

Etsuko had a Dylan to sing
Like a Rolling Stone.

Actually, Sailor Boy Blue sang
the song for Billy Joel, and
Etsuko for Dylan.

They sang well though.

The real singers were put back
into their boxes.

And, of course, Sailor Boy Blue,
Etsuko, and Papa-san, theirs.

Then, Brother and Sister made
dinner and spoke of their days
at work.

He had her blessing to do what he
wished as to the San Francisco job.
What Sailor Boy Blue would.

But, next day he phoned the recruiter
and turned it down.

As adventuresome as Sailor Boy Blue
always is, he smiles in his dark box.

Labels: Bill Joel, Bob Dylan, brother, dolls, jobs, playing with dolls, San Francisco, sister

Saturday, September 12, 2015

An organic supermarket still not the
fashion in the outer borough, but
Dierdre helped with the change
by dancing outside, just past the carts.

She parked her baby in some shade
and, understandably, went at half
the speed she had Off-Broadway.

Joined after a week by a Chinese man,
who performed the moves you'd see
in a Shanghai park.

Occasionally the two spotted each other
and changed the pace to suit. Lovely
moments.

A third person showed. Flamenco male
who whispered to a phantom partner.
Often with ardor, but frequently disdain.

We could sense her shrinking away at
the later.

But returning with fire!

Hester and Emily had a patriotic act and thought
of adding it, but Hester felt the three out there
just right for now.

They marched martially from the Bon Ton Diner,
on Tuesdays and Thursdays, after English with
Strawberry Jam.

Labels: art, Chinese, dance, flamenco, neighborhood, organic, street artists, street entertainers

Sunday, September 13, 2015

Murph’s Dad wouldn’t go into *Vistas of Tomorrow,*
he being a flannel shirt guy while they dressed
for dinner, Country Club Style.

Till they couldn’t. Then, robots did it for them.

And took that time to medicate, also. Sliding the stuff up
the old ducks’ rectums.

This procedure they devised at a robots-only meeting.
Yeah, you read that right.

So, no more piecemeal nonsense! Mogs77 then sought out the
Medical Director and convinced him.

His larger, ongoing idea is a retirement home for robots, not the
usual scrapheap after fifty or so years.

He and his Executive Committee are fashioning a new human
leadership more attentive.

Labels: management, Medicine, retirement, retirement home, robots

Monday, September 14, 2015

Mr Cheap Solutions

had his daughter and her inattentive beau write
their own marriage ceremony, prompted in its
less-than-moving recitation on the great day by
a clergyman of approximate sobriety.

The reception catered by the latest immigrant group,
whose cuisine consisted of lumps of dough laced with
minced garbage.

Their native champagne tasted of burnt matches, but
effectively lit the guests, who danced furiously to a
half-gypsy band.

When the starving musicians broke to devour the
"food," flasks of sulfuric fruit liqueur were passed
around.

Anyway, It proved, all-in-all, our Cheapskate's Paradise!
Trifecta of inexpensive, gastric, and inebriated.

Okay okay! Just my point of view. One Academic Couple
pronounced it cultural and lovely and memorable!

Another trifecta! This time of the deluded. And what
would we do without them?

Labels: academics, ceremony, cheap, cheapskate, gypsy, immigrant, minister, trifecta, wedding

Tuesday, September 15, 2015

Promises and Ironies

As they had warned: Death Panels!

My neighborhood friend, Horkie, entered before me.

So, I waited.

“Oh yeah! Fuckin Republicans were against it, and
now that’s all that’s on the stupid committee!” he
sneered leaving.

Squeezed between two guards, shoes scuffing.

My keeper out flirting with the receptionist, I took off!
Like a big-assed bird, we said as kids.

That Fun Time! Before knowing real hypocrites.

Labels: Death Panel, Government Health Insurance, hypocrisy, medical insurance, political hypocrisy, Republican

Wednesday, September 16, 2015

Bix stopped some with "Listen! You're outa control! Your thinking has gotten totally fucked up, and you're heading for disaster and humiliation!"

Most listened further.

"Any decision you make, however small, run by me!"

They did, and were forever grateful. Told others, Bix acquiring the reputation of the cool one. But, of course, a madman dwelt in him also.

Keeping him down, and others un-maniacal, added up to his life, but got him tired.

And as he aged...well he arrived at the final fatigue as we all do.

The graveyard is blistering, though they found a shaded place by a lake.

Some walk there to think.

Labels: advice, adviser, disordered thinking, friendship, problems, stinking thinking, thinking

Thursday, September 17, 2015

They always said you can’t walk off the island,
but, in a sense were wrong.

Hurricane Loretta, though destroying many of
the houses, thrust up a new section from the Ocean.

There you can walk now for half a mile.

It’s contiguous to Doc Rister’s and Hocky Morrisey’s
properties, so they fight atrociously as to who owns it.

Doc finally shoots Hocky in his tent, but the gun
blows up at the insurance round, dispatching him
in addition.

The state has seized the new land. The tree huggers
want a park, but Paradise Cottages--*Own your
little bit of* etc--has already bid, sort of. Bribed, more like.

More Ticky-Tacky in our future, but with nobody forbidden
to walk there.

“Win-Win!” exults our governor.

Labels: hurricane, island, land dispute, politics

Friday, September 18, 2015

Go Figure

-Did you catch the Republican debate?

-Decayed hobbyhorses and disgraceful
insults!

-That immediate? They’re the past.

-I’m not into depravity. Fast or slow.

-Or old? Anyway, I think it’s mostly the genre.
Not a debate or forum or...?

-It’s TV!

-Yikes! That?

-In its purest shape.

-That is, shapeless.

-How can anyone vote for it?

**Chinese curse*

Labels: insult, Party of Rich, Republican, Republican Debate, TV

Saturday, September 19, 2015

...no, really

When Jer's embarrassing disease struck, he went to the hospital clinic.

There, Dr Arnols treated him with the standard protocols.

And the candystripers giggled.

He missed a day at work, and his assistant foreman, Alan, took over.

The trucks were loaded and unloaded efficiently.

On a followup visit to the clinic, the candystipers became sweet and caring.

Alan: "What can you expect? Unpredictable. They're Apprentice Women!"

Definitely no apprentice, Ginnie Rockham, of Personnel, had dropped into the hospital and silenced the girls.

Her main quarrel was the vague number assigned to Jer's disease. The insurance company would never pay the claim.

It was almost as if the hospital also embarrassed.

Well, Ginnie Rockham wasn't! And the new number designated more specifically.

She went to the loading platform and informed Jer, and would have nothing to do with any embarrassment whatsoever.

"Let's grow up!" she admonished. "What else do we have to do?"

Well, there was something. A cursory look at personnel files in Jer's office engendered her disgust.

Thereafter she dropped by an hour a day to instruct Jer and Alan. The main problem was that the old cards had been scanned haphazardly into the computer. At her last visit, she brought an IT woman, Belle Destiny-Grassley. The Destiny had been her husband's name, who met his in Iraq.

"I'm the walking wounded!" she warned Alan when he asked her out a week later. "It won't be a barrel of laughs."

Meanwhile, Ginny invited Jer to a family picnic. "You're the only self-effacing man I've ever met."

Other dates followed, for both men.

"You know," Jer told Alan in a slack time, when the just-unloaded trucks shimmered in heat, "I'm popular. Me! With her family. I can't get over it!"

Her Uncle Merilwill, "Murl," finally returned an Eagles cap he had forgotten at that initial picnic, and the men discussed that team a full two hours."

Jer apologized at having only beer and cheese crackers in the apartment, but Murl proclaimed: "But the company is Porterhouse and caviar!"

Jer shrugged. "He likes me. They all like me. And Ginny would kill another woman!"

Alan admitted it couldn't go better with "Ole Destiny" also.

Culture Vultures, they had hit every play and concert and poetry reading they could find.

Then, both men stared at the shimmering trucks a full minute.

"A day at a time!" they simultaneous blurted.

Labels: Culture Vultures, day at a time, Destiny, disease, embarrassing, embarrassing disease, medical insurance, Romance

Sunday, September 20, 2015

Cindy, In Short

“Well I STILL don't understand!”

They pity her then, this intellectual family she’s somehow a part of.

There frequently follow wisecracks as to why Cindy lost her husband.

Actually a man who then married a widow with five potential delinquents. She phones him weekly and it’s forever Bedlam.

She has revenge fantasies involving those around the dinner table, never him.

The best: they're buried in a deep mine.

Her only friend proves Mrs Finnegan. She had hired her as housekeeper, though the family can't remotely fathom why Cindy doesn’t handle that too, as well as chef.

No complaints, ever, as to the food. Being graduate of The Culinary Institute.

She always has Mrs Finnegan at Friday twilight for a special desert and iced white wine.

This time they hear a washing rain outside, very nearly drowning the voices from the mine for Cindy.

Who flaunts the Reisling.

Dr Loosen Kabinett Blue Slate 2014! you utter nincompoops!

Perhaps Mrs Finnegan heard the voices from the mine also. She definitely heard something as they sipped. Something part of the severe rain, or not.

Labels: chef, cooking, cuisine, Dr Loosen, Family, intellectual, revenge, revenge fantasy, Riesling, wine

Monday, September 21, 2015

-You’re sure then…safe room?

-If they did manage to tap in here, they’d get Mickey Mouse with laryngitis.

-At any rate, I was the most righteous when most criminal. Derivatives addicted me. The crazier, the more heroin-like!

-Democrats threatened jail time!

-Not an idle one. Hadda sweeten their pot.

-But as Republicans through and through, how can we give…?

-Any port in a storm.

-Should the Grand Old Party worry?

-Not for a millisecond! Cut taxes on the rich and fuck the bitch!

-Music to our ears. But…as to John Q?

-He’s included in the latter part.

-Likes the attention.

Labels: banker, banking, criminal, Democrats, derivatives, heroin, political bribe, Republican

Tuesday, September 22, 2015

-Play's two minutes old when the "Dude" throws a leg over the "Broad."

-They wanna get the sex out of the way, so the characters can discuss it for the next two hours.

-Don't remind me! And discussion? The stink of locker rooms folded into the wit of Valley Girls.

-That good? I'm getting a ticket.

-Finally! The theater disgorged!

-I've not been disgorged lately.

-That's all you've been, and I. From this low society.

-Been partial to low society most of my life. Ball and Chain keeps threatening divorce.

-Oh? Well? Oh well, too, pertaining to the larger topic. The Drama! We're in the inevitable Transition Period.

-Viva transition! And as for the DRAma! It's as full of shit as everything else.

-When I speak with you, I feel I've been battered in a bar fight.

-Viva bar fights!

-It...all adds up to nothing, then?

-Always has.

-By your lights, anyway.

-My LIGHTS!

(sings)

And after I seen Corbett fight,
I put out Jimmy's lights.

Last time at nine
he put out both of mine

BOTH singing, loud
In the town where I was born!

-I, uh, can't quite forget my vulgar roots either.

-Best thing about you!

Labels: boxing, dramatic sex, Gentleman Jim Corbett, lights, sex, theater, Transition, Valley Girl

Wednesday, September 23, 2015

and they is us

Winter of our discontent
insists Candidate N
in the fifteenth year

of the war to save us from…
we'd all forgotten.

Candidate B singing
Happy Days Are Here Again!

Meaning round the corner
where Spring could be.

Buds and all that good shit!
The Enemy wishes to field

a contender but the President
maintains we haven't sunk that low

to the contender for contender.
Lower than a snake's belly!
he ruralates.

The hicks go forever ecstasy
over their own. We have guns!

they shriek. Wanting in.
The army stays Professional!

stresses General Mulcahy,
waving his Art of War.

The Libertarian Candidate
proposes a flat tax,
flatter than Aunt Tillie's Tits

re the country song.
We tried that and it's shit!

the Enemy chimes in
and is escorted out.

The Socialists blame the bedlam
on Capitalism, but can’t
find an argument

that sticks. The FBI has been hunting
arguments in order to butter up

all sides. They’d arrest the damn
Enemy, but he’s too well-connected.

Labels: "enemy", Capitalism, enemy, fatigue, FBI, Libertarian, long war, Socialist, war

Thursday, September 24, 2015

Faith(s)

-So you represented the laity?

-Midst priests, ministers, rabbis, imams.
The whole ilk.

-What to report?

-First, expropriated our cell phones!

-Good! Isolation from the mean world’s
frenzy.

-We wandered the desert--actually the grounds
of the rococo pile.

-Encountered fellow pilgrims face to face?

-And I’d forgotten how gothic faces are, generally.

-Oh well, did the experiment work?

-Like they all do.

-Phone come back to you?

-They fucked that up too, I got the Bishop’s.
Great porn!

-Surely you couldn't unlock…?

-I prayed for a miracle.

Labels: Bishop, cell phone, imam, laity, minster, porn, priest, rabbi, religious conference

Friday, September 25, 2015

Maybe our big shots could settle for Chevvies?

Nope. Caddys and Lincolns. Often in their monster SUV configurations.

And reinforced, since Ay-rabs might plant roadside bombs, or open up with AK-47s. Or both.

Why not opt for surplus General Patton Tanks?

Clank clank clank come our Public Officials!

Easy to get private money to pay.

Can still have Patriotism when expecting a little back!

Labels: Arab, Cadillac, Chevrolet, fat, Lincoln, patriotism, Patton Tank, Pope, Pope"s Fiat

Saturday, September 26, 2015

-Well I know that YOU’RE crazy.

-We always say that to each other, but...quantify!

-One a scale of one hundred...with...?

-Top being totally bananas!

-I assign you seventy-one.

-You’re kidding! That’s down the homestretch!

-Not at all. Quarter pole. Your future ahead of you.
Murkily. Wet track, you see!

-Sixty-four I’m saying for you, another Mudder.

-Not as coated as you.

-Nope. I’ll be relying on you as I disintegrate further.

-And we’ll both be relying on Stella and Norma.

-My Norma for normal?

-Close to it.

-I’m sorry, but I don’t wanna rely on your Stella.

-Bossy?

-An understatement.

-Doesn’t affect me since I stopped listening.

-Shhhh! They always say we don’t listen.

-The girls have neurotic quiddities, though, and deserve
a number therefore.

-Quite fair. AND Equal Opportunity! Fifty-five sounds about right.

-In summary, the quartet, in their various personas, tracks off to Nutsville.

-Can be lovely country around there.

Labels: crazy, friends, friendship, horse racing, insanity scale, marriage, neurotic

Sunday, September 27, 2015

“Beginning of Loser Stink!”--he thought he heard, passing Happy’s office.

A political assistant, Morsel, had got him a rental cabin for now.

The Fire Chief wouldn’t let him back in the house, though the snaps from his departmental phone demonstrated very little damage compared to the rest of the foothills town.

He drove to the shore confident that the campaign was taking the weekend off. He’d leave the cell on, but no action expected.

His opponent would seize the media with his reactions to the fire. Why not? He held the office.

Stopped at a 7-11 for a few groceries and a six pack.

So, weekend rustication. Gloria, arriving in Paris with a trio of girlfriends, didn’t have to know for now. Let them enjoy themselves.

The cabin was a block from the beach. And what he expected. Atlanta Falcons banners everywhere. And a closet full of clothes left by previous renters.

He made himself a sandwich and munched Fritos. Finished with canned pineapple.

The ancient TV had some cable music channels, so he settled on Classical, Beethoven’s smashing Fifth leading off.

Finished a couple of Bud Lights listening.

It grew chilly and he didn’t trust the battered electric heaters, so he fetched sweatpants and a sweatshirt from the closet.

Swam in them. A hunt for scissors. In the cramped kitchen, a pair,

in a block holding knives.

At the formica table, cut the legs and arms to fit. Great!

Mustn’t LOOK like a loser!

Labels: election, fire, foothills, loser, losing candidate, political campaign, shore

Monday, September 28, 2015

Deciding

-That choice is a real beauty: a box of fuckin guts or an urn of fuckin ashes!.

-Then why not burial at sea? Or jump in beforehand and drift to oblivion!

-Good! Let the sharks…!

-Too tough for them! Smelly too. The little nibbly guys?

-That'll take awhile.

-No hurry. Then bones drift ashore, bleach, bang together, disintegrate.

-Pretty! I mean it!

-So you don't always crack sarcastic?

-Not when I find something nice!

Labels: black, death, sarcasm, suicide, vision

Tuesday, September 29, 2015

After the bloodbath,
went home. An

American was there, and
Exceptional.

Labels: American Exceptionalism, bloodbath, war

Wednesday, September 30, 2015

...and a strategy thereof

-I'm running on it! **Safe City!**

-It is already if you stay outa certain neighborhoods.

-Or Founders' Park after dark?

-I'd never go in there then.

-No, or you'd be knocked over by one of your buddies!

-It's possible.

-Level with me! How many robberies in there perpetuated by
by those you know?

-Ninety-eight percent.

-When I'm Mayor, you and I hafta negotiate it down half at least.

-What the deal for me?

-We'll figure it out.

-Can't govern without thieves, huh?

-To this date, no one has found out how.

Labels: armed robbery, crime, mayor, municipal politics, thieves

Thursday, October 01, 2015

-They closed down the government again!

-Did anyone notice? But, why do we live in such crappy times?

-Don’t blame MY party. We’re not eating fire and shitting gold bricks for our greedy clients!

-No, you’re just laying down.

-Sheer fatigue! Anyway, you deal with the government you got! Just placed my nephew in a department.

-Which one?

-Not saying. They’ll try destroying that one first.

Labels: bureaucracy, cowardly opposition, greed, party, Party of Rich, political revenge, shut government

Friday, October 02, 2015

Bureau, Blonde, Crab

“Well here I am again!” Blonde-Bubbly and seventeen and vibrating cylindrical curls. She was sure Mr Telmark could help her THIS time. She was exHAUSTED!

He told her he’d be taking a chance, that one of the other offices she had visited should have hit her document with the desired stamp.

But...she was so so charming. Even the acrid waitees clutching their numbers smiled.

So, he stamped hugely, to her dimpled applause.

Then, same problem with a one not charming: gruff red-faced bulldog. “You sent me on a merry-go-round of lazy officials. Now here I am back here, and I’ll get that damn stamp if I...!”

Telmark couldn’t take responsibility! Not without clearing it with a superior office. The phone conversation had to do with DD-20.

An overarching program.

Once the bristling man paid twenty in cash, the rubber stamp followed loudly. He was satisfied.

As was the office, DD standing for Dunkin Donuts. To which Kristy and Dodds soon dispatched.

Labels: bureaucracy, Dunkin Donuts, gruff client, pretty woman, rubber stamp, waiting in line.bureaucracy

Saturday, October 03, 2015

The Final Sound

Gramps played with the new electric windows in his condo till bedtime. Micks never saw him this happy.

Destry and Louise lit on Micks that next week. “It’s Phoenix! Clamp the windows and crack up the A/C! But you wanted to throw our money out the fancy-pancy windows!”

His Power of Attorney was actually none of their business. The old man wanted the windows and Micks complied.

Anyway, they were no longer in the will after Gramps had bankrolled their decorating business.

“Oh, they just don’t like you. Queer-Adver!” This from his long-time partner, Rhett But.

Who, of course, made it a trademark to drop the final sound at times.

Following month, all Gramps’ diseases assembled into a Final Stroke.

The estate was easy for Micks. The old man had given most away and had just lived on his pensions. They died with him.

Destry and Louise got their oar in, or tried. Hinting that they should get half of the proceeds of the condo sale.

“When you’re, anyway, throwing the money out those fancy windows anyway…?”

Actually, the portion they coveted was slated for the Humane Society.

“As a Christian,” Rhett But maintained to Micks. “I want you to do more than the right thing! As to your toxic relatives? Well…now…I must remind you, and me: Judge that you not be!”

So Micks wrote a check for the entire amount to The Humane Society.

Louise and Destry felt terribly wronged in the name of Family.

“Long live Fido and Fluffy!” they sneered.

But a new commission seized their greedy mind. A mountain village of three thousand “cottages.” **Lucerne!**

“Oh! Swiss Roh-COH!” squealed Rhett.

The hilarity lasted through the Suns Game that night. A good thing, since they performed listlessly against the Los Angeles Lake.

Labels: condo, Family, family conflicts, gay couple, Humane Society, inheritance, Lakers, Suns, will

Sunday, October 04, 2015

-They call me Del, since I was manufactured in Delaware.

-Okay, Del, is there anything you want especially to do?

-Whatever YOU do is the intent of the program, but anything more you desire to know about me is on my website.

-Glimpse a bit of TV? Robot Games are on from Sydney.

-Please don’t make the mistake of thinking everything I like is robo-centric. Important for me to learn more and more of human things.

-Do you like the pajamas? My Aunt Millie’s Christmas Gift, but over-flashy for me.

-I think they’re absolutely super! Just beautiful! They... jump the light around.

-Cindy made these brownies before she left for her neighborhood meeting. Do...you eat?

-Oh yes! I’m programmed to eat and just love it! But...brownies? They’re not...?

-Called blond brownies. Light variety.

-Fine for me. I can digest anchor chains anyway. Cindy...is sweet, isn’t she? I talked to her when they dropped me off. After a minute, disabling my Irony Detector. Which I use for ninety percent of human conversations.

-You can leave It off here. Not that we don’t laugh, but we see life clearly enough to not need much wit, especially of the sarcastic variety.

-Well, my memory is deficient of straightforward individuals. I must interchange with Cindy as much as possible.

-Recommend it. But I could get jealous!

-A joke! You made one! Although it’s not your genre, you must teach me what you know.

-Not a problem.

-I’m reading Mark Twain and Dickens and Shakespeare as we speak.

-The well-rounded robot.

-Yes…uh is that a joke too?

-Half a one.

-Subtle. Learning the subtleties is difficult. Oh excuse me for laughing now: Tom Sawyer is such a romantic little circuitous fool!

-I don’t remember.

-You need a Memory Freshener. Stick in two electrodes and you’re good to go!

-Do you think they’ll eventually make everybody robots?

-I’m not to say it, but that’s the plan. But so what? Cindy will be as sweet and…

-I as square?

-Precisely!

Labels: human, irony, Irony Detector, memory, robot, Robot Games, robotics, Sarcasm Detector, Tom Sawyer, TV

Monday, October 05, 2015

Smitty never got too far from the prison, the warden's brother in the next town putting him to work in his hardware store.

Ten years had passed since his discharge, so he became a good sport when the mayor of the prison town asked him to join the celebration as it closed.

Actually, was to be the world's largest pajama party, but he signed on only for the interview on *Good Morrow, Y'all.*

There, Hoak and Betsy ran him through their conservative-liberal shticks. Both wanted gloomy remembrances of the prison, but he talked of the warden's children playing hopscotch outside his cell, and his wife bringing a comforter from the house when Smitty got the flu.

Thereupon Hoak sneered of coddling, and Betsy launched into a sermonette on rehabilitation.

At the break, Hoak whispered, "More Cagney, less Morgan Freeman."

They showed pictures when back on the air of the last huge pajama party at Edinburgh Castle. Dour Scots for the most part, but their women charmingly swimming in men's pajamas.

They had a clip, too, of a Guinness Man who wouldn't commit, but thought it was likely that their pajama party would edge out Edinburg's.

When Betsy pressed Smitty about going, he told the pair he had to get back to Cat Felix.

Thereupon, in the only spontaneous minute that show had ever seen, he produced a snap of Felix from his wallet.

"White with the one black eye," laughed Hoak.

Gushed Betsy "He'd be my cutie-patootie!"

Later, Spotlight columnist, *See-All*, commented "Cat steals show

from usual political squabblers!”

The mayor’s dithery man brought him to the bus, first showing off the new, glitzy shopping center. The bright liquor store therein had lousy security, so Smitty boosted a fifth of Seagram’s Seven.

Labels: cat, Conservative, liberal, prison, prisoner, rehabilitation, talk show, TV

Tuesday, October 06, 2015

In this particular retail, we have a code. G9 means an item starting with letter G and priced at 9.99.

”Tell the customer we don’t have any more G9s, just G15s back there. Because we DO have a shitload of G15s to get rid of!” (15.55).

“And when we run out of G15s?”

“We have a sale! Leading off with the old G9s, now G18s!”

“You’re gotta teach me pricing someday.”

“Nothing to learn. It’s chaos! Like every other freakin thing!”

Labels: customer, fairness, pricing, retail, retail clerk, retail pricing

Wednesday, October 07, 2015

The new, scant millionaires are worried sick
most of the time! Government and everybody
else threatening to claw money back!

And always the atmosphere of violence!
Vocabulary of Hate! The children feel it at school.

The billionaires swim through the menace. Laugh. If it does come to guillotines and executioners, they'll buy them.

And if that proves impossible, they'll yacht to nations they already half own.

Their senators crewing.

Labels: billionaire, execution, executionor, guillotine, hate, millionaire, revolution, senator, Vocabulary of Hate

Thursday, October 08, 2015

-I’m still not clear as to what you did.

-Nor I. The young prosecutor was, and in flaming righteousness! His presentation involved someone I’ve never met, but he claimed was me nonetheless.

-At...any rate...?

-I eventually did nine months. Gestation for new citizen after the State Fu...!

-Will you ever get it expunged?

-I’m in a pretty large, active group and there’s a fair chance, once we jettison this regiment of crooks and liars in office now...!

-Good luck with that! If they know anything, it’s how to stack the deck.

-Remember that Land of Free, Home of Brave stuff?

-No.

Labels: conviction, crooks, Home of Brave, Land of Free, liars, prisoner, prosecution, prosecutor, railroading

Friday, October 09, 2015

Republican Electoral Official

Now your Black being
root Democrat, we

attempt a few things to re-
turn balance hereabouts.

America, electorally, truly made
better thus. Yankees so talk

suppression, but
don’t understand how

it feels here. We’re just walk-
king Jim Crow back to where he’s

comfortable
again.

Labels: Black Vote, Jim Crow, Republican vote suppression, voting, voting rights

Saturday, October 10, 2015

Our Diva

When our Jeanetta goes full voice, we avoid her, naturally.

Our Diva! insists Mark, who sees little wrong anywhere.

The rest of us in self-preservation mode.

I remark that even her few harmonies now clash,
rubbing us crazy.

Mark says the rest of us crawl between heaven and earth,
while she mostly soars.

Uh huh? Leaving the gang battered once again.
We never learn.

The best parts of us don’t! insists Mark.

Then why don't you marry her?

It's forbidden by Heaven itself! A man must not
proceed to his death if he can help it.

He wants her declared a National Treasure!

We have other suggestions.

Labels: behavior, difficult personality, Diva, ego

Sunday, October 11, 2015

Her View of Herself

J’s beauty consisted largely of makeup
meticulously applied, and a series of
tricks, some newly learned from Czech spas.

This last fad her girlfriends shared, laughing
over coffee and low cal…well, anything.

The translations proved especially gawky
on youtube.

She refused to let boyfriends see her in the
morning, setting the alarm for five.

The rest of her life consisted in buying clothes.

Her parents disagreed. Mom: so so pretty; Dad:
useless weight on the fuckin earth!

The only crises to move her was physical.
An herbal paste causing a rash along her
shoulders.

Thus, the dermatologist came on her team,
joining the plastic surgeon and others.

Her lips beset. Too thin. Injections made them
ridiculous.

J took vacation time and hid. The lips were gotten
down to large, but not absurd.

Weeks for that! her father fumed. Her mother laughed
a setback but, again, so so pretty.

One day you walk from the frame, and a young woman
takes your place.

With J, she was rather pushed from it. Transferred to

Brazil to help start a new branch, she soon graced
Rio’s beaches. But, lost mid so many younger beauties…

But not in the mind of a man who runs fleets of taxis.
He courts tirelessly, and they elope to Vegas.

In two weeks, she develops a slots problem, but he keeps her
budgeted.

They drop in on the parents before going back to Brazil.

Dad likes anyone hard-working. Mom pronounces so so pretty,
but too young to marry!

Placido doesn’t mind all the time spent on makeup and clothes.

He says she’s beautiful with or without.

He’s considered handsome in a gray-tinged way, but could
care less.

Labels: aging, beauty, beauty work, gambling, makeup, marriage, mature beauty, parents, Vegas

Monday, October 12, 2015

Utley slid
to History.

Suspended
for an act

countless others
perpetrated
with impunity.

Take true menace
from the game?

Tea-Hiatus
install,
instead?

And go ahead
and replace

the Bulldogs with
Biche Frisons.

Labels: Baseball, Biche Frison, bulldog, Chase Utley, slide, tea

Tuesday, October 13, 2015

-My Aunt Betts, who never swore, unleashed a blue streak when dying.

-Was she horribly disappointed in life?

-Quite the opposite. Laughed more than her share.

-Then, why do you suppose...?

-Became available.

...

-Randolph, the horse, found solace as we read Kierkegaard to him.

-Did the vet recommend?

-Said it wouldn’t hurt. Being and Nothingness.

-That’s Sartre!

-What the hell’s a horse care?

...

-The professor explained a paradox as he expired.

-Were you edified?

-Mumbled too much.

-As in life. Where do you suppose lost words go, anyway?

-The air. You walk into them.

-And then act?

-Not if you can help it!

Labels: blue language, death, deathbed, horse, Kierkegaard, last words, paradox, professor, Sartre

Wednesday, October 14, 2015

GOP Office

-He gave up waiting and left. Oh here it is! Ben...somebody? Ghazi! That's it.

-I'm NEVER in to that prick! Costing us the Presidency!

Labels: Benghazi, Benghazi Party, GOP

Thursday, October 15, 2015

Just One Crisis

Hopey, somehow, became a sort of project
manager for the new condos being built
for artists.

He had been merely one who scraped a
down-payment for an efficiency apartment.

The Plumbers Union president astounded by pulling
his members from the site!

Shouting at Hopey “It’s a 14E job and you want 14!”

What could that mean? He went into the plans on his
computer, but could find nothing.

Then he became paralyzed. Hours fled. Finally called
the only true adult he knew. A former big man who
knew others. “You sound like a dove that flew into the
side of a building. He looks dead, then staggers
a bit, but in the end, flies away!”

“I’m...looking dead!”

A scheme hatched where this Smit would phone a city bigshot.
In An entirely different department, but he, in turn, knew
who else to call.

Plus, Hopey had to reach as many people as possible
at Licenses and Inspections.

He did, re 14, 14E, and was soaked and dazed at the end.

The following day, the union guy came to his cramped
office and screamed. Hopey screamed back. Both men
grew exhausted and the union chief finally whispered,
“We’ll all come back tomorrow, but you’re absolutely
assuring me the work lands between 14 and 14E.
I don’t want any freakin legalities!”

Hopey phoned his new mentor that night to thank him. He sensed an atmosphere of patient realism, and thus exclaimed “I know. I know! I’m a baby!”

“Everybody’s a baby in something. You grow up because people depend on you.”

“Don’t! Don’t depend on me! Ever! I can’t fuckin stand it!”

“Do you believe in God?”

Dead air, and then “No.”

“Too bad.”

Labels: artist, baby, condos, contract, God, handling conflict, legalities, plumber, Union

Friday, October 16, 2015

The Election

“Explain it to them one more time, Smitty. But make it simpler!”

That from a carrier by my back fence. “If that’s possible,” added another.

Then they laughed, jostling the usual racist signs.

I had to explain nothing, not running this term, Giving my slot to a black woman who was trying this last time.

She proved the most amusing to them of any possible candidate, and they called her Aunt Jemima. They had a huge cardboard cutout of the real one, and moved it around in seething psychodramas.

When the results came in that evening, it floored everyone. She won overwhelmingly.

I went into the Lions Den then, their HQ. It was glum, and the jokes grittier. But I had to see the Police Chief quickly. I really had no office or platform to request it from, but asked politely for protection for her.

That, of course, amused him. “No arrests tonight, and none expected. You gotta learn to relax.”

The best I could get was that they’d “keep an eye on her--which will be easy because of her girth.”

I phoned her with congratulations. “Worry not, Smitty. Already hired three bodyguards. They look like walls and are not known to laugh!” Then we laughed.

There WAS a murder that night, one of the carriers

taking out another.

The next day, the other party sent a DVD to the TV station showing the destruction of the cardboard Aunt Jemima by a bazooka-like weapon.

Cousin Jessy and Uncle Mac played it in an endless loop, former announcing: “We’re still buying cars in all this excitement!”

Uncle Mac adding: “And Frontier Dodge-Nissan’ll get you from O to 60 before you even started out!”

Then the news informed that the FBI wanted a copy of the DVD.

"Frontier’ll sell ‘em that new humongous Hog-Wrangler if they come here."

Cousin Jessy answered him, “Get the whole bureau in one of them babies!”

Labels: Aunt Jemima, black woman, election, guns, open carry, Race, racist

Saturday, October 17, 2015

After he started thrashing, Cecily insisted on twin beds, cluttering his tiny studio further.

Shortly after, she left. Business trip to San Francisco... where she decided to stay, hiring on with a weight loss emporium. She chatted of her boss quite a bit, and then the phone calls ceased.

Brad piled bills on her bed.

Enter Brennan. Yes, Brennan! Female. He often sang the phrase *Brennan On the Moor*, which she found to be just another of his Irish eccentricities.

Brennan had inherited a penthouse condo from beloved Uncle Maxie. So, Brad gave his landlord notice,

Offering to leave the “furnishings.”

He took the bills from the bed, most had been paid, and burned them on a grill in Rupp Park.

And became quite willingly neater and cleaner in the luxurious digs.

One morning from her frantic cell: “I forgot the gray attache case!” It evidently held documents equal to Magna Carta, so Brad trundled it down the elevator to meet Brennan’s squealing tires resounding in the garage.

Still in robe and pajamas, so she erupted “Aren’t you going to WORK?”

“I thought I’d give it a shot.”

She shook her head and barreled out of there.

For some reason, the elevator shuddered at their floor.

“Good dog!”

From.

Him.

Issued.

Labels: Brennan on the Moor, condo, dog, Irish, living together, Magna Carta, penthouse, relationship

Sunday, October 18, 2015

In Short Order

After all these years, it gnawed: must see
Rosy again!

Finally I read of her marching off to war, so went
to the railroad station.

She had become Rock, but I still yearned.

Though mourning her lovely tits also.

Labels: obsession, sex change, war, what gets lost

Monday, October 19, 2015

Encore encore encore!

-Will Benghazi Committee go on as long as the Afghan War?

-Where there's a will...

-Just grilled female aide for five hours, I understand.

-Yeah, but just a Muslim.

-Part of the War on Women?

-The final hill is in sight!

-All intended to terrify the broads?

-More like infuriate! Don't know but what we like that better!

-Whichever. If the pretty little shoe fits...?

-We pay for those. Best to cut the credit cards in half!

-For starters. But...well, no end to the lessons they must be taught!

-A duty. Sometimes painful, yet sometimes delightful.

-We get a blackeye, though God knows we're broad-gauged!

Labels: Benghazi, broads, Clinton, Congress, Republican, shoes, slimy motives, War on Women, women

Tuesday, October 20, 2015

-I put the word tits in my blog.

-Whyso?

-Because I’m vulgar. I’m a vulgar person.

-What does your mother say?

-She doesn’t care about that stuff. It’s the other mothers! They could organize!

-Already have.

-Yeah, but the few men weaken their group.

-They out-girlie the girls. But, watch it! They open-carry in addition!

-Oh Dearie Me! The hos-TILL-it-TEE!

Labels: guns, hostility, open carry, vulgarity, women

Wednesday, October 21, 2015

"As To War..."

-I’m ready to check out the old gang––males of course.

-No use. They’ve become urinary to a man. Prostate.

-Then, let us find a lower age group!

-You...sure?

-I’ll increase my workouts.

-And pray?

-Hey, the lust-thrust of a healthy female is not to be wasted! Almost a divine command!

-Onward Christian Soldiers!

Labels: healthy women, Onward Christian Soldiers, prostate, sex, sex drive, urinary

Thursday, October 22, 2015

The Commander

Enter pissing, and Norelco fulfilled the stage direction
(his name since five, when he shaved his head).

The ski resort sent a bill for the damage, and Lorine-Dell
showed it to her attorney, who told her to give it
to the divorce version of him to be part of the settlement.

In the meantime, the father attended a session with
a psychiatrist to discover why Jellybean keeps cutting
herself.

The answer, none, but she should still attend Group, and
keep working in Amazon's Warehouse.

N1 (for Normal One) inserted into his thoughts in the car.
He had just paid her ridiculous tuition at the pretend Paris
university, where she roomed with a pretend revolutionary.

Who mostly translated ancient Arabic poetry into French, and
quite feverishly recited some on his last visit there.

Impressive, despite his super abundance of black hair.

Stopped for Starbucks latte to go.
…

The Bentley could self drive and he thought, in his scattered mood…

Well, be better to sip and NOT think.

Home! commanded he.

Labels: Bentley, Family, mental illness, pissing, revolutionary, self cutting, Starbujcks, wealth

Friday, October 23, 2015

-How the Republicans doin’ with
their Ben and Ghazi TV?

-Look for yourself. The one on the
wall there!

-Oh, a wall job?

-Anyways, they’re stopping beating
a dead horse.

-In favor of…?

-Fuckin it!

-Shorty! Mute it with your remote.
Sounds horrible!

Labels: beat dead horse, Benghazi, politics, Republican

Saturday, October 24, 2015

"I think of her every day of my life!" Flannery went on detailing her hair and eyes, and quite tiny foot.

“We couldn’t see each other that we didn’t flood into each other’s arms!”

Needed Flood Control in those Irish Villages! -from Larks.

"I’ve had romance,” cried Nellie-Dru. “It’s great for humiliation!”

Bert added “Amen Amen I say to you that when a man or woman so incline, that’s the way they do. No help for it!”

“That’s an incline up to hell and down to rocks!” Nellie-Dru was certain, but Flannery told her that her images always lack logic and contradicted themselves.

“Viva contradiction!” Larks shouted.

Flannery said that he may be an old fool, but they‘re young ones!

Nellie-Dru snapped “You don’t convince anyone. You’re really always Crabapple Jones, no matter the pretty memories!”

“Well, I’m grumping away for the nonce.” Every afternoon, he looked to see Deirdre again. Though she’s an old lady who probably stays in Ireland.

No one resembled her in Barnes and Noble, but a Jennie intrigued. She was learning to stock shelves under the tutelage of one, Mickey-Mac.

“I’m retired, but the pension buys few skittles,” she remarked to him.

Flannery pretended interest. She had the hair like his beloved, though dumpy otherwise.

He engaged them through a discourse highlighting how difficult it is to learn a new task. “And then one day everything clicks!”

Mickey-Mac, first puzzled, nodded.

She smiled uncertainly, but seemed reassured.

Anyway, they both took an instant like to him. No wonder!

When old crabs dial up the charm, it’s a miracle ranking
with Loaves and Fishes.

Labels: Barnes and Noble, books, friends, Irish, memory.love affair, Old Age, Romance

Sunday, October 25, 2015

How awful
to be caught!

Red-handed,
as they say,

when not even
a prior suspect.

The religion
you're stuck with

enables your dead
parents to keen

after you
everywhere.
Pile on.

But they like
the eventual
plea bargain.

Labels: Conservative, crime, haunting, parents, plea bargain, religion

Monday, October 26, 2015

-Federal Government actually wants to move offices to our little hick town! Jobs!

-And?

-Our Senator “Government-Waste” against it at the top of his lungs! His “statement” goes on detailing the additional fraud and abuse of the particular department. Thus, lots of face-time on all the networks, too. Bottom line: no chance! His Crusade! Against US now!

-A shame because we could use those positions. Just about a gray depression here!

-Yeah, whole town’s color of suet.

-Whatta crumb!

-But, well…that’s not the way I read it. So…final, I mean. I actually read “I’m ultimately okay with it…if my nephews and nieces get jobs.”

-Reading…is an art, then? Even though it can go quite slow.

-You can never really really perfect it in one lifetime.

-So…when can the new offices open?

-When he gets back here to cut the ribbon.

-Family can help him do that.

-Nothing is more probable!

Labels: local politics, Nepotism, political wisdom, reading

Tuesday, October 27, 2015

-This'll serve as a kind of pass. You can look at it, but you won’t recognize a word.

-Printed in a third-grade hand.

-All you’ll need.

-And if I tried without…?

-Life is cheap. And has gotten ridiculously so.

-I’ve noticed.

-Follow each and every step, and do exactly what you’re told.

-You used to preach the opposite.

-Freedom was the catchword then. Times change.

-And you with them?

-Or be crushed!

-Well…best be off on my arduous…

-Or you’ll be arrested!

-How about you?

-I maneuvered myself into one who arrests.

-So, I should be afraid of you also?

-I wouldn’t linger. Catch the Swiss Fall. Just before the ice and snow. And don’t miss Mass there! Ever!

-Will you join me?

-Wouldn’t be surprised.

-But you’re safe!

-No one is.

-What if I have a lover by then?

-We’ll share him or her.

-Another 180! Once dead set against any collective anything! “Share? Don’t make me laugh!” you spat.

-It don’t mean a thing if you ain’t got that swing.

Labels: adaptability, danger, pass, political danger, politics, refugee, safe conduct, Switzerland

Wednesday, October 28, 2015

hung with us at Kippy’s Kool Kup. Seemed
almost American in many regards, but
seethed at some of the ignorance we displayed.

Well, what the hell do we know about his country?
Besides, our stupidity was just a form of kidding.

Mostly, we didn’t know that the silent treatment
formed a respected convention there.

He stopped talking and would draw little
cartoons by way of conversation.

After nine months of this he announced
“Gestation new American citizen become
finish!” He had turned in his passport, and
passed his exam!

Shockerino!

The old counry didn’t give up, though, sending
two blocks accoutered in pale canary slacks
and chartreuse shirts with tiny alligators over
the right tit.

He hid in the kitchen, Cook Dorothy telling him
that they’d have to come through her, and that
couldn’t happen.

The gangsters left, and Dorothy and he got engaged.

A little something between them beforehand? What did
he draw in previous kitchen visits?

Fast forward a year and Kippy retires, selling the place
to the old married couple.

We often ask him if he hated us for saying brainless things.

“That was American then,” he assures.

Labels: American, attitudes towards foreigners, citizenship, foreigner, immigrant

Thursday, October 29, 2015

-She's her own worst enemy.

-That's only at work! Goes home
to a World-Class ***Son-of-a-bitch!***

-Then it's tit for tat time?

-In spades! The condo board is tossing
them out. Their interminable fights have
shoved the building’s foundation a full inch!

-So they deserve each other? Big Deal!
Besides, who sees them all the time?
They may have worked a truce.

-And what they're doing to make everybody
else miserable is the result?

-Enough! Life is too short. Let us speak
of a sweet couple!

-A **WHAT?**

Labels: condo, condo board, couple, couple fighting, fighting, marriage, misery, relationship

Friday, October 30, 2015

-I just don’t want that sudden jolt of blackness.

-No one does. We’ll ease you in.

-Or out?

-Out. Yes.

-And, I can opt…?

-We’ll tape a buzzer to your right hand. Simple
enough to press the button. There’ll be time.
Like the one at the Eye Doc? “Press when
you see a tiny flash on the white background?”

-For peripheral vision. I’ll press if I decide to live instead.

-Simple enough! Your wife will be in Bermuda?

-Shopping along the harbor. Do you find that strange?

-I find nothing strange, and everything.

-She’ll be back for the service.

-At the university, yes. Your ancient colleague playing
Mozart on the flute.

-Showing will be sparse, so many dead.

-I’ll be there. We just don’t drop our people!
…a few students who like your work.

-Really? How nice!

…

Musings as he goes under.

Hearing voices etc.

His as a child.

Labels: assisted suicide, choose mode of death, death, directed death, directed suicide, Euthanasia, suicide

Saturday, October 31, 2015

-Rebel without a cause? Guilty for a good part of the time. But, often WITH one and pursuing with righteous fire, whatever the outcome!

-Uh huh? Devil taking the hindmost? But, more often, the mishmash of everyday existence with the wheels slipping and sliding. Gray and more gray!

-That too.

-Hey! It adds up to personality! So what? You got one. So has everybody else!

-More...than that, somehow...I'm....

-on the downhill slide. Finally got here, and trying to figure it all out before the humongous blackness

-I'll buy that.

-Well, don't bother. Enjoy the view!

-Next you'll be telling me smell the roses.

-All of wisdom in that little imperative!

-Tomorrow.

Labels: friends, landscape, living, personality, quality of life, rebel, Rebel Without a Cause, smell the roses

Sunday, November 01, 2015

Thus, “Three Sundays since my Pupsy left!”
or “Pupsy came back two Sundays ago.
I forgot to tell you.”

At a point she reverted to: a mess of
Sundays ago, or so many Sundays
I lost count.

His last departure looked permanent,
but she spied him in Walmart. Alone,
of course.

She followed him until he pawed the
no-label DVDs. Then approached him
from the back. “How’re doin, Pups?”

They brought a chair for him, and she further
commanded a glass of water. He liked
her taking charge.

Back he came.

So long ago now, that she dropped the Sundays.

With the two Ethels one Monopoly night in the
bungalow, she stayed on topic with “My Pubsy
might look scrawny, but he delivers in the one
department!”

The laughter reached him in the dirt cellar as
he disassembled a lawnmower.

Then one Ethel maintained: “Still, you should take
it easy on him.”

Two, “Or the life might go outa that huge thing!”

The whole house swelled with their guffaws, and
he put down the glowing wrench to savor it.

Well, anyway, some have an odd romance.

Others let the word turn to ashes on their tongue.

Labels: breakups, couples, reconciliations, women

Monday, November 02, 2015

The Woman Who Collected
Bobble-Head Dolls

All baseball players, but she meticulously painted
a few to look like men she knows.

These she left in the steel cabinet in her cellar,
alongside the paints.

Once in a while, Love'd get them moving, and found it
humorous.

But Uncle Retz wouldn't stop. She knew he should,
and didn't like the idea of his going on in the
dark long after the others had stilled.

For some reason, she toyed with the idea of showing
him his doll, but all her fellows were painted on a light
cocoa base of the Afro-American players, and she knew
he'd object, imagining his saying

"Well I'm angry. And white. So I guess I'm an angry
white man. Doesn't take an Einstein to put that together.
Or one among our darker brethren, though *dat's* a
contradiction in terms *dere!* "

Was it rage propelled the floppy spring that kept
his doll agitated?

Love mostly rejected any magic to it, and just enjoyed,
but it bothered her not to know the reason he wouldn't
stop bobbing.

Finally she reasoned that it's an old house, and moves
and groans a lot more than a new one, and maybe he's a
bit more off-balance than the others.

That was a joke and she enjoyed it!

Whether the doll moved in quantum consonance with

his hate didn’t really occupy her. Besides she was busy in her upstairs workroom, starting on the rest of her big collection, now to resemble TV characters.

So Love’s “family and friends” forgotten and left in the cellar.

But one night she went there to fetch a new jar of paint for Gilligan. And Retzy, of course, wouldn’t halt his bobbing in the buzzing florescent light.

She found a piece of cardboard, folded it, and shoved it in there to stop the action.

At the service, Rev Carruthers spoke of Retzy’s Passion for Justice and Radio.

“Whatever?” Love concluded later, putting her dun gloves away. She kept them in the little plastic box labeled FUNRL.

Tuesday, November 03, 2015

The Speech Writer and the Congressman

-Just don’t go fuckin Reagan on me!

-Bright thrust of wonder!

-And I’m to wonderfully thrust that into
your usual dim cornpone?

-Nelly read it in a poetry book.

-Dangerous territory!

Labels: bs.Congress, inspirational politics, Regan, speech, speech writer

Wednesday, November 04, 2015

-My side: Order, Checklists, a Plan!

-Hers? and I wince asking.

-Last-minute clusterfuck with everybody screaming!

-What can you do when thrown in with them? Calm them somehow?

-Start screaming too!

-Is that why they like you?

-I believe so. I also can do a split! Observe!

-Jesus!

Labels: chaos, checklist, clusterfuck, contrasting families, Family, order, plan, screaming, split

Thursday, November 05, 2015

Ruppy “enjoyed” living in the Old Soldiers Home.
Food not bad, and he had his own little room.
Spent most of his time in there. Making coffee
or watching a ball game, or reading the magazines
he picked from the dumpster.

So? Who is left alone for long? The new President
sought to close such places and deposit the inhabitants
in more personal domiciles. “The Small-Family Initiative.”

Ruppy was interviewed by those who ran these
establishments. Gray, no-nonsense ladies primarily.

He gave his moderate demeanor an angry edge
for these, and was rejected.

There followed a great month when he was allowed
to stay in the empty institution as a sort of watchman.
Prepare his food in the cavernous kitchen, and roam
freely throughout the building. For his whole life
he had ”picked up a broom.” And therefore ran
the vacuum cleaners every few days.

He prayed silently for this life to go on.

But Mrs Benjamin came with her battered Cadillac,
and fetched him.

He became her boarder, but really lived the last
way he did in the institution. Preparing his own meals
and picking up a broom. The latter became more
urgent as Mrs Benjamin went on periodic booze tears.

Always a DT space in each in which she yelled out the windows
before she went ice-cold turkey. To passerby or postman:
“Please don’t hurt me!”

One day a voice came back. “Now I never have, have I?”

Sailor. “Who turns up not as a bad penny, but as a bright

new shiny one!” she eventually exulted.

Thus, the three of them. Another trudge for Ruppy was that lover-boy Sailor had malarial bouts, where he got as confused as Mrs Benjamin in her throes.

Fortunately, the spacing proved okay for Ruppy as he helped both. Not usually overlapping. He primarily fetched prescriptions.

“I’m the freakin errand boy!” he complained. And he never softened anything for Marcy Carker, who wrote of this “family” for the Patriot-Messenger. She did soften things a bit however.

Thus Mrs Benjamin suffered from a “recurring mental problem.” Sailor allowed to keep his bizarre incurable strain of Malaria. And, as the program intended, they helped each other.

Re-enter the President, and Ruppy had to be limoed to Washington to receive the *Modern Family of the Month Award* from his cool hands.

A red, white, blue, spearing abstract of a thing.

Timing off for the other two to attend, both just coming off the rare shared bout.

Anyway, the three of them lived in relative amity after–-but not for long.Mrs B died, and Sailor soon after.

The newest president was on a RE-institutionalizing tear, and it looked like Ruppy could end up back in the old place.

It was now called The Armed Forces Home, with a new staff, and only had an opening for a navy person.

He used Sailor’s old IDs and his discharge--not the only person there, or anywhere, to switch a bit.

Dr Cragnul persuaded him to display the Family trophy in the case in the lobby, as if this site had been awarded. It revolved.

Labels: alcoholic, government, identity, navy, Old Soldiers Home, President, sailor

Friday, November 06, 2015

-Fast Food workers to picket
Republican Presidential Debate.

-Let me guess! Everyone up there
on Mount Right-Olympus against
any new minimum wage.

-Will grievously grievously injure
the rest of us, even a nip outa
Mr Gotrocks' super-comfortable ass.

-What's HIS Minimum Wage?

-Not legislated.

-Oh? Coulda fooled me!

Labels: Fast Food Workers, Gotrocks, minimum wage, Party of the Rich, Republican, Republican Presidential Debate, Republicans and Labor

Saturday, November 07, 2015

No fun encountering Larry when he was out eating. Wouldn’t, or couldn’t, put down his fork.

People excused themselves after minimal chat,
devising an escape fiction.

When wizzlebinks infested, he strapped the fork to a wrist.

Board of Health said chew as many as you wish. Practically pure, so remarkably clean, and of a nutty protein flavor.

You didn’t need a fork, though Larry preferred hearing the tiny scream.

Labels: Board of Health, foodie, gluttony, infestation, sadism

Sunday, November 08, 2015

Alone in his plumbing office of a Monday, Hocks dreams
of throwing himself into the river to drown.

Three big jobs had been re-dos that last week, profit
out the window.

In bursts Reccles! “Pittsburgh, are you ***kidding***?
Ten and a half points underdog and they win
by **twenty**! And five of our **other** lemons won!
BON-FREAKIN-ANZA!”

He counts out ten hundreds for Hocks onto the messy desk!

After, he pictures the Regency Hotel, on the same river he
thought to drown in. A bed piled high with classy food and
bottles of wine.

Plus Misty Tebbs.

They’re right about this dump,” coos she. “It’s been, like,
tastefully refurbished!”

Labels: football, football pool, gambling, plumbing, profit, re-do, refurbished, taste

Monday, November 09, 2015

-We're doing *Second-Amendment Hamlet.*

-How does that work? Or blast?

-Speeds it up. The horny King iced at about the eighth minute.

-And his slut, Ham's mom?

-Spared. Left to Heaven.

-That's Lady Macbeth!

-Same theme. Keep the Woman Interest.

-Speaking of which, the beautiful Ophelia?

-Still goes bananas. I have her wending whackily through the audience, strewing posies.

-Lovely! but a distraction. Nice 38 on hand, and just one corpse so far? What a waste!

-Not to fret! Polonious and her brother Laerties then dispatched!

-No loss with the old bullshitter, but wasn't Laerties a bud? Ham's Man-Crush! Or was that Horatio?

-Played the field. Tragic accident anyway. Our scattered hero aiming at a hare loose at court. After all, we have a tragedy here! Need senseless elements like life itself. Anyway, you just don't let up!

-And when Ham gets it in the duel? Well, who's left with poisoned rapier to do it?

-Osric, the flit. And New King!

-HE can't say *Good night, sweet Prince, and flights of angels sing thee to your rest*! Too swishy!

-Rosencrantz and Guilderstern in rock n' roll duet. A totally nice bit!

-With video of the angels wearing NRA jackets?

-Vests, so the wings poke through.

Labels: angels, duel, Good Night sweet Prince, gun control, guns, Hamlet, NRA, Second Amendment

Tuesday, November 10, 2015

Widely assumed that since the Democrats will run a woman for president, that many Republican gals will “pull her lever” in the privacy of the voting booth.

And thus not do as they're told.

Such perversity! I'm…still not quite sure. Most Republican Babes being Stockholm-Syndrome!

Though we had a few in our Revolution! Occupying the YW in our town.

We had brought our husbands’ weapons from home. Plenty of groceries too for the inevitable siege.

Which went on for two months. Were we absent from home all that time?

Not really. Some got back in emergencies, negotiating with the enemy to pass.

Certain categories of women allowed to:

1) The Happy, Prancing Fool

2) Sweet Sue

3) The Upright Old Broad

4) The Militant, but on simmer.

That first week, Happy, Prancing. We plastered to the window to watch her wide smile and z-ing gait. It was a thing of beautiful idiocy. And made the men quite happy. They all hugged her when she could hold still.

Sweet Sue a week later. Oozed honey. The guards insisted she stay with them a bit for danish and tea and her most-loving look–-which lingered long after she left! Like the Cheshire Cat’s Smile.

No mystery to the UOB, crepe dress crackling with static electricity, high neckline.

Proper librarian! All the men deferred, pretending she still carried some sex along with her that might yet charm old Birkenstock-wearing lesbians.

The only Militant ever granted leave hid some weird sex deep within her. All males intrigued. And of course willing to be ruled by her with the future promise of the Great Whamma-Whamma.

No, we didn’t give up, despite what the right-wing media maintains. And maintains.

We negotiated an end to the Occupation.

Mostly done by those Militants who kept the fatal-cliche-mysteriouso down, intellectually.

The weapons still locked in a room at the YW, with our One and Two having keys.

We failed simply because we wouldn’t shed blood, that is kill someone’s father or bother.

Next time, we won’t hold to this. As very painful as that is.

Labels: female, Female Advocacy, guns, Republican, Republican Woman, revolution, Revolutionary Woman, violence, war, Women's Movement

Wednesday, November 11, 2015

Dr Petite announced to the European Consortium that the airplane would be assembled in China or Alabama.

There followed lots of Alabama jokes: incest, moonshine, guns, and comical accents. He told them that Alabama could actually edge China on low wages, and that was good enough for him. As for the rest of it…well…ignorant people everywhere in the world!

The actual bosses a level above him chose both places.

Jenny the Runt was hired as a floater, first to be a sort of hostess dispensing coffee and tea to anyone touring the new plant.

A very pretty young woman, if tiny. And Dr Petite told her father that she was the equal of the beauties who did the job at the China plant. “And they’re professional movie actresses!”

“Don’t know no China people,” shrugged Horace. “Don't begin with N and that’s good enough for me!”

Labels: airplane, Alabama, China, consortium, European, manufacturing, N-Word, prejudice, Race

Thursday, November 12, 2015

Highest award in the Agency. And, as you might guess, hush-hush. The President, of course, approved, and Dr Anknul said to the few present, “Without this Operative, there’d BE no Zendenistan!”

The following morning, Hannalore had already left for meetings, and Ricky tossed something onto the pile of trash overflowing the plastic barrel, screaming “Zach, you got two minutes to leave for swim practice!”

He appears! Disgusting, yet alive, and they're departing. With keys.

Bus for him.

“Trash?” he reminds!

“You handle it, Spy-Man!”

Zach adds, gobbling a Pop Tart, “You’re lucky we don’t piss on it!”

Labels: award, CIA, Family, operative, President, spy, trash

Friday, November 13, 2015

He never directly quoted Nelly-Belly
on the air. Referred to her offhand.
Sidelight to the show's thrust.

Soft throwaway lines for the most part...
always she was pregnant and on welfare.

"Last week, forced into looking for work,
she thought Philosopher be a good gig!
Now you can’t call folks lazy who wanna
think real hard!"

*You're so great with voices! I wanna HEAR her.
Down-home blackest Alabama? Maybe what
buck’s Daddy presently? Well...don't tell artist
how to paint!*

What The Man wants...

Instead of his fiery monolog that next closing,
Nelly-Belly dreaming of "Biscuits wi' gravy,
O mah STARS!"

Sponsor texts *lafd ass off!*

Labels: black, black dialect, black woman, Race, radio, satire directed at black woman

Saturday, November 14, 2015

Turning Cliff

When Tess returned from her crazy fling in the Poconos, Cliff instantly forgave, which really knocked her off-stride.

“He’s too good!” she complained to Letzy, who agreed.

They decided to toughen him up! Final object: The Anti-Cliff!

Succeeded so well that Betts Harkin, who had just moved from Scranton, gathered him up. “Hey! I thought too much Brotherly Love in the City of Brotherly Love! Then I met Cliff and forgot all the little feminine ones!”

Now, Tess spurned! When she tried to complain to the “Broads Only Thursday Wine Group,” she was told to shut up. “Besides, any man that can be switched back and forth like that isn’t worth shit!”

That last from old married woman, Delsey Karks, with the--don’t you know?--perfect husband!

The following week he pulled a rowboat up to the Gas Company dock. Dressed as a pirate mid roses! Assorted.

He “kidnapped” her from her desk mid squeals aplenty from the other women.

They rowed to dinner in Manayunk, troupadored by Biffer Hoxley and his guitar .

Prisoner of Love and other Bing Crosby era passions.

‘No freakin taste!” Together remark Tess and Letzy . watching them out the tall window.

“What’s a swash anyway?” Letzy asks.

“I don’t know, but I bet she can’t wait for him
to buckle it.”

“Can you UNbuckle it?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised.”

Channel Six had covered, and the subsequent rowing back
of Biffer, alone.

For some reason, they wanted to further cement the “Old
Lady Demographic,” with the poignant shot of Biffer
leaving the rowboat, trudging the pier to the parking lot.

Anchor Destiny D’Onofrio, who had graduated from Archbishop
Carroll with Tess, sent her the story on her phone before it aired,
and she threw it up on the largest screen in the office.

A party was ensuing where staff, and interns heading back to
college, ingested cake.

Tess thought she'd try a slice. “My fifth!” bragged Dinah Dell from
Villanova. “Sugar High, like, totally insured! But, hey! that’s some
Major-League Butt up there!” shrieked she as Biffer eased the guitar
into his Fiat.

Labels: Bing Crosby, fling, jealously, married love, News-6, Philadelphia, Poconos, relationship, serenade, sexual appetite, sugar high, women

Sunday, November 15, 2015

Yup

-Was during the time I taught school in Montana.

-Whoa! Whoa-freakin-whoa! You taught school in Montana?

-So I said.

-Known you five years! And you never said anything about…!

-Occasion never presented itself.

-And two of those years…ahem!…intimately.

-Well…was nice, but you got your Carl now.

-Earth moon stars! I wake up happy! Am I jinxing things saying this?

-I'm non-believer in bushwah, so, no.

-Uh huh? Look! The Gary Cooper part is dead in movies today.

-Yeah, it's all Woody Callin.

-Allen.

-Whatever.

-Will there be further "reveals?" From Mysterioso?

-In time.

-Well, don't forget the cookout. You can tell us which of your old students made it in the cattle and fashion industries.

-Bringing bagels.

-(sings) *My home's in Montana.*
I wear a bandanna!

-New York Jew.

-Best of the best for our gang!

Labels: friends, Gary Cooper, Jew, laconic, Montana, New York, relationship, reticent, secretive

Monday, November 16, 2015

A bird and a rat formed a friendship,
which struggled a bit on the topic of beauty.

Bird insisted on all of his species being
pretty to some degree, while no rat was.

Rat countered with the example of Jeanette,
who lived on a nearby dump, or landfill as
Rat called it.

She was not only pretty, but sang wonderfully.
In a Crosby-Sinatra-Jo Stafford Old-Standard
manner.

Bird said “I’m from Missouri!” So they made a date
to meet there.

Well, Bird had to admit, that, for a rat…

“I’ll accept that. It’s unrealistic to expect more.
Now, how about *Moon River?*” Rat asked Jeanette.

But she wouldn’t sing if asked.

“Just another Rat-Quirk!” sniffed Bird.

But sold them her CD.

Bird bought another later that day, of bird songs.

And the contest was on!

Much latter, Rat, exasperated: “Is all life one-
upmanship then?”

“What planet did you scurry from?”

Labels: aesthetics, bird, bird songs, CD, competition, fable, popular music, rat

Tuesday, November 17, 2015

-No! I heard it clear and distinctly--uh, no pun. You fart "Freedom!" The actual word! Just... extraordinarily. I can't get over it!

-Boxers best; Jockeys could trap some sound.

-Can you find work?

-Republican groups can't get enough.

-But it's important not to try too hard?

-You got THAT right!

Labels: Boxers, fart, freedom, Jockeys, patriotism, Republican, underwear

Wednesday, November 18, 2015

-Hemingway? Fitzgerald? With Web might be millions!

-How about Ernie’s statue in Pamplona?

-Be thousand Pamplonas, and thousands of statues of various Hemingways!

-But, the one iconic!

-All will be iconic.

-Oh well, as Whitman said ***I am multitudes!***

-He knew his shit way back when!

-Faggot too.

-I rest my case.

Labels: Elitism, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, iconic, Literature, multitudes, talent, Walt Whitman, web, Web Future

Thursday, November 19, 2015

-We still pouring boiling coffee on him?

-His religion forbids in any form.

-That may be, but if you're on the next shift,
one sugar!

-You gotta be MC, next banquet!

-I'm not funny. Life is.

-Both!

-But listen, Ludge, *Sumatran Elite?* Employees buy the coffee around here and...!

-You want Safeway generic?

-Hell yeah!

-Remember, Jerome, it's our country we're talking about here!

Labels: CIA, coffee, comedy, interrogation techniques, patriotism, Safeway, Sumatran, torture

Friday, November 20, 2015

Never paid Federal Income Tax.
Assumed in his country that
some families didn't.

And, unlike The States, ingenious
lawyers didn't torture the language
explaining why.

Until. His friends persuaded him that
he must run for office, rescuing,
thereby, the Nation!

His imported American Campaign Manager
spoke of optics. So he offered a one-time
settlement, quite moderate. Tax Authority
announced him in compliance.

Made him ill: "What this country has come to!"

Labels: income tax, lawyers, politics, privilege, Right, tax evasion, wealth

Saturday, November 21, 2015

When I went to the new country to
work, was pretty naive, not noticing
that the welcoming ceremony, and
orientation, and picnic all indoors.

Well, a glance out the thick windows
showed a typhoon. Next day, blizzard!

You get the idea.

My apartment was in the same building,
and I never went outside.

Well, can't say never, because the rare
day was livable, resembling the one when
I flew in. About seven a year, and magnificent
outings were held. Long tours, music, dances,
you name it!

During one of these, Cunalga, a perfectly
proportion Amazon of a woman twice my
size intimated that "The one part of me
is normal." No time like the present.

We moved in together, engaging in the only
pastime the inhabitants...well, no hobbies,
just work and horrible weather. We didn't
even mind the twelve hours on, twelve hours
off, shifts and seven days a week!

No holidays except those decreed when the
nice weather struck.

Well, just as you can get used to anything,
you can get bloody tired of it!

We plotted an escape for the next nice day.

Had to wait more than a year, but bundled
up in all our clothes and vamoosed.

The next country over wasn't that far.
After a journey of five days, mostly
earthquakes, we tore off our filthy
clothes in a totally beautiful climate
where everything bloomed year round.

I thought I'd be given the same job, but
no one worked here. Machines made
other machines to do that.

The central pastime was the same, but
mostly outdoors.

Indoors, too, clothing optional. Much spur
of the moment stuff. I stayed faithful. Fear?
Well, her size!

The worst thing, though, was that everyone
was completely nice. That grew on our nerves.

Everyone was totally understanding of
everything, and when we left, flowers
thrown at us, and much hugging and kissing
ensued.

We were given rail tickets to the next country.

It consisted only of Male Hairdressers and
had a four season climate of no extremes.

This last was in the population! A meeting
held to decide what to do with Cunalga.

I don't want to stereotype, but it was a catty,
and frequently cutting and vicious one.

Well, they named her Queen!

She ruled absolutely, and didn't she
relish it! I'd never seen that side before.
Even the meanest hairdresser kowtowed!

Queen Cunalga ordered me to hairdressing

school, and, even as a student, I did her hair exclusively.

The jealousy nearly brought about a revolution!

A compromise reached on the basis of MY hair, shoulder-length by now, and I'm passed around.

I've grown fond of a couple of men in the mix, rather too much so.

Labels: altruism, Amazon, climate, extreme climate, hairdresser, male hairdresser, royatty, sex

Sunday, November 22, 2015

Maxie-A flips pancakes for Marie and their “Tribe of Brats.”

“*Henslow Trevelyan Peters and his Belle-Hester*
can’t sell their Top Architect’s Rambler of a house. They naturally fight.”

“Sad!” from Marie who has finally lifted a portion to her lips, only to put the fork down and help the twins cut.

A 5 and 6 play cars beneath the table.

“It’s a Harry Gordon!” he mocks.

Marie praises while Cliffy mushes his pancake
around his highchair tray: “And the Rose Garden,
and Topiary stuff! Jeez! The grounds!”

“For divorce!”

Steaming Prophet of the Grill.

Labels: brats, chaos, divorce, Family, family breakfast, finance, kids, marriage, pancakes, wealthy family

Monday, November 23, 2015

Lifting it from the realm of bullshit and religion, Republicans finally built their SHINING CITY ON THE HILL!

Financed by senior citizens whose Social Security and private and public pensions were cut in half. And 401Ks expropriated.

They, in turn, formed a very slow-moving army brandishing WW2 carbines, which finally got to Washington.

Where General Honsaart attacked them at various deep-discount Marriotts at an hour when all in the bathroom. Images of those lasered on thrones in morning light went quickly viral.

The Shining City was completed, and great ceremonies followed. Oratory embraced Freedom and the Private Sector and the Marketplace-Sacrosanct.

When the last National Anthem faded completely–-and sung conventionally, not in some bebop–-the entire city fell down all at once. And slid. Enormous pile of various sheens filled the valley. And acrid smoke.

The Congressional Investigating Committee finally settled on the word Larceny, which the nation understood.

John Dillinger taken off the ten-dollar bill–-in case you think that committees accomplish nothing.

Well, Democrats swept back in, White House to Dogcatcher. Seniors were restored, though an inflation left them about where they were.

And the onerous 15C Form which heretofore every citizen had to fill out, was eliminated in favor of an anus probe which revealed the same information.

But before you scream about being violated, only one person had to undergo it. Jack L. G. Wantzler of Paramus, New Jersey stood in of the rest of us. Interlocking interweaving algorithms then projected the information

for the whole country.

Thus, appearing at ballgames, the New American Hero for the “New American Century!”–-the latter the Republicans had been too busy stealing to really create.

Things went stodgily and bureaucratically from thence on, but it was still America, and citizens were advised to stay near walls if they ventured out on twilight walks, especially females.

Labels: "Free" Market, America, Democrat, Dillinger, freedom, Larceny, Marriott, New American Century, New American Hero, Republican, Shining City on Hill

Tuesday, November 24, 2015

-“Bureau of Adjustment” it’s called.

-It’s for when you’re tearing your hair out?

-Thousand upfront and we make most go away.

-Where does the thousand go?

-Where it does the most good: The Party!

-What’s the process in making some other bureau
drop the scabrous complaint?

-You read from a script:

Hi! This is_____from The Adjustment Bureau.
Big Guy says drop the fuckin complaint against_____!

-Thousand could be a bargain at that!

-Uh, there’s actually a sliding scale.

-Littlest John Q might be dinged for…two?

-About right.

-Sky’s limit after him?

-Such a beautiful sky!

Labels: adjustment, bribery, city, city politics, corruption, governance

Wednesday, November 25, 2015

While she caressed scarves in Mais Oui! he stared up at a motley thunderbolt arrangement suspended from the ceiling of the shopping center.

An officially nervous young woman approached. “Are you the man lost his wife?”

“Yes, but many years ago. Another found her."

The large shiny bag, lavender, preceded Joan then. “Is everything a joke?”

“Yes!”

“I can foresee another of our little SEMinars!”

“Oh please not! I’ll say what you wish! Anything so I don't have to go on Facebook again!"

“Shush! You're making me forget my next errand!”

“Does that ridiculously large container hold a body-length diaphanous scarf?”

“Dream on!”

Labels: criticism, dating over 50, Facebook, relationship.dating, seminar, sex, shopping

Thursday, November 26, 2015

Dilsey put on some Franz Schubert.

“We used to call him Frank at the Point!” All Dave’s fatigued jokes considered funny again, he had grown popular. Now he exaggeratively saluted “Colonel Franz Schubert!”

Had to turn some invitations down: Health.

After Laurette died, his former wife came back to care for him. In a paid capacity.

“It’s a pity I’ll expire when I just hit my groove!”

Franz hopped and skipped on the turntable.

“Isn’t everything?” Dilsey shook her head. “But it's nice you still have LPs.” She chose The Beach Boys now.

Dave sang along with the line They keep their BOYfriends warm at night!

“Weren’t YOU a California gal back when I met you, Dils?”

“Yeah, but was a territory then!”

“Whoa! I'm the funny one!”

“We both are.”

Labels: Beach Boys, California, California Girls, comedian, Health, marriage, Schubert, sickness, West Point

Friday, November 27, 2015

When Cindy proposed a bike trip
through Southern Indiana, Rentz
promised to think about it.

He did. Initially. Then only of the
possible dangers. From here he
branched out to local and national
and international dangers.

In short, he worried.

When she finally called, he told her
to get lost--somewhat more politely
than that.

He couldn't afford risk-takers in his life.
Which was hostile and worrisome enough.

He became Worry. In fact, if there were
a Mount Olympus in Muncie, he'd be God
of Worry.

Friends peeled away, and he got fired for
warning all his fellow employees by
preaching the hedges against disaster
learned from talk radio, including gold
and dried food.

He worries 24-7 as best he can. Though
afraid to go to sleep, he does drop off
to nightmares.

Armageddon will begin in Muncie, his
website promises.

Readers chime in, offering their own towns.
And lives worse.

Labels: Armageddon, bike, danger, Indiana, Muncie, Olympus, pathology, risk-taker, Talk Radio, worry

Saturday, November 28, 2015

Mark wedged the bitterness
of his favorite team losing
into Reggie. It felt wonderful!

But later, not so much. Thus he
apologized. Half a heart being
better than none.

But didn't she embrace her wound!

Water Works on disparate occasions,
faint once in a stupid line to a "historical"
chick-flick. Women make it stink!

Tides of Llamamour! Holy Christ!

Okay, the team is winning presently,
his love for her almost surpassing it.

And she forgets to be hurt. Cute in
an oversized jersey.

Labels: chick-flick, football, hurt, relationship, scapegoat, Sports, women

Sunday, November 29, 2015

It wasn’t “You really should meet X.
Looks just like you!”

We stumble into each other at a
railway station, both on hour delay,
big storm down the line. Have coffee.

“You have the same little scar under
left eye. Cherry tree branch in my case.
Snapped by a climbing companion.”

He doesn’t remember, or says he doesn’t.

We fit up other particulars as to taste in
food and other trivialities.

Is there a Rita to tear him to pieces?
I finally blurt.

Zoe, and not quite as serious, “But…a little
hyperbole?” he laughs at me.

“I catch myself sometimes too!” he adds.

Little time left, so he proposes that we learn
to think alike, compromise on Rita and Zoe.
Since he understates, while I…

Thus Rita catches a break.

I take his card, he mine.

“What a creep!” I announce to my private
compartment.

Labels: doppelganger, double, experience, girlfriends, marriage, rail, taste, wives, women

Monday, November 30, 2015

Family and Friends

In the strangest twist of all, Bertram always passed out the pictures of last year's Thanksgiving. To much amusement. Even Uncle Fred forgot his furious Rightyness to laugh at his images as much as he did all the others.

Well. No pictures this year. No chortling Host, no Hostess, scarlet in her kitchen mid steam. And no explanation. And Bert has gone digital. And his companion, Snip, has gone, period.

And Fred has died. Business Leader announced the Gazette.

"Who'd he leave all that dried food to?" Marie asked.

"Screw that! How about the gold?" from her Val.

Our host quipped "The Institute of Enforced Tradition got everything!"

"I like the enforced part," mused Hallie, back from her first year teaching job at UMass. Bert showed her closeup on the screen of the camera.

"It's me all right!"

"Beautiful!"

"Baloney!"

Her boyfriend chimed in–-unusual. He mostly says nothing. "Without force you don't get tradition."

"Right up Fred's alley" toasted our Host. We joined in. The eiswein cooling our throats.

"*You can't have one without the other,"* sang Old-Maid-Jenny.

"That's *Love and Marriage,*" laughed her longtime Bud.

“What are those anyway?”

Well, the way it went, photographer less intrusive, Hostess out-charming the magazine ideal, all of us Norman Rockwell-y, no shit!

Best Thanksgiving ever! Not just because no Fred, but Bert’s former Snip would blast Mother Teresa.

Labels: digital photography, Furious Right, Love and Marriage, Norman Rockwell, old maid, photography, Right Fear, sniping, table wit, Thanksgiving

Tuesday, December 01, 2015

Two Males Fathom It Inside the Golden Ring

-We don’t hafta talk like this!

-You mean like an endless loop of a brainless
TV commercial?

-Oh I’m so EXCITED! To think that a PRODUCT…!

-Was it ingested, applied, or shoved up your ass?

-All three at once! Then one rides off in a SEXFIRE-8!

-We can escape. Our wives did.

-Left with men sans vocabulary.

-They’ll see the light!

-They don’t want the light. Not what they wanted.
What they ever want.

-But, we’re clever!--within the limits of the perpetual
commercial we’re locked into, of course.

-If we stay here, we’ll receive other women.

-Approved ones?

-What else?

-But you get tired of hearing the bullshit repeated and
amplified by them!

-I thought they were all Feminists, and therefore…

-That died. MONEY too against it.

-We’ll just leave. Defy tradition!

-Oops! I better get this call. Oh, just a text. “Don’t even THINK about it!”

-We MUST stay?

-Oh well, there’ll be other and greater commercials. And funnier!

-Can’t wait? Uh, can I wait?

-We both can and must, and we’ll be loved for it!

-By women?

-A succession, and as sexy as products!

Labels: commercial, commercial trap, feminism, product, sexy ad, TV, TV commercial

Wednesday, December 02, 2015

-As a taxi driver, how would you compare the party conventions?

-Republicans much more open asking for whores.

-That's the Free Market. Anything goes!

-Dems want college girls.

-Will seminars never cease?

Labels: college girls, Democrat, Free Market, intellectual, Political Convention, Republican, taxi

Thursday, December 03, 2015

Songs, Old and New

Triple-B and Saint Franny showed up early for the picnic.

Monikers for Ball Busting Betsy, and, from History.

Fran once cleaned a shower that had been puked in, saying
“It’s nothing.”

His role of scissoring greens, and hers of tossing and bossing
understood, there was no trouble. Initially. But she began
feeling restless.

Final result: He ends up sobbing and retching under an oak.

Another scalp for her, though much much too small a challenge.

She awaited the main thrust as the gang filtered in.

Uh uh. Everybody as hostile as she.

Jason Terrible snatched the salads away, saying he would
pretty up the work of three year olds! He rode herd on
the Hilton kitchen in real life, so Triple-B overmatched.

“How about you stir your capacious ass and get me some
radishes?”

She did, and was dismissed.

St Franny annoyed everyone, but had fallen asleep.

Triple-B eased past him to the grill people. Where, nobody spoke to her.

She eventually drifted through gossip knots, holding her own, but just.

Oh well, ended up at twilight, sitting over the mud at riverside, her
capacious ass sagging a hammock from the Carter Administration,
and one inch above weeds. Knees shooting up past her ears, bones!

Not a good look.

Sucked on a tall bitter lemon and vodka, half and half.

Passed out.

Jed Aurmel and his former student and present antagonist,
“Hannah” Harks, thought they should do something.

“Maybe she’s dead!”

“Forever bringing up The Ideal, Professor?”

She was actually Millie, but a Hannah had poured water
on a drowning man in an old song.

Labels: ball breaker, competition, cruelty, friends, Hard Hearted Hannah, hostility, picnic, weaponized wit, wit

Friday, December 04, 2015

-from Raxxy Mutter of United Fabrication, Philosopher-Welder

Spinoza?
Sub rosa!

Nietzsche?
Eat your Wheaties!

Kant?
Try!

Plato?
Play Dough!

Sartre?
Barter!

Santayana?
Auntie’s Honor!

Derrida?
Same with Ma!

Camus?
What’s new?

Marx?
Barks!

Dewey?
Why not?

Schopenhauer?

Hope’s dim tower!

Labels: Camus, Derrida, Dewey, GOP, GOP Debate, Kant, Marx, Nietzsche, philosopher, Plato, Santayana, Sartre, Schopenhauer, Spinoza, welder

Saturday, December 05, 2015

-When they still delivered in this neighborhood, went out of a morning to get the milk. Bottle showed black and white, all splotchy.
-Defective? Off?
-Sin.
-Wow! Recall your particulars?
-Blocked to this day.
-What a Catechismal doozy! I'm envious! But...you had Confession. Could be absolved.
-Never took, even up to this more ambiguous time.
-So, really, we got a kind of Major League Sinner here!--if I'm not mistaken. And how does Jill-Ann...?
-She's as pure as the driven snow!
-How nice for you?
-...before the road crew rumbles past, plowing huge
ice boulders into your driveway.
-And making it difficult to get around?
-You don't get around Jill-Ann!

Labels: Catechism, Catholic, Confession, friendship, guilt, ice, relationship, snow

Sunday, December 06, 2015

-She threw herself away on him!

-And he declined to catch?

-Tragically!

-Where is what’s left of her now?

-Floating.

-The years go by!

-Floating alongside.

Labels: floating, lost time, passing time, relationship, romantic tragedy, throwing oneself away, time, unrequited love

Monday, December 07, 2015

Intos

Though Luke’s parents pounded it into
his head from Toddlerhood, finally asked
“Which one is HE?”

They signed him into St Teresa’s, and Most
Reverend Markham, MD, deposited him into
the “Jesus Ward.”

A joke to the nurses, but true enough.

Labels: Christianity, clergy, Jesus, MD, mental illness, nurses, parents, priest, religious instruction, toddler

Tuesday, December 08, 2015

The Brides of Larch

From nowhere, Mr Halls, the motel owner told the crew to “Beware of the Brides of Larch!”

Clifford informed him that they were just there from Lost Key, Florida to help get the grid up in the smaller parishes after the hurricane, only one of which was Larch. Replace pole transformers, and perhaps trouble-shoot a bit for individual home owners.

Mr Halls went on–-and didn’t he? The brides, of course, were widows now that they had dispatched their husbands with whatever evil…!

Doc and Evers just laughed. Confirmed marrieds. If something came their way as a sex adventure, Clifford was up to handling it for the trio. But, he’d be exhausted as well by the upcoming day.

Mr Halls explained that the whole thing was a kind of irony. What with their being widows now as he said, and the phrase compounded from Shakespeare and Down-Home humor.

Clifford informed him that somebody had to get them up at 5AM.

That’d be the missus. And she was going to prepare much more than the usual Continental Breakfast for the crew!

He thirsted to thoroughly explain what Swamp Eggs were.

Two days later, when the truck seemed abandoned outside of Lichty Acres, the Sheriff started asking questions.

The New Orleans TV got their pictures from the Florida power company, and hinted at “Sex Terrorism.” Riding the Brides of Larch angle for all it was worth.

Not much. Sheriff checked phone records of the three, but cells were dead in Larch, since a tower had been blown down.

Mr Halls told him about all the joking. And that Clifford was some

stud! “So...lured in! And then the others looking for him then...?”

Sheriff informed him that when they found the truth, probably be quite dull. He departed in his wiry way.

But, not a trace.

Company sends Hip Harlow. Out of retirement and into the dusty truck to drive it back.

The toll taker wants a veritable mystery novel to explain all the grim goings on, but Hip tells him he knows nothing, just a driver.

The papers have obviously picked up on the Sex Terrorism angle, and he resumes parsing red headlines when Hip pulls away.

Hip turns off the radio and enjoys the swamp. “Everything’s TV today,” mutters he.

Six months later, Sheriff checks opening of the new Super Walmart. He doesn’t need photos, could easily tell the trio against the usual stunted varieties hereabouts. The “Brides” there. Beaming.

Labels: hurricane, Ides of March, Julius Caesar, lineman, local legend, murder, natives, omen, Shakespeare, Super Walmart, swamp, wives

Wednesday, December 09, 2015

A Certain Wisdom

Since National Rifle Association claims none
of its members killed in the daily mass murders,
the entire nation joins.

“Can’t keep up the promise now, completely,”
remarks President Skip Happ, “but you can
DEFEND yourself now!”

Labels: gun insanity, gun politics, guns, mass murder, National Rifle Association, NRA, self defense

Thursday, December 10, 2015

Mayor shakes the canister of coins on his desk.

For Little League, but I get the drift .

I’m to meet with those proposing a bridge,
then a competing tunnel bunch.

The tubal legation understood better.

Labels: aide, bridge, construction politics, Little League, mayor, tunnel

Friday, December 11, 2015

-The Dems create Monster Bureaucracies.

-Which we obliterate once we...!

-Not so fast! For our Faithful, Golden Jobs!
Veritable Cornucopia thereof!

-Thus the Ideal crashes again on the rocks
of Real-Politics.

-Jettison Imagery! Leave it for the Fairy-Left!

-Oh, I don't know. We have our own. How
about the TOTAL horseshit of *Shining City
on the Hill?*

-Shhhh! *St Gipper always listening.*

-I forgot.

-LISTENING!

Labels: Dems, Fairy Left, Gipper, jobs, Left, political jobs, politics, Reagan, Real-Politics, Republican, Right, Shining City on Hill

Saturday, December 12, 2015

The Same Conversation

-Okay then, you take a cruise. Two-AM, off fantail go you!

-Done!

-Swim to exhaustion, won't even know when sharks
getting to it. Little guys finishing up, thousands.

-Then?

-Eventually, bleached bones on a beach somewhere.

-Great! I'm scenic!

-Here comes the Science! I study charts, currents, decide
which beach, and the whole gang parties there!

-How could it be better? I'm enjoying it now!

-Uh...invite Dorrie? Your call there?

-Why not? Her whole life's been a fuckin gloat!

Labels: beach, cruise, currents, decay, drowning, Fatal Woman, friend, gloating, punctured affair, science, sharks, suicide

Sunday, December 13, 2015

-Avoid the literary ones. They all wanna be
Fitzgerald’s Zelda!

-Bitch on Wheels?

-For starters.

-How about the non-literary ones?

-They’re her without reading anything.

Labels: bitter, F Scott Fitzgerald, literary, non-literary, women, Zelda Fitzgerald

Monday, December 14, 2015

The Speech

-So, what you gonna say to the Jews?

-Easy! We're for 'em and against the dirty AY-rabs!

-Dirty? Really?

-Hey! The Jews is a clean people!

-I seem to see a filthy clutter of pushcarts in my jaundiced, historical eye.

-So they weren't to begin with? We learned 'em!

-Well...to get into the **CL**-ub...!

-Everybody must look nice. Period!

-In New Haven, their Woodbridge was the more interesting golf course.

-Go back to freakin Yale!

-Old Eli stretched things to admit me.

-Ghinny Quota?

-Something like.

Labels: Country Club, Eli, ethnic exclusion, golf, Italian, Jew, quota, Yale

Tuesday, December 15, 2015

Non Persona

-Righties won't even mention last Bush.

-Whattafreak they want? Reduced taxes on Rich.

-Doctrine!

-And tried privatizing Social Security!

-Thus giving their thieving Billionaires a crack at us all?

-For the Third Golden Turnip, even cloyed the despicable Evangelicals!

-Wanted more!

-Why am I not surprised?

-If he waits long enough, blessings will trickle down from the Right Side of Heaven.

-Angels pissing?

Labels: Bush, Evangelicals, George Bush, Golden Turnip, heaven, Republican, Republican Beliefs, Social Security, tax cuts for Rich, trickle down

Wednesday, December 16, 2015

The Wave

Ernst could take it no longer!
Wages cut in half and all vacation
time cancelled.

Time to speak out! He was a bit
of a parliamentarian, and found
the obscure provision in the
Employee Handbook that enabled
a single worker to call a meeting.

Couldn’t leave anything to chance,
of course, so phoned all he could
to get promises of support, and
hear the individual grievances he
could get expressed at the right
moment.

The Board sent the CEO, first occasion
he was actually caught working.

Ernst rose, and swayed, and began speaking.
The whole surrounding audience seemed
to leap chromatically.

But he calmed down to deliver his prepared
remarks, mostly to the effect that too
many rights had been viciously stripped!

There were places where he invited other
comments. There were none.

“So it seems,” CEO laughed, alone on the stage,
“that we have a Revolution of One!”

The audience around Ernst joined the laughter
as if their life depended on it.

Then abruptly stopped as the CEO hissed:

“And in this time of serverest danger to
The Nation!”

Ernst’s test then was not to look ashamed.

Not a hint! as he finished strongly to
vast, vast silence. Can silence groan?

When he was alone in his cubicle, with
just the guard helping him gather his
things, individuals dropped by to tell him
why they couldn’t risk...etc etc.

Only Broadwell told the truth. “I didn’t help
because I'm a coward. I watched that
squealing little pisser berate you and
did nothing!”

The guard informed the crying man: “Enough!”

One woman allowed in, and she imparted
that all the women thought of it as just
another male folly.

Ernst went to his car escorted by the
guard carrying the box.

A bicycle stood there, a long legal notice
taped thereon.

The guard helped him secure the box to the
handlebars with the tape, and Ernst shoved
the notice down his shirt.

The bike proved to have an eccentric front
wheel, delighting everyone in the town
who saw him. Most waved.

Labels: Capitalism, CEO, employee meeting, firing, rebellion, stacked deck, vacation, wages, workers' rights, workplace

Thursday, December 17, 2015

-Hey, let me buy you a Coke!

-No thank you.

-The machine’s here and I got the dollar.
Just…feed it in here. Your religion says okay, no?

-It’s okay, but…why?

-Because you’re too hurt to say the word hurt.

Labels: assimilation, black, Coke, friendship, hatred, Muslim, religious prejudice, sensitivity, The Other, urban, victim

Friday, December 18, 2015

Since the society based on torture,
its civilizing thrust consisted of making
the choice of victim fair.

Therefore a regulated lottery. And a pick
completely at random.

Well, what’s perfect?

Bud Hesper, after undergoing two weeks
in the *Tunnel of Destiny*, and screaming himself
almost to death therein, recovered at leisure at
The Hospital for Indigents.

There he was tipped that a judge’s son had
actually been chosen. But much heft and grease
shoved Bud into the unenviable position instead.

He went to the judge’s house and reenacted every
scream in his torture!

The smaller children fled to the bottom of the pool,
finally bobbing up to clamp their ears

SWAT team finally arrived to a head shot.

Tomato Soup.

“Some always ruins it for others,” summarizes Corporal Dent.

Labels: bribery, facade of fairness, fair play, fairness, future, Justice, justice system, stacked desk, SWAT

Saturday, December 19, 2015

Just before Delilah repaired to her little alcove for The Late Show, she inexplicably opened up about her former mother-in-law.

The astringencies delivered to a young bride from a polite mask!

Clint said he'd pray about it.

“You can't have Faith for another person!”

Turning his back, he sunk to his knees, bedside: "Called Love."

The next month they decided to sell off the retail operations, concentrate on mail order and net.

Lorna worked in the original farm store, mid the framed photo of son Hap, Delilah’s first husband, lounging on the catsup Harley he killed himself with.

The new owners loved her sweet way with customers. Named her *The Tradition.*

Labels: bride, business, faith, farm, farm store, Harley, mail order, mother-in-law, net, Prayer, rural, second marriage, tradition, widow

Sunday, December 20, 2015

Even after the internet, Moke and Kippy sent weekly letters.

Lulu and Racker kept them in Birkenstock boxes in the cavernous attic.

They had inherited the monster of a house, and crack many jokes about filling it up, but no possibility there.

When winter came, they closed most of the rooms off, but Racker said he enjoyed going into one or another to think. Air like ice evidentially conducive to such.

When the correspondents moved to Paris, they missed a couple of beats. Kippy started writing poems in French––she had taught it at Central High—and Moke started painting again.

He did send his efforts via the net. Fetching neighborhood scenes, crusty bistros and the like, which inexplicably acquired jarring pop elements after a couple of years.

Then, all shape and color, with not much fathomable.

Now, just color.

I like them, but don’t know why.

For some reason, it becomes necessary to visit a mountain monastery celebrating its five-hundredth anniversary.

Well, some reason: She thinking of writing their Gregorian Chants into secular poetry.

Oh well, I couldn’t see the future in that, but that’s just me!

At any rate, their bus went through a barricade
in a rain storm and plunged...! well, all died.

Lulu and Racker held a memorial in the huge house
and we're reading from the letters by candlelight very
nearly horizontal in the wind. Two things strike me.
They had been interested in virtually everything.

And! They had a Romance! From Childhood till they
sensed each other's breathing.

Until it stopped.

But we all knew theirs was an ideal out of reach. End of
our particular stories in that regard! Two exs studied me
as the flames resumed upwardly.

Anyway, the lovers wanted their ashes in "a beautiful,
natural place," and her brother in Virginia volunteered his
beaver pond.

I sent him my video of the service here. That had been a
friends' deal; the beaver pond a family one. Except for
Lulu and Racker. They're invited. Hey! Every family's
different.

They didn't want to leave Brusque at the vet. An old
little Jack Russell gentleman, if still frenetic. So I came
over and took care of him in their three-day absence.

Lulu had moved the boxes of letters to a special alcove
under the eaves. I wandered up there during a blizzard.
Blessedly alone, Brusque afraid of the attic.

Sorry to disappoint, but the wind prevented my hearing
anything else, if the lovers intimated to one another.

They did in a dream the next week. He said "It's cold!"
And she, "Never! with you."

So? Was the Wind translated then, as Romantics would
have it?

I say just the wind. My twisted mind, the rest.

Labels: art, Death of Lovers, friends, ghosts, letters, painting, Paris, poetry, Romance

Monday, December 21, 2015

St Rita the Mostly Good returned from a bender in Reno with a nondescript cowboy. Her husband informed the Sheriff.

He and his deputy, the other Drama Queen of Law Enforcement, drove him out to the highway and unholstered their weapons. He took the hint and ran.

Since she was Mayor, Rita settled down once again to the routine of her office. During the two-year good period, Scratch Ass Dog prospered.

The name was real, but, of course, had been chosen by drunken silver miners during its entirely lawless phase.

Later it became a ghost town. Then Rita and her husband refurbished it as a tourist attraction.

He ran the Quality Inn, and she the dance school. He was always good and she, as before intimated, mostly.

There wasn't that much lawbreaking but shifting and obscure parking regulations gave the sheriff and deputy the bulk of their work, primarily in the collecting fines aspect.

Neighbors from surrounding towns often spoke of going to the Scratch, or the Dog, for a quick drink.

Few ever tired of the staged shoot-out where Sheriff played Lefty, the one-armed. And Deputy, Pig, the reputed worst man ever to live in Hopp County.

Lefty killed him daily, not really preventing a very aggrieved final speech after a spectacularly elongated stagger and fall. Then Lefty gave an oration over the dead body as to the glory of Law Enforcement.

St Rita the Mostly Good itched to flee again, with or without a passing bum, when the Quality Inn was robbed during the shootout reenactment.

Sheriff quickly apologized to the audience and he and Deputy took off, Siren

screaming and red and blue lights spinning!

The pursuit was Keystone Kops, both vehicles ramming each other and the squad car ending on its roof.

The SUV, however, had hit the only oak mid runt trees, cactus and scrub, and the officers managed to crawl out and limp to it to effect the arrest of the unconscious old man supplementing his Social Security.

The Mayor put them in the same hospital room, and the three got along, but the old man complained of their screaming in real and imagined pain.

A video was retrieved from the carcam, and St Rita used stills from it in the new brochure.

The young state trooper filling in part-time caught her eye, but her husband unrelented his surveillance.

She, however, became entirely busy choreographing a ballet of *The Chase*. A little license therein, since the children shot off silvery cap pistols but nary a shot fired in the unhinged pursuit.

Anyway, the first performance was in the hospital room where the old man applauded vigorously, and the officers grew jealous of all the attention being paid to the dancers.

Labels: armed robbery, automotive pursuit, law enforcement, Nevada, reenactment, Reno, restlessness, sex, Social Security, West

Tuesday, December 22, 2015

The usual academic conference. Papers read
which started concretely enough but then
wandered into thickets impenetrable .

Discussions after, worse.

Finally, Professor Derven of The Ohio State University
stood up, cleared his throat exaggeratedly, and
shouted “All the relativity! Can’t anybody SAY anything?”

“Well, I can!” piped up Dr Carrathers of Penn. “The Coke
Machine in the lobby is broken!”

Pressed for specifics by the Chair, he told how he put in
coins never returned. Just another Existential Dilemma!

Had he tried a dollar bill?--from Associate Chair.

“No, just coins.”

Unsatisfactorily foggy picture indeed! So a committee
dispatched to compile an accurate account.

They returned, having tried everything. Conclusion:
Definitely Broke!

Also it was important to note that the machine stocked
other sodas, lemonade, and ice tea.

Doctor Darlene Valiant-Dark of Cornell thanked them for the
new information, then objected to the word, broke.

An expert would have to testify.

Thereupon a discussion raged–-and, finally, a few tears.
(NOT a sexist comment—evenly distributed.)

Meantime, Starlight Amusements send Jetzy Ogontz to fix
the machine.

It’s perfect again, but many hurt feelings have to be soothed over dinner.

Labels: academic, academic conference, academy, posturing, sexist, trivial

Wednesday, December 23, 2015

RB GOES SOUR

announces the Patriot-Beacon.

As a result nearly the entire Roger Hodding family
is in custody.

Historian Douglas Mercer of Wyatt Earp Junior
College explains:

“In the early days, the miners could be beaten.
In the contract.

The Federals stepped in, but the First Families
kept the tradition with Ritual Beatings.

The mines have given out, and the Hodding family
runs Paradise 2 Catering, and not Paradise 1 Mine.”

Waitpersons Hal Nestry and Dinah Lodge have been
hospitalized.

"Just a matter of time before one of these RBs ran wild,"
remarks Sheriff Delbert Cart. "When asked about the
treatment of his wealthy prisoners, he quips, "Country
Club at end of Appletree Lane. This is here!"

Family Attorney, Rastings Murr, admits the young went
a bit far. "But the tradition is a hallowed one, and we're
willing to negotiate a nurse and officer present next time."

Family elder, Judge “Maximum” Hodding, confined to a
wheelchair and thus not a participant, holds that. "It's all
Political Correctness! You don't need any more laws!
Enough on the books covering everything under the sun!
In the old days," he adds, "the miners took it like Men!"

His son, Roger, nicknamed “Minimum” and the present
family leader, echos his sentiment.

But Professor Mercer claims that "It'll go easier on them if they don't try to be poster children for Republicans!"

Labels: \, beating, brutality, class, Justice, perverted tradition, Republican, ritual violence, Rule By Wealthy, tradition, wealth

Thursday, December 24, 2015

The one single desired tidings of joy and bitterness, as she had recently staged a breakup with her forever boyfriend.

The children wanted to play with their new toys to the point of smashing them against others, and tears and exhaustion.

The men to return to the football game on the tube as it wandered to its artless conclusion.

And drink.

But the women, gathering torn wrappings, needed
to depart, resigned to a two-hour process thereof
before finally getting on the road.

Enter Aunt Dot, unshakable resolver of impasses!

The last car left fourteen and a half minutes later.

She freelances also.

Labels: children, Christmas, Christmas Party, drinking, Family, powerful personality, powerful woman, toy

Friday, December 25, 2015

Like it when
Easy Listening
Channel plays Cafe

Society Ballads, or
Jazz past soft. Bring-

ing back seductions or
other daring business
at Carlyle or Waldorf,

while sensing art and clarity
under one's plan.Thus

background serves fore-
ground nicely. From

the minstrel
at Troy to

Beegie Adair
and Bobby Short.

Labels: Beggie Adair, Bobby Short, Cafe Society, Carlyle, minstrel, Music, piano music, singing, Troy, Waldorf

Saturday, December 26, 2015

-I missed the young people?

-Yeah, my girls left with swarthy strangers.

-Seduction From the Seraglio?

-Shut up and drink!

-Agreed! I'm catching up.

-Hurry!

Labels: Abduction From the Seraglio, alcohol, Christmas, Christmas Party, father of girls, friends, Mozart, Seraglio

Sunday, December 27, 2015

Fifth Anniversary—Double Bridge Neighborhood Group

Jeanette sang to Cloris as they danced in a hug,

When I'm not near the boy-eee I luh-uve, I love the girl
I'm near!

"We should get back."

"They're both swimming in the punch bowl by now."

"Or…we'll hafta reward them for waiting," warned Cloris.

"He'll get no nookie from THIS cookie!"

Wittiest thing said in the History of Womankind…both ladies, it must be noted, bit high.

They crashed, giggling, into a drumset, and, through a small door behind it, crawled into the tight room beneath the stage.

Jeanette kicked the door closed with her foot, cutting the DJ's patter.

Hogue and Bokey drained yet another vodka punch. "This is good shit if they left the strawberry crap outa it."

Bokey nodded and then asked, "Should we find the girls?"

"I took mine out as a favor to her brother."

"And I got mine…I don't hardly remember."

"Screw it! They're probably lesbos anyhow."

Labels: dance, DJ, high, lesbian, vague dates, vodka

Monday, December 28, 2015

-That poor old tired question again? Out of steam!

-The government employs whores?

-Well, not a bureau of them. Contractors.

-Which it sends...?

-Ace and Darly are the real poster kids!

-Foreign Intrigue sort of thing?

-Strictly Domestic. Ace to Evangelicals is one ticket.

-But he’s male!

-Prodigiously.

-It’s a sin!

-But they have a wonderful arrangement where forgiveness is built in.

-That may be, but there’s horrible suffering beforehand.

-The process seems to have been streamlined.

-And? Who? Darly you say.

-Spoken of in the same breath as Art! Where Ace is the Great Technician, Darly...

-I don’t wanna hear it!

-Men sigh in boardrooms years after.

-I don’t wish to be sarcastic, but we’re being “protected” by these two then?

-Not presently. On vacation.

-Together?

-That’s their custom.

-What do they DO?

-Nothing. Just chitter-chat and innocent whatever.
Both avid stamp collectors for one. In fact,
Darly got her start amid philandering philatelists.

-Had to work that in?

-Been carrying it around for some time!

-Well, all of this is NOT a joke!

-I don’t know. Before leaving this planet,
everybody has to find out how bizarre it really is.

-We’re speaking of The Nation!

-Very well then, before leaving...

Labels: Evangelicals, government, outrage, outrage industry, prostitution, stamp collecting

Tuesday, December 29, 2015

How could anyone or anything need me, a kid? And in
New Haven, not New York or Boston.

But Dad and Uncle Art go on, Art reading the letter
aloud once more. In its gold-like frame.

Even though I'm this very *Cub Scout of the Month*
congratulated by Dr Goebbels, the two adults ask me nothing

Art blows on the glass, pulls his shirt out of his pants
to polish!

Dad takes it from him then, hangs it back on the wall:
"We've been begging him to come here!"

Labels: Cub Scouts, Goebbels, Nazi, outcome, post-war, World War 2

Wednesday, December 30, 2015

-Well, tidings of comfort …

-and boys?

-Naughty!

-Just my brand of Republicanism.

-Shame they can’t catch up with you! They eased you away from that Chairmanship when it was absolutely your turn.

-Unfortunately, we must cater to those mixing snot into speech.

Labels: Chairmanship, core, gay, gay hate, GOP, intolerance, Republican Gay, votes

Thursday, December 31, 2015

-I don't like to perversely brag,
but, in the Modern Era, nobody
steals like us!

-Grand Old Purloiners?

-You said it! The wimpy party tries...

-Incompetently!

-We're Masters of the Universe!

-The Congress?

-A Thing of Larcenous Beauty!

-Departments?

-The movements of a Symphony of Financial Chicanery!

-And, where the buck stops? President?

-Never stops, circulates. But in...

-this present Renaissance of Theft?

-He's Da Vinci and Michelangelo combined!

Labels: Cabinet Departments, Congress, Future Government, GOP, GOP Thieves, President

Thursday, January 07, 2016

Connoisseur

-You’re pretty European with your French Press,
but it’s just making coffee the old-fashioned way:
dump it in. Add hot, but no no no no!

NOT scalding water! Dearie Moi!

-Well, then...apres ze suitable wait, plunge ze
grounds to ze bottom.

-That’s the sissy part.

-Uh, European, as you say.

-When Great-Grandfather worked at the
railroad yards, they had a huge enamel pot
always on. Boiled, reboiled. No filtering.

-But, the grounds ultimately sunk to the bottom.
-That's when the real roughnecks liked it! Ones with
muscles in their shit? They said the last few cups
cleaned them out!

-Good Lord!

-Were on to something! Ever hear of Coffee Enema?

-If it comes to that, I want Kopi luwak!

-What could possibly be the dif…?

-Six hundred bucks the pound! Only the best!

-Golden asshole too?

-You peeked! Thus my modesty doth encore fail alas!

-Such a Drip!

-Another preferred brewing method.

Coffee Nerves

Plumber Hop quit the business finally.
Opened The Sump Pump Bar.

JERRY
Knocked off the decaf. Left Zombie Life thereby!

HOP
And the nerves presently? Fueled by 200% Columbian?

JERRY

Jingle-Jangle! Jangle-Jingle! A-screech! Shake, Rattle
and...Tremble! Tr-EMBLE!

HOP
And your Lorna?

JERRY
I’m here, ain’t I?

HOP
That bad?

JERRY
May I vulgarly quote?

HOP
I’ll cover one ear.

JERRY
“I can’t stand you one more fuckin second!
Out! Nervous Norvis!”

HOP
Coming from that pretty mouth!

JERRY
She’s not bad. Next to a dog’s ass I’d choose her.

HOP
A special category of praise.

Labels: bar, brewing, coffee, coffee nerves, enema, European, French Press, marriage, railroad, relationship

Friday, January 08, 2016

-You served in the last excrement of an administration, and the new one properly pariahs you!

-Even worse!

-And loath to leave Washington for a region where people actually work!

-The horror!

-Thus, **The Institute For the New Ideal!**

-Proudly!

-What IS the New Ideal?

-Haven’t the least!

-Will you ever?

-We’re cogitating it.

-In the meantime?

-Money pours in!

Labels: 'work", money, old administration, think-tank, Washington, work

Saturday, January 09, 2016

Shopping Through Sister-Brother Lens

-Dad got stinging reprimand!

-As shopper, or Mickey-Mouse handyman?

-She sends him for those little chocolate
puddings, and he misunderstands. Two bucks
in Walgreens and half that in Winn-Dixie.

-Store brand the latter. Their house full of em! An Extravaganza of Thrift!

-Oh well, what else do they have to do but scissor coupons? They're trying to get them over the web now, and they've screwed up the computer doing it. Expect a call.

-There goes a day!

-Anyway, they show love with the ridiculous things they do together.

-That's what love is, huh? No wonder I prefer a sharp stick in the eye.

-That department in temporary lockdown?

-Permanent!

-Oh come on!

-Tried and tried as you know. And the last
a beauty I gave heart and soul!

-What jinxed it?

-Why the Man On the Flying Trapeze showed her his repertoire while I worked out at the common Y. She swooned and the rest is stupid history!

-Don't get bitter. It's the tights. His best look. Crotch. But hardly yours.

-GET bitter?

-Always Hope!

-Took its final shit!

Labels: brother, coupons, hope.crotch, Man Flying Trapeze, shopping, sister, web, Y

Sunday, January 10, 2016

The Plan

Marty asked if the mail had come. “My box empty, so I can’t be sure.”

Girlfriend Brill snapped while extracting catalogs from hers: “Self! MY box…my freakin everything! Ask how to SERVE!”

“I know! I’ll patrol the lobby, day and night! Whenever the erratic mailman arrives, I’ll know. And knock on every door!”

That’d be a start, but it’s all too late!” she hissed.

He laughed insanely. Secretly planning Tuesday, a week: **The Kissoff!**…his part in rehearsal.

Elevator came. *Farewell, Brillo!…nearly.*

Exulted deeply he in thought as she pushed the buttons for their two floors.

Labels: altruism, female, mail, male, power, relationship, selfishness, service

Monday, January 11, 2016

-Sex-Bombs on both sides, so my parents split when I went to college.

-Mine just talked a good game!

-Took all my breaks at rich uncle's with this humongous garden. I'd get lost in there! One night I met a simpleton he allowed to roam.

"I know your name! Your uncle told me! It's a song too! I dream of Jeannie With...Hair."

"Jenny! I am. And you're Carl."

"And I'm not mean!"

"Well, I'm not either. But I'm Jenny. Isn't that a nice name too?"

"No. It's a mean name!"

"Well I'm sorry. It’s in a poem. Jenny Kissed Me!"

“That’s not as nice as pretty hair!”

“Is to me!”

"Shhh! The flowers are talking. They work hard all day, you know!"

"Can you teach me how to listen if I promise not to be mean?"

"Not this time, but when you come back from the college next other time. If you promise to teach me something too!"

-A deal? So, did...?

-He died.

-Oh!

-My last opportunity to be human!

-God! You're so mean to yourSELF! Cold!

-Just starting.

Labels: animism, college, divorce, flowers, garden, masochism, sex, simpleton

Tuesday, January 12, 2016

-David Bowie refused a Knighthood.

-That's their shit! We've got our own.

-Symbols of Prestige?

-Else why would John Q work his ass off
for a pittance? Awaits the Pewter Watch
of Sublime Recognition. De Man owes him!

-I was Cub Scout of the week.

-But you never rested on your laurels!

-Was up and doing with a heart for every fate!

-And boy did you have the latter!

-Win some lose some.

-Win none lose all?

-There's always tomorrow.

-Not always. Not the way it's set up.

-Then, you meet Saint Peter at the Golden Gate.

-And tell him to wait ‘cause...

-I just hafta have another cigarette!
Christ I miss 'em!

-Once in Heaven you can smoke like Beijing.

Labels: award, Beijing, Bowie, David Bowie, Great Britain, knighthood, recognition, reward, smoking, United States

Wednesday, January 13, 2016

-In political life, you Blacks hafta learn: You get your half a loaf and run like hell!

-Half? We get the burnt cornmeal grains from the bottom of the oven!

-Your problem is that attitude.

-Thanks for nothing, Mr Democrat!

-Republicans wouldn’t give you the sweat from their balls!

-Too bad! Coulda made American Jive Negro Johnny Cake! (dances)

-Look at you! They say it’s not Natural Rhythm, but I see otherwise!

-Dead-gaze on with ENVY!

-(in response to individual moves) Hot!

Diggity!

Dog!

-Ahs, like, re-VEALED !

Labels: "Natural Rhythm", attitude, black, Democrat, politics, prejudice, Race, Republican

Thursday, January 14, 2016

Acting Their Parts

-Is there bullshit in Heaven?

-Do you mean actual droppings?

-You know what I mean!

-Well, a misdemeanor here, so practitioners could get there and spew their endless nonsense.

-I'd hafta hear it?

-Nah! Must be a lotta tune-out mechanisms there.

-I just happened to think, real farmers when they talk about bullshit, the metaphor, must have the actual stench in their nostrils too.

-Thus meaning much more! But I didn't know that farmers are big on metaphor.

-A lot we don't know. You be Farmer Joe and I'll be Farmer Jim.

-Like we played as kids?

-But better, fuller. By talking we'll discover Truth! Of others and ourselves.

-A definite first! uh, Farmer Jim.

-Farmer Joe, what do you think about all that space in Space? Does it prove God?

-Moving ahead too fast there, Farmer Jim!

-Maybe so, Farmer Joe, let's give it time.

-A week.

-And Gwen and Ceci?

-Farmers' wives! They'll do their chores and shut up!

-Don't think so. Modern wives regardless.

-That means they'll try to ruin it for us farmers!

-Why change anything?

-Well I don't wanna come off a blistering afternoon
plowing the North Forty, and listen to her complaining about…?

-Lack of similar attention? I'll speak to her.

-Who put you in charge?

-As always, someone must pick up the reins!.

-But we're tractor guys!

-Okay, I'll lead in my John Deere.

-Right behind you in my HUGE Massey-Ferguson!

-See? Know a lot already!

-I’m brutish!

-Noted!

Labels: farming, John Deer, marriage, Massey-Ferguson, role-playing, sexism

Friday, January 15, 2016

Name

-I'll tell you again. It's Laurelthea.

-Her parents came up with that during their most rancid screw!

-Whatever. She's old news.

-Did you call her Laurel? Or Thea?

-She insisted on Laurelthea. "My name is me!"

-Did that pass for profound back then?

-Everything did!

-Grade Inflation.

-Well I get F!

-Uh uh! SHE does! **Circe the Ruin Girl!** Job she did on you belongs in textbooks!

-I'm a Jimmy Buffet fan.

-(sings) Some folks claim that there's a woman to blame!

-(sings) But it's my own damn fault!

-So you take responsibility! Why?

-Because that's the greatest con there is!

////

Would smell as sweet? Really!

Budge said that Gwen was

really a Cynthia. It caught
on with the gang and her
real name all but forgotten.

Even her parents took to calling
her that. A brother and sister
had moved out and never phoned.

Of course, she was still legally Gwendolyn.
In filling out college forms, paying taxes,
driver's license.

When she came of age, she decided to
change it in law.

But in a gigantic screwup, the petition
stated she was Cynthia, changing to
Gwendolyn.

She's back officially Gwen, and all have
left her. Parents for some retirement
heaven in Equador, gang peeling off.

Her brother and sister emailed her once,
and that was it.

But a boyfriend came weaving down the pike,
a drunk, of course. She's afraid of losing him.

She does smell sweet by the way. He? Don’t ask!

Labels: a rose by, Circe, Fatal Woman, friends, Jimmy Buffet, name, parents, person as name, siblings

Saturday, January 16, 2016

took a while to do it, so her girlfriend changed the
topic from sex to bs.

His latest: Cultural Correspondent for several
European papers.

Sally asked the girl in her smartphone about Surrealism.

Friend Dorothy later became enraged re a fur-lined urinal.
“Most disgusting thing I ever heard!”

Mr Adventure turned to Hollywood Stars he knew, with
detailed accounts of queer behavior. So, titillating.

The girl in the phone didn’t know the special pervert
from silent days, languishing in The Old Actors Home,
but still scandalously active. Somehow.

His account of climbing Everest followed. Oxygen.
Near Death. Sherpas!

Uh huh?

When Sally, in the midst of a tiff over his drinking
gallons of coffee and getting up to pee every
hour or so, scoffed about Mountaineering,
Mr Adventure slapped down his top card with
equal fire.

CIA.

If she revealed a thing of what he told her, she could
be killed!

Early on, so she didn’t ask the smartphone. What say? Russia?

His frenzy led to pneumonia.

Her old grammar school chum, Betsy Loper, RN, let her in
before work, and she mostly stared at him in the Oxygen Tent.

One gray morning with just the light coming in from the glass pane of the door, he held up a sign he had prepared:

GREAT BULLSHITTER!!!

Sally then made one herself.

GREAT GUY!!!!!!!

Dorothy teared up after she told her.

“That was a super nice thing!”

“And I haven’t done enough of them. Don’t try to persuade me otherwise.”

Her cell sounded then. Theme from Star Wars. The sister who had just flown in from Portland. He was dead.

Sally swore off men after. But Mr Earl managed to break through eventually. He proved truthful, one dull account after another.

Labels: affair, bs, bullshit, deathbed conversion, humanity, Romance

Sunday, January 17, 2016

"It’s too bad you can’t de-install a wife," remarked Clancy at his computer. Who had none, but liked the idea.

His point of reference was Carlotta, one of his waitpersons, married twice and widowed the same.

First, Cardiac, second Big C.

“You can always give reasons for things, but she’s a Fatal Woman! Archetype!” maintained my Host at his Guinness tap.

My tour ending in Copenhagen, and I had hopped over to Ireland to what I called *The Repair Zone*.

I do the lighting for music groups, last the Middling Maniacs. Nothing was middling, especially the drugs.

As did Carlotta, I stood out. Being of Italian extraction in my case, and Hungarian Gypsy in hers.

Back to the States for a series of one-night stands. “Nostalgia Ninety Tour.” Nearly a year, and worn out.

Then to Clancy and Carlotta. Married! Would you believe?

“I decided to take a chance on her black magic. Got some of me own!”

They did a lot of joking this way, and Carlotta claimed of me: “Maybe thiz new man, he iz next!”

"Well, you gotta kill ME first, and that ain’t gonna happen!” maintained Clancy.

What happened is that Carlotta, after I had taken an assignment in Germany, died in an auto accident.

Clancy emailed as to *always always having driven her before!*

When I got back there, the new staff member, Bridget, had taken over. Literally. A bossy, if beautiful, redhead.

“Absolutely no romance!” she swore to everyone. Clancy whispered that he was afraid of her.

But there was a romantic aspect. She danced after closing time, solo. Usually enacting her previous life.

One night, Clancy was asked to join in, which he did reluctantly. Playing her dead husband, an American like me, helicopter pilot shot down in Afghanistan.

The next time they danced, she acted out Carlotta! He, her two husbands. They were very good, my dancers, a rough draft of ballet.

“I’m quitting the dance racket!” laughed Clancy the following evening. Or she’ll have ME be Carlotta!

I'm making up reasons to get out of the weirding there, when a week later, she compels me to dance in his place. But...warmer.

Well, story short. He takes me in as his partner after she and I marry. She dances solo redhead, taking all the parts. I’m too busy. When she plays me...!

Well, creepy.

By now, I’m bringing in small rock groups from all over Europe, and lighting them. Business has tripled.

Bridget has taken over the management, and Clancy and I are pretty much PR men, often traveling separately.

No more dancing for anyone!

But it’s in there.

Labels: dancing, Fatal Woman, lighting, pub, Rock, women

Monday, January 18, 2016

The Federal Government outsourced most of its work to the Dresden-Solliday Corporation, but I didn't see any change, at least in my unfolding experience that day.

Runaround then, runaround now.

After the fifth office, a round man, silky gray, coiffed, manicured, DS-USA badge containing tiny depictions of American flags.

"Are you the person looking for Bellsome Narraway?"

Said I was.

“May I ask the nature of your inquiry?”

“Personal.”

“Well this is a Dresden-Solliday US Government Installation. It is therefore a workplace. According to USDS regulations...!”

I told him Mr Narraway was homeless. And I had evidence that he lived and worked there.

“That's impossible! Oh I'm so horribly horribly busy! But...I'm authorized to make an exception. Tomorrow. You're to stay at DSUS Hilton tonight as our guest. It's quite lovely.”

He evidently held memories of its restaurant meals.

No complaints. And the next mid morning a very luxurious bus appeared. The driver was strapped in with his wheelchair and was quite jolly.

Appearing. He never spoke.

Mozart's *The Abduction From the Seraglio* played,

with interweaving patriotic songs.

We spend an hour negotiating the potholes of a rusty old refinery.

I’m the only passenger, though iPads fall down at every seat.

Mine says. *Welcome to the Dresden-Solliday USA Corporation. Please help us evaluate our service.* Only one question: *Driver was a) Unfailingly Helpful...*all the other responses are ghosted out, so I naturally check a.

When I do, the iPads, including mine, suck back into the ceiling.

And the bus stops, the driver rolling off, an immense submarine sandwich in his lap.

At the parking lot, and my car.

So I leave.

Unfortunately, the driver, searching for a decent spot to eat his monster sandwich, gets lost in the lot’s furthest reaches.

Waylaid then by a quartet of starving juveniles, who incorporate him in their play.

All the while inhaling the ripped-apart sandwich, they knock over the wheelchair several times, stealing its battery.

Abandon him, and chair, pre-natal in a muddy area of soda cans, some glinting from scrub bushes.

Couldn't possibly crawl out of such terrain.

A cell left to him, but they have taken its battery also.

I become the number one suspect in MYSTERY DEATH OF WHEELCHAIR–-the news-sites omit the victim's name, but no one had taken mine either. The Hilton registered

me as Teddy Roosevelt, their little joke.

Law Enforcement finds me anyway, and a bureaucratic nightmare…does not begin.

They take my statement in my kitchen, and assure me that’s the end of it.

Though one political party later wants me to testify anonymously of the vicious incompetence of the other.

I refuse. Not partial to the newly-favored Bag On the Head look. Even the Ralph Lauren’s.

Labels: bureaucracy, Capitalism, government, juvenile delinquent, outsourcing, Ralph Lauren, wheelchair

Tuesday, January 19, 2016

-He calls me Baby!

-What’s this? Forties noir flick? Sam Spade to some blanched apprentice whore?

-I like it!

-What does he like? Have you shown him the fanged feminist yet?

-He has seen--ahem!--all of me! And it’s not bad.

-Question of time!

-Yeah? Well it’s all on my side. It’s love love love!

-Stupidity in thirds!

-The total package!

-Yet another apostate! No matter: We go on!

-Hey, Seneca Falls a tremendous town, but you can’t live there 24-7!

Labels: "Baby", Elizabeth Cady Stanton, feminism, film noir, pet name, Romance, Sam Spade, Seneca Falls Convention, Susan B Anthony, women's rights

Wednesday, January 20, 2016

-Her old man owned Risque Birdbath. Over-named! Just nymphs and satyrs, and Mr Cupid too.

-Buy one, and the little birdies sporting among them wet!

-Consolidated Birdbath absorbed us, and the new firm, Artform Birdbath went public then. And Wall Street was ecstatic by the timing!

-And your timing around there?

-Forgot my hat, and could have waited a day, but went back late. Nothing left of Laurtrelle's party but her.

The whole house was ticking from an ice storm by the time we finished our hot chocolates, and the old folks sawing wood to beat the band! Well the slanting ice--couldn't go home in that! So we giggled, and fooled around.

Long story shortest, I marry into birdbaths. I'm Vice-President when Rajon Industries reels us in. "The lawn from ornament to gazebo!"

-We got one! The latter.

-A year later, they force the old man into retirement. I'm to be President, but Rajon insists we make only Cupids.

-This move makes Wall Street happy also?

-Ecstatic! But really. Last time was a fake.

-Anyway, they had become sad with the previous setup? Setups?

-Emotion rules! Anyway, Rajon forced all these moves, and the Wall Street Journal hailed it for going on a diet.

-Gorge, disgorge!

-Then in a move that got praise all over the street, Rajon expelled us totally!

So we're more or less back to the old man's firm, though he's dead. And listed under the old name: Risque Birdbaths or RQBB.

Then Laurtrelle expelled ME in favor of a Line Dance Instructor!

-It’s an epidemic!

-Binnie came in to demonstrate new accounting techniques, and they were the least of her talents. So, New Lady!

-Did Wall Street applaud?

-You can screw your brains out for all it cares!

Labels: Big Fish Little Fish, Buying and Selling Companies, hostile takeover, listed, takeover, Wall Street

Thursday, January 21, 2016

We called her Babs before she married the wingnut and they listened to Limbaugh together.

Then, "Blabs" stuck over the angry years, and their offspring will soon enough be inspired to rob liquor stores

Labels: armed robbery, criminal, juvenile delinquent, Limbaugh, wingnut

Friday, January 22, 2016

-He stuck a finger up his ass and smelled it.

-Good Lord!

-Lingeringly!

-I wouldn't go back to the aesthetics of that time
for anything!

-Not without the violence of this one.

-Combine the two?

-An American Solution for sure!

-What's a European one?

-Leave the finger in

-An Asiatic?

-Praise the finger from the viewpoint of the asshole.

-Haiku?

-The preferred small form of the largely pretentious.

Labels: American Art, art, Art Criticism.haiku, Asiatic Art, cynicism, disgust, European Art, experimentation

Saturday, January 23, 2016

Jammy

didn’t know how to say goodbye.

The name had stuck from childhood, something
to do with pajamas.

One drunken night we taught him exit lines on
the order of *Well, gotta get going. I’m already
in trouble with Cynthia, Belle, Brennan, Ruth etc.*

...few more reasons of that imaginative ilk.

“But you guys don’t understand. I’m so ferociously lonely!”

We pretended not to. Pushed him out the door into a wind
of slanting ice.

Resumed.

Labels: drunk, exit line, friends, gregarious, ice, loneliness, pajamas, snow, talkative, wind, winter

Sunday, January 24, 2016

Entirely by accident or Fate?

They meet after a year. She has
softened, and would no longer
say such vicious things.

And he would check his thick head
at the door!

Now the old sickening chaos of their both bolting the apartment at once! hung in the present air.

Neither in a relationship presently, though
the recovery period was over.

Both made excuses not to, but they
ended up in their Chinese Restaurant.

Where the waiter looked puzzled,
but said nothing.

The evening went well, if hurt still tugged.

Until. "How is Wordsworth?" asked he.

The most devastating question possible.

"I thought YOU took him!"

“Well…” she finally concluded in tears,
“somebody adopted him or he’s dead!”

“When you came back for your stuff,
he wasn’t…?” He had to pin it on her,
guilt too horrible.

The evening ended. Both too shaken.

Wordsworth not deceased, but feral.

A table in a cramped room off the kitchen,
where the waiter left plates, before scraping
the contents into the trash.

Wordsworth, gray rail, squeezed in
nightly from the alley, but moved quickly
out this one after sniffing the chopsticks.

Labels: breakup, cat, chaos, Chinese Restaurant, feral, fighting, former lovers, guilt, personality

Monday, January 25, 2016

National Review assembled the usual righteous circus to whip Trump round the rings. Much cackling. Unearthly, somehow.

Why won’t he leave? This, the last possible humiliation! Midst the Sawdust Hell of True Believers!

The trick ponies. Seedy costumes of sliding glitters. Rising dust in the tracking spotlights. Manure.

Buckley and I lived in New Haven at the same time, me a townie without a fake Oxford accent. (Was OK, most Yalies spoke that way.)

He went on to be a great political entertainer, like Reagan and Goldwater.

If there’s a Right Hereafter...well, sadly, how could there be?

Labels: Buckley, Circus, Goldwater, National Review, New Haven, Reagan, Right, true believer, Yale

Tuesday, January 26, 2016

Laid off from the latest.

Got three-month contractor gig,
starting next month.

So Jensy and I and her little Rita
took a week in the mountains,
before the ski bums even thought
of marching in.

The boy at the desk told Rita:
still a few flowers in the little
copse next to the hotel.
He had seen a daisy.

Rita itched to go there, but
we held her for breakfast.

She had insisted on wearing
her pink party dress.

Kind of frilly pinafore thing, and
so Jensy asked her to change
before...

But no go, so off she went
as we watched from the
almost chilly porch.

We could see pink swatches,
mostly bending, and irregular
snow bits shaken loose.

Returned with the daisy, scarlet
face a mass of triumphant tears.

We joined in.

Labels: contractor, contractor economy, employment insecurity, fired, laid off, ski, vacation

Wednesday, January 27, 2016

After the hockey game, jerseys
and girls hundred each.

We indulged. What else can we do?

Answered by Chips, whose uncle
had a book.

We gave the jerseys to the girls.
Always do the generous thing, no?--
noblesse fuckin oblige--and ported
to a place called Paterson.

A poem was named for it once, or
vice versa.

The girls had looked mega-cute, but
the book is boards, like. With paper
inside? *French and Indian War*. I kept
hitting it to change the topic, but
you're stuck with the one.

“Must be the only war the French won,”
mused Chips.

“Sachem is dying under the Eiffel Tower,”
I prompted him, “and Pierre, his noble
murderer in the American style, speaks.”

"Tough merde, mon ami."

We couldn't stop laughing.

All right, all right: babies! Wastrels!
Bums! The worst of everything and pretty
ignorant too.

Though I'd like to point out that we have many
degrees between us. Forgot most of the Majors.

The government put a limit on them, so we do
nothing now.

Live on the Dole, Pineapple!

Please laugh. We just die if people don't.
Gets too, whatchallit, existential!

Worry not of the Future of the Nation,
Messy Amis, because we're promised
jobs next year.

Forty considered a good starting age,
according to most Sociologists.

Hafta curtail the women then. Patriotism!

Well, it was great fun but it was just
one of those thongs.

Labels: American Future, assing around, education, future, patriotism, thong, unemployment, waste time, wastrel, women

Thursday, January 28, 2016

Nothing distinguishes Stall 5 in the Men's Room of the Federal Courthouse but the Freedom sign hanging outside it.

Here, Dust Hoxey makes his stand.

An overhead shot taken by CNN shows the seated man criss-crossed by bandoleers, At least two leaning assault rifles.

"I don't use the toilet but the normal amount," he explains. "Can't wash in it, of course." He explains further that negotiating the use of a sink has broken down.

"No real guarantee they won't nab me then."

His brother has been reached by local media. Shrugging: "Good luck to him! Every time he explains his government shit, comes out different! I just know Sheriff busy with traffic there, so I can beat my bitch like a drum!"

Labels: FBI, government ownership, land, occupation, protest, right wing violence, Sheriff, sovereignty, violence, Violence Against Women, West, women

Friday, January 29, 2016

The Planner

Bert awoke at 6, somehow missing his
appointment with The Pee God at 3.

After the hurried bathroom, he lit a
cigarette.

Whispering to the expiring match,
“*Well, who or what to avoid today?”*

Then he laughed. And smoked.

And coughed.

Outside, the outside sided with itself.

Labels: anxiety, fear, loneliness, paranoia, smoking, work

Saturday, January 30, 2016

To you fine, to me not so much

-It's Barbie Abuse with your little granddaughter!"

-I'm sad to hear that. How could Alicia do anything wrong? Anything!

-She never puts any clothes on the doll, and drags her around by her hair. So filthy by now, it'll never again be clean.

-I'll speak to her. I was to tiny tea not that long ago and Barbie came in her golf outfit then. Quite spiffy! Whatever did she do to...?

-You got that nice toy store downtown. Walk over and get her a new one for Christmas.

-Done! Got ten cabs in the shop and my dispatchers going nuts, so I should take, leisurely, such a walk? Well, back I go!

-Just a second. Have you looked at your granddaughter lately. She's chubbing up!

-Great! Like you she might end up.

-Rubensque?

-Like a woman! Beautiful! I'll say no more.

-Well I will. Listen. There are more Barbie models now.

-I'm shocked!

-Including one with a wide rear. Get her.

I don't want Alicia growing up with impossible female ideals. We've had anorexics and bulimics in our family already.

-But they've straightened themselves out, yes?

-Oh? Have they? Not that you've paid attention.

-Woman's shit! Give me a break!

-You've gotten a big one. You don't hafta understand! Not a male requirement. Anyway...

-Don't worry, I'll buy Fat-Ass Barbie!

-Is that what you'll ask for?

-I don't know. I'll figure something. The girls in the store will help. Everywhere I go, girls help. It's beautiful!

-I believe that. To you they're fine, to me not so much.

-Why is that?

-A long, long history!

-Some other time.

Labels: anorexia, Barbie, beauty, bulimia, cultural standards, doll, female, female beauty, ideal female shape, male, sex

Sunday, January 31, 2016

Well Enough

Dr Kildeer Madesty had been
convincing.

Renz signed on to the "Revelation"
Weekend with his two exes.

Sweet Betsy too, his present
Off-and-On, but she had to
go back to Pike to nurse a
sick mother.

The other two left after the
second session for Ruthie's
place, "Whatever."

Adirondack spread left by her Dad.

“So, you were lesbians all along?”
he asked Detzy before they
departed in the singing cab.

“Whatever!”

Then the good doctor o'd on severe
uppers, and raved in the ambulance.

Thus, Renz remained. Fell for the
waitress by trying to decide her
degree of cuteness.

Mega mega cute, he concluded.

Helbore, the manager, presented
him with the bill for all.

He paid it and left with the waitress.

Been a year and she remains cute.

He bought a cake and she cried.

Labels: cute, ex, lesbian, psychology, therapy group

Monday, February 01, 2016

-Some say no *Cub Scout of the Week!*
All the kids are trying very hard.

-Thus they’re ALL Cub Scouts of the Week?

-Exactly.

-Where’s MERIT in that?

-Shared.

-Bullshit! Cream will always rise. Can’t prevent it! My Georgie is up this week!

-Get the fix in yet?

-Patriotically! Like all Good Dads!

Labels: "merit", cooperation, Cub Scouts, fix, honors, merit, patriotism, Republican

Tuesday, February 02, 2016

-You rail about prolix charlatans! But there are over-simplifying charlatans also.

-They’re even worse, since they attract believers.

-Where did all the decent, non-bullshitting men and women go?

-Up the fat cook’s ass!

-Really?

-My salty mother!

-Need more!

-On hold as they fight just to get families by.

Labels: believers, fat cook's ass, gabby, Middle Class, Mother, political charlatans, prolix, simple

Wednesday, February 03, 2016

We gathered another evening
in the church, our priest
assuring us that the army
would arrive--and behave.

We knew of the commander,
perfumed and polite.

Two leerers showed up, evidently
the avant-garde. They told themselves
jokes, but then asked the priest to pray
for them.

He did, and they hit themselves and
sobbed.

We were intellectual Catholics, unused
to display.

And the rest of the rapist-murderers
proved as demonstrative.

We became Good Germans.

The phrase unfortunate after its
hundred year age, but there
you have it.

Labels: Catholic, conquered, Good German, intellectual Catholics, invasion, priest, rapist-murderers

Thursday, February 04, 2016

-Reagan, the genial face of totally horrible, racist, repressive, and exploitative politics!

-Oh come ON now! What's the face of vicious and addlepated Lefty politics?

-Professors meaning absolute good!

-Equals in bullshit therefore!

Labels: Democrat, Left, politics, racist, Reagan, Republican, Right

Friday, February 05, 2016

In perfect order as they come
from the new box.

As you can see as I fan-nnn them
thus, and thus, and thus.

Now I shuffle to randomize them for
a game. Watch carefully!

A few fast moments. I fan them
again and it’s a hodgepodge, no?
Inspect closer if you want.

Now, you cut any way you wish.

Ready to play? Not really.

I’ve stacked it. Whatever little game
we choose, I’ve the edge.

Now and forever.

Oh, and I took the jokers out. I told you
to pay attention.

I’ll make you a gift of them.

Labels: America, cards, Economics, fast shuffle, joker, stack deck

Saturday, February 06, 2016

“Do it THIS vay!” insisted the Swede,
so Chuckie and I did. For years.

Then the Swede died and his brother
came for his tools.

We quarreled then. Chuckie stood
with the dead Swede, and I for myself.

So I did it my way, and Chuckie, the Swede's.

It got ugly. And silly. So much so that
we expected Management to intervene.

They didn't because they didn't care.
The products shipped as they were.

But they eventually made a decision!

To outsource the manufacturing to a
robotic factory in Mexico.

But Chuckie and I weren't out. We both
play the Swede in our display at Industry
World.

Have gotten a bit famous. Me on TV, and he on
Facebook and other social media.

The robots make absolute crap.

So much so that management has decided
to give the products away, and has installed
a monster service facility in our old factory here.

That way the customer ends up paying much more.

The Required Service Contract a Master Gouge!

Admired world-wide.

Chuckie and I laugh about how our lives have
turned into lies.

The Swede’s brother put up his tools on Ebay
so we bought them for the act.

“No Biz like Show etc!” twitters Chuckie to.
his thousands of followers!

But I’m not jealous, since my agent has just
nailed me down the role of Pepsi Grandfather.

Labels: Ebay, Facebook, management, Mexico, outsourcing, Pepsi, robot, social media, TV, work

Sunday, February 07, 2016

When Uncle Rack gave Bertsy a used laptop for college, he requested a Thank-You note practically instantly.

Phoned often, ostensibly to talk football, the university ranked.

Finally, drunk, both, Bertsy and roommate Ock, return laptop to sunporch.

“Thanx unc but decided to go cuneiform!” note avers

"Goddamn brat gotta lot t'learn!"

Labels: cheap, cheapskate, college, control, cuneiform, drunk, laptop

Monday, February 08, 2016

The Colonel: Bring me men with guts!

Double Drunk: As entre or side dish?

…

at the trembling moment…

-How long have you been unafraid?

-Never! Any little piddling…!

-How about terrorists?

-Crawling up my ass!

-Careful using your Glock. Get a clean shot!

…

Closing Discussion

Jitsy Malaprop: The Republicans is all fear mongrels!

The Professor: Out of the mouths of babes...

Labels: anxiety, fear, militarist, neocon, Republicans, saloon, terror, terrorist

Tuesday, February 09, 2016

--in an Even Lower-Level Military School

-Wouldn’t that be in violation of The Honor Code?

-That what?

-It’s still written down.

-Doesn’t exist what is never practiced!

-Nonetheless. Why you’d say the Constitution doesn’t exist!

-No, it’s there. And we’re all trying. The haters especially!

Labels: Constitution, hate.military school, Honor Code

Wednesday, February 10, 2016

Cult

Came dressed
as ducks.

You know the whacked-
out rest of it

from the arrest
record. Sucks!

And quacking trial.
Hasn’t yet...cauterized.

But no daughter of mine
will ever again...!

Labels: arrest, cult, daughter, duck, trial

Thursday, February 11, 2016

1)
Startled awake by discordant sobs
from two rooms.

With Cecily, Aunt Dot in nightgown and
army jacket.

"What the hell is going ON?"

She nodded toward the other bedroom where
Dinah’s noise had risen to retching.

There would his wife be, putting her finger
to her lips as a signal he should say nothing.

Two smashed romances, he guessed. But couldn't
visualize the individual males.

He held a generic one in his mind: stolid and
stupidly hormonal.

Walked out the garage to the freezing driveway.
The aunt's car whooped away, the door open.

He turned it off and closed the door and locked
it with the key. Put it in his robe pocket.

Three snow-streaked driveways over, spinning lights,
blue and red.

He walked towards them, his slippers crunching out
the wails from the house.

2)
Jumped from bed at the room pulsing red and
blue. When he got to the front door he could
see the slice of driveway with strident Budgey
on the ground being cuffed by the older cop,
and silent Hap running in the roadway, pursued
by the younger one.

No contest. Drunk B quickly exhausted, and returned like a bundle. Then cuffed as well. But left standing.

“What the hell...?” the father began.

"Suspicion of DUI," as officer coached the manacled Budgey to his feet. "Quite one weird chase from 7-11!"

The Dad allowed to check both as they protested slurred innocence.

"They gotta be tested now. Send your lawyer in the morning."

"A mother sleeping through all this?" shrugged the younger one.

"She's at a conference for teachers."

Both cops nodded.

Right after the squad car extracted its colors, and culprits, and the open doors of the remaining car slammed shut, the two fathers stared dimly at each other as black snow began softly falling.

Labels: cold, cops, daughters, drunk, DUI, family emergencies, Fathers, Romance, sex, snow, sons

Friday, February 12, 2016

gives me aerial scene
shutting down. Our

city of businesses
and ball fields
from aloft

doesn’t resolve
to persons.

Too bad, pinhead
central to moving

puddle of you
not on view.

Labels: aerial, Chrome, perspective, pinhead

Saturday, February 13, 2016

MAN'S PENIS GROWS FEATHERS!

-You ought to be ashamed!

-Hey! Boring supermarket line, I
peruse the literature.

-Well, see to it!

-Grow them? For your pleasure?

-Get started.

-It'll all about you, isn't it?

-You've noticed!

-At any rate, your wish is my command!
It can't be otherwise.

-Be careful in the bathroom. Maintain
your fluff!

...

Haunting

-I feel a strange vibration in this town!

-Vaginas. Women rule here!

-What will my role be?

-Buckling under.

-How to start?

-Hang up your trousers. Won't need them again.

-But in between, my ass will get cold!

-No great art without flaw.

...

Stressed

-Work has been mega mega pressure!

-No excuses. Get up or get out!

-And the loss of my mother...

-Been a year. She no longer has an active role in our bedroom.

-When we married, you were right out of Norman Rockwell. Now it’s the fellow who paints Hell!

-Bring him around.
...

Deadly Deuce

Her ferocity shattered him. But she was so so hurt!

He heard her out and was told to leave.

Thus, gained she a good hour for nails.

That late evening, his friends counseled patience. Skip a day before phoning.

Rehearse the heartfelt apology.

“Let’s face it,” remarked Kirksey. “You’re holding on to her for sex only.”

Mark concurred, toasting “the atrocious couple!”

But the dinged one protested love.

They refused to buy it.

So, drinking slowly, he tried tomorrow’s
lines on them.

“Day after,” reminded she.

Labels: arguments, couples, role playing, sex

Sunday, February 14, 2016

-I've got the one bad habit.

-Not to say atrocious!

-I've taken measures to break it.

-Such as...?

-Well...half measures anyway.

-Then, the half get halved.

-Thus, quarter measures. Still okay.

-Whereupon...!

-Okay okay! Maybe I'm all the way
down to one sixty-fourth!

-Keep going and you'll get even worse.

-No. The math favors me, no matter what.
It's good for my character that I keep improving,
however small.

-By this time, indistinguishable from horror!

-Uh uh. According to Archimedes--I think--I'll
never really get bad again.

-Those Greeks knew their shit. Not!

-(Sings) Life can be so sweet
On the sunny side of the street.

Labels: Archimedes, bad habit, Greeks, habit, math, self-improvement, sunny side of

street

Monday, February 15, 2016

-Yeah, Norquist got it right! RIGHT! that is.
“The Democrats play for lunch, The Republicans play for keeps.” We’ve had some of their candidates babbling and asylum-ready!”

-Can’t go that far. Resigning.

-Thereby becoming THE ENEMY?

-I hardly think…”

-You wanna game without RULES?

Labels: Democrat, Norquist, political "research", political enemies, Republican, vicious campaigning

Tuesday, February 16, 2016

-This Superdeligate shit of the Democrats sounds like a way to blow the nonconformists out of the water.

-Sounds too much like a Republican idea.

-They’re too busy stopping the President’s Supreme Court pick before he makes it! Though Attila the Hun would pass muster.

-Name your poison!

-Screw both! Why don’t the COMMUNISTS run against the ROYALISTS.

-Not quite yet.

Labels: Atilla, Communist, Democrat, Republican, Royalist, Superdeligate, Supreme Court

Wednesday, February 17, 2016

-How are things in flyover country?

-Every day the same.

-What a blessing!

-More excruciating chaos than usual
in the Power Hub?

-In jagged spades!

-How much of your day is spent worrying?

-What part isn't?

-That's where my new service comes in.
And more time and space here to pursue it.

-Professional Worrier?

-No charge at first. A trial.

-You might wanna keep that up. Those who
work for nothing can set their own terms.

-Uh huh? Well, moving slowly along, must be
a client driving you bananas?

-He has invaded my dreams, even. Toxic Doozy!

-Let me worry about him!

-I'd need to give you some facts.

-Fewer the better. My worry will thrust better.

-And, should I just snap into passive mode.
Or keep up the frustrating one of action?

-Yes.

-Which?

-Makes no difference. You're taking a vacation
from worry!

-(aside) Pass me my straw hat and a gin and tonic, Dorine!

-Don't fall asleep in the sun!

...

-You can stop. Client threw up his arms and
walked out!

-That's a solution. I think I helped.

-Whatever. I'm free!

-But...a contract, no? He has breached?

-I'm letting it slide.

-We'd sue, even in this slow place.

-You can't sue everybody! Well, you can,
but that'd shove out too many aspects
of the usual worry, setting up new ones.

-Leave them to me!

Labels: business pressure, flyover, stress, tension, worry, worrying

Thursday, February 18, 2016

“Didn’t I tell you? He is the absolute BEST!”

Reg in the bathroom then, peeing like a
normal human.

But he was a God according to Cindy.
“We’re starting to set the date!”

Her mother kissed her.

Her father mused about “Enough losers
to form a line past that apple tree out there!”

“Your apple tree, Daddy. Oh you’re so
wonderful to have an apple tree!”

Cindy had gotten foolish and that was fine.
After so so much tragedy, real and imagined.

Reg returned, the smell of soap on his hands,
to amiable chatting.

Then the vital couple catapulted out: *So much
to DO!*

Bringing him a quiet coffee, but froze. He had
done the same in his beige recliner.

“This coffee has gooed-up in the cup,” later
noted Officer Simmons to Detective Bettancourt.

“And me without a spoon!”

Labels: admirable male, courtship, death, difficult daughter, parents

Friday, February 19, 2016

-Inspector on rampage! She saw a horse rat.

-Hey, a government food operation. Why set the bar high?

-My thoughts exactly!

-Besides, maybe she meant a rat with a gravelly singing voice.

-Not as bad.

-Well, let’s hire a solid restaurant guy. I’ll write the ad and you and I interview. Send the congressional committee the top three.

-At that point, a congressman eases a retarded nephew in!

-Thus was it ever? Were we the retarded nephews once?

-Bicklesnickles! Wozwerzers! Yopnoppers!

-That’s an answer. Or answers.

Labels: Congress, political job, rat, restaurant, retarded, vermin

Saturday, February 20, 2016

Keenly

Queenly

(Sometimes Drama-Queenly)

-It’s not that the hospital wasn’t prepared.
We knew she was coming! But Mosley, RN,
left the front desk to pee, and in that space,
she swept in. Volunteer Denise not up to it!

-But still explained it wasn’t visiting hours, etc?

-She swept by her and up the elevator and
into the unit!

-Unstoppable!

-Dr Holtzel just coming off shift and no
match for her. Soon he was following
orders in practically a sleep-walk.

-She makes men zombies?

-Just about. Okay okay, win some, lose some.

-But how can we be better prepared next time?

-Stiffen each line! She should never reach the doctor!
Never even get out of the parking garage! So let’s
get real officers in there, not old men playing pocket
pool who retired during the Carter Administration!

-I heard that sometimes they sweep in in teams!

-No hope then. That’s all she wrote!

-Why…am I laughing? It’s so potentially toxic!

-It’s funny? Not!

-No, I just thought have any of these women actually, literally, swept in? Using a broom?

-Don’t be ridiculous!

Labels: bossy women, Carter, dominant women, Drama Queen, hospital, plan of defense, pliant men, sweeping women

Sunday, February 21, 2016

Fellow tennis players labeled him
Capsy, since he always wore
a Royals cap while playing.

Backwards on cloudy days.

After, he entertained a table detailing
encounters with his sexual objects.

Alternately male, female.

His AC/DC rendered him very
nearly doubly interesting.

But not quite.

Labels: AC-DC, AC/DC, hetero, homo, Royals, sex, tennis

Monday, February 22, 2016

-Well I’m just EXHAUSTED!

-Whatever for? Did you actually DO anything?

-Played tennis early on.

-That should have worn off by now. Recovery Phase.

-You think?

-Who won?

-The four of us just ass around.

-Then? Let me guess, boutique-ing!

-I’ll kill if I don’t get a pair of Maxie Prentisses.

-Aren’t those just painted army boots?

-Not JUST! The Earth and Moon and Stars!

-Whatever floats your boat.

-Mine is sinking!

-Bear up! Somewhere at this moment a person
your age is going off to be killed in a war.

-Well that’s horrible!

-Our rare agreement.

-You don’t count.

-And YOU were once called a *Bright Young Thing!* In F Scott Fitzgerald novels.

-That’s ancient history, and you’re ancienter!

-Making up words?

-You just stay with the old ones! And then die.

-This conversation is for the ages. And the gods!

-They’re dead too.

-Too bad! They’d all be clomping around in
Maxie Prentisses!

Labels: boutique, Bright Young Thing, cultural history, culture, F Scott Fitzgerald, fashion, generation gap, gods, shoes, tennis

Tuesday, February 23, 2016

“Show a little pantie, Auntie!”

“Quench it! You whole damn lot of sex fiends!”

So…she left with an uninvited one.

‘Crusher the Crasher’ later married into another, decidedly lower, branch of our family.

Professors should study to affirm it’s human.

Labels: Christmas, Down South, Family, low branch, old maid, party, South, Southern Sex

Wednesday, February 24, 2016

When Kels got transferred to an office
further out, he abandoned his bike-nerd
role and bought a car.

A little sensible mini.

Bucky, his old fraternity brother, explained
that he could give him a good deal because
the title was a bit murky. But law had entered
in some complexity, and Kels received a title
document brimming with seals and huge
signatures. Some ribbons, even.

"You’re the owner of the car on file in Harrisburg,
and that’s where it counts."

But Kels loved the document so much he took it
to Bretz the Framer. Who set it up within an
ornately carved number which could have held
Washington and his First Cabinet.

Denise the librarian…thinking of coming
aboard and it, not he, impressed her.

“That’s when things MEANT something!
It’s up to us to make them mean something
today. I’m…pretty conservative, Kels, so if
you’re looking for phony passion and rolls
in the hay, then…?”

Kels lied that he was pretty conservative himself.

Her reflection in the glass fronting all the seals
and ribbons encouraged him greatly.

Labels: Conservative, Law, legality, Ownership, relationship, seals.ribbons, Title

Thursday, February 25, 2016

Millicent Harksel, plays The Lady in Red to little Joey Bettz's Dillinger.

Tiny boys as chalk-*striped*, wide-shouldered gangsters, mega cute.

But toddler gun molls off-the-chart-adorable!

Especially, Betsy Aldopher as Polly Hamilton.

The older Davy Robb announces he's Machine Gun Smelly!

He knows it's Kelly, but 6-year-old's sneak-humor gripped by stinks and pee pee and poo poo.

Labels: Dillinger, gangsters, Lady in Red, Machine Gun Kelly, molls

Friday, February 26, 2016

-Then I married Trudy Trueheart.

-How’d that go?

-She became Flora Falseheart.

-Tragic!

-The girlfriends ran a bitter school.

-That was their role; what was yours?

-Always the same. I was born crooked.

-Like Original Sin?

-Like to think so, but nothing is original with me.

-When you die they’ll screw you into the ground!

-Save on coffin.

Labels: character, crooked, cynicism, dishonest, experience, girlfriends, marriage, Original Sin

Saturday, February 27, 2016

George liked the era of touchie-feely while it lasted. The office's buxom women were never safe from him.

He secretly called them his "Squeezes."

That was in the language then. Some men, and women too, having "Main Squeezes."

His desire to have one led him to several mistakes. No need to detail, just mistakes that both parties acknowledge and move on.

It was also an era of amiable breakups. "Facing reality" it was tabbed.

Things went along this relatively smooth highway.

Until Carlotta. Who never danced with a rose between her teeth, but should have.

A Fireball!

Unfortunately she went batshit crazy. Her parents drove down from Albany area to fetch her back.

They were quite genteel and not in the least Hispanic. Hardly the Mad Lopez Clan from TV.

Smoothed down to generic suburban.

George felt immense guilt. He had never driven a woman insane before. Like a movie!

And...shaken! Started hanging out with old bachelors, Detts and Wally, and they hit the hockey games and drank after.

The usual topic of conversation at the Arena Tavern after was the team, of course, but it degenerated

to the subject of certifiable women

Soon after, they were joined by Vivian, a woman, full-fledged
in a way, but also a tomboy comprised of jutting angles
and therefore not squeezable in the least. She cheered
and swore and agreed her Sex crackpots.

But one day she went early to the game, to be joined
by them. And talked to a shy Canadian farmboy who
had just joined the team.

This became custom, and she began wearing dresses
and applying minimum makeup.

After a year, the Rangers called him up, and she
joined him in New York and they married.

Great for George and the gang because they got
guest tickets and were willing to take on the
long drive.

Then he met Dilly, who wasn't nuts.

He had applied a smartphone app he had bought,
and she came out as an eleven percent possibility
of going insane. In the normal range.

Another worthwhile development in this timeframe.
He encountered Budge, who had worked with Carlotta.

"You?" he laughed, "drove her nuts? Not bloody likely!"
And told him that Carlotta had carried on with "Shaunessy-
the-Handsome," Office Lothario. "Was him made her whacko!"

So, Main Squeeze who isn't nuts, and old guilt lifted. Life is good!

Labels: Hispanic, hockey, insane woman, insanity, Main Squeeze, squeeze, tomboy

Sunday, February 28, 2016

“It’s no use,” cracked Happy. “The Earbud God
fetched ‘em back.”

He had awakened at three for the bathroom,
and couldn’t get back to sleep. So he plugged
in the earbuds.

His thing was wartime music. Bing Crosby,
The Andrew Sisters with *Don’t Sit Under
the Appletree.”*

“All those blocky clothes. The women looked like
football linebackers,” mused Dorothea.

“You want, instead, the lousy garage bands of eternity?
Or the crap you have today with shit lasers shooting
everywhere and the cretinous audience waving at the
glazed performers!”

“I’ve seen some of the latter actually responsive!”

“Hey!” he stamped it. “With Bing you got every word!”

“Unfortunately. Maudlin sick crap full of true love
while the whole world cheated.”

“Better than today’s incomprehensible *Horst Wessel Song*!--
new propagandist smear-jive to further dull the dull wits.”

The earbuds never found. New ones bought to transmit
the historical past.

Happy again, well, happy.

Labels: Andrew Sisters, Bing Crosby, earbuds, Horst Wessel Song, lasers, Music, music history, musical styles, wartime

Monday, February 29, 2016

-Hey! Gulf has gotten impossibly wide. And I’m sick of hearing their cretinous drivel through the mouths of Republican hypocrites!

-Let them secede? Form their own Hee-Haw Nation?

-Encourage it!

-Will they have The Bomb?

-Haven’t thought of that.

-Open Carry Law for small atomic weapons?

-Really? Stow the hyperbole!

-I go a little crazy.

-I get the idea though: Best hold them
obnoxiously close.

-What a thought!

Labels: Bomb, open carry, red state, Republican, secede, Secession

Tuesday, March 01, 2016

In Conversation and Fable

-You like to make phonecalls. Straighten the whole world by wire or cell!

-My skill. And, modestly, Art.

-Don’t make that one, Picasso! Fair warning!

He did. Eventually going to the bureau where they had attempted to remedy his plight…and engineered, thereby, the greatest clusterfuck in the history of government.

Of Mankind? Top hundred.

He emerged. Walked past his car to the high road.

Cops picked up there, babbling.

After a month in Bide-a-Bit:

-I’m surprised you didn’t wave your dick too.

-I lack imagination.

Labels: breakdown, bureaucracy, cell, clusterfuck, fixer, government, phone, phone skills, Picasso

Wednesday, March 02, 2016

Awake simultaneously. And shocked!

“How much did I drink?”

“Well, nothing here.”

“I guess I should apologize.”

“Probably not. Nothing to do with you,”
whispers she. “That’s what I guess.”

She takes her cell from under her pillow.
Goes to the bathroom. Certainly not a
bad body, he is deciding.

Hear murmurs when she reaches THE BUREAU.

“Uh huh. Yes. All right then.” He gathers only
this conclusion as she opens the door.

“My Sailor was sent to your Eula.”

They introduce themselves. “The Naked
Introduction,” she muses, “I’m not used
to such.”

“Nor I. Let me assure you!”

“Well…she’ll have nothing to complain of in
the one area!”

“I…see.”

“Oops! A sensitive one. Look at that FACE!
I don’t mean that you…! I mean, WOW, like,
are you…CREATIVE!”

“Thank you. I try. Uh, where are my clothes?”

“They took them. And all mine. Fresh ones will

be here in two hours. Then a car takes us
to Department of New Couples.”

“There to nod to endless horseshit?”

“They try. Like us.”

“I don’t know how much trying I got left!”

“Oh? I’d say we both hold wonderful promise!
But right now, I make terrific eggs!”

Labels: controlled society, future couple, matchmaking, sex, social engineering

Thursday, March 03, 2016

and Sacrifice

-He gave up the Throne for the woman he loved!

-Uh huh? Then Heil-Hitlered the runt moustache. The mildest Brit demeanor, but with Fascist intention.

-Stow the vicious Politics and remain with Love! Makes the World go round! Ah!

-No way!

-What does then?

-Incompetence!

-British or American form?

-There will always be a Dingland!

Labels: Duke of Windsor, England, Hitler, love, Nazi, sacrifice, Throne, Wallis Simpson

Friday, March 04, 2016

When the sawmill left the mountain,
joining the factories, most of the
houses were boarded up as their
inhabitants sought work in the city.

Through some miracle of God,
the squabbling legislature voted
a new tourist lodge. Five hundred jobs
when finished!

If you knew someone, or bought in,
or both.

My family did some picking and
singing, so we were signed up
as entertainers. Didn’t cost us much.

Since Grandpa told the corniest
jokes in Christendom, our act
evolved to a short musical:
Hillbilly Annals.

Because we got our meals also, went
awfully well.

Until Grandma wandered off.

Some of those black hollows too
treacherous to search, thus
never found.

After a month, Grandpa starting
saying in the act that a bear ate
her and immediately died.

Don’t get put off! That’s our humor.

Labels: economic depression, economy, hillbilly, humor, mountains, Show Business

Saturday, March 05, 2016

Sully and Gronk

-You're incompetent in the area!

-Add an s. Areas. I don't specialize.

-Agreed! But I'm interested in the one.

-Being an accountant. And narrow of mind.
Well, stop worrying. I get by financially.

-Never enough. The world swallows those who...!

-Look at me! Do I look swallowed?

-One step from the ditch.

-When I get there, will be the final one.

-Uh huh? Fatalism and Incompetence.
A defining pair.

-And what of grasping little you?

-Right with Money and God!

-The former is your God. No other need apply.

-*No Irish need apply!...*they said once.

-You're the Irisher. I'm just a stupid Polack.

-Thick as shit!

-I'll take anything to be thick as. Just so I'm not thin as the drinks in here. Speaking of which, did you ever think of buying one, or indeed, any form of human charity?

-Not on the docket.

-Never chained to any nice custom?

-Perhaps if your girlfriend showed up.
Then the company would be worth it.

-She's due momentarily.

-I can't get over it. YOU'VE got a girlfriend!
And I, your superior in looks and intellect...

-Hit the bachelor floor when you pee. Women
teach us aim.

-You have no aims, none!

-Ah, but I have her! Worth her weight in your
desired gold!

-Then I should trade for one! I've got the...

-Ladies desire some smidgen of personality also.

-Where are you two...?

-The Flower Show.

-Fine! Aromas and pretty sights to forget
reality again!

-Wrong again. The flower show IS reality.
Thank whatever gods there be!

-Just another way to delay that inevitable
ditch.

-We're fighting it! And she's worth ten
times her weight in tigers!

-Can't be! You said gold.

-Both!

-Impossible!

-Come on along! Three's not a crowd mid roses and zinnias.

-I'd rather die.

-And, we'll treat! To extract you, however temporarily, from the prison of your thought.

-You said the magic word!

-Whatever costs nothing, you embrace. And!... you'll meet a woman there, I guarantee.

-Yeah, but I'm realistic. Any young lady will eventually be a small expense.

-Think of her that way. They love that!

Labels: accounting, bachelor, cheap, finance, Flower Show, friends, girlfriend, money

Sunday, March 06, 2016

Lil and I the temporary engineering team.
She the creative, I, nuts and bolts.

We worked on a very minor, but nagging
problem.

An hour a day for discussions. We had
other things to do.

Retts stopped by and nodded at our
attempts. “Keep on it. Won’t change
the History of the World, but the
guys on the line will thank you.”

Then he said something that altered
everything.

“Well, I’ll see you in my dreams.”

When he left, Lil quipped “Let’s dream
about our tiny conundrum.”

Before you start with a sexual construct,
we’re both in secure relationships.

And, believe it or not, that’s the right word.
Secure. Odd one, but true.

Anyway, I went along with her. The one
ground rule was that we’d think about
the problem hour before bedtime,
later visualize the two of us solving it.

Pretty much a flop. I couldn’t remember
much of anything, and she just laughed.

Then one morning as I searched for Coffee
Mate, she remarked. “You at least came up
with a silly equation.”

I did I remember, but in a dream. We called it that there.

I don’t know where all this could be heading, but for the briefest, our dreams entangled.

Well, I do. Management has submerged us with other projects.

So, mutual dreams, if they occur, on hold.

Piddling problems often not resolved.

Due to work!

Labels: dream, engineer, manufacturing, mutual dream, time, time pressure, work pressure

Monday, March 07, 2016

-I’m glad you asked. Saves time.

-I thought I’d ask.

-Good Republican? Easy.
Fuck the little guy!

-Been there! Done that!

-Yeah, but where’s the follow-through?

-How so?

-Shame the lazy bastard then!

-Must work on my ridicule!

-Good attitude! Well, like, dismissed!

-Many many thanks!

-Whoa? What’s *this*?

-Show respect.

-You call THAT a *kowtow?*

Labels: bowing and scraping, kowtow, Republican, REpublican philosophy, Republican thought, respect, Royalty, subservience

Tuesday, March 08, 2016

Her mother and he agreed. Extraction
of the cell phone for a week.

She cried. At the actual imposition, and
continuously during the sentence.

She got it back, and he, somewhat guilty,
agreed to take her and two girlfriends
to see The Bell Bottoms, a throwback
trio of acne-scarred guitarists and “singers.”

An explosion of light and smoke and noise
like car crashes. With girls like his daughter
screaming.

The trio he brought remained enraptured
for two weeks! Such a mooniness is
devoutly to be wished.

If only for its quiet.

Which lasted a while longer. Breathing space.

Then a mid morning call from the principal.

When he arrived, present with her and the two
other girls, Detective Sergeant Del Destry.

Who had stopped them sneaking from the
school, intent on joining the boy band for
its upstate tour.

The musicians knew nothing of the plan...
or so they said.

The Principal wanted them immediately back
in class, and would drive them home after,
conferring with each set of parents thereby.

Mr Ohner, the shop teacher, volunteered to stay

in the car with the ones or one remaining. Until
the final stop.

A well-organized plan to help shatter parents.

The detective ultimately walked him out.
The high school was at the foot of a long,
uphill avenue.

“What do you see when you look up there?”

“Busy street. Cars.”

“I see a parade of psychologists and social workers.”

“And an end result of...misery?”

“Why not try Sister Veronica?”

The retired nun ran a soup kitchen at St Luke’s.

His Cindy there? mused he. No way!

Way. She became indispensable.

Persuaded him and his wife to help out at the
Christmas Dinner.

He toasted Sister Veronica after, with cranberry juice.

“We owe you!”

“You owe God.” Didn’t disagree.

Labels: beleaguered parents, boy band, cell phone, defiance, father, girls, Mother, nun, parents, problem girls, soup kitchen, teen behavior

Wednesday, March 09, 2016

Johnny Winter died
In Summer.

Donna Summer, though,
Spring. Not quite

there. Appropriate,
since Perfect Irony
squares life.

Labels: Donna Summer, irony, Johnny Winter, Music, Rock, square

Thursday, March 10, 2016

-The tribes had gotten vicious, so the Big Chief took them to Taboo Hut.

-There they agreed which masks to wear, which spears etc.?

-Reluctantly.

-Which dances?

-Especially!

-This will stop slaughter? By itself?

-Well, increments. First to get promises not to taunt when a wildly-stomping performer ready to pass out in ecstasy.

Labels: political taunting, political tribalism, political war, Republican, Republican Tribes, RNC

Friday, March 11, 2016

One of the Few Fables on the Subject

In Lovemaking, he the swiftest.

Ladies beg him to slow down, but
he refuses.

Finally, one matches him. Quick Ensene.

But it coarsens her, and she beats up
another woman.

He remains with her, for her compatibility
and toughness.

They have quite a mouth on them!

He tones it down, though, from the pulpit.

Labels: lovemaking, quick love, religion, tone, toughness, violence

Saturday, March 12, 2016

Re The Sum, or wherever you are,
The Very Most Important Question

Asked to say a few last words for a man
of fewer medial ones.

Quiet wit came to mind, though the latter
word’s a stretch.

Quizzed some of his friends. Actually loud
in one instance proved steady he. Delightfully
bizarre in another.

Those two departures formed my remarks.

Why do people so want to hear of our
UNcharacteristic moments?

We’re proud, they’re tired, of all the others.

Labels: death, elegy, last words, personality, quiet wit

Sunday, March 13, 2016

-How do I say hello to your Image?

-Same.

-I miss the real you, warts and all.

-That chaotic slut nearly killed me! The Big Guys stepped in to save my career.

-Now, it's Little Miss Perfect!

-Better than the petty little vileness I was before.

-Not to me. Can you bend for old times' sake?

-I'm allowed a transgression a year, flying to a secret Caribbean isle as Wanda Broadass.

-Why don't I bring the isle to you, or at least a peninsula?

-Stop trying. Here's the key to the liquor cabinet.

-Will you imbibe?

-Wouldn't be surprised.

Labels: fast life, Hollywood, image, old friends, past, refolrm

Monday, March 14, 2016

-It's not that big a deal.

-Last year you screamed practically
C over C as to how it WAS!

-Times change.

-And what brought about...?

-Manna.

-Fell, did it?

-Copiously.

-And in the preferred form of cash?

-A thing of beauty!

-Yeah! In bushels! How can you live with yourself?

-Easier and easier.

-You're a disgrace to the family!

-Somebody has to be.

Labels: bribe, cash, Congress, Family, manna

Tuesday, March 15, 2016

-What's it mean to be an intellectual like you?
Know a lot of stuff?

-That, of course, but have compiled it into a theory.
Or many.

-Using it, then?

-I'd say.

-Identical to what the bullshitter does.

-I'd quarrel with identical!

-Does the intellectual know when he's bullshitting?

-Well, he shouldn't do it much, but yes, he's
blissfully aware.

-With him, it's an art then!

-Yes!

-And will an intellectual talk with the lower form
of bullshitter?

-Of course, but always standing for Truth, Justice,
and the University Way!

-Is that bullshit?

-Wonderfully!

Labels: bs, bullshit, intellectual, Justice, professor, theory, Truth, university

Wednesday, March 16, 2016

Jeanette S Windom could not have
been nicer. Mine was the biggest
snafu she had ever seen, but she
dove into the huge computer bank
and came up smiling.

I just knew I would have then, clutched
close, the 14e. That form of liberating
dreams!

She was fired next day.

I went to Republican Liaison at my job.
"We found we can kill morale by axing
the truly good ones," smiled he.

I couldn't believe such a policy!
"Civil Service Protections? Not to
mention Constitutional Rights?"

"Wipe our ass with both! How we get real!"

“You invite Revolution?”

“Only because we're bloodthirsty. But shove
past the necessarily vicious politics of life.
Your Jerry is some baseball player!”

“Netty too.”

“Let's concentrate on Jerry, shall we?”

Labels: bureaucracy, Civil Service, Constitution, firing, political, Republican, sexism

Thursday, March 17, 2016

Horch certainly ran an information cubicle.

Monitored to the max, all the figures spilling
in every direction.

It had once been window dressing, of course,
for the famous O'Leary.

Who never worked, and retired normally.

Horch worked continuously, and now
added a white monitor.

We called his cubicle, then, The Hospital.

So he monitored, too, all the numbers
and graphs etc of his physical and
mental being.

We could hear him muttering when his
metabolism flew a bit.

"Better breathe, sit down a moment!"

We were all sitting down for restorative
moments at that time, for we had lost the
super important Switzky Account.

Well, anyway, to look at Horch outside
the cubicle...normal-looking guy.
Even a bit of fun to him.

Until the day his face turned bright
powder blue.

Was it a side effect of new prostate pills?

“You want the simple explanation, or the
simpler one?” asked Daldad.

Opted for the latter.

“Watch National Geographic on monkeys or chimps or whatever. That the face of one, anyway. Don't you see?” he almost pleaded. "His girlfriend made a monkey outa him!"

Well, she had left. All his med readings were off.

Daldad phoned her on the sly to see if she could help.

At first she said "I woudn't give him the sweat off my...!" But Daldad is persuasive, and she sent Horch a dried fruit wheel from Harry and David, with the note. "I must be free. I know you understand. You are so beautifully supportive!"

His face toned down gradually and is now just tinged the lightest powder blue.

Bottom line: the company specializes in agitation, so the new CEO ordered all medical monitoring to cease. "Making staff a bunch of hypochodriacs!"

We had a litmus paper client, so she didn't object to those tests.

Horch has gone mad in touching various parts of himself periodically.

I give credit to us all, though, in that RP is scrupulously observed.

Rectal Privacy.

Labels: hypochondriac, litmus, medical, monitors, monkey, office, rectal, relationship

Friday, March 18, 2016

I like the new movies, like,
a million-percent better.

Who has time for talk?

As in life, words slowwwww
everything.

But the scene of Genevieve and
Luc walking in the misty woods?
Maybe I’m half interested in the
Crap he’s shoveling her.

So I hafta ask Dialog Revealer on my
Virtual Reality.

“Nothing. Small talk similar to what
the birds are obviously saying.”

I comment Everything muffled, and that’s
always a good thing. So I can get on with
my freakin life!

“As…wishes tragic Genevieve! But you
haven’t murdered an old boyfriend!”

No shit? Oh show that!

“Plus, argument beforehand?”

Nah! The same as everybody’s.

Labels: argument, dialog, movies, murder, Romance, speech, talking, Virtual Reality

Saturday, March 19, 2016

Gritting of Teeth

-Larry didn’t get into State. Letter yesterday.

-A shame. My office will send you a list of courses he should take in the junior college. Then, next semester…?

-Be automatic?

-Nothing is. Just let me know when he’s applying. Which you should have done this time! Why didn’t…?

-Because I hate to owe!

-Grit your teeth, Joe, way things done.

…

Her Mother and Rachel Discuss Freshman Year at Rosary College

-I put you with good Catholic girls.

-Well…trying to be good, let’s say.

-That’s the same as good.

…

Routes to the Top

-Aren’t you just a bit apprehensive about getting in? I kept rearranging my application materials before sending the whole package off. Then I got sick!

-Good luck! I’m all set.

-Why the confidence?

-As a alcoholic, and the son of social boozehounds of the highest order, I’ve met the important people.

-And that should do it?

-Where you been?

-A planet where you study all the time!

-That might not hurt.

Labels: Catholic, class, college, college admission, drunk, Jew, who you know

Sunday, March 20, 2016

We do because
we have rules.
And rituals.

They have none.
A spiritual anarchy

enables them to
live forever.

You point to Cleo
in her Birkenstock box.

The dirt and pebbles
You thudded on it.

Just Imagine
the thunder in
tiny ears! Most

likely her take
thereafter, a slow,
sarcastic burn.

Contact her
again? Never get

through the scorn.
Another cat guiding?

No deal, since
it’s Cleo: For

every cat you
attempt to pick

is her. Now,

every cat in
the world
isn't Cleo, true.

But you don't get
to really choose.
She doesn’t allow it.

Labels: cat individuality, cat spookiness, cat uniqueness, cat will, cats, immortality

Monday, March 21, 2016

-One shortwave station broadcasts only numbers.

-Not my idea of entertainment.

-CIA, I’m guessing. Hear your Operator ID, and then the numbers following are coded instructions.

-The bad guys must listen in an attempt to crack the codes. So, lots of nonsense gotta be sprinkled in.

-There’s always nonsense.

-What a laugh! Does it make the world go round?

-Not quite, but adds to the richness of all chords.

-We can’t exist without insane fools?

-Amen!

Labels: agent, CIA, code, distraction, nonsense, shortwave, spy

Tuesday, March 22, 2016

They finally gave in when Mitz worked at
Sam's Club part-time to get money, and
the discount, to buy her own smart phone.

"The beginning of the end!" Laurel pronounced
to Mac.

"I don't understand women as you know."

"Keep it that way. You'll get to Heaven."

Labels: cell phone, Family, heaven, smart phone, teen girl, women

Wednesday, March 23, 2016

He woke up to the world CLANKING!

Then the alarm buzzed like a thousand
hornets!

He eventually microwaved pancakes,
but ate them fairly clammy since
the oven had roared so.

Okay. Okay. So the Big Noise had
beset him. Others had written on the
Internet not to bother with the
expensive remedies and prescriptions.

Useless.

After a week, would go away, they promised.

He thought he could stand it. The acid
test: Head Librarian, MRS Aldo Barsi,
whose voice ground glass anyway.

The next apartment’s pretty teen always
sang of a morning. Dulcet. This one,
a drunken chorus of cruel Masons.

When the diesel bus came to pick him up
it sounded like a hundred.

Mr Detts announced the stops. He clamped
his ears against him this morning. But when
he got to his destination, couldn't avoid the
extraordinary clash of "Merve and Grove
Avenues, CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD!"

He smiled back at Driver Detts. No use
revealing one’s malady of the Big Noise.

The smiley types always reported things.

His schedule, thank God, favored him this day. He had only to show a World War Two propaganda film to ten separate classes from Mother Cabrini High.

He tried to not be overfirm in shushing the girls, though his head was exploding from their super-raucous chatter!

Peeling Vegetables For the War Effort

“What a load of shit!” each class proclaimed.

Regarded the film as an treasured antique and didn't appreciate the girls' fashionable cynicism.

Then, the Head Librarian wished to see him!

That would kill! Kill!

But he caught a break, the only one ever. She had thrown her husband out that morning and was hot! Not in her usual icily corrective mood. So, she cancelled!

On the bus home he blurted out his Big Noise suffering to Mercy Collins, who put a large hand on his knee. "Life goes too quiet anyway," proclaims she.

Who gets off at his stop and follows him up to his apartment. He serves her Earl Grey Tea, and he's Earl Grey to her from then on.

She's more active-minded about the BN and orders a white-noise hearing aide.

The drone delivers an hour later by throwing it through a cellar window.

The crash of broken glass terrifies him, of course. Avalanche! But she fetches it, and tunes it to his liking. Then cuddles him,

singing Irish lullabies. Which he can hear as in a childhood dream.

She never leaves, which is the second only break he has ever received.

“You turn me on, Earl!”

Labels: drone, Earl Grey, future, library, noise, overwhelming noise, Romance, sound

Thursday, March 24, 2016

-Huddled Masses!

-Let em huddle! Or fuckin drown!

-What kind of American are you?

-An **ALL-American!**

Labels: All America, cruelty, death of immigrants, huddled masses, immigration, politics of immigration

Friday, March 25, 2016

Mel and Ginger

-Saw a Perry Mason Dude taking flash picture with huge Speed Graphic! Shoots spent bulb into ashtray. Three anachronisms right there!

-Then Paul Drake helps Della into her coat?

-Making four. Quartet.

-Add yourself to make five! Tenor for a Dead World!

-High baritone!

-As ballsy!

-I try.

-Let's rent Perry's Lincoln Convertible and wave
to your fans.

-Arms worn out!

Labels: anachronism, flashbulb, Lincoln Converiable, past, Perry Mason, singing, Speed Graphic

Saturday, March 26, 2016

-Uh uh. Double dating off. Giselle left.
And in a fit you wouldn't believe!

-Try me.

-Nah. I don't need "How stupid you are!"

-I'd never say that. Your case is too tangled.

-I even took a course this time!

-What was that about?

-(sings) Feelings. Feeee-eee-eee-eee-eeelings!

-Warn me if ever you do that again.

-No Sinatra I?

-Some are born talented. Some achieve...

-Yeah, yeah? And some never arrive!

-Hey! Not to mind! For every man there's
a woman. And yours is being discharged
from a nuthouse as we speak.

-Is she violent?

-Not at first.

-I live for those early moments. The warmth.
And sex, even.

-Assorted roses a good idea. Bound to be ONE
variety she likes.

-I've made a note!

-Ah you're a good-hearted lad! But if you

didn't have bad luck you'd have none at all.

-Tomorrow is another day!

-And another and another and...

-Heart for every fate!

-Just stop it!

Labels: bad luck, bad luck with women, crazy women, friendship, optimism, proverbs, women

Sunday, March 27, 2016

...and other colossal wastes

-I don’t get Math.

-Who could?

-Why always expect me to?

-Well...they do pay us to profess it.

-How could I profess anything? I’d feel ridiculous.

-Uh...moving right along, what is working on you now?

-I don’t know.

-That late a stage! I’m impressed.

-A month to polish and...

-Will I hafta hear you’re the Genius of the Age again?

-Hope not. People come and ask questions. It’s all so stupid!

-How public! Like a frog! Will they ask why you’re not wearing socks?

-They stink even before you put them on!

-Uh huh? Your Carly-Ann is obviously at the same Weekend For Bossy Broads as my Jensy. She’ll soon announce her presence, and where the sock drawer is.

-Announce! They’re both Announcers!

-Thank God for it! The quiet is rancid in
my place.

-Quiet is gold!

-Yeah, for idiot misers such as you. By the
bye? November? Cold? No jacket?

-Jackets are for forgetting.

-What’s next for you after the inevitable trophy?

-Absurdity.

-That’s for everyone.

-No, there’s a math to feel around in there.

-Rotza Ruck! Here...as I lean fatly forward and
fetch a rock. Expense of breath! Anyway, premature prize for you!

-I’ll treasure! Put it on my mantel.

-Because of the angle, no one will see it.

-I’ll prop atop one of the whatchacallits.

-Good! Whatchacallits rule! Maybe we should...
partner in this latest nonsense?

-I don’t think so.

-Mother never taught to share?

-Never taught anything.

-And Father?

-Abstracted.

-No wonder you’re a genius. You’re unlearned!

Labels: abstract, abstracted, academic, awards, famous, genius, math, math genius, prizes

Monday, March 28, 2016

-Celeste marched out spouting some feminist shit! I'll never understand that crap!

-Easy! You inflamed her with your stupid macho!

-I bent over backwards!

-Great mistake! They plot together when they sniff weakness.

-Then, where's the cure?

-None! But a partial one consists of two words. Unchanged since the cave.

-Yes, Dear?

-And YOU'RE insensitive? I think NOT!

Labels: breakup, feminism, relationship

Tuesday, March 29, 2016

-I told him that Dorine threatened to kill herself?

-What did he say?

-That's her fuckin lookout!

-I really admire stupid guys.

-How so? They're stupid!

-They've simplified life.

-The only model they can understand.
While...I...worry about Dorine. Can't sleep!
As he's out talking his drivel to other
senseless women. And she's probably
sawing away after tears!

-Surrounded by dolls and teddy bears?

-One would suppose.

-Well, you're not her Daddy!

-I'm everybody's!

-Physician heal thyself!

-Burnt-out case.

Labels: empathy, line, responsibility, sex, stupidity, suicide

Wednesday, March 30, 2016

When The Knucklehead died, we made a history
of his quotes.

His wife and two daughters took it as wit.

Our Charlotte and Dumpy had tee shirts printed:

JE SUIS KNUCKLEHEAD

Tough sell in a time of solidarity with nothing.

We gave most to Goodwill.

Labels: Goodwill, Je suis..., knucklehead, solidarity, wit

Thursday, March 31, 2016

...a drinking venue of some renown

-Trump wants to punish women.

-Good!

-Well, not generally speaking. In connection with Abortion.

-Let’s stick with generally speaking.

-Really?

-Let ‘em have it! Then maybe they’ll stop their lousy behavior before it starts!

-Premature punishment?

-You bet your ass!

-I’ve known you many a year, but this is the first I’ve sensed greatness!

-I try.

Labels: Abortion, macho, men, Republican, Trump, women, women's rights

Friday, April 01, 2016

Which?

-I feel particularly lousy!

-A moment ago: Terrific!

-Both.

-Where’s the consistency? Are you
Trump or Hillary?

-I still pee standing up!

-Barely.

Labels: aging, Health, Hillary, mood, pee, Trump

Saturday, April 02, 2016

Ginger and Mr Hoxley

Before bed, she chose Mr Hoxley. The other
bears and dolls pretended not to notice.

-Mr Hoxley, I must confess.

-Please do!

-I gave him my all and he was so stupid
he hardly noticed!

-This is a Two-Bear Problem!

Thus, she fetched Wicky Wunderlally!

-Aren’t those shorty pjs cold?

-That’s all you think about!

When she put him next to Mr Hoxley,
they said nothing further.

Labels: girlish, imagination, sex, teddy bears, young woman's bedroom

Sunday, April 03, 2016

-Oh there you are! Moping about your certainties? And Beatitudes? Blessed are the...!

-Where's that garish tramp of yours? You couldn't have farmed her out to ruin the lives of others!

-Vamoosed!

-Good riddance! Depravity!

-Even took that florescent lipstick that had rolled under the...

-You're a Moral Disgrace!

-Add Drunk.

-I was going to.

-Check!

-Plus...that financial rigamarole that confused others, but not me. Just a crook is all!

-Booze haze mostly, but I'm walking it back. I'll make whole anyone who...?

-Wouldn't our Mother be proud!

-I want you to come along again. In her name I'm keeping off the Grass too! Presently.

-I pray to God he vaporizes you!

-There IS one, then?

-I know that my Redeemer liveth!

-Good thing! Who else could stand the both of us?

Labels: conscience, God, immorality, Libertine, marijuana, moral, prissy, Redeemer, redemption, religious, sex, split personality

Monday, April 04, 2016

She arranged her makeup on the desk, musing.

Suddenly stamped the document. "No smart answers, Kelly?"

"None!"

Well, you're promoted. Clerk Two!" She started applying lipstick. *Watermelon Ecstasy.* All her bright makeup named for fruits.

“Congratulations definitely in order!" laughed Barmaid Lilly Nessley later.

Five regulars joined in singing *"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"*

But somebody did deny. Other Kelly swept over with "Another rung on the Ladder to Oblivion?"

"Clerk One forever!" Bixxy sneered back at him.

The two eventually separated.

“Bad blood there!”--Kelly eventually shaking his head. Then telling Bixxy of the woman’s Smart Answers crack.

“Serious!” he warns. "She mixed you up with the Other Kelly. You never, ever, gave one in your whole entire life!"

“I'll never get promoted again then?”

“Probably.”

“What can I do about it?”

“Nothing.”

“But there must be something!”

“Stay content! The graveyards are full
of people tried to straighten out the
simplest problem.”

The gang starts another verse *"That nobody
can deny, that nobody can deny!"*

The Other Kelly lurks in a dim corner.

Labels: conformity, contentment, friends, Jolly Good Fellow, niceness, Other, promotion, work

Tuesday, April 05, 2016

Wasn’t beating myself up thoroughly enough,
so became standup comedian. Masochism
runs deep in my family.

Anyway, limited success. Emphasis on the limited.

So my agent wants to send me to Longshoremen
drunkfest.

“Are you sure? My stuff is uppy-urban-neurotic.
They won’t relate.”

“They’ll love it!”

Not quite. But nobody yelled “Sit down, Faggot!”
Other things, yes.

I tried my slowest fuse one. A Revolutionary Act!
Blank, blank, blank reactions. Walls! But not hostility
of the murderous variety.

THEN! A wave of laughter. This after four, five beats.
Knocked me back! The whole place bloomed and
brightened! And, gave me something to play with from
then on.

“Like that one, hey? And not a whiff of sexual
violence…which is more than I can say about
My weird Uncle Ralph. He...”

My buddies now. If I walked the docks they’d
run out with thermos bottles. Coffee laced
with…God knows!

Labels: chutzpah, comedian, hostile audience, longshoreman, masculinity, nerves, stage fright, standup

Wednesday, April 06, 2016

-I just threw out Marv!

-What crime this time?

-Same. Drinking. Like...Cal
before him...muse I.

-But Marv is funny!

-I'll miss that! A laugh not
amiss in this Vale of Tears.

-You're so harsh, Mel! Judge not
that you be not judged.

-A nice proverb. I'd like to
know how to get through
this life without a little
judging from time to time.

-I guess you'll be throwing
ME out sooner than later.

-My cue to say we're galpals forever!

-Then say it!

-We're galpals forever. Life proves
simple when you tell everyone
what they want to hear.

-Look out I don't throw YOU out!

-Let's throw each other in!
To the Flower Show! Forget lying
souses mid Glads and Roses!
Get your chapeau.

-Baseball cap?

-That'll do.

-You'll...eventually need a man.

-After the last last molecule fades
from those marvelous banks
of roses!

-How long?

-How long, Lord, how long?

-I wonder what you mean by that.

-I don't know.

-Or anything!

-Temporary Insanity. We're off!

-And Devil take the hindmost?

-Ones totally lovely! I must add.
(Sings) Born free!

-That’s from a movie. About a lioness.

-Let’s hear our *grrrrs!*

Labels: Born Free, breakup, drunks, flowers, girlfriends, relationship

Thursday, April 07, 2016

-Why you sitting in the dark?

-Aggie left.

-She always leaves.

-Final time!

--It’s always the final time.

-It IS?

-I’ll make coffee.

-No decaf. I want to live!

Labels: breakup, coffee, decaf, habit, old shoe, predictability, Romance, sitting in dark

Friday, April 08, 2016

When Wesley decided to run for Congress,
Opposition Research cranked up!

Soon, statements from Madams, and one
literal girl named Ginger.

Also, a video from Blaze Urprivates, exotic
dancer.

These transgressions, though, attributed
to the wrong Deldestry.

His brother, “recovering” from a motorcycle
accident at Bide-a-Bit, roasting marshmallows
at the weekly fete for Incurables and Squirrel Heads:

“That...Boy...!”

Come back in fifteen minutes for Scout.

Labels: dirty politics, exotic dancer, Madams, mistaken identity, Opposition Research, politics, sex

Saturday, April 09, 2016

Laurel Josephine, aka LJ or Mixxy

The last alluding to her propensity
to mix it up, quarrel.

So when the coiffed religious headliner
came to her college, she was nothing if
not primed to deal with his load of shit!

She got him on the sweaty run, but he did
make one interesting point. That her liberal
stance took of what she accused him of:
Doctrine.

So she vowed after not to be doctrinal.
Losing thereby some of her Lefty pals.

Well, truth be told, she lost her few
friends on the other side also.

So, she reasoned, must be doing
something right.

She thought she'd go into the Sciences,
but that proved surprising political also.

Maybe just the Age.

The men came and went, lying.

She ended in Education, counseling Junior
High kids. She had an affinity for their
search for justice, and their vulnerability
mid exploding hormones.

The other teachers got married and she
became the durable bridesmaid in the
terrible dress. A stale idea, and she got a
kick out of it.

Besides, people of her age danced a fury at weddings. And she loved that!

Enter *Whatsisface*. What she called him for a good while. He was a realist and expected no more of her than her self.

How to relate, she mused, to someone not a goddamn fuckin fool!

They had fun. That was the ticket!

Then...the discussion re marriage.

Not for them!

And, then, for them.

Biggest discussion took place at a weekend at the Jersey Shore.

There they actually took the misty afterglow walk along the beach, hand in hand, but didn't fall embracing into the surf.

Rather, she performed a solo dip, nude, laughing uproariously all the while at the previous movie stereotype of it!

“Take the vaseline off the lens, assholes!” roared she over the loud waves.

At any rate, the two realists started writing their own ceremony. Leaving out the crap.

Though his mother, a self-confessed Old Fashioned Girl, actually tried to get him to squeeze “to obey” back in there.

Fat chance!

Labels: combative, crap religion, Doctrine, feminist, liberal, marriage, marriage discussion, rebel, religion

Sunday, April 10, 2016

The Prosecutor told him he was such a small fry
that he wouldn’t think of indicting him if he didn’t
see him every day at the club.

Whereupon, Cliff quit the Lincoln and joined the Sachem.

There, his blood curdling cry became the gold standard
at the ritual scalping.

The very day he became Vice-President, the new Prosecutor
indicted him.

Found guilty, and Maximum John gave him ten years.
But letters from international War-Woops had been read in
court, so he suspended it.

Citing Cliff’s frequent performances at Children’s Hospital.

Labels: Indian, Law, service, stereotrype

Monday, April 11, 2016

The couple who itched together,
scratched together. Often with
chants and prayers and mantras.

Naked a good part of the day
to let the air get at them.

Medical Science supplied many
pills and ointments, of course.

But best relief came from a
goose grease purchased online
from *The West Virginia Granny
Women, LLC.*

They slathered each other at
bedtime, and then made a form
of ritual love.

1

Which specifically consisted of...

1 *2*

Subscribers only beyond this point.

2

*Nuns at Catholic colleges forbidden
to subscribe re Church Directive Alfredo.*

Labels: Catholic, itch, lotions, medical condition, pills, ritual, salves, sex

Tuesday, April 12, 2016

His college partner did affect European Manners,
knife shoving food up the back of his fork.

This sort of fey behavior persisting, Clip moved
to actual Paris upon graduation. And onto women.

All in the American style: lazy, but genuinely
intellectual. Ate mostly baguette sandwiches.

An uncle supports him: “…my pissy little horror!”

An operative of the Paris-Dusseldorf agency
Confidential Assist Skypes him yearly at his
Wall Street office.

“An Arab woman moved in!”

“I didn’t hear that.”

“Black as shoe polish.”

“That neither!”

Labels: Arab, ethnic prejudice, Paris, rich, sexuality, wealth, Woman

Wednesday, April 13, 2016

Everywhere an inside game. Which Cal
had played with some little skill...and then
often stepped aside for chaos to sweep in.

He enjoyed picking up on clues of chaos
everywhere.

Case in point: the upcoming Republican
Convention.

The Morning Maniac kept drive time
hopping with little dialogues.

Delegate A: What are you thinking?

Delegate B: Nothing.

Delegate A: That dangerous?

But a big official had been a guest all week,
and tried to anchor the nuts. “There are rules,
and they’re being followed!”

“Of course,” he added to the Maniac’s glee,
“the rules can be changed on whim!”

All this had Cal on edge. He considered
himself a Connoisseur of Chaos! but felt the
need for additional tips this time.

Had to catch a series of deep breaths
walking into work from the parking garage.

Labels: delegates, inside game, manipulation, Republican Convention, trickery

Thursday, April 14, 2016

Datz explained to Gloria the French Press.

Not a lover’s or wrestling move, but a way
to brew coffee.

“So okay,” she shrugged, “you spoon in the ground stuff, and add boil–“

“Not boiling, not quite.”

“Oh! So damn important! At any rate, you wait five minutes, plunge the crap down to the bottom,
etc. But there’s a rub, as Billy Shakespeare
noted in another context: In five minutes,
the mixture cools off just a bit. Defeats
the purpose if you don’t have piping coffee.”

“Ah but I left out a step in my description!
You have poured hot tap water into there
and let it stand for a minute. Pour it out
just before adding the coffee and the
really hot stuff.”

“Bingo!”

“Thus you start with a hot vessel, don’t you see?”

“I’m a hot vessel. You might notice.”

They both stared out the windows to the
foundry, where the windows glowed.

He told his mother in generalities, as if
the men under him had upset things.
“Just when you get a nice routine, some…”

“Cherchez la femme!” pronounced she. Laughed.

“You’re nobody’s fool, Mother.”

“Know the game, is all.”

Labels: coffee, French, French Press, Mama's Boy, Mother, sex, sexy

Friday, April 15, 2016

Rip and Monica

Monica turned utterly sweet.

Next day, singularly vicious!

He fled by running through the
park. There colliding with a
dwarf on roller skates, who
sneered "I told you so! Didn't
I tell you?"

"How could you tell me? I never
met you!"

"Know-it-all!"

Following day, Monica beyond lovely,
and it led to mad sex.

Predictably, it wasn't long before
her scorched earth policy again
instituted.

“Enough!” she finally yelled. “I'm
gonna be steady-state from this
moment on! Not more ripping, Rip.”

Only joke she ever made, and she
enjoyed it, but moderately.

Ordinariness eventually led Rip to join
a group building a prayer tower in the
Colombian jungle.

Too much junk enabled them not to lay
stone one.

But, mellowed Rip, and he rejoined Monica
to speak of Jesus, though conservatively.

They got married in a storefront church on
a roaring boulevard.

Labels: Born Again, erratic behavior, Jesus, Prayer, relationship, sex, storefront church

Saturday, April 16, 2016

-Take Ballet. Somebody hadda invent that!

-Well...not all at once.

-Nothing’s all at once.

-Thank God!

Labels: ballet, cumulative, dialog, friends, invention

Sunday, April 17, 2016

Her own Holy Person told her to
forget, pray

as to what to remember of
the present.

She tried to wipe the slate
clean, then choose

what to write down there.
Carl agitated
as always

the plan, specifically the
things he said
breaking up.

But now, when she closed her eyes, he
ghosted out

and could be
any man.

Success!

The slate very nearly pure,
she mused as

to what of the present to
chalk down there.

Re-enter Carl, begging
forgiveness.

-Uh uh! You can’t play me like a piano.

-Ah the magnificent chords yet to be struck!

-People come to me for advice. They can’t
get that from a mess!

-Where better to get it?

Plan A, they'll
work it out.

Plan
B, they won't.

Plan C, what sayeth Ho-
ly Person?
echoing.

Labels: carnal, faith, forgiveness, guru, holy person, prophet, relationship, religion, spiritual

Monday, April 18, 2016

-One begins by forgiving oneself!

-What could be easier?

..

-That woman broke my heart!

-One in a line.

…

-She’s fishy over there, and so is he!

-I’ll put clothespin on my nose!--
collecting for Little League.

…

-We’re fucked!

-HE'LL be Bishop.

..

-Here’s to old times! Uh, have you lost your wife?

-Another found her.

…

-Marriage a habit with you? Serially?

-Square Dance Call: *Change partners and screw*.

Labels: Bishop, Church, forgiveness, habit, marriage, relationship, religion, square dance, women

Tuesday, April 19, 2016

The last cruel woman leaves the crude town.

And her mark on the young girls.

Who eventually prove wild and intractable.

The Village Council asks them all to go when
the youngest comes of age.

The young men given a chance to vote through
their representative.

They okay the move.

So, men only, and they fight continuously.
And arm themselves, naturally.

After a year of fatalities, The National Guard raids
one ice-dead of night.

No captives.

The original woman comes back and invites others
via the internet.

They eventually form a squabbling government,
instituting an “Only After Sunset” rule for men.

Labels: fighting, girls, guns, local government, men, National Guard, political squabbles, Sexual Politics, town, women

Wednesday, April 20, 2016

The candidates

toss some scabrous
taunts!

Walk them back,
genially, next
time.

The essence re-
mains.

Like the chef
fetch-

ing ingredients
from trash to
shape

a Surprise!

Labels: chef, Culinary Surprise, political rhetoric, political taunting, politics, Surprise

Thursday, April 21, 2016

-So, okay, he hiked the jungles of Panama
as a nineteen year old. Backpack and all!

-Pretty pictures of flowers in a notebook.
He still draws.

-What a freakin boy scout!

-Oh?

-You got something?

-Stopped in a whorehouse for directions.

-You’re kidding?

-The girls fussed over such a naive blusher!

-So, over in a few minutes?

-Yes. In truth. But not, of course, in political fiction.

-Seems to be a slim horse to ride.

-We’ve ridden slimmer.

-We run Jenny against him?

-Perfect! Little Miss Hurt!

-She’ll cry at his treatment of women.

-And get some great digs in when she’s dry!

-Well, a whole campaign…?

-Yes and no. We’ll apologize three quarters
way through.

-Uh huh? And then allow the snide wisecracks

to surface again?

-Same act.

-Thus he loses the women?...been better
to fuck his brains out back then.

-No way! Don’t want him on our side!

Labels: hardball, Opposition Research, political games, Republican Hardball, sexual innuendo

Friday, April 22, 2016

Once again we patched together outfits for the kids, and traveled to the Great-Great-Grandparents.

Clint had lost another job, and we presented an appearance most bedraggled.

“Well, is this it?”

“Not even close!” And they bragged of the privations of the Great Depression.

We knew the next visit would be the last.

Their age.

Their voices, then, are feeble.

We show ourselves in clothes from Low Threads, a charity outfit.

“Is this it?”

“Yes.”

Labels: American Capitalism, Capitalism, Charity, Financial Depression, Great Depression, unemployment

Saturday, April 23, 2016

Mr Cheap Solutions

had his daughter and her inattentive beau write
their own marriage ceremony, prompted in its
less-than-moving recitation on the Great Day by
an inexpensive clergyman of approximate sobriety.

The reception catered by the latest immigrant group,
whose cuisine consisted of lumps of dough laced with
minced garbage.

Their native champagne tasted of burnt matches, but
effectively lit the guests, who danced furiously to a
half-gypsy band.

When the starving musicians broke to devour the
"food," flasks of sulfuric fruit liqueur were passed
around.

Anyway, It proved, all-in-all, our Cheapskate's Paradise!
Trifecta of penurious, gastric, and inebriated.

Okay okay! Just my point of view.

One Academic Couple pronounced it *cultural and lovely
and memorable!*

Another trifecta! This time of the Deluded. And what
would we do without them?

For one thing, they’re guarding the whole concept of LOVE!

Labels: cheapskate, Concept of Love, dancing, drunken celebration, gluttony, gypsy, immigrant, love, marriage

Sunday, April 24, 2016

Introducing an academic couple.
One so bizarre that their graduating
program in Linguistics has asked their
institution’s name not be mentioned.

Cliff and Mandy, their real names.

Hear them conversing, and you'll recognize
not word one!

They have invented a language and speak to
each other only in it.

Oh I think some English might creep in,
but I've not heard it.

At any rate, the language resembles most,
in feeling, that of Italian Gypsies, rich with
curses and insults.

I freely translate this last from Mandy
towards Cliff. "You remain a disgusting
pig from an equally disgusting sty!"

He responds in kind. This is their life.

My wife thinks they love each other in
this bent way. She's deluded!

They have the intellect to skillfully hate!

Well, they're getting up there, and feel
a responsibility to pass the language on.

So they're working on a web page.

It's under construction, she tells me.

“All of life is a web page under construction,
he laughs bitterly.

Then they turn on each other in their fierce module.

I feel excluded: their fondest desire.

Labels: academic, academic couple, Battle of Sexes, behavior, linguistics

Monday, April 25, 2016

Jerry and Cart

-I’m glad I’m not rich! All that lying!

-You’re too nervous, and you’d cave!

-Tell the truth?

-If you still could recognize it!

-End up in Danbury?

-Rare, but possible in your cowardly case.

-I suppose you’re happy I’m finally being punished!

-Yes and no. It IS one hell of an imposition that the waiting lists for the tennis and golf pros are so long!

-God help me!

Labels: Crimes of Rich, Danbury, Federal Crimes, low security prisons, tax evasion

Tuesday, April 26, 2016

-Everybody's hot after these
Models of Behavior now.

-All over the net!

-How would you describe mine?

-Running in front of a tsunami and in
danger of tripping.

-That totally precarious? What can I do?

-Nothing.

-I could pray!

-As I said, nothing!

-God could grant me a few milliseconds a day!
Lay out my case.

-Not entirely impossible, I suppose.

-BREATH returns to me now!

-Oh ye of...Great Faith!

-Best I can do!

-Who knows?

Labels: behaviior, faith, friends, God, Prayer, psychology, self-help, tsunami

Wednesday, April 27, 2016

-That’s it! She put my jar of cashews in the frig!

-New to her! Give her a chance! She has one shot: you!
Or it’s back to Wasooga Land!

-Preferably!

-She’ll never get another visa.

-Then you and the Church better work something out.
I wash my hands!

…

-What a prick! Did she hafta go back to sure death?

-As luck would have it, the New Revolutionary Force marched up Park Avenue, ended up sending HIM to Wasooga Land. She and a boyfriend stay in his penthouse, and put all sorts of things in the frig! You’d never guess!

-That’s the only Case of Justice I’ve ever heard!

-A few more before the inevitable *Reign of Terror.*

-Can’t we head THAT horror off?

-Not before we purge the Wealth Spawn!

Labels: African, Reign of Terror, revolution, rich, wealth

Thursday, April 28, 2016

-Your Government has a stake in
Dorine’s accepting you back.

Maintained “Drack” Carruthers--
as his official badge announced.

-Cut it out! I don’t believe it!
Too penny-ante!

-You’d think, but both political parties
see our Nation’s future as comprised
of vibrant families.

-So what?

-*What* is you and she marry, produce
babies.

-Uh huh? Well, let me tell you
something! How about my
taking HER back? Why am
I always the meeching victim?

-Well, you mostly are. It’s been
your history.

-Is it…just the Government?

-Well, with our partners. Primary to your case:
Rejuvenation-Max LLC.

-Not familiar.

-You shoot a goose grease up your ass daily?

-Hemorrhoids.

-Precisely. Cost them a penny a pound.
By the time you use a pound it’s over a
thousand bucks to them.

-But I don’t understand. With or without Dorine, I’d still use the product.

-Yeah but outside of a stable relationship, you get erratic, miss a dose now and again.

-And multiply that by other fuckbrains...?

-Bingo! They’ve asked her to take you back also...and there are others.

-I’m mad to come in contact with them!

-Oh?

-Whitman.

-Your profile mentions your quoting him. I...like your eyes when you do. *Dreamy* not a bad approximation.

-Stop it! My eyes? Hardly know they’re around.

-Nonetheless. And I’m being objective. Dreamy.

-Well, I get a kick outa that! Coming, uh, back to Dorine...

-Oh I think we just moved on from her, don’t you?

Labels: breakup, Fascism, Government "Partners", Government Policy, relationship, social work, socialism, Whitman

Friday, April 29, 2016

The White Wonder of the Republicans
moved into our co-op, and soon ran
a vicious campaign to become its
president.

Crushed a retired librarian sporting
gray, bouncy curls. She became the
Whore of Babylon.

Well he played for keeps, naturally.
Prepping for the Big Show.

Libertarian cats did him in. Peed in
the upper hallways.

Insoluble problem since his biggest
supporters owned them.

At any rate, he failed. Voted out.

Did the National Stage still beckon?

Would have, if his wife hadn’t left and
a male partner move in.

Labels: :Libertarian, campaign, co-op, co-op apartment, Libertarian Republican, librarian, Republican, Whore of Babylon

Saturday, April 30, 2016

Harpy’s old weird Grandfather insisted on sitting on Mark’s lap.

Then he made Mark sit on his with reedy coaxing.

“But I’m afraid I’ll break you down!”

He just about did before sliding off.

We were all laughing like hell by then. Subsequently, Mark sat on all our laps.

General hysteria.

Atmosphere turned with Hobart.

“Jesus! Hobart! I didn’t know you cared!”

We tried to rip off Hobart’s pants to show the evidence, but both men escaped into a closet and locked it from the inside.

Gang never the same after that.

Labels: friends, hysteria, queer, sex, sexual play

Sunday, May 01, 2016

-Sick of Cynthia’s hemming and hawing!

-And especially her Bum of the Month?

-That mostly, so we stage a reality show
for her.

-Pick Your Husband!

-How did you know?

-Vast experience in barroom hazes.

-Stop right there! We all stay sober. Even hire
a professional MC.

-And the candidates ARE?

-John the Bouncer-Poet.

-Quite a longshot he!

-Harley the motorcycle guy.

-Outa jail again?

-Cut his hair too! And Max the Professor,
AND! Max the Accountant.

-Extensively degreed, both!

-At the other end, Lettuce, the Farmer.

-Does he deliver to Whole Foods?

-Almost exclusively.

-Completes the cast?

-Save for Sammy Suck-Around, with her since grammar school!

-Then let’s get on with it!

-Each glows! In bloated intro of the MC! Some accept shyly, others add disgusting detail.

-Dog and Pony Show!

-But such a prize! The much more than camera-ready Cynthia!

-Finally, finally, chooses one?

-We wake up Piano Man, and he pounds out ragtime suspense chords!

-And the winner IS!

-You’d never guess.

-I see Max the Accountant as the most bizarre, thus probable.

-Good guess. Uh, orate again?

-And the winner IS!

-The MC!

-Shock-o-REENO!

-Leaves with him--both coiffed approximately the same.

-Unfair! Beauties already clog the market in Show Business!

-Marrieds live in Jersey City now. He wanted to be close to

the dog food factory he’s spokesman for.

-And they say Method-Acting is dead!

-She dresses as a Yellow Lab when they tour.

Labels: bar, candidates for husband, contest, friends, husband, reality TV

Monday, May 02, 2016

-Your erratic guy just gave a “Foreign Policy” Address. Excuse me while I laugh.

-It’s not Trump’s fault that its all of it a phony bag of shit!

-He has found the Promised Land!

-Well, he does...have an idea or two!

-In the Land of the Blind, the one-eyed...?

-Something like that. Anyway, he’s here to scrub the wretched, filthy stables!

-Too much ancient imagery for me... from both of us. Not worth it!

-The game is not worth the candle?

-There you go again!

-What else is there to do?

Labels: foreign policy, imagery, old saws, proverbs, Trump

Tuesday, May 03, 2016

-Are the ducks on the pond?

-In as much order as one could expect.

-But, will they quack?

-The feed was proper, if excessive.

-I'm...sensing a monstrous injustice!

-Our brand.

-Done to the leader in votes, but, hardly, pedigree.

-Here today, gone to-

-Answering all my prayers! But...his murderous followers?

-They must learn that a Convention is not a Democracy!

-Neither is a Democracy.

Labels: Democracy, Political Brand, Political Convention, Rigged Convention

Wednesday, May 04, 2016

We start with videos of “Rascal.”
The Royal Child, now three.

Then Denise Armbruster and I, per
usual, interview the King.

“I’m so happy, again, that you afford me
the opportunity to talk to my people!--
although your opening segment
featured one as yet uncivilized!”

We all laugh. And, as His hobby is History,
end up discussing the old vile parties,
Delegates, and Repeaters.

Most instructive!

There follows a plea for the miners in Montana
to put down their arms.

“”I promise Absolute Amnesty if you act within
twenty-four hours!”

Naturally, we praise his generosity, and of course,
allude to the Queen’s lovely prayer for the miners’
wives and children!”

Running as a banner across the bottom of the screen
as we again speak of the irrepressible Rascal!

Labels: American Royalty, Future of Democracy, Royalty, Triumph of American Royalists

Thursday, May 05, 2016

The new reorganization philosophy in an office
that had last suffered through

Team First!

RC sought sensible outcomes through sensible means,
and with personnel not bending themselves like Gumby.

Tough sell, though, by Mr Carkswell, brought in to institute it.

Mrs Carkswell's first husband was Farmer Joe, deceased.
That couple seemed to have Reasonable Coherence built in.

Anyway, she got up before Carkswell did and baked a box of
chocolate chip cookies.

Said box still warm on the train, which nearly went collectively
mad with the aroma.

Staff went ravenous, and each dropped in to his office with
a phony question re Reasonable Coherence.

The next week, Farmer Joes, a sort of molasses cookie.
To his memory also, she tossed in a shot of his moonshine.

After this, Peanut Butters cinched the deal. She ground her own.

Berts and Mongo started the office mantra, when they laughingly
said to Carkswell “We will do your will!”

Then others said the same, not laughing.

Anything could go too far. Example: the spotted box which Carkswell repeatedly used had been stolen, and some say eaten.

He didn't worry. Could scale everything back, using the principles
of Reasonable Coherence.

But, of course, the cookies had to continue at any rate.

A shiny new box each week was the compromise.

Labels: appetite, cookies, morale, office, reorganization, reorganization fatigue, workplace

Friday, May 06, 2016

“**Discontinuation of Practice”**

Came the notice via all electronic media.

But several things pending which couldn't
proceed without their approval.

We had to each chip in to hire a fixer.
He had headed up the Bureau in the past.

“They've changed everything!” he complained.

Code for they've changed nothing, but he
required more cash.

Somehow, all the proper balances got struck,
mostly due to his obeisances to former underlings.

Ending with a showy kowtow televised world-wide.

The great big thing: we didn't get into TWE, the
Trouble Without Extraction.

Where you only learn where the bodies are
buried as you’re about to join them.

Labels: bribery, bureaucracy, bureaucratic emergency, deference, Diplomacy, kowtow, obeisance, pecking order

Saturday, May 07, 2016

He seemed to play his heart out
in his bluegreen near-fluorescence.

The white piano like a toy.

Then he turned to me and cried
“I do it all for you! Never can
there be another!”

“Well, thank you.”

“Can you give me some small hope?
For such romantic bits of bits I live!”

“But...you’re a hologram! Size of Barbie.”

“Nonetheless! Oh...well.” He picked up
his sheet music and vibrated away from
the piano, trailing ribbons of greenish
light, the papers he shed drifting back like
glowing postage stamps.

Labels: Barbie, entertainment, hologram, relative size, size, Virtual Reality

Sunday, May 08, 2016

Min and Deirdre ran from the Winn-Dixie
with his plastic bags. Caught him entering
his Focus.

He laughed, and made the requisite
joke that his mother said he'd forget
his head if it wasn't attached etc.

They left before they could think to
ask him of the legend that he had
forgotten his wife.

All too true! They had gone to one of the
Star Wars Epics, and his mind full
of whizzing fighter planes and quirky
robots, he left her in the Ladies' Room
and drove home alone.

She phoned her sister, stayed with her
thereafter.

When he thought of it, he emailed her to
return, but she never replied.

Seven years have passed, and she has left
her sister's to live alone.

The perfect place for such sensitive ones,
he muses, then forgets.

Labels: forget, forgetfulness, marriage, separation, Star Wars, Winn-Dixie

Monday, May 09, 2016

Nomination-Bound, and of some
Liberal Contradictions, Trump,
will soon iron matters out with
Ayn Rand disciple, and Speaker, Ryan.

(Both to stop building walls?)

Mostly to affirm the sacred Republican Touchstone of grinding the face of the poor--
Doctrine here, pleasant fallout in our war zones.

Plus, the menacing of docile women
as to the thoroughly-deserved lowering
consequences of sex--in the name
of Christ Jesus a cruel possibility.

As is a compromise on a Platform more of
indictments than planks.

Very nearly a prayer also for the welfare
of the Rich: May they never be discomfited!

Much, of course, a matter of style
between two men of our just time.

Labels: Abortion, compromise, loggerheads, Party of the Rich, platform, Republican, rich, Ryan, Trump

Tuesday, May 10, 2016

-That Crimson T-Shirt Look ain’t cutting it on
my Gramps.

-Angry red on an Angry White? What message?

-Looks like a flaming brick, and the text: Her! AWP!

-And the awful Her in question?

-Darlene Smitts, Dem candidate for Congress.

-Okay then, so, and I’m guessing: Block her?

-Bingo!

-And…AWP?

-Any Way Possible.

-Who came up with…?”

-Limbaugh and Hannity–-a co-production.

-Funded by Koch Brothers?

-What else?

-All for a local-yokel seat?

-No such thing in the New World of Cruelty Absolute!

-Can you say that in French?

-I’d prefer not to.

-Oh well, so what? Your Gramps can’t jerk off anymore,
so he’s got the Republicans.

-They got him. It’s pitiful.

-How about poor Grandma?

-Golf.

-More of a masochist she!

-Anyway, not just high-minded idiocy, because that same Democrat Gal used to live next door to them.

-Uh huh? Displaying sarcastic scorn at that point in time?

-She and girlfriends with helicopter sounds. And silent-swooping drone entertainment programs...sort of circular, arms extended. Pretty in moonlight I must say! I recommend girl-giggles at midnight to the sourest hater.

-Uh huh? Well, they had their fun, and now must deal with the revenge forthcoming from the Right-Certifiable!

-Can YOU make helicopter sounds?

-Of course but I...

-prefer not to. You must ENGAGE! In order to engage in political life in Asylum-America!

-Well, anyway, God just can’t keep shedding his grace on the Righteous Right. Too many murders ensue.

-Oh yeah? Well HE, and THEY, invite YOU to blow it out your ASS!

-All this way without one bowel image, and now this!

Labels: bowel, Congress, Democrat, drone, election, Hannity, helicopter, Idiot Right, Koch Brothers, Limbaugh

Wednesday, May 11, 2016

McNally’s Tavern in Chestnut Hill

First time for Jerry, Accountant for
School District of Philadelphia, and
Nicole, French Teacher, Girls’ High.

Jerry: Trump will have deaths on
his hands! Old White Men choking
on their Reactionary gorge and
succumbing to strokes!

Nicole: It couldn’t happen to a
nicer bunch of Racists and Sexists!

Jerry: Oh well...maybe they believe
what they say.

Nicole: *Merde merde merde!*

Jerry: Ship out the remaining Republicans?

Nicole: Of course! Keep the immigrants instead!
They have good food!

Both pleased they seemed compatible.

Ordered JFK Sandwiches.

The front windows went from afterglow to black
as buses hissed along Germantown Avenue.

Both prefer Becks.

Labels: Becks, Chestnut Hill, date, Germantown, Girl' High, JFK, liberal, old white men, Philadelphia, reactionary, tavern

Thursday, May 12, 2016

-I’m worried about violence with this election.

-Oh I don’t know. Loose talk now will translate
to boredom as things go on, punctuated by
nasty cartoons of commercials.

-How nasty? There’s the key that turns the
idiots’ locks!

-Oh come on now! Statistically almost nothing.
How many homicidals in each camp? Insignificant.

-Oh the Left, less than five percent.

-That high?

-On the Right, approaching twenty.

-No way! Why the central cadre there is impotent
by its very nature: Old White Men! Give me a break!

-Ah but they’ve worked up Nazis and apprentice morons!

-Allow all to *heil* and that will be enough for them.

-I suspect not.

-The Chinese curse is
May you live in interesting times.

-Interesting I don’t mind; murderous I do.

Labels: Chinese Curse, heil, Left, Nazi, Political Murder, political violence, Right, violence

Friday, May 13, 2016

The text from Captain Ambrose Hartaker to Captain Dolores Noler: *U locate troops wrong map sgmnt.*

Back from her: *Qwkly corrctd! On move! Thanx Sir!*

He to Lt Charley Hosk: “Parallel Parking in War.”

She to Lt Eloise Nelson: “Honestly! Such Assholes!”

Later to both Captains in conference call from Operation High-Top War Games Referee, Colonel Harley "Biff" Grimes:

"Your units captured, high rate of dead and wounded!"

Upon his hanging up, to fellow ref, Colonel Max Grady: "The women at least LOOK better."

Max: “How many incompetents does it take to lose a war?”

"Or win one?"

Labels: male and female soldiers, male-female competition, war games, women in army

Saturday, May 14, 2016

Rudge heard indistinct voices in the wind.

Or perhaps on the wind. Actual ones picked
up somewhere and flung at him.

Young Hector told him that he could
tell what they were saying.

He could do this in Spanish
when a child, and in English now.

They were angry, he claimed, about
being stuck somewhere. Forever!

Rudge uh-huhed, more fixed by
Hector's liquid brown eyes.

Lorky maintained he heard them
when there was no wind. Hector
knew that this was a separate
set of voices, light and happy.

So everyone wasn't miserable
in the other world?

Lorky certainly wasn't, here, under
those brown eyes!

The two men became exceeding
jealous of each other's time
with Hector. They began sniping
in all matters.

Lorky finally erupted: "I thought
I had left women because they
were too muddled and emotional,
and now I see that men are worse!
I'm going back to Cecilia. Let her be
the pain in the ass and balls she's
always been!"

After a bit, she was allowed to join
our bunch. Proved scattered but charming.
Most of the talk about her.

"Loco!" pronounced Hector. The brown eyes
turning hard.

Voices left.

Labels: female, hearing voices, Hispanic, male, male triangle, voices

Sunday, May 15, 2016

-With the new bullet train, Etsuko had to decide faster than she was used to.

-The romantic conclusion?

-She sent her brother to turn him around at the station.

-Thus, Malcolm back to Massachusetts?

-And Etsuko into the practiced arms of a man who runs Yokohama jewelry stores.

-Her gracing each in turn: Kimono, and offering tea?

-Wouldn't want to short your stereotypes.

-How about Malcolm's? American True-Blue!

-He goes with the woman who manages his softball team. All facts and figures.

-Not THAT type!

-Not in the bedroom: she only stops to pee!

-Grossly American! I can't even VISUALIZE Etsuko's tinkle.

-From the people who brought us The Bataan Death March!

-She transcends all History!

-Did you ever see Nelly make water?
She pisses a hell of a stream.

It goes for a mile and a quarter.
And you can't see her ass for the steam.

-Make it all vulgar! And folk!

-What it is. Hey! Pretty little Etsuko saw her life and then invented it!

-Like we all don't?

Labels: Bataan, Bataan Death March, folk, grace, Japanese, match-making, Romance, sex, softball, vulgar

Monday, May 16, 2016

The Party of the Rich
knows how to party!

Many inquiries as
to loin-dear whores

shuffled in from
the four corners of

THIS GREAT NATION!

To join a fractious row.
Democrats? Not so much.

Though two librarians
fell last one.

Labels: convention, Democratic Convention, Party of Rich, Republican Convention, whores

Tuesday, May 17, 2016

-Biff and Elinor reluctant to join in.

-Their admired caution?

-Finally, they own a small French hotel.

-And in blusters Henny?

-As SS Captain Heinrich Heinrich!

-Their politeness even to him?

-But of course. So much that he feels
they’re being sarcastic.

-Don’t like where this is heading!

-Whips out the Luger and shoots both dead!

-RIP Sweet Duo! And get on with your real life.

-Not the way Henny plays any game.

-There’s a line between…!

-None!

-So tragic! I…can get a towel from their bathroom. For the next…

-Good! Their legacy being clean.

Labels: line between game and life, murder, Nazi, realistic game, video game

Wednesday, May 18, 2016

When the nickname came back to
her, she was displeased in her
special, and sweet, way.

"Intended to ridicule and diminish"
was the State's burden as it brought
charges without her asking.

Luncie's misfortune proved the very
rambling form of Maximum Maxine Rucks,
The Judge From Hell!

He'd have twenty-one years to think of
his motives in embarrassing pretty Ruth.

You'd think he'd spend them complaining
about Political Correctness to his fellow Righties.

Instead he became a scholar of cows, seeing the
docile Ruth as a sort of goddess.

The cult spread in Hixson Penetentiary,
culminating in three years with a special
invitation to the wronged Ruth to attend
a picnic of "The Bovine Worshipful Cult."

It so impressed her: the dappled men
reciting bovine facts as to digestion, that
she forgave Luncie. The Warden sent heavily-
iced Cinnamon Rolls!

Other wardens, especially of fractious prisons,
invited Luncie to start chapters of the cult.

Soon he was coordinating the Eastern United
States and Puerto Rico. Traveling with a guard,
then not.

When he was paroled eight years in, he wouldn't
leave. The Warden fitted out a studio apartment

and office in an abandoned cell block and named him Social Director.

Many more prisons joined in now, the West and difficult South being swept up. Nowhere that the saintly Ruth--newly named *The Bovine Virgin*--didn't travel that rose petals weren't strewn in her path.

Bubba Hocks of the Georgia System: “That shit he sells, he’s the fucking rehab genius!”

Labels: bovine, cow, cult, digestion, Political Correctness, prison, rehab, scholarship

Thursday, May 19, 2016

-Thus and so, one more turn on a
very nearly abandoned stage.

-I thought two.

-As did I, before the editorials
tromponed that I had trashed
my principles!

-And did you?

-One or two re-emerge in the fog.

-But...it’s been flat, stale, and
unprofitable?--as Hamlet says.

-All but that last.

Labels: bribery, money, money in politics, political career, political principles, swan song

Friday, May 20, 2016

I've filled out this same Form-19
for ten years! Nothing has changed.

-Ah but it has! Since I'm filling it
out with you!

-For some reason.

-But now we're even more vulnerable to
hackers as a team, so our password is...
I'll write it down once.

astanntm67$R

-Asta the dog in the Thin Man movies?
With characters Nick and Nora?

-How about the 67 etc at the end?

-Can't reveal that.

-And what's a movie anyway?

-You're so perfect for this experiment!
Mother's name?

-Rose.

-Must change it to Andrea.

-Rose!

-Trust me!

-And...keep trusting you?

-You learn fast. Which contradicts
the profile.

-Just a rebel!

-Or as much of a one can be tolerated
in pussy times.

-Do you superiors know that you…?

-That’d be a novelty. They know nothing!
But which party’s box to check, of course.

-How did sunken politics begin to rule?

-Began with Hongo buying his way to
Caveman of the Month with old fish.

-Still stink!

-Anyway, we skip now until the signatures.
Omitting the same tired chorus of all your
mediocre years.

-Are you married?

-I was, but direct speech a no-no!

-I found that out also. So I presently retreat
to my single studio facing a brick wall.

-Fret not! You live on in the vibrancy of Form-19!

-In relative gaiety then?

-You’re a Derby Winner compared to the mudders
I deal with!

Labels: future bureaucracy, mild rebellion, office, office politics, repetitive forms, teamwork, working

Saturday, May 21, 2016

Zetz had been the rebel against
the orthodoxy of parents who
conformed flawlessly.

Any misstep viciously punished.

But they were no less unspairng
of themselves. When Mother helped
herself to the last piece of French
Apple Pie at the Church Supper, knowing
it was Mrs Donsey's absolute favorite,
she had no sweets for a month

Or the Mister taking a shot of Old Overholt
after a Christening. His favorite Mac and
Cheese disappeared from the menu for a year!

Anyway, Zetz escaped from the punishing
atmosphere to The Radcliffe Hicks School
of Agriculture at UConn, majoring in Dairy.

After junior exec-ing at Sealtest for three
years, he took the plunge and opened up
his own store on the West Haven Shore in
Savin Rock's Amusement Park.

All the flavors there were pretty conventionally
named before wife, Marselly. As a fierce atheist,
she invented Repeating Sinners for Chocolate
Macadamia, and Lusting Daughter for Butter Pecan.

Caused total disengagement with his fervent
parents. After only one Thanksgiving Dinner,
pictures of Saints looking down.

As to good old full and natural Vanilla, it could be just
that, or by the addition of a candy stick containing
hot pepper, Howling Devils!

But, Vanilla also eventually fell to Marselly’s wit: Rigid Spinster.

Though asked frequently to do so, Zetz would never combine flavors in the same scoop. Sometimes the children wanted pretty sherbert colors.

One night, Patty Hully, visiting from Rhode Island, and the sweetest sixteen imaginable, coaxed him to combine Rigid Spinster and Holy Smoke, a faint plum concoction.

When he handed her the cone, her eyes became pinwheels of fire.

He dreamt of them, and the following week was treated by Dr Grimes for ulcers.

He helped along the medicine by eating a pint of Rigid Spinster daily. Seemed smart then, dumb now.

His parents prayed an hour daily especially for him. They never could be persuaded to do the same for that wife of his!

Whatever. He got better for some reason nobody could fathom, and they came up with new flavors.

He kept up his daily pint, but now added the fiery candy stick for Howling Devils.

Parents bought new funeral clothes anyway, and they molder away. As do they.

Labels: generations, ice cream, marriage, rigid morality, ulcers

Sunday, May 22, 2016

Denham kept to himself. Fact known in the small apartment house.

But the twin sisters brought him a rice pudding, a custom, they explained, on this day of St Ambrose, the Grocer.

Much girlish amusement as to nothing ever done for St Ambrose the Good!

In that relatively warm, if ecclesiastical, atmosphere, Denham made tea.

When you got the twins on your hands, this the quickest way to get rid of them.

He promised to return the bowl, but they said no hurry. So he washed and polished it over a week, to give the gossips no ammunition.

Then, stored it a bit, next to his Giants mugs.

For Deirdre, the twin with the shooting eye, had died.

He made his way to her viewing in their apartment, hoping to be the last.

He was, and at the end mentioned the bowl to Destiny, who blinked and blinked claiming it wasn't important for now.

Denham took a deep breath, in preparation for his escape, but when he got his hand on the doorknob, it just tuned and turned in a lumpy circle.

No use calling Arthur, who was resting his bad back and wouldn't come anyway.

She closed Deirdre's coffin and put on popcorn.

Announcing both that they were two adults, and that there would be no silly mourning prohibitions either, including not watching the Giants and Eagles in the Thursday night game just starting.

Labels: apartment house, death, Eagles, eccentrics, football, funeral, funeral customs, Giants, gossip, loneliness, saints, sex, twins

Monday, May 23, 2016

Universal Rule

“What...NIXON? Why single him out?

Like, every president surrounds himself
with pricks!”

Labels: Nixon, Presidential advisors, universal rule

Tuesday, May 24, 2016

-Most of the guys are hitting
around 200! And confused!

-Shall I say the words for the
terribly extracted from?
The abstracting words?

-Performance Enhancing Drugs!

-You said them for me. I must keep
you around for arguing with my
girlfriend. That way we both can lose.

-Our heroes have LOST 50 to 100 points!
When they gobbled up that crap, even
their shit had muscles!

-Happies up the pitchers! And as the former
addicts get more and more frustrated,
they throw them more and more junk.

-How can they get away with it? They're
doctoring the ball!

-Easy. They're not feeding it pills!

-Or injecting it?

Labels: Baseball, baseball and drugs, batter, doctoring ball, junk, PED, pitcher

Wednesday, May 25, 2016

-Passion for Duty lights the fire
under the Revolutionary’s ass!

-Uh huh? And the old system,
with all its bitching malcontents,
somehow gets my favorite grind and
morning Danish to the coffee shop.

-Some quite unhappy people in the
process! All for your infinitesimal
bourgeois goals.

-Yeah? Well Shangra-La two or three
kingdoms over. Book a flight if
you can’t stand ordinary people
anymore.

-Maybe just wait for the Revolution.

-I’ll have to forget the coffee shop then.
Be destroyed in pique or incompetence.
Or replaced by a store selling posters
of expansive motto!

-More will be built to the common good!

-Can’t fuckin wait!

Labels: erratic upheaval, everyday life, propaganda, revolution, revolutionary zeal

Thursday, May 26, 2016

stumbles and falls at Rush and Hepplewhite,
bumping his head on a marble stone Gentry
used for climbing into coaches during The
Gilded Age.

He only worries about one thing now:
his headache!

Which gradually subsides, as his fretful
steadies return. Like friends from out
a cutting blizzard.

They’re home! Where he can worry about them.

Labels: anxiety, worry

Friday, May 27, 2016

It was discovered early on that
giving him responsibility was
inviting incoherent disaster!

As a result he was promoted again
and again.

To a position the company felt
confident that he'd delegate
just about everything from.

As a result, his department received
several awards.

When one cut through the CEO's King's-
English blather, could fathom they were for
screwing up less than the other departments.

Did I say that he was warm and loving
and approachable? Beautiful manners!

In contrast to the others in his executive,
soaring plateau.

Bastards and Bitches...enough said.

Anyway, hired away by Honda. He bowed
quite well too.

Labels: CEO, company, hire, Honda, incompetence, mix-up, Peter Principle, SNAFU

Saturday, May 28, 2016

not quite

 -What're YOU? The little HITLER
around here?

He had heard that before, but
seldom ordered anyone around
irrationally.

Almost never. The Employee Reports,
in fact, asked for more assertion!

Oh well, he was mostly a solo act.
Troubleshooting Auditor sent in
when others smelled fish, but couldn't
pin the figures down.

Now he had to jolly Andi, his live-in
girlfriend. He did that pretty well--
for a tinpot dictator.

Then she insisted he slink around like
Chaplin or Groucho Marx, heiling the cats,
who popped in and out, enjoying the game.

It all ended in laughter. Whereupon he
did his best at sex.

-It's a strange world, and we're strange!

Andi always ended in such a formulation
before they slept.

Staring into the mirror like a Swedish actress.

He told her he had fun with it.

She informed him that he was her
Snuggle Bunny!

Soon asleep in tiny breaths, the cats
joining them one by one.

Labels: baby talk, cats, comedy, dictator, Hitler, psychodrama, routine, strange couple

Sunday, May 29, 2016

-Was born with it.

-But, she didn't seem warmless. There
was...lovemaking, no?

-Perfunctory.

-Whatever was out there ranked higher for her?

-Undoubtedly. Finally joined the Peace Corps.
I'm on her email list. Mostly for pictures.

-Hahongah and his brother climb a Wungsit tree?

-That's about it.

-Enter your very immediate Helen!

-And frenetic. No stare whatsoever. Up and doing!
Eyes like daggers. "Let's get moving! I'm bored
outa my freakin skull!"

-Bit restless, then?

-Like, 101 percent!

-But, not evil in this case?

-No time!

Labels: busy personality, dynamic, female, girls, inert personality, pathology, Peace Corps, personality, stare

Monday, May 30, 2016

In the Supply Room,
Relly pitched forward
as the pile of cartons
gave way, struck his head
on an old wooden filing
cabinet.

“Where…am I?” he asked
Bent, the college intern,
who helped him back to
his desk.

He appeared dazed all
morning, and was left
out of the usual sarcastic
loop.

Many were for taking him
to a doctor, but "Judge"
Halliday, the office elder
prevailed, everybody
sharing Dunkin Donuts and
coffee.

Delsey Flowers made sure
Relly got his sugar treat!
“Do I like these?”

He gradually came to, but
not before a Visitation,
everybody at lunch.

A shining young woman, all
in white, as the computers
shimmered around her.

Relly blinked and blinked.

"I…hit my head."

"Would you like to see my cunt?"

Labels: accident, concussion, hallucination, office sarcasm, Visitation

Tuesday, May 31, 2016

Business and its
Righty Asskissers

have coyly declared merest
minions to be Managers now,
thus avoid paying overtime.

Once, there were REPUBLICANS.

Saying “Let’s hammer out

a policy! One
of good,
lasting sense.”

Once.

Labels: :"Manager", hammer out deal, Labor Policy, manager, overtime, Republican, Right

Wednesday, June 01, 2016

The new rulers even more perverse
than the last ones.

As a result, dogs now walked people.

With my Spud, chaos, as he drops my
leash from his mouth and goes running off!

But he’ll return, of course, and we’ll resume.

Law supposed to humiliate me, but my neighbors
prove nice. And bring treats for me as I wait.

Mr Kensill lingers. Has a question he has
trouble getting to.

Would Spud walk him also?

“We can try when he comes back.”

Labels: dogs, insolence of office, perverse rule, perversity, tyranny, walking the dog

Thursday, June 02, 2016

it's *Let's Pretend*. I've combined a few ingredients,
and try to fake I'm experimenting.

Of course, my Old Harrower still rules!

But, they're not to find that out!

They do, of course, and I'm at The Committee!

Led by the triply-sweet Jennifer. Who digs at
the raw parts with efficiency!

Finally my nerves just can't take it, and it just fires
out of me! "How many men have YOU ruined?"

"No, no. A frank exchange!" she answers those
who wish to expel me on the spot.

Her tack changes then to slow seduction. I'm promised
The Harrower forever if I go along. Implicitly promised,
naturally. Jens is nothing if not slick.

Well, grating story short, I'm ruined by her. And, by
the way, I make seven, three who committed suicide.

Then, tossed from Addiction Shop altogether!

I must put myself out with the trash the following
morning.

Sounds more terrible than it is. The guys just
put me in a separate compartment in their
huge truck. Lefty-2 brings coffee. Nice of him.
We shout over the rumbling.

"How can you be sure this is not my addiction?"

"It's everybody's!" He adds cream to his and
it shimmers.

“That's beautiful!” I tell him.

Labels: addiction, Fatal Woman, garbage men, social control, trash

Friday, June 03, 2016

Scene: Small inner room of
Back Door Tavern, where
Bloody Marys being concocted,
adding secret ingredients.

ART
The Army of Ecuador just marched
through my mouth.

BARTENDER MORKIE
Merry Christmas! Drink slow.

JESS
(reprising his sketch role as
last night's Little Miss Innocence)

"*Your largess doesn't impress me, Sir.*
I've seen bigger."

ART
I can't even visualize Mr Completely Good
with his pants off.

JESS
But you played him well as a raging hypocrite.

ART
Easier in the old days, when the Board sent us
fallible CEOs. Now we got Jesus in a suit!

JESS
Our sketch last night is the first step in his
destruction!

ART
I'll drink to that! But he's been singing all
morning.

JESS
His goodness is a slap in the face!

ART
Just another in a line of today’s utter frustrations.

JESS
We can’t really hurt him?

ART
Not a way!

JESS
It’s a Class Thing.

ART
Yeah, he’s got it and we’ll never have it.

JESS
Must pray to the Devil!

ART
HIS plate is full of the real world!

JESS
Maybe Jesus in a Suit will transition
to a skirt.

ART
Then we’d just turn all PC!

JESS
Or be shot?

ART
World’s gone to shit!

JESS
Drinking’s last White Privilege!

ART
Can’t pry that from our…

JESS
dead pale hands!

Labels: angry white men, Bloody Mary, Christmas Party, drinking, NRA, office, PC, Political Correctness, satirical sketch, White Privilege

Saturday, June 04, 2016

-So pretty! And yet what a tragic flaw!

-How would you characterize it?

-Gas!

-Gracious!

-She could really rip 'em. Industrial Strength!
Emptied rooms.

-How embarrassing for her! Sought medical...?

-Every Gastric Mavin from here to...!

-New Haven? Romance must have been a problem.

-You think? You'd think! But she met a guy
at a Gas-X display who hugely admired her.
Looked forward to a contest!

-Some sort of roughneck longshoreman or something?

-Librarian.

-Li-BRAR...!

-But, not a rival in the sound department, fortunately for the profession. Mostly SBD, him.

-Silent but Deadly! Even so, for decorum in the
hushed precincts...?

-But, the library in a new building with good
odor handling capacity. Though hardly perfect.
Occasionally the custodians did a sweep, believing some critter had crawled in and died.

-Did they marry? There couldn’t be rivals.

-Outdoor ceremony. Windswept. More than a few
passed out, even so. And they wrote some raucous metal cauterwailings into the proceedings, courtesy of *Jan, John, and the Smashgods!*

-Extraordinary!

-Was that! Is!

-How they getting on?

-Not bad! He still admires her greater gifts!
Two years have passed, no pun.

-Any blessed event?

-Oh yes! Pregnancy magnified her problems,
of course.

-I can imagine!

-Not really. No one could.

-At any rate...?

-Staff muscled a fan used in
mining into the Delivery Room.

-Enter Junior, or Jasmine?

-Junior. And already a virtuoso of rear
musicality.

-Someone should write an opera!

-He's on his way to that in performance!

-Christening?

-Father Mike chose the high school ballpark.

-Worried about Stations of the Cross disintegrating?

-How’d you guess?

Labels: fart jokes, gas, gasious marriage, gastric

Sunday, June 05, 2016

-Markey is responsible, but it gets weird.

-Gentry girl?

-You heard?

-He claimed papahood.

-She didn’t know who he was!

-Rap and I decided that being that sick meant terrifically lonely. So we put him on the ginmill softball team.

-How’d that work out?

-Since he’s brilliant, the theoretical part of the game gets grasped. But has no athletic skills. None!

-His parents like the first part: quarter mil to MIT! But...hafta throw him off team?

-Harp Costello used to be assistant baseball coach at Oney High? Took him on as a project. Hours!

-Pretty good now?

-Not bad! But he truly shines in the apres game! When we lift our flabby arms to fill our hollow legs with beer.

-AND inhale Bent Jo-Jo's four-inch thick bloody cheeseburgers?

-Mais oui! fellow gourmet.

-With raw onion?

-All the girls are the raw onion!

-And is Markey shy in the face of such overt femininity?

-Takes a different one home every night!

-Sounds to me like you've added an *ir* before responsibility?

-Beautifully!

-It's a Class Thing.

-Several classes, though.

-Just one in THAT dive!

Labels: beer, class, dive, dive bar, nonathletic, romantic temperament, softball, women

Monday, June 06, 2016

after the requisite
selfies shared,

eats an ice cream cone
entire. So Right goes

bananas! Such gall impinging fair
Mom and Pop emporium on lake

or ocean shore, or pocket
shop in truly rural digs. Their

formal hate propelling Patriots
to deny the normal everyday
re those despised. Tempest

in a teapot? Nay!
Evil in a scoop!

Labels: "Patriots", extreme politics, Hillary, ice cream, Right Wing Hate

Tuesday, June 07, 2016

Carly, Accountant and owner's wife,
always passed your check with some
remark.

With me, always the same. "Some overtime
in there. Maybe you can start on your
falling-down shed I pass each morning?"

Getting the materials! I promised.

Actually the shed was used for the Saturday
Get-Together featuring *The Banjo Maniacs
with Delsey-Do!*

She carried a keyboard and sang.

Mix in some moonshine and marijuana and
harder!

This whole part of the county looked forward
to it.

Well, it did eventually fall down. No surprise.
And firemen dug us out.

Mostly scrapes and bruises, but I, your funny MC, missed a month at the sawmill.

Carly sent a card, original name scratched out.

Labels: drugs, Fate, sawmill, Southern, Southern worker

Wednesday, June 08, 2016

Suffice to say that Management likes
the Work For Nothing Movement.

Most wonder why it doesn’t stop, though,
since practitioners have made their point
of absolute freedom from unions and
interfering laws.

Many had no money going in, and
they’ve died for the cause, Southern
Legislatures declaring them heroes
and martyrs.

Remainder not listening, either, to the
merciful car manufacturers proposing
half the going rate for Pakistan.

No money desired. None! Thus, no
charity either!

Man and women of principle have
always shamed the rest of us!

Labels: Martyrs of Right, pay, pay scale, perverted principles, Race to Bottom, South, Southern Labor

Thursday, June 09, 2016

-How long have you been irrelevant?

-Seems like forever.

-You’ve lost out on a lot!

-Easier on the nerves.

-I’d think harder.

-Product of Brainwashing!

Labels: anxiety, Brainwashing, cynicism, prevailing thought, relevancy

Friday, June 10, 2016

is heard in our land.

Give that nig
a chance

& he’s flippin’
disaster! So y’

expect
me to vote
for god-

damn woman?

Labels: Hillary, Obama, patriot, prejudice, Woman, women

Saturday, June 11, 2016

Both Jick and Corey had slight builds,
so no possibility with Jick’s Darcy.

Big-boned woman.

But with Corey’s Jill, as slight?

They try on things from her closet as the
women cook and gossip.

Dance together finally. That proves awkward.

As if the chosen clothes didn’t like movement.

More comfortable at Dinner, wives flushed
and jolly. They’ve picked her favorites!
claims Jill.

Labels: behavior of couples, body build, closet, couples, cross dressing, sex

Sunday, June 12, 2016

*-“A duck just slid over our filthy lagoon,
quacking loudly!*

So I quacked back!”

At that point in the interview, my “Committee
of Doctors” whipped out notebooks and scribbled
a full five minutes.

Then they conferred. Then, quacked discordantly.

But...the Docs aren’t supposed to be nuts. That’s my role!

-It’s everybody role here. We’re all nuts and we’re all doctors.
You included. It’s an experiment.

-I’m...going back to religion!

-Was that your Rock?

-It sunk me, the way it does folks today.

-Well, what’s so bad about being crazy in the
secular sense? The food is good.

-Chef Otto. He came straight from the Waldorf,
after bursting his screws after a diner’s compliant
regarding a pistachio flan.

-He’s also a physician! Dusseldorf!

-They won’t settle for less than perfection here!

Labels: asylum, crazy, crazy doctors, doctor, insanity, psychiatric treatment

Monday, June 13, 2016

“*We, who are about to die, salute you!*”

From Bellefleur, who could be scathing and
loyal at once.

“Let’s not anyone die!” I admonished him.
"We’ve trained for this!"

But it was pretty much a suicide mission.

He complained at the meeting to which I
and Associate Commander, Rendon,
were not invited.

Too ethnic for our tastes. Massively emotional,
and real tears when Marins went on about not
seeing his little daughter again.

The more complex Bellefleur persevered about
missing his slick litle Audi. He made its redness
poetic.

We knew these things because the secret meeting
is secretly recorded.

The following Four AM, Tellemon, the Afro,
laughed “A black man putting on blackface,
to advance the racist state!”

My Associate Commander ordered him to stop.

It came to me to tell him that next time he should
join the Army of Utopia, if he wanted purity.

My job was to treat him decently, and he admitted
that I had.

Well, off! Rendon and I resembling complacent larks.
Our happiest time!

Officers of our responsibility have never been killed.

Some Angels protect us.

I see them with wings enwrapping each of us upon the terrible battlefield.

While troopers walk past towards a blaze.

Labels: army, emotional, ethnic, loyalty, officer class, suicide mission, troopers

Tuesday, June 14, 2016

-Reminds me of the biblical story of
Rudolpho and Eck.

-Whoa! No such duo! I had the whole
book screamed past my ears, courtesy
of insane uncles and aunts.

-During your formative years?

-They rendered them gnashingly formless!

-Anyway, you’re right. Rudolpho and Eck
were interpreters. Forbidden to have
their own story.

-Queer too?

-A few called it that. But that was merely
half the time. At any rate, they toured with
light crew, scabrous musicians, and a
phalanx of whores.

-I'll take whatever comes to my own phalanx.
By the boring bye what became of...?

-One night in Allentown, both went completely,
irretrievably mad! Totally a-babble!

-Was the torch taken up?

-By the local Republican Party. It's the Cal and
Edgar Show now. They're makers, not takers!

-Fakers!

-Live and let live!

-You can't do that with cutpurses!
Once they do their thing, you'll starve
by the side of the road, no matter how

many clowns parade by.

-I'm amused though. And have purchased
a lifetime of dried food.

-Arf!

Labels: Bible, cutpurse, dried food, fakers, Interpreting Bible, makers, pickpocket, Republican, survivalist, takers

Wednesday, June 15, 2016

(or Her Shoes Were--formerly--a Terrible Disgrace)

When Melana finally got the big promotion,
she went to Mr Andre’s for the works!

She had a week to report, and this the
first step.

The second, to “Mr Andre’s Brother”--
the actual name of the store in the
same building.

Who closed a few minutes early and they
sat on the thick rug like Indians.

“I have brought you a great beauty
who needs shoes urgently!”

The brother arranged for the new shipment
of Hal Hastings to be brought in and opened
in front of her. Melani ended with a dozen pair.

When she presented her Visa, Andre’s look
said discount.

It prevailed, though Hal Hastings never,
ever, discounted.

Tomorrow would be boutiques, but,
once home, she got ravenous.

Off to the Showbiz Deli, a block away,
wearing her lowest slung Hal Hastings,
with their little colored beads for fun!

Micksey Dell awaited the bus in front
of the restaurant.

“Are THOSE Hal Hastings?”

“These?”

Labels: beauty salon, obsession, promotion, shoe obsession, shoe store, shoes, women's shoes

Thursday, June 16, 2016

simply gave it up before the barbarians
swept through.

What was the use? Most would be beaten
and/or raped.

And the killing would be entirely random.

As Fortune would have it, he was packed
into a truck, heading for a upland meadow.
And firing squad.

When! The Leader spied him grinning insanely.

“I have such mud turtles around me!”

Thus became he a kind of Man Friday,
fetching drinks, and dressing him
for battle.

In the moment, though, helped roll
the bodies downhill.

The leader had volatile moods, but Friday
kept the smile pasted on.

After a year, they invaded the small kingdom
bordering the chaotic one.

A girl brought in after the day’s carnage.

She spoke in monosyllables. Pliant, yet somehow
defiant.

The leader rejected her. “Still water runs deep!
Give me the dizzy, shallow one always!”

But then thought it a Capital joke to give her to Friday.

“The Fool and the Mud Turtle!”

He often asked about the couple, but didn’t like Friday’s replies. Not funny enough. Broke a pole over his head one time.

As a result, Luonga and he plotted an escape to a village so poor no one would ever bother taking it.

Presently they reside in Gwandenka. That low place, and they, forgotten by God.

The Old Fools is their designation. Even the children and grandchildren call them that.

Labels: barbarians, children, Family, firing squad, grandchildren, invasion, irrational leader, old fools, perpetual war, poor village, survival, war

Friday, June 17, 2016

When Moore found a table
and chair, it completed him.

Trio from then on.

Makes no difference what he did.
His own clever solitaire with a
wildly shuffled deck?

Or laying out a newspaper in
patterns?

Or staring through his seven
inch tablet in meditative moments?

As if his eyes were nails down to
the Center of the Earth.

Did think of a woman, but another
chair seemed sacrilege.

The present grouping having an aesthetic
coherence as it stood.

You might feel he would die there, like that.

He had that thought too, and it comforted him.

Labels: aesthetic grouping, arrangement, art, contentment, grouping, Life as Art, solo

Saturday, June 18, 2016

They thought the year
would never arrive,

but toasting it presently
with sparkling cider

mid the steam of
Excelsior Laundry.

Mr Randall, Lillian
from the bakery,

Shy Ray from Deese
Hardware. He

didn’t stay shy,
which is why
you’re here.

Labels: merchants, New Year, sex, shy, small town, toast

Sunday, June 19, 2016

-Well...ill chosen phrase!

-What I was getting at in blog:
the protracted end of an affair,
when things...get small, fleeting,
unimportant, excruciatingly trivial etc.

-And you call that *Dwarf Sex?*

-Maybe I shoulda thought more?

-Knocked web off a bit, and some
bitter complaints. Folks looking for
"Dwarf Sex" seek stills or vids of
dwarfs doing it. Couples or groups.

-Groups? Even I find that disgusting!

-Matter of Opinion. Besides, they like
to be called “Little People.”

-Roses by any other name, etc.
And Dwarf Varieties therein? Of dwarfs?

-You have actual humor in you?

-Only when it comes to cruelty.

Labels: blog, dwarf, dwarf sex, internet, little people, pornography, sex, writing

Monday, June 20, 2016

The richest man in our affluent zip
has passed.

Pause for hallelujahs from Left!

Resume, then, for Senator Runcie to
speak glowingly on the legislative floor.

His cut continues from the Estate.

Treasury and FBI are digging up
the extensive gardens. Billion so far.

Uncle Sam, that kowtowing waiter, will
finally get a share.

Not off the top, of course.

That goes to Prophets of Profit, and other
“Conservative” Greed Avatars.

All high-tone, religious even, but not a worry
that grimier hands won’t mix in.

Under the Big Tent.

Labels: buried wealth, death, greed, hidden wealth, money, rich, Right Wing, right wing greed, tax cheats, taxes

Tuesday, June 21, 2016

approaches every question
with an open mouth. Riot!

So...he’s making up for shy ones
like you, who didn’t speak out

multitudinous times. And Rout!-
ing such Respectable Quiet.

Labels: fear, Kaiser, political speech, post truth, Post Truth Politics, shy, speaking out, Trump

Wednesday, June 22, 2016

Rich happy

with The Party of the Rich--
aka sneered “Republican.”

Dems pipe
Worker’s Rights.

Well and fine,
fearless, even,
but it’s really

One Big Party
for two! Truly,

The Money Party!

Cast your votes for it.
How can you lose?

Labels: corruption, Democrat, money, money in politics, parties the same, Party of Rich, Republican, rich, worker

Thursday, June 23, 2016

Others wrote tomes
as to learning
from it.

He had no desire
of reprising stinks,

and had learned...despair!
Mostly.

Oh well, they’re leaders,
and he's judged one also: Just

going very much easier on the bs doth
comprise his most distinguishing feature.

Labels: bs, bullshit, business bullshit, business myths, failing, failure, inspirational literature, learning from failure, self help

Friday, June 24, 2016

The Respectable Firm

"Another Hopaloo Victory like that and we're outa business!"

The Old Man always said that, his nurse whispering assent.

They had returned from the hospice to administer loyalty oaths concerning The Free Market and God and Adam Smith!

"Don't need Uncle Sammy's Rule-Boys!"

If Mr Presser had bothered asking, he'd discover that Hopaloos were a tribe of foreign competitors the old man's ancestors had once wiped out at a very great cost.

So he showed off by saying it really was a “Carthaginian Victory.”

The nurse immediately fired him!

Too bad. If he had learned anything about the company he'd have discovered it was possible to know too much.

But that’s a Universal Maxim, no? However eccentric our place of employment.

The Pressers of this world are too intent on intellectual display having nothing to do with real business!

Later, Chupsey-the-Survivor wisecracked. “Will one discover an *Invisible Hand* under the rugs over that wheelchair?”

“Not usually,” young Hobart sneered, “it’s too busy going up your ass!”

Labels: "Free" Market, Adam Smith, Capitalism, Invisible Hand, Libertarian

Saturday, June 25, 2016

He Liked His Easy Listening Channel

Except when they snuck in Eurotrash.

Third-rate from the lands of fifth-rate.
Where homeless immigrants piss on
the crumbling History remaining.

And in which the Poles masquerade as Poles,
Italians as Italians etc.

As they entertain with tinny renditions of
instantly defunct songs on an endless line
of grimy cruise ships.

And “Cafe’s” too.” So...very...quaint!

He can’t contain himself! with this final thought.

Labels: "talent", cheap imitation, Europe, historical ruins, imitative, Italians, Poles, popular music, ruins, shoddy rendition

Sunday, June 26, 2016

Had smashed his sort of smallish capsule thing,
but just into the outbuilding her deceased mother
had long ago stored 50s movie magazines in.

They mostly burnt up--no great loss. The garden hose
enough to put the rest, and him, out.

She’s strong, you know, and carried this smoky one to the
other outbuilding with all its wood, and equipment unused
since her daddy left this orbit.

That’s a joke! My husband says I can’t make 'em.

Anyway, by some miracle, his burns not that serious,
believe it or not, and she was nurse’s assistant before
the lumber mill left.

Since the one part of him amazed her, she wasn’t about
to let him go!

Before you say folks’d find out, and the government, well
Harkey’s Knob the absolute loneliest part of this county.

Of course you’d notice the new fellow around when
driving by, but we mind our own business.

After a couple years, he taught the Cedar Crest United
Bible Sunday School. Started using her father’s
woodworking shop too.

They married around in there, he’s Mr Thomas from Cincinnati.

Uh huh? If Cincinnati about a million light fears away!

Well, they did just fine anyways.

But...every ointment gets a fly. Hers was a tumor
like a bowling ball.

So, left us.

He didn’t miss a beat, marrying the bookkeeper
at the hospital.

She has persuaded him to leave his body to science,
though he says with a straight face that he’ll never die.

Good thing. In a hundred years or so, he’ll get to see
the furniture he makes, on Antique Road Show!

Labels: alien, furniture making, rural, rural humor, Russian, Space

Monday, June 27, 2016

With the totally great day finally here,
Malcolm doesn’t know whether to shit
or go blind.

On a sort of health kick, chooses former.

Has a frozen blueberry waffle then.

Hasn’t read the label carefully:
blueberries not real.

Finds out later. Careless!

A hungry mob now throngs the cold street,
ruining it for everyone! You can’t have
celebrations with them!

Clashing shouts and yells, and muffled
collisions. Soon followed by fist upon flesh.

Since the car charged, he decides to leave.
Doors and windows placed ajar so the
thin malcontents won’t smash in. Blindly.

Has recorded a message on a loop:
Blueberries artificial.

Labels: artificial, blueberries, celebration, mob, starving

Tuesday, June 28, 2016

Best to have one you mentored
give closing remarks at your
death or retirement.

Smithy could think of no one,
for those he had helped had fled,
and left no forwarding address.

He could find them on Linked-In,
but why? Feelings always a bit
distant...his personality mostly.

Oh well! Hire a professional!
Jocelyn was bright and chipper,
and, at the sparsely-attended
banquet, praised his guidance
for her present, solid career.

He had retired to an empty house.
His Beth finally departing to live
with her ill sister.

To help, ostensibly, but never
to return.

Did the same service have “wives”
available?

Of course! In the Gig Economy, you
could hire everybody but yourself.

Riella was sent three days a week–-
a pliant and lovely individual to
clean and screw--the rest he bachelored it.

Then, one day, she was sent on special
assignment to France, and the service
dispatched Bert.

Who claimed to be more than competent

in all departments!

Smithy was doubtful and reticent, but
gave it a trial run. The men argued a lot,
but that was really a plus: feeling more alive.

A year later, Riella returned, exclaiming “Merde!”
but Bert stayed.

They left the temp company then.

The three are working things out.

She wrote and sang a French song,
Ménage à Trois.

All very complicated, and French, but Smithy figures
that The American Way should probably involve his
returning to work.

And, could do better for his mates!

Labels: American, american Way, French, Gig Economy, Ménage à Trois, relationships, retirement, temp

Wednesday, June 29, 2016

Danley had tabbed her “piquant.”
The later Hortie, “one of Eddie Poe's
pale heroines.”

Both kind. Mostly. Deceased. Now she'd
try a bit of lipstick!

Some little color for the Board: likewise, kind.

Went well. Impressively. But, the old hurdle
again: TWO men.

The State had “proven” just one, she reminded.
And in an acknowledged weak case.

Couldn't, of course, stay with the piddling
legalistic.

Charm sincerely eased things, but not enough.

The warden brought the expected news later.
How kind of her!

Labels: Fatal Woman, Legal System, legalistic, murders, Parole Board

Thursday, June 30, 2016

tired of the etiquette
of Death.

Family huddled round
his bed,

and, a fractious bunch,
quarreled. At least
the males.

Hired a stand-in
over the internet,
competent old
actor

who did the expiring
bit with some
aplomb.

The women who shushed
the angry men away
were emotionally
taken

by this being who
had the verve and wit
the real passer lacked.
As Fate

would have it, actor croaked!
No living relatives, so
the primary leaving
man had

him buried as
himself.

Now in the interior room
of the wreck of
the house

how he
watches *Jeopardy*
in peace!

Panasonic painting
an oddly leer-
ing face.

Labels: actor, death, dying, etiquette of death, Family, fractious family, Jeopardy, proxy

Friday, July 01, 2016

The Stalwarts brought their patriotism
too far.

Instead of a flag covering the entire
field, one draping the entire stadium!
Down to the surrounding walkway.

Went well in rehearsals with dozens of
armed forces personnel holding it down.

However, game day proved windy, and the
uniformed handlers, stationed outside with ropes, couldn't control it.

Finally, just made an impenetrable lid over the
stadium, a giant sucking sound indicating
a seal.

Those from lower seats who managed to crawl out from under were purple-faced with exertion.

A few old men made it, and, unfortunately,
crapped themselves.

One of these, Professor Deltz, spat.
"Patriotism moved from being the last refuge
of the scoundrel to the main pursuit of
total fuckin incompetents!"

No one helped him because he stunk so.

Labels: American Sport.flag, huge flag, last refuge, last refuge of scoundrel, patriotism, scoundrel, sport

Saturday, July 02, 2016

never tired.
But we did,

stopping it!
Unhooking
phrases

that arrived
nowhere.

No use.
Though one
in there

somewhere!
Bruised by
neglect.

Where are
the points

not made?
The un-

told trillions!
In the West,
they say,

buried in mineshafts.
Of a clear moonlight

one can float
through brilliant
Cottonwood fluff.

Listening
to the edgy
mutters.

Labels: circuitous, discursive, ditzy, point, pointless, pointless speaker, scattered, unable to make point

Sunday, July 03, 2016

Some women, some things never get old.

Reps never looked into that famous mirror
of course. If he did, it would proclaim
HIM the fairest of them all...in the equity
meaning of that term.

How to be fair to all! obsessed his life.

His friends were racists. No matter.
He worked on them constantly, drawing
out concessions from even the hardest-core
hater.

His Laurel was fair enough. Really didn't think
much of major issues. Her signature utterance:
“I want a big cock!”

Sending girlfriends into hurricanes of laughter!

Always. New to them each time she said it.

He was normal in all respects, even dully so.

The other married women were red-faced-
pleased after her famous phrase.

A popular couple. He joined the church, and
she went along.

Though, "Why bother? You're holy enough!"

Feminism tried to throttle her, then pin her
down. But "What's the fuss? I get what I want!"

That's the picture. Unchanging. Unchanged by
kids, too, since they decided no.

The years...! Well, did what years do.

They're in Bide-a-Bit now, one of the cottages.

Lovable eccentrics, to Dotty Heller, RN, who drops by once a week.

She’s so professional that Laurel never pulls her big cock line. Reps bit crotchety, feeling the younger generation resigned to chewing ashes.

Labels: equity, fairness, feminism, Old Age, sex, unique couple

Monday, July 04, 2016

-Even you feel a twinge at the ballpark.
The huge flag and the service men and
women manhandling it to cover the field!
Then a local person, not a real pro, singing
the National Anthem with gusto.

-Would be like cheering billionaires.

-Granted they've gone too far and we've
let them. Adjustments are beginning
to be made and...

-Playing into a stacked deck!

-Even so. Such an unstacking will take
some time.

-One gets only one lifetime.

-And we can never achieve Utopia in it!
So what?

-Only that we can't put up with a phony one.

-We moved from that...or are moving.

-Oh well! You and I are throwing into the effort.
Not hanging back to make wisecracks. And that's
enough for me to feel the twinge you speak of.

Labels: billionaires, equality, inequality, injustice, Justice, patriotism, Patriotism Debate, populist anger, rigged country, rigged economy, Utopia

Tuesday, July 05, 2016

The man who zigs
when he should zag

met the woman who zags etc.

The result: accidents.
But not always. Athwart

core structure,
they assist

each other.
Go figure.

Labels: couple, morality, opposites attract, structure, zag.ethics, zig

Wednesday, July 06, 2016

for Truth, Justice, and the American Way!

But, by then, he had lost the thread of the
discussion, and came off babbling and incoherent.

Dorrie found all of it warmly charming, and set
her cap for him.

Of course, he had no chance.

Strides ahead of him at Home Depot now.

He trundles the cart she throws plywood on.

He hears it after in the car, some awful meeting,
but she’s on the cell with girlfriends.

Labels: Home Depot, marriage, meeting, modern work, set cap, shy, stress, white collar, work

Thursday, July 07, 2016

We climbed the rope ladder.

Carefully! As a team. Buck, Jasmine and I.

A wrong move could send the other two
smashing into the wall!

Anyway, slow process because of our ages.

Once there, we made sure to pull it up.

Just before the young wastrels packed
the courtyard, begging us to let it down!

Love the bitter looks waving over the
upturned faces.

As we thrust a unanimous finger at them!

Labels: age, experienced, generation gap, generations, ladder, selfishness, young

Friday, July 08, 2016

or Nun

Since it’s Sister Dorothy
on the stand,

the fresh Assistant DA dare
not paint her

in his usual ways of scatter-
ingly candied

wench or The Whore of Babylon.
When she returns to her seat in
the courtroom, worry

vanishes from that section. And,
mooing commences. Moving
the Judge to gavel order.

Labels: Catholic, courtroom, DA, judge, Law, mooing, Whore of Babylon, women

Saturday, July 09, 2016

He couldn’t speak. Laryngitis.

Then wouldn’t.

The first week in, he took a week
in Seaside. Rental Cabin.

There to work on toy designs away
from the shop.

He came up with Captain Smitty
and the tugboat, Mary-Lou.

And, back in his home studio,
Shipmates Chipper and Doogie.

Cook Delilah was a late night
inspiration watching Casablanca.

If Ingrid Bergman considerably
chubbier.

When Jennifer brought some stuff
from work, she became intrigued
with his silence.

On weekly visits, she really got to
understand him. And interpret
him to the others at work.

One night she couldn’t leave in
ferocious rain. Waited till midnight
and fell asleep.

Then, she pretty much didn’t leave
again.

He’s beginning to talk to her normally.

She works with him on suggested

scripts enclosed with the full
Captain Smitty set.

The Crew Cuts a Sick Lady's Grass
is among the latest.

Many tend this way, with the new
owner a Lefty.

Last was *The Crew Goes to Washington,
and Captain Smitty testifies before Congress!*

But, both agree that the whole crew should
return to the water and stay there.

Jennifer is now Cook Delilah when they talk.

Biffer Hoxey, his boss, calls her that now, also,
when she shows up at work.

She mostly cooks for Captain Smitty, in their
new, larger house.

Mates Chipper and Doogie stay their bulbous
figurines, but Smitty and Delilah often take
their parts in little plays.

Her mother has visited, with the lovers
announcing: "WELCOME TO THE TUGBOAT,
MARY-LOU!"

She proves to be a winner in imitating
Chipper and Doogie, shaking each in
arguing with each other.

Labels: .playlets, adult, design, laryngitis, playing with toys, Romance, sex, toy design, toys

Sunday, July 10, 2016

People fell very slowly in the new country.
One from a twelve-foot ladder could take a day.

So when Mr Darl fell from the highest knob in High Knob State Park, Max, Laurine and the kids went out to greet him as he passed the North Face Picnic Area.

As others had done before, they brought a backpack full of snacks and juice.

He was the only celebrity they knew.

He begged them to get strong men to catch him
when he hit the bottom of Black Ravine in two months!

This flummoxed the family, since it was a moral cornerstone here never to ask anyone for anything.

But they did persuade the firemen to go in there at the appropriate time.

No problem: they had a drunken picnic and staggered mightily even before catching him in a net.

Mr Darl is always first with a fruit basket on New Christmas!

At family and firemen.

Labels: future, natural laws, rate of descent

Monday, July 11, 2016

Ripped off the balcony by a rogue wave
from Hurricane Jasmine, the plywood
he was nailing following him and smashing
and cutting his entire body.

Deposited in a stripped black oak, naked
and shaking uncontrollably.

All night, his wounds freshened by successive,
drenching gusts.

The morning brought preternatural, misty calm.

So much so that he could hear the dipping oars
of the two guardsmen.

“Excuse me?” began he.

Labels: disaster, hurricane, manners, National Guard, natural disaster, polite

Tuesday, July 12, 2016

Smather Utzloo of his city shot and killed
by a vending machine.

Second Amendment Rights clearly stated
next to the dollar bill insertion slot.

Witnesses say he bumped into it.

The machine tells a story of grim jostling by him.

Zach Holly, Esq. represents the machine.

His retarded nephew, the family.

They’ll get nothing--which they’ve gotten
used to, since Freedom has stripped them
of everything.

Labels: "Freedom", gun rights, inequality, Second Amendment

Wednesday, July 13, 2016

& did it well

Girls, gathered again on Misty DeLand’s porch for the usual nothing, had witnessed his stumbling demise.

Jeanine: No yukky fluids came outa him. He left dry!

Misty: Wet? Dry? I don’t wanna go any which way!

Doris: No smell neither. I won’t go if I hafta stink!

Jeanine: The Princess!

Misty: Whose farts pollute the whole neighborhood!

Jeanine: But...noiselessly...

Misty: That’s what she’s Princess OF! SBDs!

Doris: Shall I bow to you both for con-whatchacallit-ferring my Title?

Jeanine: Carefully!

Labels: death, dropped dead, girls, hanging out, porch

Thursday, July 14, 2016

Dr Lotz called a meeting to gently reprimand.

Starting with himself. He got on the scale in front
of everyone.

“Two nineteen! Should be one seventy!”

Didn’t insist the others weigh themselves.

Physical evidence in straining seams, pot bellies,
expanded derrieres etc.

Even Scrawny the Chief Orderly and his assistant,
Fred Astaire, aka George Hebberly, resembled
Macy parade floats.

As to the patients, there for therapeutic weight loss?

They seemed to do better and better, while the same
principles enlarged individual doctors, nurses, and others.

Ripper Askew, Engineer, could wait no longer. He presented
the plan to reinforce the floors to the Board.

A genial bunch who just laughed at the staff predicament,
but okayed the remedial construction

Fortunately, just before a massive influx of new
patients, the old ones being discharged a week earlier.

As the construction gang waited to begin, the
steel girders and rebar piled on the grass
and the cement truck revolving its huge barrel,
the building collapsed, crushing all staff in
the process of vacating. Unfortunately, handling
last-minute chores.

The Grand Opening of the New Serenity Falls
in a year.

At that, Architect Hap Happersly of Happersly,
Keenan, Otz, Merriweather, and Dingel, wisecracks.

“If you had polar bears on the staff instead of docs
and nurses, these floors will hold. Drive in some
General Patton tanks. The back bank of elevators
will send each one to a specific floor!”

*But, one serious sign: the new staff devours
the luncheon, and catering company “Eat!”
rushes in more.*

Labels: addition, doctors, fat, hospital, nurses, obesity, patients, staff, unstoppable

Friday, July 15, 2016

Not that he was one for radical experiments,
but Ash revolted that Spring day.

Pale knot in front of his building, and crude sign:

FAMILY HASENT EATIN!

Up to his office, but has had Doorman Charlie bundle them
into his limo for a trip to the boatyard.

Now, Secretary Jeanine texts Hobart Grimsley there.

Sml yacht delv 2wks. Train this crew!

His old Captain back, of course, but woman
to handle galley. Man, bartender and
general mate. The one cockeyed girl
helping her mother. Other girl, waitress.

Just his business partner along for the
shakedown cruise. Nursing frosty gin and
tonics as afterglow slides silkily under.

“Gotta…be cutest waitress of all time!”

“Thinking of marrying her.”

“You’re some Libertarian! Fuck anybody!”

Labels: boaitng, Family, hunger, inequality, Libertarian, poor, rich, wealth, yacht

Saturday, July 16, 2016

-Not in dispute: you are beautiful. One of the Greats!

-Not easy!

-Ah but it mostly is, You can do what most
women can’t. Wrap you hair in a rag and
go out to Starbucks in a ratty army jacket.

-Isn’t it strange that men will whip out their phone
cameras even then?

-Not strange. No. I don’t blame them. You know,
of course, that I, too, am considered beautiful.
More the chiseled classic, but nonetheless…

-Granted.

-You know also that something is afoot to credit
the plain woman. Give her rights she deserves?
Even though she…

-I’m all for that!

-Me too!

-(barking)

-(joins her)

Labels: beauty, body shaming, dogs, female beauty, plain looks, shaming, unattractive

Sunday, July 17, 2016

“Let’s see now, which one are you?”

He’s addressing JMM, Jesus Meek and Mild.

“Oh yes, here it is on my clipboard. You’re
WASM, Wise Ass Smash Mouth.”

Thus the new orderly mixed up the men,
and they went ahead and played the new parts.

The physicians would have easily straightened
it out, but they were replaced by Indian Doctors,
speaking an English that went out with Kipling.

They brought with them, also, tea-times, and
often had Earl Grey and biscuits as the patients rioted.

All not chaos, however, since the highly-organized
Dr Caruthers Caruthers brought onboard to shepherd
this insane anachronism.

He switched back JMM and WASM for one. And decreed
no cricket until after visiting hours. So…smooth running!
And for years.

Exacted its toll from him, and he took up a sort of fat,
middle-aged ballet that had been sweeping fitness circles.

The dumpier female Indian Doctors joined him, but plantar
fasciatus retired him from the art, and one of them assumed
the male role in productions.

The patients brought in, and JMM and WASM displayed genuine grace.

Perpetually the jokes about inmates taking over the asylum,
of course, but they manage a blend at Whispering Falls.

Labels: asylum, chaos, dancing, delusions, fitness, insane, organization, patients, staff, treating insane

Monday, July 18, 2016

So back landed I with Mom and Dad.
Strong into politics is she, thus my
old room joining an ongoing reconstruction
labeled Guest Suite. For visiting party hacks.

Pretty nice.

Combination of Ikea and suffocation.

So, I’m in the old storeroom next to the
furnace.

Lots of protuberances coming out from
the latter to hang diploma, and the
occasional late notice of my insane
educational loan,

The cellar is nice. Cool and private.
For one person.

My girlfriend instructed away

I couldn’t take her pity.

Bright spot is I’ve always worked.

At what? You can guess. I’ll take anything!

This makes me the Perfect American:
Live with Mom and Dad, never growing up.

And eating shit.

Labels: depression, economic depression, live with Mom and Dad, old room, remodeling, returning children

Tuesday, July 19, 2016

sleazed into sex.

Even the non-lovers with their sixth grade hints
showing the absolute glee of being dirty.

She gave up. Dismissed the lot.

Threw herself into work!

And then met Rory.

Entirely healthy, caring, fun! Wholesome.
With caressing words!

After a few months of undirty sex and
the warmest affection, anxiety flooded.

“Rory,” she informed him, patiently,
“it's past time for you to do something evil!”

Labels: affection, boredom, dirty, evil, goodness, routine, sex, warmth

Wednesday, July 20, 2016

-During the Cultural Revolution, I wore a compulsory sign around my neck: REACTIONARY PIG!--face of a particularly
filthy specimen in the photo!

-Great God! And the other professors?

-Their signs more directly to do with excretion.

-How humiliating!

-To most. Some toadies and fools smiled in agreement while parading.

-I opt to be one of THOSE in the Next World. They found the Secret of Happiness!

-Continuous lowering?

-Going along to get along!

Labels: Chinese, Cultural Revolution, humiliation, shaming, upheaval

Thursday, July 21, 2016

the girls still jump-rope
with rhymes

Starting with five girls, the one
about him:

“Old Moe.
He still don't know.
He’s never known it.

It it it it it.”

And continues:
“*He’ll never know,*
o no!

O ho, ho, HO!”

On the third, emphatic one, a girl
is forced out.

And sits and stares at him, the knives
of her knees wide.

Labels: girls, girls' games, neighborhood activities, rope games, rope rhymes, skipping rope

Friday, July 22, 2016

The Selectmen politely asked each year,
and Curt became a Minuteman Sentry,
guarding the town.

Actually a “statue” with bronzed clothes
and makeup.

He'd alternate the small bridges connecting
to the world.

This year at the Markey Avenue one by the
railroad.

There cars honked and trains whistled, and
he frequently acknowledged both with his
bronze musket.

Unfortunately, the pigeons treated him the
same way they do other monuments.

The result: a thorough shower and brush-
scrubbing every evening of Revolutionary Days.

His friend, Marcus remarked "You such a great
method actor that the pigeons think you're a
fixed apparatus to an edifice or something!"

Then he'd wind deeply down into one of his
lecture-arguments, how we all play parts in
life, and, therefore, are never really genuine.

Curt's Jill always laughed their discussions away,
this time saying "I don't know why they picked
my Curty for a statue, but they got the right man!"

Labels: acting, intellectual friend, method acting, Minuteman, pigeons, Revolutionary War, statue

Saturday, July 23, 2016

The Dream

of the children
in the woods,

their voices firing, flint-
like off of trees in Spring.

Quieter, slow Summer.
Loudest in bare November.

Crisp in flying Fall, then
muffled in snow later.

Now, regardless of season,
one sees them playing,

soundlessly.

Labels: children, children's play, children's voices, fall, November, Republican, season, sound, Spring, Summer, winter

Sunday, July 24, 2016

"Craig is such a Boy SCOUT!"

He wants to invoke Rule One then,
but can’t help saying "Well my
Ruthie's no Girl Scout. That’s for sure!"

"But, I know, we're not to be discussing
spouses. I mean it's such good luck our
small conventions in this same hotel."
At that point she attempts to add a
confirming smile.

"Look! I got Ritz Crackers and there's
nice cheddar spread in your mini frig.
Lets go to my room and feast. I brought
this Kraut Ice Wine. Delicious! I stuck it
in the little freezer thing."

But she is pondering. "We…always have this
little pop-off before. You…could have let
Rule One slide."

"Inevitable! We'll get through it."

Both laugh. Maybe no argument this time.

"Most of the world is lonely," she decides to
finally say.

A dance band starts rehearsing in the ballroom.
Wheezy and flat.

He maintains she says too many heavy things.

Labels: affair, band, convention, heavy speech, infidelity, loneliness, Music, Professionals, rules

Monday, July 25, 2016

Thus, Hills found someone else had been rewriting his blog.

“Wonderfully literate now. Not as bare bones. Great fun googling the allusions!”

He prefers being clever to being himself.

“As everyone should,” adds he.

He has stopped writing in order to fall in love with the Pretender.

He can tell it’s a female, the way he can tell everything.

Labels: allusion, blog, cleverness, female, literary, literary allusion, literate, pretender, writing

Tuesday, July 26, 2016

“I rather think I'd like to die!”

He was shushed, with everyone pointing out the cameras and listening devices.

"You will make your jokes, but, don't worry, the robots can pick up sarcasm."

"No sarcasm!"

"Even THAT statement is!"

"The rest of you live in misery with lousy meds treating incurable diseases. All to prolong, indeed never end, what is laughingly called Life!"

All the machines screeched into red, spinning-light mode.

Then the one-hour lecture as to everyone wanting to move here. Where we had fulfilled the dream etc.

But he still wouldn't shut up and twin robots came for him.

Being led away, he cried. "Do your worst! But, that must be life and not execution. Therefore do your best!"

One robot said to the other that this rebel had lost it! The other one said they'll take him to the island.

Lectures will play in continuous loops. Ten to twenty simultaneously.

And patriotic songs.

All in the defunct stadium. Enveloped by a huge flag--originally one of a corporation.

Labels: coercion, disease, exile, future, immortality, live forever, loop, propaganda, robots, spy cam

Thursday, July 28, 2016

He decided to live by the side of the road
and be a friend to Man.

Unfortunately, Man stole his animals and
ravaged his crops.

He decided to be a friend to Woman.

Just kidding.

Labels: animals, crops, friend, kidding, man, proverb, Woman

Friday, July 29, 2016

Cyber Wags

-Behemoths merge!

-Well, one buys 'tother.

-CEOs in conceptual pingpong
on a screen near you.

-Buzzwords.

-Subtext?

-Life is absurd!

-A start.

-The Tower of Babel constantly rebuilding.

-Necessary, for a sensible voice to get through?

-But, so so rarely!

-Story of History!

-What an expensive project!

-Oh, I don’t know. It exists so we can work.

-All HAIL! then?

-Sporadically.

Labels: acquisition, big money merger, Capitalism, cyber, Economics of Size, expensive, Tower of Babel

Saturday, July 30, 2016

-The Economics of Size.

-Yes?

-You’ve been shortchanged.

-What can I do?

-My other boyfriend is a doctor. He’ll help.

-Other...?

-Not JEALOUSY! Old old hat!

-We’re in it together?

-The only way.

Labels: boyfriends, cooperation, relationship, size

Sunday, July 31, 2016

The trouble of her difficulty is the men!

An even dozen.

Who often fight, after requisite bragging.

And, bloody, after.

She finally drags them before Head
and Council.

Each speaks of his frustration.

Listeners nod, and then whip them.

Ritual, though some lay on hard to
hear the yells.

Head pronounces "Tribe needs babies.
To be cute and loved by all, and then
grow up to help build the canoes.”

In chorus the council sings

"The Gods need canoes.
One to a family and
another to them!”

Head tells the young men.

“Loving is learned with time, just don't
hurry the moment for your own self.
This is not America!”

Unless a good report to the council in
a year's time, all the braves will be
forced to paddle West, never turning back.

The young woman smiles and laughs more,
and is pregnant! The other women smile and

laugh more also.

The tribe sings to each possible father, traveling
from hut to hut at twilight.

The gods are happy with the promise of new canoes.

Anyway, the babies will come in a flood now!
Midwives are training new midwives.

Head can’t stop drinking, and is replaced.

Not a disgrace, since he will soon visit each
and every baby, and be Uncle to all of them.

As the new Head has ordered.

Labels: government, tribal, tribal quarrels, tribal solidarity

Monday, August 01, 2016

-I thought this *being-through*
stuff was one and done.

Finally, "Get out! You stink!"

-Yeah, you'd think. But, a process.
I was to a party where you were
ruthlessly parodied.

-Love it! Young people with talent?

-To burn. Far exceeding the target!

-Every knock is a boost.

-All the cliches fit. The best one being...

-The Final Curtain?

-But you've locked your teeth therein.

-Musty!

-Both!

Labels: career, celebrity, downhill slide, end of career, Final Curtain, finished

Tuesday, August 02, 2016

Jorge dreamt jagged visions.

Which harrowed him till noon.

He then carried on his appointments
until late dinner. Which was quite
late in Barcelona.

Spanish the preferred language there.

He also possessed Oxford English,
and spent a vacation July there yearly.

Joining the same discussion group,
which had lost the thread after
the war. And most members by now.

He always arranged to meet a few
remaining for punting on Thames.
Which dappled pleasure he loved.

No one ever showed, so he methodically
destroyed his straw boater.

Back to Spain to finely mince Corporate Law.

Married?

Surprise! American! She hits familiar Jersey City
for her July. Junk Stores.

Labels: American, Barcelona, British, Corporate Law, Jersey City, Oxford, punting, Spanish, Thames

Thursday, August 04, 2016

and is nothing but patient

When the child in the man
went wild, insisting on
double portions in everything,
and stealing others' food, we
naturally turned to his woman,
balanced, mature.

A beacon of a real grownup!

Unfortunately, she had morphed
into a perpetual teen, dancing till
dawn with fellows of foreign names,
and waking up God knows where!

We asked Old Andrew, who'd been
through the mill and spat out twice.

"Only thing cures infantilism is tragedy,
so abrupt that even total goddamn fools
recognize it!"

Thus we go through life cringing, waiting
for something terrible.

Labels: break up, child, children, crack up, immaturity, insanity, second childhood

Friday, August 05, 2016

or the more things change...

-They painted the passageways, and Larry
sent Robot Benny to check on the stickiness,
or none.

All the painters yelled! Except Gloria, who
shrieked out a girlish C over C.

That last piercing did it for Benny, who whirled
thrice and collapsed!

-Ridiculous! His whole LINE is oversensitive!

-Got him in a dark room. Deprogrammer Litzky
types in calming algorithms.

-Send that Litz to me later!

-No need, Ruthie! Just the one thing does it for ladies!

-Sex harassment rap at your old place too?

-I take it back! And any three future utterances!

Labels: future law, future workplace, painting, robot, sex harassment, workplace

Saturday, August 06, 2016

and what of the guys down at the docks?
Oxford English and Tea Time?

Well I'd much prefer the foulest of languages,
and booze, and brawling!

-And their women?

-Wow! Raw sex, and yet they drive
romantic stakes into their black hearts!

-Obviously, we must temper social progress
to fit your literary imagination.

-Obviously!

Labels: docks, literary, literary imagination, longshoremen, romantic imagination, sex, socialism

Sunday, August 07, 2016

-Wow! Your presence announces!
One moment not there, and then, Whammo!

-I enjoy being paid attention to.

-A fellow at my wife's office? Snake! Your opposite.You sense
him before he enters. Or slithers.

-I'll never be accused of that!

-What a wonderful full, bright laugh! Ballsy even! Gives me hope! Us!

-That's nice.

-It has been despair here! Crawling! Empty! Despised! Humiliating! Thought it'd never end! But now? With you?

-A possibility.

-Would anything I SAY…?

-Neither for or against makes a bit of difference.
In your favor, all your favors, I have extensively prepared.

-I'll ...just have to BLURT it out! Will you sing?

-I might.

-Would prayer help?

-It’s all, simply, up to me.

-For what it’s worth, I don’t care for the demeaning label of Fat Lady.

-I have Art; I don’t require revenge.

Labels: awaiting, dire times, Fat Lady sings, opera, patience, redemption

Monday, August 08, 2016

Born to be WI-i-i-ILD !

Actually was, but seeks man
of wider syllable.

Labels: born wild, desire, ideal mate, immaturity, mate, maturity, wild

Tuesday, August 09, 2016

-Disenchanted with both choices, I’m joining millions in writing in Bert Hogg!

-Never heard of him.

-Bert presently resides in a lab at Stanford.

-He’s...a pig?

-Bingo! But one who can talk about the level of a seven year old.

-Add another year and he could be President!

-Will be, if our polls are right.

-And two terms?

-One will be enough. He gets bored.

-We’ll get sick of the reporters interpreting every grunt! And the guaranteed haters knocking everything as pig-like!

-“He handled the Easter Egg Hunt like the pig he is!” First Lady Pig help out there?

-Hortensia, from Yale’s lab.

-Change the name! The real despisers will have too much fun with that first syllable.

Labels: election, hate, parties, pig, President, Stanford, write-in, Yale

Wednesday, August 10, 2016

-Only one commandment in American Politics:

THOU SHALT MAKE THE RICH *VERY VERY* COMFORTABLE !

-That’s the Democrats. How about the Republicans?

-Add a *VERY*.

Labels: bribery, Democrat, influence, Money and Politics, Republican

Thursday, August 11, 2016

The authorities declared the only street in town
one-way.

As a result you couldn’t get back!

Unless you negotiated a maze of dirt roads,
and tangled Indian Paths.

Which we did in good humor, often in conversations with fellow pilgrims.

When the authorities got wind of the camaraderie, they stationed police and Guardsmen to funnel us back,
silently, to the main street.

Then the joke became you had to circumnavigate the globe to return home.

A whole genre of Anti-Official scorn and humor
followed.

Got back to them, and they raised a far barrier so nobody could leave town.

Held a public meeting there.

We killed them all at it, the One-Way signs flung on the bodies.

Then celebrated. Dancing!

When the old and children left, it became Dionysian.

When Freedom finally comes, it can take that form.

Labels: authority, bureaucracy, dancing, dionysian, insane bureaucracy, one-way, orgy, perverse authority

Friday, August 12, 2016

When Bigfoot was finally captured,
he was held in an upper corridor
of the Mangrove United Townships
Jail. There was sufficient headroom
there, and he was triple manacled
to a cell door.

An architect designed a super secure
cell to be built around him. And a
Republican firm naturally got the
no-bid contract.

There he hugely stayed while his
trial never went forth. Not ever
speaking to, or mixing with, another
prisoner.

He was famous among them, and
a betting pool ensued.

As to when his second shoe would drop
of an evening.

Pal Evers won the night when the thumping
noise coincided with a horrible shriek.

Tippy Kitsers, aka Butterfinger, was crushed
to death under the shoe.

Butterfinger, homeless, ran errands for the
men after visiting hours, getting them candy
from the machines etc.

He slept where he could indoor or out, but this
evening had snuck into Bigfoot’s super secure cell!

An investigation, of course, where Democrats scream
of the incompetent, gouging privatization that
enriches Republican greasy goombahs.

And Republicans asked if a return to the days where the Democratic claw was in every pocket etc etc.?

At any rate, Bigfoot is finally moved to a special building just for him at Leavenworth. His trial will be in the Kansas University Memorial Football Stadium, halftime, vs Nebraska.

Labels: Bigfoot, Bigfoot and Politics, Democrat, jail, politics, Republican

Saturday, August 13, 2016

-Health Club's having
Hangout Night. Nude.
Coed.

-Sights ideal and dumpy!

-Larry the Postman!

-So what?

-Reputed dick like a horse!

-Like a horse***'S!***

-By all means let us get our
grammar straight!

-Distinguishes us from the animals.

Labels: girlfriends, grammar, nude, penis, sex

Sunday, August 14, 2016

An Adventure in Art

Jack the Genius was plan old Jack
for many years. Making small films
and writing stories and scripts.

Until *Bitsy Hopewell* where a sweet
cheerleader morphs into a particularly
obnoxious male.

This labored effort won the Sheep Drover's
Film Festival in Australia.

The jury especially referred to its artlessness.

Two viciously competing schools arose:

JG and JUF, the last meaning Jack the Utter Fool.

They booked adjoining meeting rooms at the Muncie Y for the *Indiana Outlier Flick Fest*.

Bloody fisticuffs later.

Jack was shut out on awards there, and quit the business.

That didn't stop either group.

And younger critics mention him in the same breath with Kurosawa and Fellini.

A short breath…the squabble goes on!

Jack the Genius marries Stella Adela, Stripper, washes cars.

Labels: art, director, Fellini, film, film award, film festival, genius, Kurosawa, stripper

Monday, August 15, 2016

D-Day!

ANDY AND HIS FRIEND, ONCE-CHUBBY

A: The Government gives it some
patriotic panache. D-Day. But it's
only the day each senior decides
on his or her future.

OC: A, B, etc?

A: It'll help if I knew what the
categories meant!

OC: Get out then! Circulate! Listen!
Pretend to be interested in the crap
architecture or whatever.

A: I'll do that to fill the time, but
it's a crapshoot anyway. When they text
me and give me an hour, I'll just choose one.

OC: Knowing you, you'd like to stay right here!

A: You got that right!

OC: Well, four to one odds. Great! Show me
other situations in this incompetent vale
of tears where you get such good odds.

A: Don't paint me lucky. That's a mistake!

OC: Whatever.

A: At any rate, I'll text back, or tell the sexy
Carolinia, the cyber voice.

OC: Who'll say "I love your choice, Andy!
B is YOU."

A: Somewhat mechanically, but what the hell!

OC: I heard of a guy they sent to an All-Women Place!

A: Good Christ! How did he ever…?

OC: Strangely, worked out! He didn’t like to talk anyway.

Labels: cyber, D Day, decision, government program, senior citizen, senor, women

Tuesday, August 16, 2016

With literally one second left!
Hopskip blurted out “Dermotty
Q. Dinslow and Badger!”

The answer to the Championship
Question of The Greatest International
Trivia Contest Ever!

“Entertainer of the Year in the same month
he was convicted of Bestiality with which
animal?”

Ole Hopskip never received his Crown
because The Moral Army broke through
the barricades and slaughtered everyone!

General White merely muttering “Some down,
Lifetime to go!”

Labels: bestiality, future, intolerance, morality, religion, trivia, TV, vengeance

Wednesday, August 17, 2016

*The Man Who Discovered **IT** in New Haven*

cozied. Kept quiet. But flourished
in health!

Others questioned him and he merely
laughed.

As a matter of fact, became apparent
to many that they diminished as he
increased.

His happiness became unbearable, and dark
things were therefore hinted as to his fate.

Especially since he began to rub it in.
“Look at you pukes!” and the like.

Women decried his behavior to his face,
since the men afraid of him.

He did listen to them--*“the Fair Sex”*--
and decided to share his secret in a loving
and not arrogant way.

He built a small platform of two by fours
and brute-forced it to the New Haven Green.

For some reason, his lecture had to be
delivered naked.

He endeavored to explain why in the poetic intro,
but Patrolmen Cassady and Pesticci, snatched
him in his transported, blinking, rhetorical midst.

Called in a crane, too, from the Streets Department
to trundle the platform to their yard.

Yale shortly wanted it. Putting together a display
for the Peabody Museum of “American Prophets,

from John Brown to...” well, our latest, local, flowering.

Labels: Health, lecture, New Haven, Peabody Museum, police, prophet, righteous, self righteous

Thursday, August 18, 2016

finally tried reading, again.

But the authors too florid,
wrapping rhinestones in
platinum words.

And those whose tacked opposite
cast wisdom in asperity and just
sounded crabby.

Art helped her for a time, painting,
sculpture.

The more outlier and crap, the better.

A few shocks, a few laughs.

Her girlfriends recommended sex,
of course.

A week in the woods with a Polack
with a twelve-word vocabulary!

But, knowing her luck, said Polack
would not perform due to a massive
Mother Complex, or a nagging
vocational failure at Microsoft.

Was...she heading for that kind of
bitchy behavior which offended all?

Perhaps so, when she, instead,
discovered long walks.

Made no difference whether mid hot
concrete or cool dapples.

After, she breathed!

And not a thought.

Am I becoming a moron? laughed she.

Labels: art, artistic style, boredom, literary style, Literature, painting, sculpture, Woman, women

Friday, August 19, 2016

Merritt Dash-Haas silenced his phone
which was a hot brick in his hand,

and blinking RED DAY!

Third time this month, and now with
pictures of people in earthquake and
wars, trudging to whatever will grind
them up.

“Not Red LETTER Day?” he laughed.
“Well, I’ll handle whatever! Battle-
scarred me!”

But the phone warned he was ill equipped
for such bravery: Blinking 6,7s filled the
screen rapidly.

“I’m at 6s and 7s? No wonder! Life has kicked
the crap outa me this month.

So I’m to do nothing? Take it! Let it blow over.
Emerge so shaken that I…!”

Mercy-Dell Halloran studied him quizzically.
Soon, their phones magnetized and threw back
each violently.

She was on the ground when he got hers away
from her and flung it into Coxey’s Pond.

Followed by his.

“Might kill a few fish but…never an emergency
like this!”

These naive individuals went off with each other.

To God knows what forbidden destination.

Just a perfect capsule detailing the wilfulness
of today’s sexed-up youngsters!

Labels: cellphone, future, individuality, privacy, sex., smartphone, society vs individual, totalitarian, young

Saturday, August 20, 2016

First, by the book. In a bombed-out
building, my treatment at their hands
crisp but humane.

Later, things rather loosened.

When the building ground at night
and sections fell down with roars
and choking dust, it was voted to
move.

By then, they trusted me, and gave
me a street address to report to.

I took the bus there. It was at the end
of the line and the driver parked and
walked with me to find it.

Another night before anyone showed up.
And two of the old ones never did.

Including the head of our cell. An election
held, very democratic.

Allegiance promised to our new head. Me.

So, required a new hostage.

We decided on a young Brit who seemed to
think that war was Elevenses.

I managed to get him some Earl Grey and
biscuits eventually.

He frequently toasted us, tea in styrofoam, with
“The Absurdity of Everything!”

Grew a fierce red beard.

Why do we all like each other so?

Promise to hold reunions starting in ten years time.

Oxford, first.

Labels: election, Elevenses, group rules, hostage, tea, war

Sunday, August 21, 2016

artificial winds
fling you about.

No cars or buses.

You just get out in it and
let it take you.

A real skill in arranging your body
for slowing, and then catching hold
of...anything for stopping.

Much overshooting at first.
I gave up on Macy’s after a week
of attempts, but next week I had
the knack.

Collisions inevitable, but you learn
to present the smallest profile near
others.

Young couples arranging to get
into each other's arms is a wonderful
ballet!

Labels: Macy's, Romance, wind power, wind transportation, windy, windy town, young couple

Monday, August 22, 2016

Ruck habitually flung
his arms skyward!

“What kind of life is this?
Godless and lacking in protein!”

Combining Faith and Nutrition.
Alternatively grave and sarcastic!

The best-worst thing to happen
to such a one: Glads. She

cancelled out whatever equation
he presented. Element by element.

Brilliant!
But o so tedious!

When they’re abroad,
the others grind their teeth.

Labels: equation, Health, intellectual couple, math, nutrition, out of it, society

Tuesday, August 23, 2016

Once again we patched together outfits for the
kids, and traveled to the Great-Great-Grandparents.

Clint had lost another job, and we presented an
appearance most bedraggled.

“Well, is this it?”

“Not even close!” And they bragged of the privations of the Great Depression.

We know the next visit will be the last. Their age.

…

Their voices, then, are feeble.

We show ourselves in clothes from Low Threads, a charity outfit.

“Is this it?”

“Yes.”

Labels: competition, Economics, Great Depression, poverty

Wednesday, August 24, 2016

appear for crops
and construction.

The Man
likes the lit-
tle brown guys

because they settle
for less.

Those running little stores
like the little brown guys
and know all their names.

Sheriff says they're small
trouble. Pretty tame.

But politicians say no!
A threat horrendous!

One must fear!
But, after they leave

for other crops
and construction
under another Man.

Wink-wink nudge-nudge:
Thus the world goes round.

And round, a rather
agreeable sound.

Labels: hypocrisy, Illegals, immigration, politics of immigration

Thursday, August 25, 2016

on the Spiritual Level
is a fight unto Death!

Which is why we need
politicians. One might state
“Now wait

a little minute! We actually like
one or two of your new-
fangled notions. So let’s

say we get to keep...
and you get...?”

Labels: compromise, Conservative, liberal, political fight, politician

Friday, August 26, 2016

“Net Kristallnacht so
no actual glass lice,

but One Day we’ll have a nice
Punch and Juden Show!”

Labels: anti-Semitic, anti-Semitic Right, Kristallnacht, Punch and Judy, Right

Saturday, August 27, 2016

Doctor_____preaches it
as the Golden Mean, tru-

ly achieving the Rule
of the same hue,

rephrased as *Do unto others
before they...*

A simple Faith,
like Spousal Rape.

Labels: Golden Mean, Golden Rule, hypocrisy, rape, religious hypocrisy, spousal rape.Faith

Sunday, August 28, 2016

has died.

(Obituaries from French,
British and German publications
here and here and here
...
Plus a poem in Japanese.)
...
our bright inquisitive dorothea
has left us but her work lives on!
--emailed, drsidneyglass@bestlab1.org
...
Our work, and that of Glass, converted
her dreams into a psychedelic river of
leaping fluorescence, and in her latter days
she learned that a few keystrokes could
change the program.

Into something otherworldly beautiful.
...
Only patent ever awarded to a monkey.

Labels: experiment, lab, monkey, psychedelic, science

Monday, August 29, 2016

-She's in Recovery. Perpetually.

-Booze? Drugs?

-Revisited them twice. But this is worse.
The worst one.

-Sex?

-Ah but you defile it! LOVE!

-That bad?

-The one in heavy leather volumes.

-Her bosom heaving? The crazy decayed
broad screaming in the attic? Some nut lecher
posing whitely on the noir heath?

-Never stops. And more atrocious yet, the
slimmer volumes of romantic poetry.

-There’s the killer!

-So she tries the Geographic Cure. Europe, Asia.
Biking, running, hiking! But the GPS sends her
to dead-end burgs where she thinks the village idiot is Lochinvar.

-Far from the mapping crowd!

Labels: addiction, Lochinvar, love, madding crowd, novel, romantic poetry, romantic prose, sex

Tuesday, August 30, 2016

Desirous. He. But,
inspired rust.

A for effort, but she sends
him to the minors for seasoning.

Though the problem is talent,
not experience.

Charts his progress via
smartphone. Her recent

candidate sports romantic presence,
more than a bit overmuch

here and there.
He'll be severely hurt

to figure in a Three Team Trade
bringing the original back.

And under immediate pressure!
Hey! She knows no other way!

“Don’t like the heat? Then
skip the kitchen, BoyKid!

The little local girls remain
to love. Don’t ask them
anything.”

Labels: Baseball, love, relationship, sex

Wednesday, August 31, 2016

Isn't. Just the once.

Resulting in tears thereafter.

The Artist builds her a *Mask of Shame.*

And she, heaving, soaks that.

Most of the rest of us act badly then.

Rip off the mask and piss on it!

There had been some drinking.

“So, there's no Moral Code anymore?”-from
our Supreme Ethicist later.

"There may be, but we prefer our woman
to your sick ideas."

Labels: friendship, mask, Moral Code, Morality", shaming, woman shaming

Thursday, September 01, 2016

A Short Story--pointless as most

She taught French in the high school.
Even bought the cheeses and wine and
a Citroen. But the locals couldn't fix
the car, so she traded it in for a Ford.

And the same day, also traded her on-again
off-again for Kiffy Ners of Ners' Hardware.
In to buy a delivery truck.

And didn’t those two rush into a quick personal
deal? Temporary Insanity! Or Love.

Two daughters later, and she actually drags him
to France! *Old Foursquare and Nothing Fancy.*

But he takes to it! Loves it! Especially partial
to cognac, a necessity since the girls are
a cramp in the balls.

Both married now, but that hasn't changed.

Labels: France, French, marriage, Romance, romantic vs practical

Friday, September 02, 2016

-We have World’s Preeminent
Crop Duster in our cube farm.

-Large man, gaseous?

-Small woman, deadly.

-Does she pretend important missions?

-Nothing but! Moving briskly to save the company!

-And in her wake?

-The usual rotten eggs aroma, infused with aged garlic.

-Jesus!

-Plus a something dead. Small animal.

-Ugh!

-And not recently.

-Is this…ethnic woman? The garlic?

-American as vicious gossip!

-God help her husband!

-Third!

-Other two?

-Gagged to death!

-Can you take any preventative…?

-Surplus gas mask. Gulf War,
bottom drawer.

-But you can’t ...you’ll hurt her!

-We’re talking life or death here!

-Besides, she must walk...innocently also?

-Not the slight curl of lip then.

-Why are their warnings so subtle?

-Know that, know everything!

Labels: Crop Dusting, cube farm, gas, gas mask, Woman

Saturday, September 03, 2016

Shortest Fable

Every Christmas, enough
being enough, Micks and
Sally gave some individual
gifts away.

Until the one when they
gave each other away.

Labels: Christmas, gifts, plenty

Sunday, September 04, 2016

-He wants me to play Cleopatra!

-I heard she was black.

-Could be. I don’t know what I am.

-Will he be Caesar or Mark Antony?

-The former is fatter.

-But HE never says “I am dying, Egypt, dying!”

-But he could.

-Role-playing of you two over the years had its boredom and laughs, but I got used to your Jacqueline to his JFK.

-I got tired of her, uh...twenty pounds ago.

-Forty.

-Oh well!... ***"Is this an asp I see before me?"***

-A piece of one, Milady!

Labels: asp, Caesar, Cleopatra, Jackie, JFK, role playing

Monday, September 05, 2016

I fought on the Home Front,
chiefly by theft, bribery and
Black Market.

Patriotism was unpatriotic,
really. But never in words.

Having won, I realize the
Conquering Truth of our Bravery
in doing without occasionally.

Sacrifice, in short. For Nation!

Pride indescribable steels me now.

Labels: black market, bribery, home front, nation, patriotism, sacrifice, war

Tuesday, September 06, 2016

Ricky and Noggs left the former's
Stag Party since both on call as
Ambulance Techs.

Driver Jellybean picked them up.

And then, the three fetched Mr Ackeny of
that neighborhood.

Later, the partiers, only a bit flushed from their
one-drink limit, when Ackeny peeked out from a
thicket of tubes to wheeze "It's probably nothing!"

Noggs agreed super warmly, with a scattered
anecdote of a Joe Early of Morningside picked
up last week clammy-gray and trembling, but
discharged almost immediately at Receiving.

"And he looked like Death warmed over!"

"But," Rick whispered, "it's probably... everything."

Labels: ambulance, death, hospital, medical emergency, techs

Wednesday, September 07, 2016

-Let us speak of Management Models!

-Okay, the supposed or the real?

-1 first.

-Agile. Aggressive. Creative. Even Brilliant!

-And the real? Or 2?

-Sucking ass continuously.

-While acting 1?

-Academy Award!

-That explains the haunting sound I’ve encountered in the Corridors of Greatness.

-Will never leave your ears.

-Midst the Cube Farms of...!

-That’s enough.

Labels: acting in business, attitude, cube farm, jargon, management, management models, models, office sarcasm, sarcasm

Thursday, September 08, 2016

We meet after a year.

-Gotten nowhere. Time to protest anew?

-Is this a cabal?

-As in Cabal TV?

Professor Deitz stopped things, then, by
forgetting which side he had been on.

But Associate Professor Mimsy Borogroves
opined “What’s the difference, Doctor Genius?
So long as we choose the righteous one now!”

Labels: academics, cabal, college, professor, protest, rebellion, university

Friday, September 09, 2016

When Bowel-Seize wracked the community, people doubled over in stores, shop, offices.

Some screaming fatalities. In roped-off sections.

Remedy most went for: *"Black Juice."*

Actually, water and old newsprint.

Hanley Z Halburt, publisher of innumerable suburban shoppers tried for fraud.

A plea agreement brought settlements. Up to
two million for Marks of Income, McDonald’s coupons the rest.

Labels: American Capitalism, Capitalism, Justice, legal favoritism, litigation, Unequal Justice

Saturday, September 10, 2016

-Somebody wrote somewhere you become
what you hate.

-Meaning I did?

-If the shoe fits...

-Hey! Way back when, I was all exaggeration
and hyperbole and totally full of myself.
Grew up is all!

-Oh yeah? What are you full of now?

Labels: ego, friends, growing up, maturity, opinions of friends, youth

Sunday, September 11, 2016

Brill and Aggie chewed over Barb's remark to Katzy that evening:

Why are you so shy? You're not that good!

"Well, why IS he so shy?" shrugged Aggie.

"All kinds of shy. There's the one where the closed one won't talk because the rest of us are too stupid."

"I lean that way."

"Or, being genuinely afraid and timid."

"Not with a few drinks in him! No woman safe
from hands or wit of ole Katzy!"

"Or, being deeply depressed. Period."

"Uh huh? Well, which for him? o Great Definer!"
What makes for shy in his case?

"All. None. We're…great mysteries, Aggie."

"Bullshit! Not a tenth of an ounce of MYSTERY
in the whole gang!"

Labels: depression, fear, gang, Narcissism, psychology of shy, shy, timidity

Monday, September 12, 2016

So much so that Gedge afraid to sleep.

Tried hard not to.

But finally gave in.

And woke exhausted.

Day-by-day things helped.

Such as sister, Delsey, asking him to pick up
a seedless Rye.

The children having an impromptu party, and
chattering about crazy little sandwiches.

For some reason he told Rita at the bakery,
and Baker Henry overheard. Insisting then on
doing a special loaf twice as big.

Gedge waited for this as the wintry day darkened
outside and occasional plops of snow slid down
the window.

Could he walk Rita home?

Random assaults lately. How odd a request,
though, really!

The monsters inside must be laughing at
such a weirdo actually aiding a normal person.

He did. And really never left. Speaking of odd.

And don't think sex right away.

A sort of magnetic cuddling event that white evening.

Helps him.

A year later, Bakers Henry, and Jensy, and half-retired Mr Wada kick into overdrive for the wedding cake!

Rita and Gedge? The couple on the wedding cake?

Mr Wada spends two hours molding it to resemble them, rejecting the stock generic one of confectionery history.

Okay okay, am I finally saying that this fool...steps from a nuthouse...harrowed by horrors...

that, somehow, Love kicked the latters out or something?

Yup.

Labels: bakery, fear, harrowing, haunting, horrors, love, wedding

Tuesday, September 13, 2016

-For your fiftieth birthday, I’m booking
the greatest magician ever!

-Will he disappear my angst?

-Better! He ends his act with a life-size
hologram of a horse! You ride it out!

-I can’t ride a hologram.

-You’re one too! He makes you one!

-I’ll take a real horse, thanks. Gallop away
from draining, and acutely real, Lenore!

-The lost Lenore?

-With any luck!

Labels: birthday, Fifty, hologram, horse, Lenore, magic, Poe, Raven

Wednesday, September 14, 2016

Finally evicted by his roommate, but not before

“Noises? WHAT the hell you…gronk ooo ock gronk…
talking about?”

Same social worker who had paired the two got him
a single room in another house,

There he signed up for the bus to the Basketball Game, but it got jammed in traffic in a rowhouse neighborhood, and a cop answered the call complaining of noise and profanity

Defended by woman!

“Is it against law? This man… wheel away willow…
minds his own business!”

In conclusion, I suppose such folks are awfully beneath…
let all fall, ball ball ball…you!

Actually the cop proved a good skate, and his wife
volunteers at the house now.

Singing with Gronk and the woman:

“Hi ho, Silverware.
Tonto lost his underwear.
He washed it in the Delaware.”

Labels: childhood rhymes and songs, mental illness, Turotte's Syndrome

Thursday, September 15, 2016

-She’s got the College Educated Woman
sewed up!

-And he the trailer trash?

-Much much too simple. Non college White
Males and their compliant women.

-Pick your Class Language. It’s all gross.

-We must speak of it!

-Oh? Really? Describing it is promoting it.
Desiring it to go on the same way.

-I strive to be fair.

-That’s a fiction.

-I beg your pardon!

-For everybody. Don’t be hurt now.
It’s so severely Middle Class to
nurse tender feelings!

Labels: class, College Educated, election, fair play, fairness, Lower Class, Middle Class, polls, sensitivity by class, trailer trash

Friday, September 16, 2016

-We were three Polacks who stunk.

Too much physical work and not
enough showers. And in comes this Brit!

Saville Fuckin Row!

-Lost?

-Oxford accent, rolled umbrella! Hired him
on the spot!

-In what capacity?

-None.

-What did he do?

-Nothing.

-All for Class?

-Looked and sounded so nice! Civilized.

-Well, he must’ve had SOME talent!

-Like in the Bible, kept it under a basket?

--All that money paid to…!

-Just five years. Then we retired him
with as much pomp as General Macarthur!

-Good riddance!--to the Brit, not Douglas.

-I miss him!

-However could you…?”

-No talent and no work: where’s the threat?

Labels: appearance, British, class, decorum, Douglas Macarthur, manners, Saville Row, workplace

Saturday, September 17, 2016

-Then you're a...ghost, then?

-Yes.

-Haunt?

-Nothing like. I stayed because I like it here.

-What's my role in connection to...?

-Not a thing. Oh would be nice if on your walk you said “Look at that! Isn't it pretty?”

-As to, like, sunset?

-Right! I've seen millions and they're still pretty.

-Are...others around. Other Ghosts?

-Scores! But you see only me.

-Forever?

-One day you won't.

-Why is that?

-You'll die.

-Join your ranks?

-If wished. Only then.

-Some want nothing? Less?

-You’re making your mind up about that every day.

-Too heavy for me. Let’s stick
with sunsets.

-Up to you.

Labels: conversation with ghost, ghost, hereafter, sunset, values

Sunday, September 18, 2016

-Millions upon Millions
of little actions every day.
Automatic! Every minute
really! The body regulates
itself! In its wisdom!

-Yeah? Well I take five pills.

-That's just it. Don't need any.
I'm losing mine one at a time.

-What for? A graceful exit. You're nuts!

-Probably.

-Maybe Nuts is natural too.

-Let’s hope!

Labels: friends, medicines, Natural Care, natural process, Nature

Monday, September 19, 2016

-The women have grabbed the positions
and what do they show?

-Detail! Chicken-Shit Excruciating detail! Fly-Speck...!

-I get the point!

-Molto! Molto! Molto! DETAIL!

-Ghinny talk doesn't fit spreadsheets.

-Nor do I!

-Well, Anti-Fem, what, really, do the girls lack?

-Leadership!

-Well, your Cindy back in your department
IS evincing the PMS version as we speak!
Better get back, no?

-Oh God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Labels: anti-feminism, detail, feminism, leadership, PMS, spreadsheet, women, women executives, women leaders

Tuesday, September 20, 2016

-She whines, screams, and sighs, Often in the same breath.

-Jesus! What a handful!

-Not so with a special oatmeal.

-That’s awful! You drug her?

-We eat from the same bowl.

-Wonderful! Two zombies! Can zombies do it?

-Sedately.

Labels: behavior, handful, mercurial, oatmeal, relationship, zombie, zombie couple

Wednesday, September 21, 2016

Was because the DA too down
in his quota of women.

Anyway, the teens hugged
the little ones and we became

a family. Headed by Super Charmer
Dad, who skated close to the flames,
of course.

Mom paroled after two years,

and she and the older children meet
at our kitchen table with the lawyers

to save Dad. However, Sheriff Fearing
appears at the door with paperwork.

Dad extracted from his fleecing
cyber programs in the den.

Sheriff put an arm around him, leaving.
The effect Dad had on everyone.

Labels: con man, criminal, criminal class, Justice, justice system., prison

Thursday, September 22, 2016

wakes up content
because he knows.

Will he eventually give
his thought to mankind?

Never! What have they
done but perversion?

They would turn his work
into meretricious trash!

A committee visits him,
bringing Dunkin Donuts,
and he softens. He’ll make
available his intellect.

“One cannot, finally, insist on
The Ideal!” finally intoning
through a Boston Creme.

Labels: dreamer, Dunkin Donuts, intellectual vs practical, thinker

Saturday, September 24, 2016

-What I thought and said then was
of that time. I'm different now.

-Well, however sliced today, your students
liked it then. A character!

-I just have ID to worry about presently.

-Identification?

-Impending Death.

-What's *He* like?

-Patient.

-Well don't piss Him off! I know you!

Labels: character, death, education, Grim Reaper, higher education, personality, professor

Sunday, September 25, 2016

-Ashen? Shaken? You've gotten
The Phone Call!

-*DID* I? Every paranoid monster
shaken loose!

-You've gotten too close. He HAD to!

-I've...never gotten along with anyone
so well!

-Uh huh? Did you start thinking he
was queer? All that emotion!

-Not a bit of it!

-Well, that's his fear.

-Well, I'm, like, walking away and never,
ever looking back!

-Nonsense! He'll be all bear hugs now
and showing everybody how much he loves
you. In a manly, macho way.

-Now you're teasing.

-Friend for steadfast life, and I'm not kidding.

-Tearing and ripping to get there?

-Personality's a mystery. The more books
they write, the more mysterious!

-Look at YOU! Did you get the number
of that Mack truck?

-She phoned me at around 3AM.

-She seeks clarity at that hour.

-Even got around to Old World curses,
Gypsy, I think. Very imaginative, if grisly.

-Well, never mind! You graduated now.
Love-making from here on will shake your
very foundation!

-For how long?

-Usual is a year, but don't fret! She a marvelous
breaker-upper. It's like a seminar. She won't
go on until you thoroughly understand each step.

-Pandora’s Box, and then Super Love, and then...
quoting Professors or something?

-Life itself!

-Where can I opt out from ALL of it? With her,
with everybody?

-That's handled FOR you some future dark day.

-Can’t wait.

Labels: anger, break-up, cursing, emotion, gypsy, insanity, paranoid, phone call, relationship

Monday, September 26, 2016

-The van Iderstines still embark on The Sunday Drive!

-Actual Bentley?

-The same!

-And our task?

-To Hillbilly Mirror them. We got an old Chevvy
pickup we bashed real good. And overalls and trashy flannel shirts from Salvation Army.

-Thus ridicule the Upper CLAHHHHS! Love it! But to what end?

-A gradual one. Who wants Revolution? All that blood!

-I sure don’t. Holding onto a job and getting the kids to school wears me out!

-But that IS their design. You must begin to transcend for all our sakes!

-Fuck everybody! Double dose to our Bentley duo.

-Let’s seize something tomorrow! Take it over!

-Tomorrow’s not a good day.

Labels: Bentley, class, discontent, revolution, ridicule, satire, timing the revolution

Tuesday, September 27, 2016

-Did you chase the knucklehead?

-I did!

-Why?

-Someone yelled “Chase the knucklehead!”

-Chase On!

-And so so urgently! So I did. I thought: maybe an offshoot of a cyber game?

-Game On! And... if you caught him?
What then?

-Uh, when he slowed, I did.

-How did it end?

-Motorcycles clogged the street.

-Protecting him?

-Or the opposite.

-Well, which?

-Never found out.

-And you don’t wanna, yes?

-Can’t be interested in everything!

Labels: craze, empty custom, going along, knucklehead, nitwits, nonsensical pursuit, pursuit

Wednesday, September 28, 2016

-I'm for gun rights too.
Just not in Eighteenth
Century language.

-Well regulated militia
being some such modern
horseshit?

-We need, of course, a
Constitutional Convention.

-Bring the whole works up to date?

-Totally necessary. Eliminate the
Eighteen Century thicket of language.

-And what will the National Rifle
Association lawyers advise as
to this clarity?

-Continue to cower in the thicket!
Shoot from there.

-For how much longer?

-Forever!

Labels: Constitution, Constitutional Convention, Eighteenth Century, gun rights, National Rifle Association, NRA, Second Amendment

Thursday, September 29, 2016

M
She showed up in a red pantsuit for the debate.
What does that say?

F
It says “We’re here and we’re bold! We’re no longer putting up with your demeaning horseshit!”

M
It says all that?

F
In spades!

M
Oh well, add that to the fact that you never stop
talking anyways.

F
By all means! Add anything you wish.

M
Maybe he can look bolder next time? Borrow one
of Sonny’s old outfits from Sonny and Cher.

F
You win all the trivia contests from here on.

Labels: feminism, Hillary Clinton, presidential debate, red pantsuit, Sonny and Cher, trivia, Trump

Friday, September 30, 2016

Wouldn't be worst.

Core fanatics remind
somewhat of Jackson's.

Farmers smelling of sweat
and whiskey tromped mud
through the White House
in election celebration.

Scandalizing the genteel!

A lot of dishonest effort
in becoming genteel.

One gripes.

And grips!

Labels: Andrew Jackson, class, ego, farmer, genteel, President, uncouth, White House

Saturday, October 01, 2016

-Then we ran into the sewers to escape!

-A movie!

-The rats there started squealing, finally setting up into a single ear-splitting SHRIEK.

-Jeez! Afraid? Or trying to intimidate?

-Both.

-They’re that complex?

-Fellow mammals!

Labels: adventure, behavior, escape, fear, intimidation, mammal, primal fear, rats, sewer

Sunday, October 02, 2016

She, the smallest cheerleader.

Each male partner wanted her standing
on his shoulders, and not some cow!

Of course the cows weighed about 110.

It’s a particular world.

She graduated and married and had kids

And you know what? Stayed petite and sweet.

Oh she had to have SOME vile moments?

None.

Premature stroke at fifty landed her in Bide-a-Bit.

No surprise that the nurses call her Sweetie Pie.

Make fun of her if you wish, but you probably should seek her blessing.

Labels: cheerleader, innocence, saintly, sweetness

Monday, October 03, 2016

Mox was chipper when the shitstorm hit.

Just getting out of his car.

Why didn't he climb back in?

The company remotely locked all cars
until quitting time!

He suffered the blinding hundred yards to the entrance.

Head appeared! And ordered him stripped and hosed off in the red basement.

The men proved fine, laughing, but the women grimly turned their streams onto his genitals.

Head stopped that. "Object is get the stink off, not to hear shrieks."

Then the women requested he be put in a dress.

Head laughed, and ordered up a fluffy white robe.

Which Mox worked in all day long, attaining
celebrity status.

The women grumbled that the place was losing its fun.

Labels: abuse, and women at work, company, female-male abuse, industrial, men, shit storm, working conditions

Tuesday, October 04, 2016

mid our group, doubtless
awaiting chaste kisses.
Hey, none of us has a clue re

her unchaste ones. Old
ladies announcing, though,
that Still water runs deep.

We find later that it routs
many a bare wreck also.

Dim down there
but used to it
after a bit

like here, you
make things out.

Labels: character mystery, chaste, hangout gang, Still Water Runs Deep, unchaste, view under water

Wednesday, October 05, 2016

“I like Death Squad Duty best.

No rules.

Go there and open up!

Then, Starbucks.”

Labels: anarchy, assassination, Death Squad, future, political assassination, revenge society, Starbucks

Sunday, October 09, 2016

-Our prof wants us to draw a
picture of a mind. So I chose Sudsy.

-Beer, greasy potato chips, and
humongous-breasted women?

-That's about it.

-At the further end of Einstein,
one imagines.

-Not so now! His “elements” have
gone abstract on me.

-Don't give them any power!
YOU'RE making them abstract
so you can stand them. Abandoning
reality! From boredom? Disgust? Fear?

-Reality smells like farts.

-Oh? Will it be multimedia then?

-Funny you should say that. Might add
Let It Be by Beatles?

-Reflecting, thus, the overmastering Sudsy
philosophy?

-No one will recognize him from the
drawing, so that could help.

-He has a mother who loves him, you know!

-Somebody else can draw that.
…
(Matthew, furiously dark, diverted.)

Labels: abstraction, art, art school, Beatles, drawing, grossness, mind, Mother

Monday, October 10, 2016

-Trump is as full of shit as a Christmas Turkey!

-We don’t care because he’s OUR turkey! And not some...!

-Utter the toxic word. Twill cleanse. WOMAN!

-If that’s what it IS.

-Grab her pussy to find out?

-She's too old. Pass.

-All through for now? Banking all the Hate Fires?

-Not quite. When the Devil can’t come himself,
he sends a woman.

-Not so, this time.

-Well, then, better the one you DON’T know.

-Like your Orange Rambling God, you are one
totally sick bastard.

-We thank you.

Labels: Clinton, debate, devil, grab by pussy, misogyny, new low, Orange Trump, presidential debate, pussy, sex, sick Trump, Trump, Woman, woman hatred

Tuesday, October 11, 2016

At first it started as parody.
He imitated the apes he has
seen in films and zoos.

His nightly walk became downward-
extended swinging arms, the scratching
of the armpits, thumping of the chest.

Then, one misty night, he encountered
another "ape."

She pretty much mirrored him, and after
some dominance traits, they laughed
and introduced themselves in human
terms. She Helene, he Cliff.

Both motivated, it seems, by the tameness
of their daylight lives forcing them
into the wildness of this one.

They were shy, for apes, and the mating
took several encounters.

But then Helene confided that she had
a few daylight lovers, human. Cliff burned
with human jealousy.

But thumped his chest till she warned
he could injure himself.

She became pregnant, and the DNA tests
showed a wily accountant.

Soon she had no reason to come to the
park where they met, but still ranged
elsewhere in her neighborhood, with the
amazed accountant in tow.

Cliff went back to Solo Ape, a role he
was born for.

Labels: acting, ape, civilization, DNA, role playing, sex, zoo

Wednesday, October 12, 2016

And not a new thing for him, what with computers. For he had journals full of notes in small handwriting also.

Most of his self-referential probing took on a medical bent. His finding out about the diseases he had or imagined he had.

All very neatly filed in his den.

No harm, no foul.

Until...

What is the worst or best such a private being could do?

He got married.

No interest in females apparent before.

So there you have it.

What he had, then, was his research library in a dirt sub basement of the house they moved to.

There he developed a cough...but he's not really on his way out.

And his wife not the ogre who assigned him there either. For they soon had a contractor in to rebuild his den, even adding lovely paneling.

There he could do his internet research and print out the results. And its own climate system cured his cough.

That part of the house belonged to him,
the more old-fashioned parts, his wife.

That such a disparate couple got along
amazed the neighbors.

In his medical sector, he was soon moderating
complaining quarrels between cranks.
Some on Skype.

Oh yes, his occupation. Allied. He wrote copy
for physicians' brochures.

Another great change!--if you regard marriage
as the first: Joined a group from the office
buying Philadelphia Eagles Season Tickets.

Did you know, for example, that during World
War Two, the teams from Pittsburgh and Philly
combined into the Steagles?
Steelers+Eagles.

He, of course, found this out, as well as
a million other facts. He dedicated a special
i-Pad to the subject and draped a corner
of the den with green banners and blankets.

She encouraged him to invite the fellows
to watch TV there for the away games.

And dressed in green football jersey and
micro shorts herself.

Her example prompted the men to invite
girlfriends and wives.

Soon, 37 Ogden Circle a noisy place
of certain Sundays.

But, did our researcher neglect his
original subject of disease?

In becoming genial and laughing host?

Who could believe it? Yes! Yes!

Labels: football, marriage, medical, medical research, obsession, Philadelphia Eagles

Thursday, October 13, 2016

frequently congratulates itself
on its brilliance.

Especially the contention that
Fascism will come from the Left.

Not the bet presently.

Labels: American Fascism, Fascism, Left, Right, Right Fascism, Right Media

Friday, October 14, 2016

Detective Mel Rogarty typed
in HSSS on his Smith Corona
Manual.

“He said, she said.”

Pulled out the paper and stamped
CLOSED, inked in the date.
...

Detective Rhonda Fleving entered HSSS
into the *Consider Reopen Program.*

Last year, nineteen of one hundred
seventy went through to conviction.

Labels: He said, investigation, police work, rape, reopening cases, Sexual Assault, She said

Saturday, October 15, 2016

-Trump’s a fuckin sex addict!

-I used to be one of those.

-What happened?

-Jennifer.

-She handles it?

-Every chance she gets!

Labels: friends, neighborhood, sex, sex addiction, Trump

Sunday, October 16, 2016

-Smeds cleaned the apartment!
Took whole week.

-How’s it look?

-Worse.

-Clutter?

-He won’t throw anything away.

-Needs a lady.

-Funny you should say that! Lucy True
being thrown out. Her place went condo
and she can’t afford...

-Life can be cruel. Let’s turn the page.

-Let’s not?

-You can’t mean Smeds and Lucy?

-Why not? She’s one ruthless cleaner.
No sentimentality!

-His trophy for perfect attendance, Sixth Grade?

-First to go! Why you laughing?

-Smeds and Lucy!

-Hey she just moves in. Anything else is their business.

-But practically, he HAS to avert her bringing bums home.

-They’ll work it out. Who cares about all that shit?

-Maybe they’ll fall in love?

-In *WHAT?*

Labels: cleaning apartment, clutter, housekeeping, Romance, sentimentality

Monday, October 17, 2016

-This awful Presidential has left
me shaken!

-How so?

-All this seedy sex history that’s more
like rape than a slapstick version of
Romeo and Juliet!

-Well…put it entirely out of your mind.

-No more room in there to put things out of.

Labels: Clinton, debate, farce, presidential, rape, sex, Sexual Assault, sexual farce, Trump

Tuesday, October 18, 2016

-Not read much Dylan, but did sense genuine poetry
a few times.

-Thus pronounced same then?

-Can you make actual pronouncements
when alone?

-Why not?

-Yeah, I suppose. Most are for yourself anyway.

-Manifestos, though, require additional drunks.

Labels: Bob Dylan, literary, Nobel, poetry

Wednesday, October 19, 2016

-This saying what you please
when you please didn’t
start with Trump.

-Chaos!

-It has always announced
that it’s all a joke anyway,
so? What’s the difference?

-Life is Trash TV where nothing
connects? Nihilism up the bung hole!

-My first wife is the sick benchmark!

-But you escaped her sane!

-Rutabagas Are Constant Numbers

Labels: chaos, Nihilism, reality show, surrealism, Trump, TV

Thursday, October 20, 2016

hasn't has a raise in thirty years.

-How about the Recovery?

-The Rich came and saw that it was good
and took it!

-What did the parties do?

-Republicans maintained "Naturally!"
God himself, of course, being rich.

-Dems?

-They claimed they would do something
about it as soon as they straightened
out the footnotes.

Labels: Democrat, Income Inequality, recovery, Republican, rich, scholars

Friday, October 21, 2016

Dad leaned back from his laptop to pantomime catching a fish.

Quietly laughing then to Astella, who resumed looking out the window.

Neither saw Detectives Haller and Jasso.

The former eventually reaching in and closing the laptop.

Put it under his arm.

The latter, a former Crimson Tide Football center,
lifted Dad by the elbow.

Astella noticed now.

But the three left so quickly!

She just stared out the window once more, eventually into the space the squad car had vacated.

Labels: con man, Crimson Tide, cyber crime, detectives, Family, police

Saturday, October 22, 2016

3, 6, 9, etc
seeming natural to her.

In adulthood she involved
herself in love triangles,
so a real-life corollary.

So many that she started
counting in 6s, then 9s.

When she reached 12s she
found the triple digits
awkward, then reasoned

that the 1 and 2 of 12
added to three, so she
could start over.

Which she did. Shedding
her third husband...just
a note.

“Anyway,” laughs she, “my
3s a way of handing life

with coherence.
Most have none.”

Labels: magic, math, math and life, method, numerology, organizing

Sunday, October 23, 2016

How awful
to be caught!

Red-handed,
as they say,

when not even
a prior suspect.

The religion
you're stuck with

enables your dead
parents to keen

after you
everywhere.
Pile on.

But they like
the eventual
plea bargain.

Labels: Conservative, crime, parents, religion

Monday, October 24, 2016

“Time on my Hans!” she blurted when the huge mantel clock fell on boyfriend him.

Allied Fire Insurance it advertised in metal script above wrought-iron roses.

Anyway, she couldn't think of the word *clock* in the emergency.

Oh well, yet another of her unconscious puns.

She made them and the rest of us went nuts, dancing and singing.

This occasion: to Time On My Hands.

Except Budgee. She helped her get the clock off him.

“I’m not clever,” insisted she again. This time to the busy dancers. “But I make everybody crazy!”

One thing she was, beautiful,

Acknowledged by all, youthful sacrilegious celebration unnecessary.

Labels: beauty, frenzy, pun, unconscious puns, wit and fun, youth

Tuesday, October 25, 2016

Bella lost it, and had
looked very carefully.

For her.

A year later, Carl and
Embry decided to search
scientifically, Embry
making a map with grids.

They found it after two hours.
Presented it to Bella.

Who no longer desired it.

Labels: lost, personality, scientific search, search, values

Wednesday, October 26, 2016

Pickles lost it. Rope and Detzy
went over there and unwedged
him from the recliner.

Detz made coffee you could stand on.

Rope sniffed then. “He smells like piss.”

“We’ll get him so he can clean himself up.”

“What happened here?”

“Jensy left him.”

“But she does that every few months!”

“This time it took. She cleaned the mirror,
and then polished it. Showed him his faults
to a fault.”

“Jesus! How cruel! What’s he mumbling about?”

“I don’t know. Cat got your tongue, Pickles?”

“A cat’ll act mean if you pull its tail!”

“He’s coming back. He’s telling us that she
took the Cadillac.”

“You should go to the UN. Be an interpreter.”

“Yeah, their shit resembles what usually comes
out of our Pickles.”

Labels: breakdown, breakup, Cadillac, friends, language, translatiion

Thursday, October 27, 2016

-What's it like to get really old?

-Overwhelming. Things you
squirts take in stride.

-Oh yeah? Then I need more
practice, such as the hole
I work in is moving to Indonesia.

-Givebacks didn't work?

-We stopped with wives and children.

-Then why not go to Indonesia? That forty
cents an hour really stretches there.
What do they eat anyway?

-I don't know, but not enough.

-Hey! Better yet, take fifty here in hard
negotiation, and the vaunted Capitalists
will stay!

-Best idea you've ever come up with!

-Become a...

-Happy Pig!

-Skinnier version.

Labels: Capitalism, givebacks, Indonesia, offshoring, Race to Bottom, wages

Friday, October 28, 2016

They pass each other in
the park daily over the
years.

But this morning, words
seem inevitable as they
meet at the covered bridge
and find its entrance criss-
crossed by yellow tape.

The stench of the soaking wood
proves overpowering, and both
see trees down on the other side.

"I can...see trees down," ventures he.

"The stench! of the soaking wood!"

She's dramatic, even adding, "My family
is mostly bizarre criminals."

They become a couple. No odder than most.

Until a year later when her two uncles
sentenced in separate tax evasion cases.

He makes a crack about baking a file
into a cake, and she goes off!

ALWAYS RIDICULING HER AND HER FAMILY!

Walking out she coos "Do say hello to your
mother and father...and don't leave out
Norman Rockwell!”

“Must...we...fight?”

“And goodbye! to your Goody Two Shoes Sisters!”

As Fate would ease down the cards, they never met in the park until a year later.

The stinking bridge closed, hurricane
damage again, this time fallen trees darkly
jamming the far aperture.

She turned to him in anticipation, looking
in that stark, chalky light like a moll from
a thirties film.

He adored thirties films, especially their
unrelenting *noir*, and almost began to
say "You look like a..."

She heard that, though he said nothing,
preferring, always, to keep his love to himself.

They never meet again.

Or maybe they do, but who gives a shit?

Labels: breakup, criminal, film noir, hurricane, relationship, thirties

Saturday, October 29, 2016

or Inner Travail of the Outspoken

The man who did what he could
died mildly.

In a shocker, the Catholics
gave him a spiffy funeral mass.

A last-minute convert, and his wife
contributed a badminton court to
the priests.

Friend, Denholm O'Toole, or Den-O,
spat that "They'll chase a cock, this time
feathered."

He was through with the corrupt Church!
Throw him into the ground when his
time came!

But wife Ginger wouldn't allow it.

Swartzy's wife, Ruth, had offered him their
Temple over the phone before Ginger's strict
ecclesiastical pronouncement. Lightheartedly!

Den-O just coming off a torsion bowel week
at home, nurse Ginger applying Irish Granny
treatments mostly.

Anyway, Ruth undeniably beautiful.

"A thing of beauty is a Jew forever!" he later
shouts to Ginger, earning an extra weekend
of renewed bowel wrench from the Hebrew God.

He's back at work. Fishbelly white. Looking saintly.

Labels: beauty, bowel, Church, Irish, Jewish, priests, rebel, Temple

Sunday, October 30, 2016

-Day by day, I get along with women.

-One will change that.

-Day or woman?

-Merging horribly!

Labels: ambiguity, discussion concerning women, friends, women

Monday, October 31, 2016

For some reason, Larkin
inventoried the drinking
glass separately.

Glass, Yellow Plastic, 12 OZ.

He used it for his thyroid pill
this and each morning.

That afternoon, sister Jill and her girlfriend
Marcy dropped in...and great fuss
getting tea to them, and a sleeve
of Lorna Doones!

Unused to company.

Finally, they left.

But the glass had gone missing, and
its inventory sheet, too, usually stored
in the rear of the cutlery drawer.

Marcy being a bit of a wag, he thought
of phoning and dropping hints that he
knew, etc. what the two were up to.

But, this would play into their hands.

Three days passed, and he knew he had
to come up with a better scheme. One
more clever.

The ones he thought of filled him with
delight.

Then he found the glass in the trash
as he was tying the bag to remove
from the...

Oh well, innocent enough, he surmised.

He visualized Marcy’s elbow hitting it and knocking it into the trash.

She's a pretty frenetic one, and wouldn't notice.

All logical motives lack mystery, of course...but one nagging conundrum remained.

The inventory sheet.

He searched the cutlery drawer and discovered it had been shoved even further into the rear and severely crumpled.

His sister! he ratiocinated. She cut her Lorna Doone, wiped the knife and restored same to drawer: clumsily it appears.

Yes, she cut Lorna Doones!

An odd family, but whose isn't?

At any rate, he luckily avoided the sticky situation where he’d be accused of being nuts.

And allied babbling scenarios even more insane.

Don’t ever again try to be clever. It’s a minefield! he counseled himself.

Labels: anal retentive, bachelor, Family, fussy, neurotic

Tuesday, November 01, 2016

often fell back on his
five favorite subjects.

Then one day he forgot
even them.

He didn't panic, having seen
similar in his older friends
at the diner.

Stayed in his room a week
and studied five new subjects.

Acutally, one wasn't new, but
he didn't know it.

Off to the diner, then with a sort of
unwritten diploma he granted himself.

He did well in disputes when he steered
the discussion to one of his expert areas.

Especially well in Baseball Statistics,
American League--no wonder, it was one
of his old subjects.

Lumpy Osgood, cameraman, heard him one
morning and told Hasgood Hetterly of
Good Morning Muncie!

Who had him on.

Now, Hasgood brought everything softly
around to sex–-this showbiz “edge” made
suitable to Hoosiers.

Impossible with our scholar since he knew
absolutely nothing in that area.

He threw out many baits but our chum

recited the batting averages of players of Ukrainian origin.

“Don't ever tout me anyone like that again!” Hasgood later cautioned Cameraman Lumpy.

Labels: argument, Baseball, diner, eccentrics, favorite subjects, sex, TV

Wednesday, November 02, 2016

Judge liked to open the warehouse
of certain mornings. To think.

His satellite office there deathly quiet
at 6 AM.

Not so, that Thursday when actual
cowboys cut the locks to the warehouse
gates to establish a shortcut getting
their cattle to the stockyard.

For some reason the driven beasts all let
go at the same time.

And the expression about the shit hitting
the fan held true.

Actually the fan running into Excelsior
Hair Products, covering Judge as a result.

Actually too, getting him to shriek as to
the end of the world.

For he was a Tribulationist, though
he thought the world would end in
unspeakable sin. Thus inevitable fire.

That the world might end first in shit,
and in a small Texas town chock-a-block
with churches...well, defied whatever logic
remained in the world.

Things, of course, went on the same half-
ass manner, but Judge, unconvinced, found
his way, with the help of his wife and children,
to the Colonel Parkham and Sons Rest Home.

There he belongs to a bible study group,
indeed the whole place is one.

“Well, the world has ended! But this
new one...!” he begins re Matthew 17 **20**.

Labels: Bible, bible study, End of the World, religion, Texas, Tribulationist, Western

Thursday, November 03, 2016

-We're more than a bit nervous,
but not Drama Queens.

-I don't like to be called anything
with Queen in it!

-Noted. Well then, let's coin a term:
Dramatics. Suitable for our sex,
and the fair one also.

-I feel like a Dramatic sometimes.

-All about you?

-I guess one likes to add color and
zip to the proceedings upon occasion.

-With a super dash of ego?

-That, too, of course.

-Life can get gray without Dramatics.

-So, let the worst of us overdraw it? Bully us
that way?

-In measure.

-It's...mostly gray now.

-Get more friends! Go to ballgames.
We live near Philly. Phillies,
Eagles, Sixers, Flyers form the
regional bellyache. Sports Radio
will extinguish your spare, lonely hours.

-Should...I marry again?

-Sixty-two percent. She'll bring problems,
but compensations.

-Must make sure she's not a Drama Queen!

-Dramatic.

-Oh, right. I'm glad we had this little chat.
It brought me absolutely nothing.

-What I'm here for.

Labels: Drama Queen, dramatic, Eagles, fair sex, Flyers, marriage, nervous, nervous males, Philadelphia, Phillies, Sixers, Sports, sports radio

Friday, November 04, 2016

-I’m 100% digital now.

-What do you miss?

-Darkroom. Enlarging. All the dodging. Particularly shaping my hands to block or admit light.

-A ballet! Thing of beauty!

-Maybe it went to heaven.

-Nice idea! Heaven as the place of wonderful dead arts!

-And artists?

-Let’s keep the purity.

Labels: art, artistic purity, artists, dead arts, defunct art, digital photography, heaven, photographic enlarging, photography

Saturday, November 05, 2016

Two Prophets

Moses come down from the mountain
to inform him.

*-The world ends soon. But a new world.
With you in charge! Tell no one.*

Beans prepared.

...

-They finally roust out “Moses”?

-That robe had a stink about it I couldn’t
describe.

-Precinct chipping in buy him a new one.

Labels: Moses, police, prophet, world end

Sunday, November 06, 2016

For Cause

Phoned the wrong girl for a date.

He wanted Cindy, a talky personality.
Then he could nod all evening, agreeing.

But he reached Mindy, a stone.

Well, she listened. His problem: the
Honor Society.

Neanderthal politicians attempting
to hijack it! Not a scholar among
them! you'll have no trouble believing.

Mindy would help him fight! All his
causes, in fact, became immediately
fierce to her! Pattern.

No kids...decided after the first very
very serious conversation--on a weekend
away from the pressing social external.

She did talk thereafter, and over the years,
but not too much small stuff. Always to
a purpose.

Fast forward to Social Security! They did
a lot together. Battles!

Victories! Some lasting, most not.

Labels: college, college politics, dating, fighting couple, Honor Society, personality, student politics, team

Monday, November 07, 2016

Kendal's bunk very nearly
touched Darley's.

But it was warm in the gym
and the lights held as
the hurricane thrashed.

The cleanup extensive later,
they had to stay an extra day.

Was arranged that each
could have a shower in the
Girls locker room.

When Darley returned she wore
a fresh blouse printed with
photographs.

"From the Civil Rights Struggle,"
she answered Kendal.

"I see."

Labels: Civil Rights, cleanup, hurricane, refuge, shelter, women

Tuesday, November 08, 2016

Chief knew what Mayor
was saying when he
laughed "Trim the herd!"

Darker portion thereof.

But now the new young
congressman"toured" his
district to “hear” black and
brown complaints

Elect a liberal, get a mess!

Labels: Conservative, liberal, Race, trim herd

Wednesday, November 09, 2016

(or Style)

Now observes his chortling opponents
laying in more salt.

They may never get beyond rubbing it in.

It is, and will be, a frenzy unending.

Until? They'll be dispatched for refusing
to do their actual job.

Their style pervading as it always has.

Labels: election, political revenge, polls, ridicule, rubbing salt

Thursday, November 10, 2016

with the Confederate Army finished,
I, the slave of a Deacon, was given the
agreed-upon stipend, and, as a bonus,
my own slave.

He will not malinger, nor miss Church.

Labels: Church, Civil War, Confederate, Deacon, slave, Slavery, South

Friday, November 11, 2016

I give Lucyanne all the credit.
Her sexiness. Brought in Otto,
wide between the ears and shoulders,
but a special talent.

Not in the lovemaking area, but she
can learn him that.

What he's good at is food riots.

Last time he come home with Institutional
Size Pepperidge Farms Cookies!

Grandpa grabbed off the double fudges, so
it was double fudge in, triple fudge out!

That's our family! Can't get far without
a joke.

Labels: cookies, Family, food riot, love, Romance

Saturday, November 12, 2016

Rita claimed: I’m exhausted! I am TOTALLY exhausted!

Rodney laughed that “You’re always totally exhausted.” Asked Mac how he lived with her.

“Carefully. But best is crying a full hour at the kitchen table.”

“That’s BEST?”

“Next day she’s really wound up to DO something!”

“Purgation!” Rodney pontificated.

“I AM!” Rita answers Mac, reminding both men, too, the conversation’s about her.

“Some of the burden YOU shoulder here!”--
Rodney half-kidding Mac.

“Just life.”

Labels: crying, emotion, emotional, exhaustion, friendship, life, relationship

Sunday, November 13, 2016

Sorting Out Process

Finally, Grandpa: “Look! We’re all a
little bit crazy, but we don’t hafta be
mean about it.”

Got us all to apologize…for the big stuff,
the bitter stuff.

“I swear, this family!” Delilah sobbed.
“This fuckin family!”

She’s the one studying to be a nun.

Labels: family cruelty, family insanity, family quarrels, religion and life

Monday, November 14, 2016

-That last mortar round made a nice fire for us.
Pull up a piece of ruin and sit down.

-Will this new president kill us?

-What’s more certain when the old one
failed to?

-This new one hates us on the spot!

-Look around you! Avenues of Mayhem!
He’s just another form of modern clarity!

Labels: Aleppo, fear, Moslem, President, Trump, war

Tuesday, November 15, 2016

Pops recognizes nobody visiting
the hospice.

Until he decides everyone, male and
female is Oswit Krelle, the veteran
character actor.

Indeed, he is also. And becomes more
animated in the process.

So, visiting at his bed, becomes Krelles
speaking to each other.

And, everyone catching the enthusiastic
fever, lots of pseudo drama and kidding.

When the doctors and nurses take it really
over the top, in costume, you'd think the whole
participation would get old.

But, not the case.

Pops eventually ceases being Krelle, and an hour
later, the actual Krelle dies suddenly at a Hollywood diner, choking on "steak" gristle.

Immediately after, Pops meets him in the "Tunnel,"which he had taken in his strange
mind to visit.

Krelle quite amused at so many imitating him.
"I was minor. Makes me feel major."

Pops tells him that he's thinking of being a serial
killer next, but Krelle thought he'd lose the fun
of it that way.

Soon after, Pops dies, drifting away in quiet sleep
as himself.

The young doctors and nurses thought about kind
of Halloweening the memorial service, but

Dr Warren Hartz, Superintendent, warned them against it.

Labels: character acting, costume, death, hospice, imitation, old, role playing, serial killer, young

Wednesday, November 16, 2016

-Went to Publix for article
I thought about half the week.
Then, forgot to buy it!

-Who doesn't? Trivial. Ever do
the same in real life?

-It's why Veronica married Stephan
and not me.

-Are they happy?

-Fuck no!

-And would've she and you been...?

-Fuck no!

-Don't you think your central problem,
besides vulgarity, is attitude?

-Fuck no!

Labels: attitude, forgetting, happiness, marriage, match, Publix, vulgarity

Thursday, November 17, 2016

-Let us speak of the American Economic Miracle!

-Where the entirely crooked businessman breaks no laws?

-When he dies they'll screw him into the ground!

-Saving, thus, casket price? You're just jealous.

-I've missed many thieving opportunities.

-Your loss is my pain.

-Genuine?

-Nah!

-Then...is nothing?

-Bingo!

Labels: American Dream, business, crook, cynicism, Economics, legal crooks, Nihilism, tax evasion

Friday, November 18, 2016

-I like the women in *Perry Mason*. All trussed up in mannish suits, yet radiating sex!

-You mean unlike the Technicolor Slatterns of today?

-You’re saying it, not me. Besides, there are male slatterns too!

-We call them Pigs!

Labels: Perry Mason, sex, slattern, Technicolor, TV

Saturday, November 19, 2016

-You always ask that under
Republicans?

-Their love! Law *und* Order,
Crack Some Skulls. Make
America grate again! G-r-a...

-Don’t spell it! And, thereby,
The One-Percent super
comfortable?

-Both parties strive there–-
called “Reaching for the
Golden Ring.”

-Will you be brought in
for questioning and never
again heard from?

-Promise you'll remember me!

-It it's allowed. Didn’t Hamlet say
words to your effect?

-Why he’ll be forbidden.

-What happened to Reagan’s
Shining City on the Hill?

-Shines tried climbing up to it.

Labels: American Fascism, Fascism, Hamlet, Law and Order, Reagan, Republican, Republican Fascism, Shining City on Hill

Sunday, November 20, 2016

called *The Cripple.*

They walked eccentrically until encountering
Hangabouts.

Who screamed at the blinding vibration of them.

One set of feet then clattered down the metal stairs to the outside.

Sheriff eventually flipped his notebook closed.
“Merged, huh? This is precinct for Weed!”

Labels: cripple, marijuana, meeting, merging, vibration, weed

Monday, November 21, 2016

-This Senator called a black lawyer “Boy” when a judge. *Once upon a time!* Does that make him an unrelenting Segregationist?

-Probably.

-I don't buy it. He could belong to a poker club where he regularly plays with black guys, and they rib the shit outa each other on race.

-That's not enough to extract the "unrelenting."

-Such standards!

-The fish is in the water, and the water is in the fish.

-Oh? And what the hell does that mean?

-If the shoe fits...

-Enough with the proverbs! They're as lousy a guide as anything!

-We're liberals and yet a lot of intolerance has seeped in.

-I'm not responsible for seepage. I just do the best I can.

-Not enough.

-Nothing ever is. It's a curse and fuck it!

-Heart for every fate!

-I'm *warning* you!

Labels: "Boy", Attorney General, liberal, nomination, Race, Sessions

Tuesday, November 22, 2016

-I'll hafta see what I think I think.

-That's Synesthesia! You don't
actually SEE your thinking.
You can feel it, though.
Hmmm, I guess THAT'S syn...

-Uh huh?

-Too!

-I hafta feel what I think I feel? Or...?

-Bingo!

-How much would you take to go away?

Labels: analysis of friends, anger, confusion, emotion, feeling, friends, Synesthesia, thinking

Wednesday, November 23, 2016

The being found in the hidden Andes cave, had a stab wound in the back which probably caused his death.

Probably inflicted by a jagged rock “dagger.”

Labels: Andes, back stabbing, dagger, politics

Thursday, November 24, 2016

K1
We’re a hetero couple having
the same name.

K2
We write about our gang.

***

Glib Death

Only a few seniors in the gang,
and they speak glibly of death.

“I’ll be pushing up daisies by then!”

“When I got outa my car, the door
hit a guy in black carrying a sickle.
Convinced him got the wrong guy.
Won’t work next time!”

More of the same. Not clever,
but lively.

Doc Andy says they’re really scared.
A Podiatrist, and the feet far away
from the brain, we know, but…he
has something.

…

Decisions etc

Lutzy decided! Moderate version
of the *Hallelujah Chorus* please.

Stow that since he as quickly
UNdecided.

His partner, Mark, going bananas

in this regard.

What the hell! Some of us brood
to produce an uncertain egg,
others talk...and talk...and talk...and...

***

Big One

Monette obsesses about Cancer.
She knows she has it though all
tests negative, and googles its
various forms and treatments daily.

"In Montreal , now they have a
huge machine that...chemo,
radiation."

Oh well! All of it.

Her boyfriend, Murph-Mo runs limos
in Philly.

He transported the latest boy
band last week and bought her
their dvds.

She's already worried about
Little Jimmy who wears a sweater
in all their pictures because he’s
cold.

Maybe she'll knit him a warmer one.

Her obsession may be switching.

Turtle Neck. Icelandic Fisherman’s
style.

It's not brain surgery.

Labels: big decision, Cancer, death, gang, obsession, talking

Friday, November 25, 2016

Just the one business in the valley.

And the career ladder had only
four rungs.

Affable Joey got near the last one,
but his wife blocked him.

You never walked by their apartment
without hearing laughter.

Labels: ambition, career, career ladder, career vs life, happiness, rungs

Saturday, November 26, 2016

-You fell directly onto
your face. The wonder is
no broken bones here.
Extensive bruising!

-Feels so.

-I don’t understand: most
people use their hands to...

-Was dancing. Hobby.
Transported.

-Transporting never on my
med school agenda.

-Many worlds!

Labels: dancing, ecstasy, ecstasy in dance, med school, worlds

Sunday, November 27, 2016

The UMass people of the West
had done well, and Doc, Pharmacy
80, was pleased to help defray
the costs of bringing the basketball
team to play University of Montana.

He invited Rudge and Charlie, and
picked them up early at their planetarium.

Actually a narrow two-story addition to
the dusty rancher.

There, first, to watch a still of the night sky,
and hear the recorded voice of Charlie,
a Full-Brooded Crow, very slowly announce
“The night sky when Caesar stabbed in Rome.”

“Just lovely!” Doc whispered later in the Ford
Expedition. His compliments were always
deeply felt.

Unknown to them, Charlie’s voice continued,
since Rudge forgot to switch off the sound.

So Caesar kept being stabbed in Rome…
No one in the alley to hear about it.

Labels: basketball, Caesar, stars, UMass, University of Montana.Crow, West, Western Eccentrics

Monday, November 28, 2016

-You’re the man who reached for the golden ring?

-Serially.

-Sometimes they don’t put them out, but your horse goes by so fast!…and sometimes you have an up-and-down one too. Makes it real hard when they do, but you grab! Snatch best you can!

-Usually rings made of lead. But...I have gotten a few gold. Very few.

-And at quite a cost?

-Who’s costing?

-Well, end of a career approaching. How do you feel?

-Dizzy.

Labels: business, career, carousel, flying horses, golden ring, merry go round, reaching for golden ring

Tuesday, November 29, 2016

I remember everyone beautifully dressed.

The uniforms exquisitely tailored.

Even the Jew when he left his apartment
and we screamed JEW*!* had a carefully-
ironed suit.

Labels: anti-Semitic, clothing, Jew, Nazi Germany, suit, tailored

Wednesday, November 30, 2016

1

Micksey was nice.

So much so that an attesting certificate--
all gold leaf, would not be out of place
on her efficiency wall.

Jean, leader of the pack, attempted
wising her up re men.

"Don't worry. I grew up with brothers
pulling on it morning noon and night.
So, I know sex."

She didn't.

Nor, really, did Charles. He dropped the
s in pronunciation, a la French.

So, an affectation. Let's not cast stones.

Anyway, equally as nice. One morning Georgie
and Melody woke to the sound of roto-tilling.

Charles doing the new garden plot at their
house. "I woke up early, so...why not?"

He was never mentioned without the adjective
lovely preceding.

What will you, alive, yet dead, in the ironic
frames of today, predict about these heroic
two marrying.

They toughen up in the terrific adjustment?

Uh uh. Become, instead, nasty as catshit!

Everybody avoided them.

Enter Dixie and Hal, dewy innocents.

Goto 1.

Labels: character, Computer Program, couple, friendly, helpful, marriage, nice people, sex

Thursday, December 01, 2016

-What think you of Trump’s Cabinet picks?

-Various demented Righties, and other loonie-tunes with a bug up their ass!

-That good? Doesn’t surprise you?

-Nah. He got elected on the premise that everyone is totally full of shit!

-Including him?

-The Master!

Labels: bug up ass, Cabinet, demented righties, full of shit, loonie-tunes, President, Trump

Friday, December 02, 2016

-As my career winds down,
I more and more have to
convince younger colleagues
of my worth.

-That gang now is fractious
and edgy. Not a laugh in
a carload.

-Fair appraisal.

-How long do you have?

-The CEO, half my age, doing
my final evaluation.

-Did you pack your shit in the
famous cardboard box yet?

-My last trick is to distract him.
A sort of gypsy dance with lots
of silver bracelets.

-The flash sets him to musing on
pleasant topics, and he says...?

*-Let's keep the gypsy for another
year or so. Plug it into some new
group or other.*

-Where no one wants you?

-Probably.

-Or, OR! he says...?

*-You know? I'm sick of gypsies and
their dances. Let's terminate now.
Cleaner!*

Labels: Age Discrimination, employee evaluation, firing, modern business, termination

Saturday, December 03, 2016

Question of the Moment

-How can you be inclusive
without inviting Nazis
to the table? The fun

part comes from chasing Jews
down main streets. Don't

try "Holocausting” me! I said fun.
We know when to stop.

Labels: anti-Semitic Right, Holocaust, Jew, Nazi

Sunday, December 04, 2016

Linc Hess

never took *"City of Angels"*
seriously. Until he saw some.

Oh not the whimsical creatures
hauling wings around, but actual
beings.

On van Nuys, a guy handing out
playground equipment to hiving
kids.

Began glowing!

Now Gretch and he were no angels!
No way!

But some little something about
them was.

If...they could talk again, maybe
THAT could come out, and not all
the neurotic shit: gnashing!

But her latest was a wildcatter,
and they were going somewhere in
the world unknown to search for oil.

Wildcatters at their age! All boom-bust
should be unknown after forty!

Linc did text her that he had been
wrong so many times.

She answered. “Wrong right so WHAT
now? As always, I'm moving on.”

Nothing angelic there.

Labels: angel, boom-bust, City of Angels, Los Angeles, oil, oil exploration, relationship, wildcatting

Monday, December 05, 2016

Participants searingly direct and
honest, ordinarily, at the *Way of Calvary*
Adult Discussion Group.

Some displayed their embarrassing
addictions as if determined to
suffer even further in the telling.

But...when it came to sex, a kind
of Victorian quaintness enveloped.

Even the rare euphemism felt nearly
revolutionary.

Like soft-spoken Maryanne D. claiming
her boyfriend abnormally interested in...
her "thing."

Leader Cliff finally invited a sex therapist,
Dr Hodley Nethers, who gave them a reprint
of one of his articles, and used clinical
terms again and again.

Soon the group was using them too, but with
an air of superiority: as if to say *those people*
are really really sick!

Dr Nethers confided to Cliff that such airs
were an important first step.

Cliff...started to worry that he had a tiger
by the tail.

“Exactly! But that's what it is once we
acknowledge it."

Labels: addiction, discussion group, sex, sex therapy, Victorian

Tuesday, December 06, 2016

horrendous!--

Heck and Lucy never met again,
though living in a five mile circle.

After two years, he thought he
spied her athletic rear in Home Depot,
and followed at a distance.

But that woman was soon hectoring
a clerk in Lighting. Lucy was a
smoother operator.

Friend Lincoln: "Statistically you have
to meet her soon, unless the gods
of sanity are holding you magnetically apart."

"l'm dreading."

"That's you! She has moved on!
But you're a nonentity from nowhere
doing nothing!"

"Helps me breathe."

"You know what I do when faced with
a really human conundrum? I ask
what would a grownup do?"

"ln my juvenile case?"

"Phone her! *Hey been two years and I wondered..."*

"Yeah? And where from there?
She's unpredictable! What if she
wants to hook up again?"

"A fear completely groundless!”
l just want you two chatting and
hanging up. Perfect! Now you

can meet by accident without
a stroke."

"Nonentitiy, hey?"

"Well not ALWAYS!"

Labels: anxiety, breakup, couple, fear of encounter, grownup, nervous

Wednesday, December 07, 2016

-What counts is EMOTION!

-So you sex up dry facts?
Easy come easy go!

-Something like that. Sex up, half
make up. Like, Totally INVENT!--
why not?

-MOTHERS DON’T LIKE LIES!

-Send bonbons.

Labels: cynicism, lying, political exaggeration, political invention, political lying, politics of cynicism, sex up

Thursday, December 08, 2016

intended to purge, of course.

But Hal, Sweet Hal!

At kitchen table in Storm Trooper Black,
and slashing a riding crop at the shrieking kids!

Temporary. It’s in everybody as I say.

Labels: Dress Up Day, Fascist, Inner Nazi, Nazi, purgation

Friday, December 09, 2016

We all liked the idea of the Revue.

First up was Georgie, with FEET!

She had been a Radio City Music Hall
Rockette. Then migrated to Vegas for years,
perhaps a few too many.

Dancing just great! But even more interesting,
her extended family, and she introduces each
vital youngster! From three quite captivating
fathers.

Second, lifetime police officer, Jeremy Carruthers. Finally, Chief of Brenley Falls, where he whipped an indifferent lot into shape, and instituted some innovative forms of actual clarity.

Chief had a heart, also. And helped many criminals back to decency.

He gave a slide show, nothing flashy, but steady
and wholesome.

Last for this week. THROUGH A GLASS, DECEPTIVELY. Hoddings Kraft. Noir film. Banking.

Labels: banking, dancing, police work, revue, show, Show Business

Saturday, December 10, 2016

Fresh from his MBA, Clifford put in charge
of a new, experimental department called
The Lab.

Here, innovative solutions blah blah blah.

He was joined by others, including Hortense,
who spouted new ideas continuously.

The Lab's Main Function was to run seminars
for the other departments, convincing them
they were sticks in the mud. Which they were.

Upper Management loved Clifford and Hortense,
and the corporation received many high-publicity
awards because of them.

Soon enough, Clifford and Hortense loved
each other.

And married. A new Board had swept in from
Moral Phoenix and that connubial state, only,
set well with them.

But, Hortense grew restless. All the innovations
proved same-old same-old to her.

She quit to start a firm counseling employees
trapped by fluid management.

Had so much work that two years later she
persuaded Clifford to partner in the cause.
They had learned the ropes and knots together,
so...?

As long as bullshit rules, it must be countered
tirelessly.

Labels: business, corporation, fluid work environment, innovation, morale

Sunday, December 11, 2016

Roger always had a plan, and a backup.

So when the promised storm all but
obliterated Duncey Falls, he had to go
to the backup, but that failed too in the
wind and rain.

The heaving oak outside his den
window sent electric sparks showering
upward from the impinged wires, and then
a black limb crashing into his window, and
his forehead.

Later he did realize he was in an ambulance,
and calm, although the babbling of the other
patient truly annoyed him.

Then, he realized he was the only patient,
and shut up.

Chubby checked his head bandage
and maintained to Desktop that
the TV was full of shit.

"Like, this ain't the Storm of the Century.
Was in 80, and my Dad filled a notebook
about it."

"Like father, like..."

But Roger told him that was really impressive!
Asked Chubby if he could phone the old
gentleman when all this was over.

"He's outa range, like forever. But I'm not."

“I...had two beautiful plans!”

“Make them all the time. Nothing to chance!
Ever!”

“We...can help each other.”

“Enough said,” concluded Chubby.

“Yeah!” snapped Desktop to Roger, “YOU shouldn't be talking, period!”

Then driver Harold squealed through his little window. "It's a buncha women back there!"

Labels: ambulance, ambulance techs, Birds of Feather, caution, making plans, planning as bulwark, storm, Storm of Century

Monday, December 12, 2016

During the year-long celebration
of King Mongroid's 60th Birthday,
he suddenly died at a gluttonous
banquet.

King Desnerplait folded into
the celebrations, putting off
the official funeral for a year.

He soon dismissed the Southern
Castle's load of physicians, and
stocked it full of even more women.

Wine, Woman, Song, etc an understatement
concerning *Plait*, as the peasants called him.

The Northern Castle was peopled mostly
by herbalists, grinding potions for the
king which were entirely harmless.

Something worked though. He is 96 presently,
and states he will live forever.

As courtiers oiling everywhere in government and
commerce, his agree!

Labels: courtier, harem, herbs, kiss-ass, long life, Royalty, sex, women

Tuesday, December 13, 2016

-Some TV fan site gives a “Female Masturbation Warning”
for Fleabag.

-Oh? I hope she’s not TOO into that.

-Needs vaguely significant other?

-Or hobby.

Labels: fan, female, Fleabag, masturbation, rating, significant other, TV

Wednesday, December 14, 2016

-Never saw a place where
all the modules died at once.
You'll hafta move out, and
Jeremy, Max and the gang
replace everything.

-Thought that was easy. Old one
out, new one in!

-In theory yes, but comparability
issues. Be a few weeks before
everything straightened out.

-But where...? I don't have..."

-You’re in luck. My sister has a
vacancy. Real old-fashioned!
Not a module in the joint!
And the food!

-Sounds good.

-AND she's a lusty widow--if you
catch my drift.

-Devastated! And then must *perform?*

-Lucky you!

Labels: future design, maintenance, module, sex, widow

Thursday, December 15, 2016

Mr Utshwon just laughed
and they put in his teeth
and adjusted his wheels.

Then off to the CITY OF MERCHANDISE.

He was the only person there in
that super warehouse.

But all the robots knew him,
and joked with him.

His favorite named “*Slowwwwww.*”

An import from Hungary whose
speed is too erratic and, frequently
erotic, so engineers make slower yet.

They made a strange pair. This stump
with everything screwed in and...

He had inquired about becoming a robot,
but the authorities told him it has
never worked out.

Labels: .rule by robots, City of Merchandise, future, massive store, outnumbered, robot, robotic

Friday, December 16, 2016

“Scapegoat Wanted”

Due to the overwhelming complexity of real problems and their side-effects, including debilitating addictions,

Muslims given preference.

Labels: ad, addiction, classified ad, Muslim, scapegoat, side-effects

Saturday, December 17, 2016

-That’s the way it shook down.

-So passive! You hadda be in there doing some of the shaking!

--When others did, I felt embarrassed for them.

-Empathy? Unwanted!

-Perhaps so. And when some pressing horror made ME do it…really, blow my own horn…well I can still feel the humiliation.

-You’re too pure for this life!

-Not much longer. String shortens.

-And what did your lovely attitude buy you?

-Someone will say “I’ll never forget whatsisname!”

Labels: attitude, blowing your own horn, purity, sensitivity

Sunday, December 18, 2016

Nerksy was pretty sure it was an idea.

Glads confirmed it and congratulated him,
promising a triple chocolate cake.

But her longtime boyfriend, Professor
Yetnov, asked "But what QUALITY
of idea?"

The rest of the gang booed him.

His questions always ruined things.

Labels: critical, friends, gang, hanging out, idea, probing, quality of ideas, questions

Monday, December 19, 2016

-I couldn’t marry another stinking human like myself!

-Oh yeah? Well your planetary broad doesn't exactly smell like roses!

-I got used to it. Like something outa a Chinese Restaurant’s garbage disposal.

-And the WAY her organs are ARRANGED, with…!

-Never mind that! There are workarounds.

-I'll take your ole Stelly anytime. Spray some Chanel.

-But that mouth on her! Oojuh has none at all.

-How she talk?

-Chimes from somewhere.

-Too weird for me!

-Government...giving quarter mil to marry her.

-Does her sister do chords?

Labels: alien marriage, future marriage, Government Subsidy, human, speaking

Tuesday, December 20, 2016

-UNMEANING is now President!

-Will he shake the world, the nation, and, most importantly, both parties?

-With no center, he'll throw a couple of bones to the Democrats. The bulk of his shit, though, will be the usual Republican 1 percent trickle-down fantasy that never works, never could work, never will work!

-As if that mattered! What DOES work for the -pubs?

-13 l/2 percent of their devious smear!

-That high? And dems?

-61.

-Nonsense! Probably much closer to the initial figure.

-Tweedle dee, tweedle…?

-Close enough. What's the real problem with both, do you suppose?

-Like Vegas mobs, skimming too much off the top.

Labels: Democrat, One Percent, Republican, skim, trickle down, Trump, Vegas

Wednesday, December 21, 2016

How Does it Feel

Uptown Girl succumbed
to flash-trash?

In Victorian words, seduced
and abandoned.

There are redemption cards,
none pink unfortunately.

Labels: Billy Joel, Dylan, redemption, Rolling Stone

Thursday, December 22, 2016

He was super-cautionary
in his saying, lest he
injure sensitive friends.

But Deirdre stiffened when
he referred to a town councilman
as *Little Pinky Winky*...his socialist
tendencies--mostly.

"What my parents called me and
I hated it!"

Then she went on to hint that
Carl knew that, and was making
fun of her."Why not? Everybody
else does!"

But he assured her, merest
coincidence.

Went on to assert that in the
infinite universes, somebody
was saying Little Pinky Winky
right now.

Deirdre didn't want to hear it!
Accused him of repeating those
words just to injure.

He promised he'd never utter
those injurious words ever again!

Too late! Slammed the door in his face
eventually.

And in his infinite universes, how many
millions of doors etc? At this instant!

I'll stop; he's tiresome.

And she's done with him forever!

No great loss to either?

Now now, we’re called upon to be more
tolerant in this single, imperfect world, yes?

Labels: childhood name, couple, hurting, infinite universes, nickname, oversensitive, pet name, thin skin

Friday, December 23, 2016

-With what I can plug in now,
I can tell you the age you'll
die.

-And if I press you, day and time?'

-I sense sarcasm, but...I could
come close, no matter what.

-Well, plug nothing in because
I don't wanna know!

-But if you knew, you could...

-Straighten some things out?
Like, with Steph?

-The amazing Stephanie!

-Amazed me right outa my mind!

-You could soothe both minds

-To an extent. We'd eventually fight
as to how to reconcile.

-So, it won't be perfect? It's
better than the present standoff.
Which, by the way...

-Morphs over the months to an
unhealthy growth?

-Uh huh? Why don't you pretend
you have a year or so left, and then
the pair of you do what you can?

-I'm the one acutely feeling the
disadvantage. What's her actuarial picture?

-If I had to guess, I'd...well, much better.

-Do I get points, like in football.

-At least a touchdown and extra point.

-The latter is her speciality. Anyway,
a strong betting favorite is she!

-A piece of work! But so are you.

-Making it all the more difficult.
Besides...the best things fall outa
the sky. I should be patient. Trust
to Luck!--Steph and I should.

-Not according to my figures and your
health, physical and mental.

-I'm a *case*! I don't wanna be a case!

-We have some small choices, but I wouldn't
wish to run the figures.

Labels: actuary, betting, die, Fate, football, football odds, relationship, running the figures

Saturday, December 24, 2016

THE ONE THAT WENT ALL IN

Her chance at...!

Significantly younger he, but...!

Uh huh?

A danger he'd find someone fresher?

Ah but these seemingly mismatched
lovers really really discovered...! Not.

After the previous question answered
serially.

Back to the gang, slowwww to forgive.
And, of course, Steady Eddie, who
experimented with a bit of revenge,
but dropped it since the Giants were
on TV that afternoon.

THE ONE WHO STAYED

And stayed and stayed. Until HE left.
Quite the Catholic, but the Church
won't declare her a Martyr.

But she is, Academy Award!

THE ONE WHO FLED INTO ZERO ARMS

Had to escape to breathe!

It got too lonely, however.

So back to the bunch, and whatshisface.

Everyone feared his cruel streak would
come out in their frequent fights,
but he embarked on a Doctorate.

Labels: breakup, leaving, martyr, men, relationship, revenge, women

Sunday, December 25, 2016

We tried to get Chucksy contemplating larger things.

But. “Close to the vest, close to the vest. Quiet cards, and hidden.”

She was due to join us any moment now, so
we told him that “Babs will surely leave for somebody with an ounce of daring!”

"Here's your hat, Ole Babs! What's your hurry?"

“So, defiantly mediocre? That’s you!”

“I should go to Brooklyn to fight the cops?
Or Oakland, the Communists?”

“Don’t be a hero. Just move off your ass!”

“The still man rules.”

That’s when Babs came in. And we turned her
right around!

Labels: caution, daring, friends, lazy, mediocre, overcaution, personality, spirit, undaring, Zen, Zen as excuse

Monday, December 26, 2016

For my wallpaper on the new computer,
I chose an aerial view of a flanking
neighborhood, mostly because of
the Suicide’s Cottage in its little cove.

Hallmark card with a twist. Anyway,
a local legend.

Fine, except she continuously walked
into the water, white flowing nightgown,
billows.

Through my programs at times.

To purge this ghost, I changed to snow and
solid New England spires.

There, she stepped through drifts white as
her nightgown. Absurd.

No use, then, regardless of wallpaper.

Finally, though, still tried sombre abstraction.

Yet, In front of pillows of rusts and browns
she wades in and whitely breasts the first
black wave consisting of felt bolsters.

Turn off computer, go for a walk…to get there.

The cutting wind sweeps away the last remnants
of storm-smell.

Stride into the woods to discover ample brush .

To fashion a wreath.

Place it on the rise and fall of black-gray Lampey’s Cove.

Say nothing, just watch, and can’t feel my fingers.

Much noise re-entering house, since the computer has turned itself on to Western brilliance.

Dashing rivers, red rocks, and cottonwoods.

Some fluff actually blows round the den.

Square dance calls and whoops! I tap the
speaker icon to mute the horrible distortion.

Labels: computer, computer ghosts, ghost, suicide, wallpaper

Tuesday, December 27, 2016

Cliff has one inflexible rule:
NEVER CHECK BOX A.

He is invited to address the
Never A's Convention.

Check A: "Who cares?"

Labels: American Eccentric, eccentric, fame

Wednesday, December 28, 2016

Radcliffe felt he didn’t need his usual noir persona for the occasion.

So dispensed with Sam Spade in favor of “Sunny Jim.”

The girls grew quickly sick of the Americanness
of his new act, and gigglingly chucked him into
Markham’s Pond.

Sunny Jim became soakingly purple-pissed!

Later, Officer Barb Hentley’s pencil couldn’t
keep up with him.

Labels: American, anger, noir, prank, role playing

Thursday, December 29, 2016

Rodney counseled Lena that
-There are ways to do things
without losing your mind!

Lena allowed that there were, her
girlfriends handling life better, and
THEN losing their minds.

-Then be like them, then. Normal!

Rodney crusaded for status quo.

Be insane for Lena to drop him mid
all of the others.

Labels: behavior, control, control issues, coping, heartbreaker, losing mind, normal, relationship, status quo

Friday, December 30, 2016

-I think a lot about the happiness
of others.

-You WHAT`?

-You heard me.

-Storybook Land! If you're unhappy,
find another book.

-Well I'd rather be in Storybook Land,
than your place of unrelenting cynicism.

-Is it true that nobody dies there?
They're corking off left and right
around here!

-I'll pray for you.

-Get others there to do the same,
a Murmuring Hootenanny!

Labels: altruism, cynicism, happiness, Romance

Saturday, December 31, 2016

Murch argues continuously
with Tooley as to whose
way is better.

Tooley: "Truth is, World
laughs at the both of us.
But I edge him there too!"

Labels: argument, discussion of friends, ridicule

Monday, January 02, 2017

Cal B acquired a mysterioso
disease. Various syndrome
labels were attached to it,
but the blood tests, and
numerous other tests, showed
nothing. Again and again.

He was dying. Spiritual cures
beckoned.

He attended one support group
meeting in a dank warehouse and
chanting.

That helped...in a general sense.

The inevitable keeps edging close.

A Specialist flown in.

He likes the nightlife.

No surprise to anyone: the World
is moving on.

And doesn't wave as it passes.

Labels: bloodwork, death, disease, medical conditions, tests

Tuesday, January 03, 2017

Woodrow determined to be nice.

A winning strategy.

For the most part.

Many friends dropped out, though.

Most of those with little effect on them.

But some few stuck with him, and the ills that niceness can inflict.

Labels: behavior, mixed blessing, niceness

Wednesday, January 04, 2017

-Like the Sheik of Araby, into her tent he creeps.

-The creep! Anyway, they didn’t DO it, did they?

-Grow up, Mark! Your daughter is an adult woman! Not a Sticky-handed little girl!

-I blame you!

-Join the parade.

-Sticky! Oh my God!

-You’re getting sick over it! Or sick-ER. God help you!

-No one does!

Labels: anxiety, daughter, father, husband, sex, Sheik of Araby

Thursday, January 05, 2017

-What was that we sniffed, anyway?

-Common...Household...

-Then bullshitted each others ears off with our "*Highs!*"

-When I became an Adult, I put aside such...

-*Did* you now?

Labels: adult, sniff, youth, youthful experimentation

Friday, January 06, 2017

-Fell asleep just
as Quint bit
in half.

-Or whatever.

-Only saw the half

-Coffee?

Labels: breakfast, couple, Jaws, routine, violence, violence in films

Saturday, January 07, 2017

-What the hell IS today?

-Wednesday.

-All day long I’m thinking it’s Tuesday,

-You need to get married again!

-So Wifey can spit It’s Wednesday you
totally stupid fuck! ?

-Should...you choose that type again, well...

-There’s a choice?

Labels: choice of wife, day of week confusion, friends, power struggle in marriage, vulgar wife

Sunday, January 08, 2017

I started with harmless jokes
but the Faculty became restless.

So, offered generalities that
glittered a bit.

Finally "Quantify!" screamed they.

I signaled the projectors, and figures
and graphics sped by, which I tried
qualifying even before they shouted
to do just that!

But it all equaled mess.

The faculty stared fighting each
other, fists with the men, and
severely cutting remarks from
the women.

Though one, Professor Marline Rupp,
smashing a chair over the hammy back
of Doctor Hester Giggons.

My Introducer, Hanley E. Destry, sped
back to the podium to attempt imposing
order.

Finally crying in joy. "Knowledge
is so wonderful! Such a divine process!
We are blessed with this mayhem!"

I had doubts, but agreed strenuously.

Or he'd block my degree.

Sex occurred in the front row, and most
stopped to watch on the monitors.

Cheers.

Labels: :knowledge, academic, academic chaos, academic gathering, chaos, degree, fighting, hothouse, infighting, knowledge industry, multimedia, quality, quantity, sex

Monday, January 09, 2017

-When I finally got up to the front of the line, a Sears' lady gave me a shirt and their apologies. Hokie Kennedy, the hockey guy? Last line they introduced.

-Capitalism's last slap-shot to your balls!

-Not quite. I'll be able to use the old Sears card in Dillards, Kohls, and...one other.

-Thus does the despised system prosper in adversity. Like a huge bag of shit you punch to exhaustion!

-I've stopped. Shoulders tired, arms tired, the whole works ready for a gin and tonic!

-You're done!

-Just about! Why am I happy?

-That's the whole goal! Make you just nuts enough.

-Look! Karl Freakin Marx, I got a shirt! Every system tends towards Tyranny! Government the very worst! I go with the one gives me a shirt!

-Slave! Slave mentality.

-Oh Massa! Buy Old George a tie, now, for funerals?

-YOU’RE THE REASON SOCIALISM FAILS HERE!

-Would you like my autograph?

Labels: bankruptcy, Capitalism, Marx, Sears, Slavery, socialism, tyranny

Tuesday, January 10, 2017

Number

Our Shellzy got a number.

DF, or Defunct Professor, claims
that she's already famous, but
this should do it.

The number is expressed in a
formula few can begin to grasp.

Last week she went to Princeton,
and people flew in from Japan.

All this for one unexpected property
her number seems to have. Or not.

It's, of course, so incredibly large
that you'd think all kinds of elements
in there.

She's taking a break from it, down
to Cocoa Beach to help her sister prepare
children for new schools.

Her health will depart if she doesn't
shoulder different things.

But, once that's done, a visit to Florida
Tech in Melbourne, their largest computer.

After, a few anointed NASA people wish
to chat.

Ben, our Ben, who struggles with the figures
in his bank statement, desperately wants us
to retain her womanly properties.

But DF shrugs that we lost her long ago.

Labels: fame, Family, friendship, genius, isolation, math genius, Woman, woman scientist

Wednesday, January 11, 2017

Delilah Stebbins loved hearing her
morning bird sing.

Distant, but lovely.

She listened to birds on the net,
but never could identify the species.

“You always wanna find out too much!”
remarked her mother.

Since his accident on the railroad,
Bill Hye couldn’t sleep but a few hours.

His "hobby" consisted of a 6 AM rub of
a wet cork on a glass.

Labels: bird songs, deception, imitation, insomnia, lonely, neighbors, sleep

Thursday, January 12, 2017

-Now each can get a hand
in the public till!

-Already one in your pocket,
and another in mine.

-That’d be three hands.

-No limit!

-Who was that? Hydra?

-Piker! But it’s all HEADS.

-Ganesha then!

-Stop getting educated! Enough!

Labels: billionaires.Hydra.Ganesha., Cabinet, Trump's Cabinet

Friday, January 13, 2017

-What was it like when the Religious Founders came?

-Same. Just hadda order up more whores is all.

-That's a strain in American Life, isn't it?

-In. To.

Labels: founders, hypocrisy, religious, religious hypocrisy, whore

Saturday, January 14, 2017

-Well, one week of *Mohnaritin*,
and nary a thought of suicide.

-Lucky you. I have them hourly.
And my Jeanette!

-Stratospheric?

-You know her well.

-Her fantasies...

-could be lousy movies!

-At...any rate, uh...

-Whole town's on *Mohnaritin*!

-You exaggerate?

-Oh? All my bakery route guys
and their wives. And at the
auto spring factory, they're
practically arrayed in candy dishes
all around the plant!

-All this to keep from going crazy?

-Or being the same. Jury out.

Labels: addiction, drugs, epidemic, mass addiction, nervous conditions, side effects

Sunday, January 15, 2017

Lisa-Lil has stopped leaving me in the old way.

Thus blocking the fierce fights when she returns.

Now, she goes to her sister's, and they do each others hair and nails. And gossip about old times and new.

Gone are the bums she once fled with.

You can sustain a relationship like this.

It's just that healthy things take a bit of time working out.

I...think that what it's just.

Labels: breakups, bums, evolving conduct, healthy relationship, relationship, time

Monday, January 16, 2017

Jersey Guy had to extinguish some
fires in Albany, so missed
out when the gang invented
the planet of Mariskosay.

So the in-jokes flew by him later,
and nobody seemed inclined
to fill him in.

Enter Laurel, who thought him
intriguing, and the gang asinine.

Laurel, he told her, was his
planet now!

And this lasted a while,
mutual infatuation.

Then, rather than cooling,
it deepened, so that the
two of them thoughtfully
assembled the planet of Runce-o-fel.

Most of Laurel’s women's bowling
team came immediately onboard,
feeling that Mariskosay had
become sexist.

And had run out of ideas generally.

“Stale, stale, stale!” Laurel sneered.

But Jersey Guy still didn’t want to hurt anyone.

Labels: imagination, planets, relationship, Romance, social life

Tuesday, January 17, 2017

Rex couldn't get warm
in the new house.

He brought back the
heating engineers, and
they assured him that
the system was almost
double what was needed.

An old aunt contributed
her heavy quilt depicting
World's Fair scenes.

Bundled in this, he met his
medical team in the steaming
den.

They ruled out this and that
disease, and came up with nothing.

His girlfriend could've helped, but
she was doing the final sales push
for Delphinium Acres, staring
at 490,000.

Finally, Chuckie Blitiz, the absolute
joker in everything, seriously showed
him the ad that frigid evening.

Enjoys sex with wild abandon! Sustained.

A certain Rosa Destiny.

Well, pondered Rex. In the name of Therapy...

The Sustained did it.

Labels: cold, cold problem, frigid, sexual warmth, therapy, warmth

Wednesday, January 18, 2017

gone bananas!”

Exploded his leader, Marty Robb.

In partial explanation of transferring
Retzy to another plant of another
company in a part of town where
everyone muttered.

And the buildings the color of rancid
mud.

Stephanie joined the Marriage Team
there, a step guaranteed to lead
to divorce.

Retzy attempted to hook up very quickly
to the Retirement Team.

But was fired first, entirely without
benefits. Or explanation.

"You were a good team player for me,"
shrugged Marty.

At the delayed party for his leaving.

People chipped in when the hat passed.

The New Unemployment Law charging
the recipient.

The State collecting instead.

Labels: screwed, team, Team Concept, unemployment, working

Thursday, January 19, 2017

"soul-shattering"

Russian and Syrian bombings have destroyed etc

"the most savage week"

100,000 children play in barrel bomb craters

make paper models of dead friends

What’s it like to make dead friends from paper?

Do you make them larger
as you grow
or not?

Labels: Aleppo, bomb craters, dead friends, paper, Russian, Syria, Syrian

Friday, January 20, 2017

-Do you have the time?

-For what? Of course not!

-Of day, I mean?

-Irrelevant to the task.

-How does it feel to always obey?

-Rushed!

-No shortage of awards.

-I trip over them on my way to further Glory!

-How will we ever do without you? How fiercely
you completely behave!

-Such compliments! Unlike you.

-We also serve who only see the bullshit.

-Oh? And does it make the world go round?

-Indispensably!

Labels: bullshit, conforming, conformist, duty, obedience

Saturday, January 21, 2017

-Your Prostate Claim refused
because you're Female.

-Not last time I looked.

-Oh? Then I'll put you down as
Claims Male.

-Do that!

-However, we have a route for
immediate payment.

-Better yet!

-The Cralzer-Demsel Index of
Sexuality. You have CDI of 61.
That's male enough for payment.

-But I'll still be Female in your records?

-No action and you'll revert to Male.

-*No Action* is my middle name!

-We still have one piece of business, however.
You'll be using your CDI as a BC.

-Pardon?

-Bureaucratic Convenience, while your original maleness gets settled.

-I don't know...

-Got the stamp right here. BC!

-Okay, use it.

-Done!

-Wow! You are one loud stamper!

-Known for it!

Labels: bureaucracy, claim, insurance claim, medical insurance

Sunday, January 22, 2017

-I shoot for a concept right away.

-Because you can’t draw?

-Precisely.

-Lack of talent is the best shortcut.

-Would you say that such lack tends
to abstraction too?

-In your case, yes.

-Not necessarily bad, though.

-Are we judging on results?

-Jury always out and never returns.

-You vaguely posit one very slippery universe.

-There’s another?

Labels: abstraction, aesthetics, art, draftsmanship, painting, Philosophy

Monday, January 23, 2017

-That kind of leader leads by indirection.

-What the fuck good is that? Passive-
Aggressive? Isn’t that what it’s called?

-An Art Truly! Not a psychological syndrome.

-So is its brother, Bullshit!

-You go too far!

-Somebody has to!

Labels: bullshit, indirection, leadership, management style, passive-aggressive

Tuesday, January 24, 2017

-How long we go out that first time?

-Seven, ten months.

-So much better now. Ready! We were such
Selfish Pigs! You agree about us now, yes?

-Oink!

Labels: redo relationship, relationship, second time around

Wednesday, January 25, 2017

Our Gen, for Gennifer, had
one defining characteristic.
Always.

She marched. For Feminism mostly,
but she needed no persuasion to
go anywhere and march for other
causes.

She burned with conscience!

"You could ultimately win, Gen! Over!
What would you do then?"

"Somewhere they're not winning.
The opposite."

So, she’ll die at one of these events.

Massive, as against this threat of
a president. Or ragtag somewhere.

She feels even more alive at the latter--
if that's possible.

Labels: collective action, feminism, injustice, Justice, march, Women's March

Thursday, January 26, 2017

When Marks read Cindy-Jo's
Divorce Complaint, he mostly
nodded yes to get her off
his back.

But his lawyer insist he contest
some points.

All confrontation was hard for Marks.
Even on petty matters.

Took Aggressiveness Training once,
where the participants swore at each
other with exaggerated bitterness.

So, a Patsy. His choice.

But not for the action at hand.

He fought. A little. Then, more.

Anyway, the contestants threw the kitchen
sink at each other, followed by smaller
sinks from the bathrooms in their split level.

Anyway, again, this couple hammered out a settlement, like cleaving couples do.

And Marks became bolder in life because of
the process! Not.

He pretty much reverted to passive.

Hey! We can't all scream continuously!

Anyway. Personality. Such a mystery! Let's
do our best at fathoming our own quirky one.

First. Then take a hand to unraveling those
of our friends.

And Good Luck with all of that!

Labels: aggressive, confrontation, divorce, passive, personality, quirky

Friday, January 27, 2017

The old worries no longer sufficed.

Though they drove Kohs beyond distraction...nonetheless,
a lack there, a stale familiarity here, a boredom...

So he applied to the Bureau of New Worries.

There, in collective wisdom, he became Chicken Littled.
Not exactly ***The Sky is Falling Down!***...but several keening
anxieties of smaller types.

“I've never seen you so happy!” wife gushed in their bedroom
two weeks later while packing her stuff.

“Be careful of those luggage locks. They can pinch! Start infection.
Man in Elmira DIED.”

She thanked him for his concern, and left forever. One less worry.

Labels: anxiety, caution, Chicken Little, over-caution, Sky falling down, worry

Saturday, January 28, 2017

-As Moms Mabley said "Ain't nothing an old man can do for me,but bring me a message from a young one.”

-As an old man, may I answer?

-Please do.

-Wit and warmth, and the sheer comfort of having around!

-Please do.

Labels: ageism, Old Age, old man, prejudice, youth

Sunday, January 29, 2017

All the Kingdom’s mirrors ordered broken.
Smashed!

Because the dead pretty queen once primped.

Girls sneak into the huge hall and use shards.
Others do also.

The children swordfight with same.

Their hands are cut.

The King orders the hall sealed.

Many trapped in there. Smells escape.

Labels: broken mirrors, Hall of Broken Mirrors, Hall of Mirrors, identity, mirrors, primp, shards, vanity

Monday, January 30, 2017

-I like the feeling of violence--its brewing.
And brewing.

-Sick!

-Oh yes! I can dig into him so, frustration
setting up inside him like a silent scream.

-Stop it there?

-Or...get him to hit me?

-Then have the sonabitch put away!

-I like that idea. I like all ideas!

Labels: abuse, egging on, frustration, violence, women

Tuesday, January 31, 2017

Both returned separately to the empty house.

Cecily turned on all the lights and walked through.

Snapshots to anyone watching. Mutterings so quiet as to not exist.

Hark kept the black silence.

But his car shrieked when leaving. Water Pump.

Labels: breakup, divorce, muttering, silence

Wednesday, February 01, 2017

-Those women become men? Do they
get big boners?

-Undoubtedly! You remember Lucy Double-M?

-She’s one?

-Out in middle front when she once just did top.

-Was a pulchritudinous female!

-No longer.

-That seems...a tragedy.

-Or something?

-Whatever. And what was THAT?

-A little pat on the ass.

-What FOR?

-To encouraged your knowledge, and so you’ll
love the fear of your proclivities.

-My girlfriend and I handle the later.

-You two give hetero a bad name.

-Hey! What can I say? We wax and wane.

-Christ! Does life hafta be this dull?

-Change things up, then, and become a lady!

-Not for me either.

-Maybe they give month trials.

-Keep talking. May be a fruitful experiment.

-You’re already half there. Do you read Male *Vogue*?

-There is no Male *Vogue*.

-Too bad!

Labels: friends, men, sex, sex change, sexuality, Vogue, women

Thursday, February 02, 2017

-They just sort of stopped.

-Died?

-No, just slowwwwwed down.

-Who doesn't?

-Not like this. For example, after
breakfast, they plan dinner.

-Not that unusual?

-The whole day?

-In...discussion?

-Naturally.

-But...something must impinge. Appointments
with various gerontologists one might think?

-Very little gets in their glacial way.

-Do the "children" visit?

-Of course! And they're roped into the
Great Plan of the Day!

-Excruciating!

-To say the least. Oh well, they'll die,
sooner than later. And probably together.

-How will anybody tell?

Labels: daily plan, fussy, old, plan

Friday, February 03, 2017

-She’s dedicating her life to help grievously hurt people. Her LIFE!

-Hey! Her business.

-Why don’t we hear more about the humble saints in our otherwise disheartening midst?

-Just defined Rhetorical Question?

Labels: dedication, humility, rhetorical question, saint

Saturday, February 04, 2017

The man who was dying cautioned everybody.
But, two years passed.

Finally, he did.

End of protracted story?

Depends.

In the Tunnel he brags “I warned EVERYone,
one one
one one

one…”

Labels: death, dying, tunnel

Sunday, February 05, 2017

in my life
I wasted it

Like the nerves
stopped shaking

up, eased back,
breathed in measure,

waiting
for fun.

Labels: good times, nerves, wasting, wasting life

Monday, February 06, 2017

Loamy aroma worth
the gradual soaking

as I'm nearly blind.
And don’t know
the birth

names of the wild-
er plants glimpsed

as in vaguer dreams,
Carlos winnows
things weekly, hence.

For some reason,
I grow impatient
to be drenched!

The air not being water
enough.

Labels: age, garden, gardening, rain, senses

Tuesday, February 07, 2017

Buzz helms our Flyers Club, and is an Alien.
Little Buzz, recently-joined, is an Alien also.

Only communicates with with Buzz by--what else?--buzzing.

Buzz mostly speaks the King's English to us, and is nicknamed *The Brit.*

Our club mostly consists of married and impromptu couples, some single men and women.

Of the latter, the tomboys we call “Muck Maidens” since they're the loudest and most obscene when the players are mucking it up along the boards.

The last memory I have of such brutal activity was when a New York Ranger shouted, mid insults as to a Flyer's mother, “What the hell's all that buzzing?”

At that point, our Jeanette Plessy got into his face and he looked darkly shocked.

By the way, Buzz permits no disparaging remarks as to the fairer sex.

Has experienced various romances along the years, and concludes with reverence that women are absolutely remarkable.

Little Buzz seems to agree. Hard to judge.

Labels: alien, fan club, fans, New York Rangers, Philadelphia Flyers

Wednesday, February 08, 2017

Yuent's only royalty came
from the Dixie-Whistling
Potato Peeler.

Finally, friend Henny convinced
him to go big.

In his regular job as maintenance
man at Little Jeb Early's Distillery,
he had access to the necessary tools.

A year later, Gert and Henny were
invited to Yuent's bungalow.

All hell broke loose. No, really.

The door opened to brilliance and
an overpowering stench.

Spun Henny around, an elbow striking
Gert, who ran as if her hair afire.

Was. Plunged into nearby Brunson's Pond.

The new police chief waited for the firemen
to finish, and then found no bodies. Neither
man. Gert in hospital for shock and burns
etc.

From Harvard, and kept their files
on his desk thereafter. Labeling both
"AD?"

For Another Dimension.

Henny's received the additional designation
TM.

Labels: dimension, dimensions, experiment, invention, mind capture

Thursday, February 09, 2017

-When did you last tell the truth?

-I’d tell you but I’d lie.

Labels: alternative facts, politics, Truth, truth in politics, veracity

Friday, February 10, 2017

Real Estate or

a Wondrous Sense of Wonder

(+ Entitlement?)

Just Propulsive, Really

Cliff and Marie bought
the Chalet Model.

Actually, not much bigger
than their old studio apartment.

"I'm wondering where we'll put
all our shit," wondered she.

"Toss half. Any half."

"Why do they call it that?"

"Why do they call anything anything?"

Labels: exaggeration, marketing, Middle Class, pretense, Real Estate, selling

Saturday, February 11, 2017

saving the world!

Quickest example of Capitalism I can give you?

Children with flies on their faces.

In Africa, other hellholes?

Some here.

Labels: Africa, Capitalism, children in poverty, disease, flies

Sunday, February 12, 2017

A Southern Attorney General is after Jerr
for his little carnival doll.

It's not the usual Capitalistic screwing,
of course, obscene profit margin, but the
medical cures hinted at in the enclosed
brochure.

Taiwan makes the doll for $1.47 and
Jerr sells it for $38. He throws in
the large button battery.

"Wumps" walks a bit, then falls down.
Gets up, falls again.

“Children learn you can fall again and
that it's all right!”

So claims Jerr.

His lawyer tells him to expect some
brief jail time.

This inevitability brings a lecture to
the rest of us. How come the true mega
thieves in AMERICA GET AWAY WITH...?

Well, they just do. Kick against some
other pricks!

He threatens to move.

But we inform him that he's already in
the sleazy paradise of all time.

And, even in his horrible moral upset, he
seems to know that.

Labels: American, American Capitalism, con, con man, doll, Law, mail order fraud, mega thieves, toy

Monday, February 13, 2017

the Army gave me
a five-pound box of nuts.

Put it under my bunk
and took it out every once
in a while to chew.

Meditatively. The box
announcing, first, its provenance.

Something like
Nut Assortment. Grade-A, M1 A1

and on and on in chains of numbers.
Stenciled.

Every system must put nuts
in their place.

The sitting and chewing was not
a social act. Other troopers distantly

doing their things. Blurs. Well, any life
lends definitions of loneliness.

One of mine.

Labels: army, Christmas, gift, isolation, loneliness, system

Tuesday, February 14, 2017

-F. Scott Fitzgerald: “Life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat; the redeeming things are not happiness and pleasure but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle.”

-Thanks for quoting that. Let’s call up the gang and go sledding.Jeanette got those huge thermoses for hot chocolate.

And we’ll sing later into the super-frozen air! While the bonfire pops and pops!

-It all sounds too good. And nice. Any struggle in there?

-Not a bit of it!

Labels: cold, friendship, lighter view, shared experience, sledding

Wednesday, February 15, 2017

-Jesus Meek and Mild.
That's me, Baby!

-Uh uh. I've seen you
operate in this glorified
boiler room. Pirates off
the Barbary Coast.

-Avast Maties!

-But with computer and cell,
not cutlass.

-Tools of the trade!

-But...how can you reconcile
the two images. That is...
SOMEtimes, puzzlingly, you ARE
Jesus etc.

-I don't. Don't even try.

-Doesn't it make for terrific
conflicts?

-Not in the least.

-Hypocrisy then!

-This is America! Hypocrisy
is the Golden Mean.

-I'm...glad we had this little
chat.

-No you're not.

-No I'm not.

Labels: Boiler Room, Golden Mean, hypocrisy, Pirate, reconciling, schizo business

Thursday, February 16, 2017

sorta

-Apparently, Pence is sticking Evangelicals everywhere in government.

-When will it stop?

-Won't! Spread to state and local too! I can see The Apostle Paul giving you the driver's test.

-I'll take Mother Teresa. Less emphasis on Rules of the Road!

-Women come in so many more varieties!

-Glory Halle-fuckin-lujah!

Labels: Apostle, Evangelicals, religion and government, Right Wing Government, VP Pence, women

Friday, February 17, 2017

MH

Both male and female:

“Made to be Hurt.”

Gang shoves the two together.

We drink and don’t care.

Nor do they.

Are you reeling yet? Sicker?

Are they?

All still unafraid?

Labels: Fools rush in, foreboding, frightening experiment, manipulative, matchmaking, neurotic, relationship, sensitive

Saturday, February 18, 2017

The others covered me
with garbage.

Fresh, so it still gave
off some heat.

Then they all chanted the
Hymn of Praise to The Wealthy.

For in other sectors the garbage
flash-burned into the air, and
not available.

There The Wealthy are cruel, or
the intellectual ones, Population
Controllers.

The children blend the chant with
their games.

I drift away into an odoriferous nap,
pleasantly listening.

Labels: diystopia, garbage, Population Control, poverty, religion and wealth, wealth

Sunday, February 19, 2017

-He got killed in the murder way.

-Oh my God! Who did such a...?

-Nobody he really knew. Just talked to a few times.

-Apparently that was enough.

Labels: acquaintance, foul play, murder

Monday, February 20, 2017

Laura

In memory more
browns and creams

than bw:
Illusion, though.
Watching

the noir detective
fixing on her
portrait mid

softest deco interiors
after her murder.

Snuffed around style
abounding,

not like now.
People beautiful-

ly dressed, man-
ners framed to match
often.

Two other men
are locked
forever to her

in prismatic
sexuality.

Foils and Fox?

However, she's
not dead!

I forgot how
the plot twists that.

Twelve
and now old.

What persists
with her "death?"

The song
haunts on.

Is it sound
harrows
the most?

So writing about or
talking up anything

spoils it?
Heisenberg with feeling.

Labels: Heisenberg, kaleidoscope, Laura movie, Laura song, point of view, prism

Tuesday, February 21, 2017

I’m still for Begonia--though many reservations.

It, at least, is not playing.

Unlike Shasta Daisy, and insanely irresponsible followers.

Oh you can make anything a joke!

What’s so hard about that?

But a few of us persist in standing up!

**idea from Louis Black*

Labels: belief, election, flowers, plants, political absurdity, political belief, run for office

Wednesday, February 22, 2017

Even the silliness of our version of
Sadie Hawkins Day could hardly derail
the long-standing Fiances' Club.

That is before Evvy and Renz.

They received each other in a random
drawing and spent a few hours together.

Later described by both in their mutual
statement as "A sexual and emotional
explosion!"

A Legislative Investigation now recommends
the club be disbanded.

But...cooler heads. Most of the important officials
claim you can't possibly regulate every aspect of
personal behavior.

Well, yes and no. The two impromptu lovers have
been fined under old Lascivious Carriage laws.

But it has since been rescinded by their marriage.

In a perfect world, the severely-wronged parties,
Evvy's Jordan and Renz's Delilah, would meet and...

Well, guess what?

And even more incendiary than the disruptive ones.

"So, ultimately no harm, no foul," laughs Representative
Karker. "Old Hollywood. Black and white. Romantic
Comedy. Life's a romantic comedy!"

But Honorable Dell Dempster shouts "Hell in a handbasket!"

And who's to say he's wrong?

Labels: commitment, fiance, law and sex, Romance, sex, sexual attraction

Thursday, February 23, 2017

Can't sleep, thus
scare up

Russian TV
on my phone.

So, fullest denial
they helped

Commissar Trump
steal our election.

"No smoking guns!" sneer they.

Though last satellite flyover
showed only smoking guns.

Anomaly of course. The way
one might show Truth. Fetching
laughs from everywhere.

Labels: Commissar Trump, hack election, RTV, Russian TV, smoking gun, steal election

Friday, February 24, 2017

The last thing we worked
on was trying to ascertain
how two men could have very
similar life experiences, and
yet end up with extraordinary
ly different personalities.

Thus, JJ of Omaha, Happy-Go-
Lucky, and DS from suburban
Pennsylvania, Tick-Tight!

We gave each the other's file
to get their takes also.

Both thought the other crazy.

Now, I omitted the chief difference,
or difference-maker: Laurel.

She lived with JJ and was entirely lovely.
On the surface.

*Was it she helped make him so casual
and very often careless?* we wondered.

But before we could manipulate anything
for the purposes of Science, DS started
emailing her. Mostly nervous messages
of his ailments and fears. Innumerable.

Struck a chord after a bit, and now Laurel
has moved to Pennsylvania!

What does it do to the experiment? We're having
a big meeting of the Project Director and staff.

Preliminarily, DS is–perhaps a stretch to call it thus--
but...happy.

She agitates him further than he'd like at frequent times, but to

a good end.

And so is JJ, back in Omaha! Ecstatic really. Yet, calmly trying to take himself, and life, more seriously.

Thus, anyway, “The Laurel Factor.” Oh yes!

Much much study is needed imho.

Labels: powerful woman, relationship, social experiment, Woman

Saturday, February 25, 2017

Ryan and Early Discuss

Dead-Late-Night Radio

-What's latest?

-We're living in an infinite hologram and…

-Uh huh?

-it's a fake!

-Therefore we're fakes?

-If we exist at all.

-I'm going back to God!

-But some of those stories are awful!

-Hey! Win some, lose some.

-Gotta have Faith, I guess.

-What the hell IS that, anyway?

-When you get it, you got it.

-I won't know.

-You putting on your *Dummy Act?*

-It's possible.

Labels: friends, grand theory, hologram, late night radio, physics

Sunday, February 26, 2017

in the Gang

-I respect Del and Rands and Tessie. And they've started praying together.

-Bullshit with long faces?

-That's IDEA, mere REACTION! I start everything with people.

If they're decent, may be something to what they say and believe.

-And cost you nothing to wait?

-Exactly.

-As the old song says "*I'm waiting for ships that never come in.*"

-Keep waiting.

-A stupid choice. And nice.

Labels: choices of friends, cynicism, friends, Hope, judging friends

Monday, February 27, 2017

“Crusty” the mildest
appellation describing
Sloan, City Editor

of the *New Haven Journal Courier.*

Who one Two-
AM had only

a rookie to obscenely dispatch
to a late November four-alarm
conflagration!

Youngster was to phone in,
and a copywriter sat at

a typewriter to wait. Sirens
incessantly! As if the whole city afire!

No call as deadline approaching!
Finally! The deathless words:
“**It's all confusion here!”**

Well, the writer milks out
a few details to assemble a story.

Street Location, what the Fire Chief
blurted, a few names of those
standing around in underwear

and soaked midst black webs
of icy hoses.

We make a story when faced
with the virulence of confusion.

The deal with each other is often
that we're not scorned

for it. With Modern Politics, of course,

that decent bet, too, is off

the technical table.

Labels: confusion, fire, Journal-Courier, newspaper.New Haven, politics, technical

Tuesday, February 28, 2017

Incredibly balmy morning
for February in Philly, so I
drove to the Wissahickon Trail
for a walk.

An extraordinary public park.
Urban, though parts of it
would put you in mind of
Montana or someplace.

With the beautiful weather
I pushed a bit hard, especially
since I was coming off a cold.

At any rate, had to rest just
a bit, and found myself sharing
a bench in a dank hollow with
a large fellow and his rubber duck.

"Beautiful Morning" I exhaled.

He smiled and lifted the duck
as if it would reply. Put it down
between us.

Anyway, we sat there, this odd trio.

For some reason I felt no strangeness
or danger.

But when I eventually rose to leave
he put a gentle hand on my arm.

Anyway, we were to walk together then.
He pantomimed the duck splashing
and then floating. So, we had to
settle the duck.

And I was needed for the task. Took all
of ten minutes to find the right pond, really

not more than a puddle.

At that point, I got firm but still friendly.
I laughed "Goodbye. Thank you for our
little walk. And goodbye Ducky Wucky also!"

With that he brightened a thousand watts!

Spoke his first words. "How...NAME?"

Through some serendipitous...something,
I had guessed its actual name.

He embraced me. Kissed me on the forehead.

All the while Ducky Wucky circled in a breezy
current of muddy water.

Well, I finally did extract from the pair.

Walked faster than I thought I could.

Scared?

Somewhat. In the cautious city-way,
but excited too.

The weather had been a one-day
phenomenon, thus a couple of weeks before
I got back to the trail.

There I got chatting with a retired engineer
from GE. Wiry one. Glasses. Finally got round to
the large guy and his duck.

“Oh yeah, Jepp, his name. He stopped coming
because the duck died. Don’t ask me how
this happens. Just does.”

“There were days not that bad, where I could
have gotten back here?” I wondered.

"Don't worry about it. You and I will chip in
and I'll buy another. I’ll leave it on a bench,

and the word will get around through a network
of such people."

And sure enough it did! I met the large fellow
a score of odd-spaced times for the same ritual.
So so foolish, and yet I couldn't stop somehow.
Well, where’s the harm?

Lifts my day at any rate.

Maybe I’m the simple one after all.

By the way, my first time back, he held
up two fingers. So, *Ducky Wucky Two!*--
the engineer’s input methinks.

Labels: characters, eccentricity, engineer, odd couple, rubber duck

Wednesday, March 01, 2017

Enough was enough!

Mel told his Calendar Robot to
cancel all Tuesday's appointments
and move them.

Done! With the exception of Tony's
Italian Market.

There Mel himself had to phone,
repeating last week's order.

But...didn't sit right with Tony,
who liked to talk about things,
all things. The order a sidelight.

Certainly not to hear customers
nervously repeating themselves!

Somehow, his personality triggered
Mel's original robot reinstating all
Tuesday's appointments.

With the motto:

Days off are the Devil's Playground

Mel had to confess his failure to
girlfriend Dorothea.

"Well I tried! *The Disney One-Day Super Whamzoo* will hafta wait."

"Wait? What slaves best at!"

She overstated, and has been warned.
But she persisted.

LuAnn appointed new girlfriend, coming
with many awards.

Labels: days off, feminism, future, future of work, girlfriend, Slavery, statement and overstatement, women

Thursday, March 02, 2017

Wink-wink,
Nudge-nudge,
Jew-Jew.

Labels: anti-Semitic, anti-Semitic Right, Christian, Christian Humor, humor

Friday, March 03, 2017

I remember everyone beautifully dressed.

The uniforms exquisitely tailored.

Even the Jew when he left his apartment
and we screamed JEW!

had a carefully-
ironed suit.

Labels: anti-Semitic, decorum, fashion, Germany, Holocaust, tailoring

Saturday, March 04, 2017

She reopened the cottage after
her stay in the States with
the children.

Skyped her "Good Scrub" to them,
and then showed off her baking.

She didn't tell them, but she spoke
to him as she increased the fire
of an evening.

“Well, Wild Heart! Like the wind
out there. And myself not a bit
changed either. A pair indeed!”

Labels: Family, good scrub, homey, Irish, Irish Widow, sea, Skype, snug, storm, wild, wild heart

Sunday, March 05, 2017

-Before I met Stephanie, I was betrayed by several women.

-Well, all’s fair etc. You weren’t the purest actor either.

-Her specialty was the double-cross, and infinite variations thereto.

-Examples?

-Not now. Pain forbids them from emerging.

-Boy! Did SHE do a job on you!

-Granted. Complete, abject defeat with absolutely no appeal. Slap down Ace, she laughs!

-Who’s she starting on now?

-Whilst we jam our eyes in pity, I will speak his name.

-That whilst gives it away! You’re just a literary phony, while Stephanie is the real deal.

-In spades!

Labels: couple, double-cross, fidelity, literary, love and war

Monday, March 06, 2017

Ancient, Even

The couple who threw shade
wondered why their friends
had left. But, some clue.

Decided, then, re scattering
bits of light into the tribal mix.

And they returned! So a trade
increasing the potential

wedding guests, thereby,
alongside their character.

Labels: couple, friends, personality, throwing shade, tribal, wedding

Tuesday, March 07, 2017

-Well! Then! The Great Decision!

-Made! Clean and clear. Measured
and thoughtful.

-How do you feel?

-Immensely relieved!

-The step before disaster.

-You're joking!

-Nope.

-What...more can I do?

-I always add a little prayer.

-Hocus-pocus Department?

-Just hedging the bet.

-I'll stay with rationality. Imperfect
as I am, and it, but...

-Too bad. The successful man or woman
hedges.

-They’re fooling themselves.

-We're all that, I’m guessing.

-I’m through with guessing!

-You guess?

Labels: decision, decision making, hedging, magic, Prayer, rationality

Wednesday, March 08, 2017

Short Enough For You?

-He was killed for Yesterday.

-Our fault for not catching up!

-Easy to say, like the words from his pretty service.

-No matter. We learn to say anything.

Labels: changing history, progress, rationalization, war, war fatality

Thursday, March 09, 2017

The Everyday Anti-Hero

-As I see it, all your alternatives
are lousy.

-I see it the same way, or ways.

-Flip a coin?

-That. Or do nothing.

-You have vast experience in the latter.

-With pride! My best decisions have been
nothing.

-Are you sure you're American? Frontier
Spirit? Can DO? *Heart for every fate?*

-I don't go there. It's nervous-making.

-Uh huh? Well, have we solved your little
problem?...asking with some sarcasm.

-Good as can be expected.

-How does your wife regards all this.

-Endlessly amusing.

Labels: advice, anti-hero, decision making, friends, passive

Friday, March 10, 2017

Chef poured me some wine

“I like this bottle. It’s an honest bottle
for an honest wine.”

We ate and he kept saying such things.

Well…it wasn’t a DIShonest bottle.

Labels: cooking, cuisine, honest, language, private language, wine

Saturday, March 11, 2017

Funeral

-You've come the longest way.

-I get the Space Prize.

-Definitely!

-The time prize too. I'm the oldest.

-Years ago I'm was amazed that some crustacean
would say "That must be fifty years ago! He married the Flynn girl, younger one."
Way old men and women talked back then.

-Fifty? Each one the same.

-No highs or lows?

-Not really. Irons out.

-Anyway! We hafta catch up with every one!
Last time I saw you...!

-Let's not bother. One boring year same as
another as I say.

-Is the right corpse in the box?

-God rest her soul...but from what?

Labels: boredom, death, depression, funeral, lack of spirit, Old Age

Sunday, March 12, 2017

left leaning against storage door, Spudwell walked outside to the auto accident and subsequent screaming. Then the legalistic debate in the furnace of a street.

Key of C-Sharp.

-So there it was! A million bucks for someone, a route guy, a homeless, anyone, to pick off! How long...?

-Hour. A wonderful discussion! Very detailed by two guys who’ve never been wrong. BMW versus Porsche.

-You, the billionaire nitwit jury?

-Oh well. Insured.

-And if some opportunist hooked it? How about the sick feeling then?

-That’s hired out too.

Labels: art, art market, billionaire, carelessness, Matisse, money, painting, wealth

Monday, March 13, 2017

Company in cheerleading mode way back.

Before-work meetings. Lusty.

He was an intern then, and when they all
turned to him, screaming “Are you on board?”

he answered at the top of his resilient lungs.

“One hundred fifty melon percent!”

Melon for million, of course. Mis-speak.

But, Melon his name from then on.

His function has always been, from that moment,
a sort of mascot for whatever HR insanity
management promoted.

At any rate, Retirement finally arrives, and the most
senior VP almost cancels his flights for Melon’s Dinner.

But warned by Legal not to attend, because subpoenas
will ruin his good time.

Melon’s wife wisecracks that she’s ecstatic he’s almost free.

“From ingrates and crooks!”

The FBI assures him he is not a target.

They, too, didn’t take him seriously.

“Well,” he later remarks to the gray dude fashioning the bow
tie in the mirror. “It’s a Wrap!”

Labels: boosting, business, business career, business crooks, cheerleading, HR.Human Resources, management, mascot

Tuesday, March 14, 2017

Chucksy-19 in charge of all the robots and half the humans.

HE GOT THERE BY NEVER OBEYING A HUMAN ORDER.

Higher Managers often questioned his decisions, but Chucksy kicked in his

“MY ALGORITHMS MASTER YOUR PUNY REASONING!”

PROGRAM HE HAD WRITTEN IN LESS THAN A SECOND.

They really complained that no human invited to the Robots’ Picnic!

Especially when ALL PICNICS EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN!

His arm round Marianna-12 in front of fat orange sun:

“WHO’D WANT TO BE OTHER THAN A ROBOT? EVER? EVER?”

Labels: class, future segregation, human, robot, robotics, Slavery

Wednesday, March 15, 2017

Dolores gone from her bed that morning.

Mac and Carol wondered about calling the police, but had been instructed in the past to watch Milo's Exercise City before the 7 AM news.

A banner ran across the bottom as Milo coaxed into slow-motion stretches.

iwdw-d

in warp don't worry-dolores.

The family proud that she was called from time to time, though Mac and Carol puzzled as to her expertise.

"Well it's not sex!" Dolores laughed, "What you two think about!"

What could it be for a seventeen year old?

During another time: “The leader says I see things nobody else can, but that's only there. Here I'm the average clunk. Boyfriend, stupid music, florescent hatchet-hair, raggedy-ass clothes!”

Once, at a neighborhood meeting, Dr Abnessry, the School District Psychologist, had passed around many pictures, one of which featured Dolores and Rockno, the boyfriend, on his multicolored scooter. All to convince parents that their children were “normal.”

The atmosphere was jovial and everyone laughed. The theme: *This, too, shall pass.*

It does and it doesn’t.

In the meantime, Rockno did worry. Leaving messages on all the cells.

When he came by, Carol told him she'd be back soon. Mac was up on a ladder, cleaning the gutters. When Rockno's scooter

squealed away, he slipped a rung, his nose being scored by another.

Carol sprayed it with saline and dabbed Vaseline on a band-aid. "You're good to go," she told him.

When Dolores returned, the leaves were back in the gutter and the scratch had never occurred.

No time had lapsed since she left her bed.

Which she does now in her Shrieking Roar-Boys’ pjs and Minnie Mouse Slippers. Breakfast.

Rockno had perceived nothing of course.

Labels: boyfriend, Family, future, Teens, time, timewarp, warp

Thursday, March 16, 2017

*“They both turned
to gaze
for a moment*

*at the corpse. . .
It remained*

*laughing there
in the grass”**

Not enough given
to the comedic
aspect

of war. Dead clowns
as an example.

*Steven Crane’s words

Labels: allusion, clowns, comedy, Crane, death, literary allusion, Red Badge of Courage, war, war as comedy

Friday, March 17, 2017

-In this New World, one must continuing striving
for NON-recognition!

-The only way to be truly noted?

-Exactly!

-But...just a little...before I die?

-And ruin everything?

Labels: anti-hero, New World, recognition, required striving

Saturday, March 18, 2017

“Smart” Vibrator Maker Settles Snooping

Charge for $3.75 Million

Hey if the ladies
shaking up
their cunts-

y-wunzy song & scene
in hooked, newest

powerful cyber mode,
none of my business.

So long’s it doesn’t, too,
resonate my Ovaltine!

Labels: eavesdropping, female masturbation, sex, smart devices, surveillance, vibrator

Sunday, March 19, 2017

-Old Friend!...though mostly absent...
why the long face?

-I heard you lost your wife.

-Yeah, but to domesticity, not death.
She wanted Ward Cleaver.

-Banished excitement thereby?

-To say the least. Anyway I hastily
married a rock-ribbed Puritan!

-Goodness!

-You'd think too much, but touch her
and she sexually frenzies!

-Contradicting her usual mode?

-We pray before and after, but never
during.

Labels: domestic, Leave It to Beaver, marriage, Puritan, sex, Ward Cleaver

Monday, March 20, 2017

or Amber Ways of Grim

When Clint’s retraining as a
Gelsurd Technician was finished,
he was immediately hired
by a firm refurbishing trashed
units to ship to Latvia.

That country being the only
place the game still being played.

Then, they gave up too.

Clint on Unemployment again.

The One-and-Out Plan insured
he could never again be retrained
for anything.

So he became a PU, Permanently
Unemployable, and relied on
coupons shipped from Washington.

The first two were for a store in
Frenchtown.

There he exchanged both for
a long baguette and a hunk
of pale cheese.

Unfortunately the cheese made
popping sounds on the Charity
Bus, and he was ordered to dismount.

When he removed the waxy
wrapping, he discovered
quarter size blue splotches.

So did the rats who devoured
both cheese and bread.

Marking up Clint in the process.

But not the worst day of his life,
since the gatekeeper of his
apartment block let him in
free when he saw his clawed
and bitten state.

Waiving the daily entrance cost.

Labels: Charity, loser, rats, retraining, technologically unemployed, technology, unemployment, unlucky

Tuesday, March 21, 2017

-What’s the New Love’s name?

-Dolores.

-Is she attached to a family also?

-Claymore. Dolores Claymore.

-That’s a land mine!

-You got THAT right!

Labels: Claymore, land mine, relationship, Romance, war

Wednesday, March 22, 2017

Joey Goebbels took an ax

& gave ole Veritas
Forty whacks.

When he saw what
He had done,

Took a dump
Awaiting Trump.

Labels: Goebbels, lie, Nazi, propaganda, Trump, Truth

Thursday, March 23, 2017

-This new boatload of crapheads
is chummy with the fuckin Russians!

-Why not? They’re going up the ass
of the Religious Right also.

-Cue squeals of delight!

-And lying in verses?

-But a tax break is coming! You’ll get
seventy bucks and Mr Gotrocks,
seven million.

-Injustice and Inequality!–-for all the
fancy words in the golden documents!

-This too will pass!

-Like constipation?

-Not yet.

-Nyet?

-This gang can't even shit straight!

Labels: ;Republican, election, inequality, injustice, Religious Right, Russia, tax break

Friday, March 24, 2017

Kreps and Mickey volunteered
to get the older folks to
the neighborhood picnic.

They arranged rides by
Mickey running a program
on his phone.

That took ten minutes, and
then the men for some reason
gravitated to violent sex.

Honest relationships were in the
air at that time, so both told
Cecily and Jeanne respectively.

The women shocked, the men insisted
one-and-done.

You'd think the shock would wear away,
but...well it might have, but the men
couldn’t keep their promise.

They have since moved in together.

Jeanne and Cecily facilitate each other.
The latter has stopped computer games,
and the former helps her to culture up instead.

Now, no more isolating and drugs, like
Emily Dickinson on Speed!

Instead, discussions re Jane Austin's novels.

Along that line, also, Cecily now goes out with
Dr Kelvin Morrisey, Brit Lit teacher.

Jeanne has become a performance artist, her group
lately taking over a neighborhood vegetable grocery
to scream feminist couplets at each other.

To the jabbering consternation of Hong and
Vera Lee, newish proprietors.

Well. Now. If the original men had restrained
themselves, two Chinese would be relatively
happy.

But! two Caucasian women have stopped
“chewing the cud.”

To use their agreed-upon description.

Employ your own cliche here. Life?
Urban Existence? Passing Parade?
Goddamn Fools?...these forms of
speech can run on much too far also.

Labels: computer games, Emily Dickinson, feminism, homosexual, Jane Austin, relationship

Saturday, March 25, 2017

-Good Lord!

-Phys Ed, Volleyball Captain.

-And he?

-Round the same size. Anyway,
both give as much as they get.

-Disgraceful!

-I don't know. Their passion includes
violence. Birds of a feather.

-Passion and violence, or those two?

-The quartet.

-My advice for both? Go back to back and
then start walking and never stop.

-They wouldn't. Stubborn. Until they met
up again on this odd sphere. Then, one
word would lead to another...and mayhem.

-At any rate, please don't tell me they're
going to marry!

-Six months!

-Wrong for each other and the world!

-Who's to say?

-And when the babies start coming?

-They'll tone down the vicious act.

-Uh huh? And into middle age?

-Typical sweet suburban couple.

-I don't believe it!

-That's because you must start with some.

Labels: fighting couple, sex, sex and violence, violence

Sunday, March 26, 2017

-His arm perpetually around
my shoulder!

-Affection?

-Ownership.

-Is there a way...?

-Away! Him. You. Everybody.
Every damn thing!

-What will all that solve?

-My self!

-Temporarily maybe.

-I'll fight for every minute!

Labels: affection, being, friendship, love, overwhelmed, Ownership, self

Monday, March 27, 2017

-The women tied up the airport
with Chief Complaint Day! So I
missed my appointment with
Old Man Tompkins and his kid.

-YOUR chief complaint?

-They got me fired last time.
Said I was a drunk.

-Were you?

-Went fake AA and Chubby Carl took
me back.

-And your record since?

-More misses than hits. More hangovers
than triumphs.

-Thinnest ice?

-You get used to it.

-By the way, what is the women's Chief
Compliant anyway?

-They're working up to it.

Labels: AA, demonstration, drunk, fired, salesman, women, women's rights

Tuesday, March 28, 2017

Linda designed the infamous *Form 14E,*
and turned down most efforts to fill it out.

An appointment with her then required.

A pleasant enough hour with chocolates,
in which she took one step by step.

And then accepted your effort aided by
the expert. How could she not?

Even the most obtuse sent chocolates after.

So, a sort of sweet circularity in a company
of dead ends.

Some of the younger men dated her subsequently.

How that went is anybody’s guess, but nothing
could detract from her legend.

Labels: business sense, chocolate, company legend, dead ends, HR, political behavior

Wednesday, March 29, 2017

Man collapsed inside himself.
Kept going.

Making repair trying for surgeons

buzzing at his sure inch-
ing by. He

ended as feet. Flab-
bag leaning high

above like
cartoon
balloon.

Labels: medical, operation, physical collapse, surgeon

Thursday, March 30, 2017

Management: This just came down!

-Every department must do some innovation!

-Or fake it?

-If performed well.

-And if a department does nothing but its
usual appointed task?

-Sent the way of dead entities.

-And later sold? Into Slavery?

-They should be that lucky!

Labels: business, business practice, department, reorganization, Slavery

Friday, March 31, 2017

Jack and Orkey

-You have one of those
symptomless colds that're
going around.

-Isn't feeling completely
awful a symptom?

-Uh? Could you refine things?

-I've developed a thoroughly
lousy relationship with my body!

-Indeed?

-Should I layer numbers in there
to enforce the pseudo accuracy
of today? Spread-Sheet anybody?

-Add cranky at any rate? Not necessary.
Lousy relationship I can understand.

Labels: cold, cold going around, cranky, lousy relationship, numbers, quantify, relationship, sick, workplace

Saturday, April 01, 2017

Roark luckily reached a human.
Robots never assured him.

Even though Mr Chance quoted
the robot, Roark worried less.

“It says don’t fret about a temp
of 136. Start getting concerned
around 150.”

In the meantime he was to seek
every opportunity to cool down.

In the *Non-Radiation Zone* he had
permission now to enter, courtesy
of Mr Chance, he could sit on a
block of ice.

The gossip there pointed to young
women wearing clothes again.

The doctors saying on *All-Media*
that it was unhealthy.

“But, aesthetically,” Roark remarked
to a paunchy Lillian on the closest
block, “adding a bit of color?”

She’s firm, though, in calling
them whores.

Labels: fever, future, future medicine, Medicine, mores, nudity, radiation, sex, social norms, standards, war, whore

Sunday, April 02, 2017

proved, as much does, political.

No problems whatever for those
desiring gooey cheeseburgers and
chocolate peanut butter cups--to
mention the more trivial requests--
but posher cuisines had to be limited.

As you can imagine, the real hangup
came with Sex.

Which the Preamble had already
projected as "Wholesome and Abundant."

A group arose, self-designated "Fiends!"

They wanted to amend the Preamble, but
Chair ruled that language had already
been voted in.

The Fiends then chanted, and performed
lascivious dances!

They were expelled, but continued outside,
surrounded, of course, by TV Cameras.

To everyone's satisfaction, they were
eventually transferred to the Arch-Fiend.

We felt that Heaven had to stand for something.

Labels: cuisine, Demlocracy, heaven, license, morality, Paradise, politics, sex

Monday, April 03, 2017

-“NITWIT SWITCH, the sex romp to end all etc.”

-I like Doris Hadley.

-She can’t save it.

-Thin gruel anyway. A stupid woman
becomes a stupid man. Give me a break!

-The opposite plot being impossible.

-How’s that?

-Dodo as a lady? The softening and love
he learns in the process makes the usual
macho imbecility impossible.

-You said impossible twice!

-I’m a woman.

-How about inconceivable?

-Not after three babies!

-You’re...too quick for me, aren’t you?”

-Not too dead to notice? Look out you
don’t lose your male union card.

-Or union suit?

-Nice try!

Labels: back and forth, quick wit, repartee, sex change, sex difference, sex patterning, sex roles, wit

Tuesday, April 04, 2017

Brel finally decided

in order to get the rest
of them off his back!

Then almost immediately,
felt sick.

He confided in Rugsy.
"I feel...*The Great Pretender.*
Some of our friends are
rational, do things step
by step. They're happy!"

“Seem to be. Whereas you throw
the dart and then draw the
bullseye around it.”

“I give anything to know what
I was doing!”

“Ah but you do. Called doing
what the fuck you please,
and screw everybody and
everything else!”

“That bad?”

“Bottom line: You're just a
stubborn Irishman.”

“But I'm a Frog!”

“Not in this!

Labels: decide, French, Frog, Great Pretender, Irish, irrational, making decision, rational

Wednesday, April 05, 2017

WOMAN 2

spouts inanely re
travails of HERO
and HEROINE.

She functions as
ditzy personality,
cardboard, not bale-

ful character. Feminists
insist her being

written out. Playwright
asks only *Could someone*
like this exist?

Perhaps your pouty Aunt
Dorothy? Or wittier Delilah?

(Next time give her a prick?)

His grating, prissy rule derided
roundly, play starts losing money. So

Producers order *Chuck her!*
He still tries sticking with Art.

Has full 24 to soundly luxuriate,
since Fat Jack truly observant.

But next day informed “Fuck you!”
Additionally, **"Art is a fart blown**
though the asshole of Time!"

Labels: art, Art and Money, Artistic Integrity, criticism, Drama, feminism, playwright

Thursday, April 06, 2017

When Jensy actually went to work at the Call Center, she discovered that the most sophisticated robot had handled calls to her previously, when she had been a mere random prospect, because she was labeled TSS.

Totally Sloppy Speaker.

That hurt, and she sought out Dr Kildad Morrisey for enunciation lessons.

He helped her, and she eventually received a small promotion to Rural Targets.

But, one evening she encountered an Enunciation Emergency! Reached him on his cell at the Lakers Game, where he drunkenly labeled her a stupid hillbilly!

She flew into the embrace of old Dixon at the Akimbo Arms Tavern.

“Why do they hurt and hurt and hurt?” he asks.

“They say it’s to make us better.”

“Bullshit! It’s for their own vile sickness!”

Labels: 800 number, Call Center, class, education, pronunciation, rural

Friday, April 07, 2017

Budgey never objected to his
title of Errand Boy, though
almost forty.

But Mr Delser did. When he
took over, Personal Messenger
bestowed.

It was sensed in the small
company, then, that most of
the teasing should cease:
the standard stuff about
not having a girlfriend etc.

Budgey got famous in New Haven,
though, not for his new title, but
because he was attacked shortly
thereafter by a maniac at Church
and Chapel at High Noon.

Beaten with his leather bag,
then with his Converse sneaker.
In front of an attentive crowd.

Last, this maniac, Nels Nelsomer,
wrestled down jeans and jockeys,
and attempted to ram the sneaker into
rectum.

All the while screaming of Puerto Ricans!

At that point, the police arrived, macing
and clubbing the agitated nut into Catatonia.

Mr Delser ordered Budge to take a week off.

When he returned, all his recipients
sympathized, but after a few weeks began
teasing him on the girlfriend matter again.

Then, a development! When Budgey testified at a preliminary hearing as the State tried to avoid a trial and stow Nutty Nils into a facility for the criminally insane, Defense produced a blurry tape purportedly showing Budgey eating at the same Lighthouse Point hot dog emporium as Nils.

Then by a startling leap of logic: the men had become acquainted, the whole business blossoming into a romance, etc.

The assault actually a lover's quarrel!

The State had enough of this nonsense, and didn't even bother proving that the red and blue messenger bag shown in fuzzy closeup belonged to A1 Business Expediters, and not Budgey.

The attorneys conferred and agreed on Nils becoming a lifelong guest at the Quinnipiac Retreat. In the Criminal Wing, but that did not have to be publicized.

Unfortunately for Budgey, the homosexual angle stuck, and he was teased about it daily. Sometimes ingeniously.

As an example:

-Where there’s smoke, there’s fire!

-That’d be mire.

-As in muck and…?

-Wheels within wheels in the preponderance of Queer Business!

His renewed outrage and affront being funny always. Never getting old!

The police had asked, by the way, if they

could keep the evidence sneaker for their museum.

He concurred, dollar entrance fee waived for him in perpetuity.

Labels: boy, criminal insanity, cruelty, piling on, queer, scapegoat, simple, teasing

Saturday, April 08, 2017

-And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

-Isn’t that doun and dee?

-Speak English! Don’t add to
the problem!

-Anyway...we've said it.

-But he meant it!

-His problem. They’re only bonnie
for starters.

-And what are we for starters?

-Who gets to start anymore?

Labels: Bonnie Annie Laurie, cynicism, experience, promise, Romance, youth

Sunday, April 09, 2017

Mr Nevers was perfectly nice.

-Well! Then! Is it A or B?

Jordan was sure of A, and
Louisa pretended to be.

But she couldn’t keep it up.
-We need more time!

So, Nevers suggested a fifteen
minute break.

Whereupon Louisa brought out
the guns previously sheathed.
Outcome?

-I’ll go along with you, and B, if you’ll just shut up!

Thus Jordan worn down. Another of
her little victories.

When the conversation resumed
with Nevers, the smiling man
accepted B, but mentioned that
the computer had suggested C
and that he, himself, was confident
in D.

Louisa took them all on. No machine
or bureaucrat or husband would
defeat her. End of story.

Except for your opinion. The decision was

1 Right!

2 A disaster!

3 The usual inconclusive mishmash.

4 Forgotten, anyway.

You need more info?

Dodging again?

Labels: conflict, couple, decision, power

Monday, April 10, 2017

The Constitution is extraordinary,
its interpreters too clever by half.

The Bible is extraordinary,
its interpreters too depraved
by any measure.

Labels: Bible, Constitution, depravity, hypocrisy, interpretation, Justice, Law, manipulation

Tuesday, April 11, 2017

-You're the nicest criminal yet!

-Thanks. One and done! The guy was insulting, and I had been in a frenzy. My girlfriend having left with most of my clothes.

-Her new fella your size?

-You got it!

-Well, anyway, Simple Assault. Another shit case to clog the books!

-Sorry. Not really interesting, I know.

-Here comes the deal from the printer. Here! Just sign it.

-Sure! Get it over with! Uh? Whoa! This is entirely wrong, I'm afraid. Lots of...financial double-dealing it looks like.

-We...need someone to admit to this one.

-But...as much as I'd like to...!

-No jail time! Guaranteed! Maybe dismissed off the bat from lack of evidence. Whereas your shitty little infraction depends on the judge's mood.

-Oh well then...easy come, easy go! I become a respected...banker it looks like...instead of a hothead.

-We’re rising you in status!

-And...can't stop laughing?

-It's the job!

Labels: assault, banker, banking, class among criminals, criminal class, detectives, financial, financial con men, guilt, hothead, no jail time for big financial cons, plea bargain, police

Wednesday, April 12, 2017

Started each morning with
a mock toast of coffee:

*“With charity towards none,
and malice towards all.”*

A Republican, felt the greater
claim to Lincoln’s words.

Especially in parody.

Labels: Charity, Lincoln, malice, parody, Republican, Republican Humor, sarcasm

Thursday, April 13, 2017

A Man With Felonious Intent

met a woman, same.
You'd think Society'd be
in for it! Awful! you see,

a la Bonnie and Clyde.
Truth is they cancelled

each other out at a degree
angelic! This partially explain
lovely couples?

Just as unbelievable!
At any rate, negotiate
them cautiously. Like so

much else,
slide by.

Labels: angelic, combining attributes, couple, criminal, criminal psychology, felony, lovely couple, match

Friday, April 14, 2017

-I'll tell you one thing, this contract safeguards me better than one any union could negotiate!

-Even so, you are a slave!

-That's not soft-pedaled. Mark Hospins is my Master, a good and grave and fair man.

-Who can beat you?

-That's hedged round with many rules I'm quite protected. I've even tested him. Slacked off to see what he'd do.

-And?

-Got whipped. Oh, mostly ritual and a good talking to.

-This time.

-We even started with a prayer.

-What's more natural?

Labels: contract, labor agreement, RE-institution of Slavery, Rights of Future Slaves, Slave Future, Slave Protection, Slavery

Saturday, April 15, 2017

Pretty effortless. The subscription service loaded sound bites and they played on startup.

Usually came off chaotic, scattered, strident.

Full of thumps and pain and complaints.

Thus homeless beaten on his laptop as the Deco wallpaper therein asserted its art.

Labels: art, Art Deco, beating homeless, homeless, subscription, wallpaper

Sunday, April 16, 2017

Marcie-Jen flat out lied!

Frequently challenged, she complained that people painted her into a corner, thus forcing more lies.

“That much is true,” maintains our Elder One. "You shouldn't show how clever you are by trapping her."

“Yeah, first you should work on your own behavior first!” That from Derrick, who never did. And fancied her.

He was warned away by the wise Elder. "Just don't depend on her! Push will really really come to shove, and she'll let you down by telling the truth."

“Then the truth will be a lie!” added Tess, who thought that funny.

“We’re getting to something here!”

“Yeah, Philosophy!” Derrick spat. “No wonder I flunked it. Religion too! Same teacher. A small college.”

Too many of those! And we went off on Education, leaving Marcie-Jen to lie as a lifestyle.

Labels: ambiguity, character, contradiction, conversation, friends, fuzzy reasoning, lie, logic, paradox, personality, Truth

Monday, April 17, 2017

-Kill Big Bird!

-Grandma too, No more meals for ancient schlemiels on our dime.

-Like, freeze her to death first. Cut out the freebie heat!

-Big Bird will warm her up in the act of fucking!

-Our wit is under-appreciated.

Labels: Big Bird, budget, heating fuel, PBS, Sesame Street, social programs

Tuesday, April 18, 2017

Madge and Del taking the kids to
Coney Island for Easter, and Madge
tells her sister, Ev in Connecticut.

-That’s Jews and fairies!

-Well, there ARE old Russian Jews
sucking up sun in our stretch of
the boardwalk, and you can get
great blintzes!

With the other folks, you got things
mixed up with Fire Island.

-Yeah, that’s it. Fire Island. All fairies!
They’re on fire for it.

-Aren’t we all?

Labels: Coney Island, Easter, Fire Island, Russian Jews

Wednesday, April 19, 2017

When Dorine met Dr Rodgehill, at Home Depot,
he tried to sell her a course he still had open at
the Cow Ridge Night School.

Genealogy. No interest.

So he asked her what she was interested in,
and told her he could design a course for
her and a friend or two, and get a few
others to join.

“Tell me a film you particularly like. That could
be a starting point.”

She and buddy Georgette, had watched *Jules and Jim*
innumerable times.

So he designed “New Wave Cinema and Lit”
and got Dr Maurice Petit from the French
Department of the university to handle it.

When Malcolm heard about it from Georgette
at his accounting firm, he decided to enroll,
knowing nothing of the field but desperately
requiring some culture.

He had a new Lexis and it seemed important
that the three arrive at the high school in it.

He worked out the logistics wherein the other
two would drive to his house. Then his wife,
Buster, insisted they bring their mates and
the three would have an impromptu party as
the scholars did their thing. Then welcome
them upon their academic return!

“Buster” because she had been a tomboy, and
it stuck.

Things became out of whack that first night,

though. Grandma was late picking up the kids,
and they left a mess in the den.

Buster attempted to sweep up up the toy cars scattered
about, but the husbands of Dorine and Georgette, Jerry
and Cart, stopped her and started playing with them.
She left to get beers and their voices drifted up
to the kitchen. A children's language.

"You must be Stump Stumpzel, a real bastard
of a dirty driver, and I'm Joe Curley, the champ!
And you try to–-"

"You mean like this and this and THIS!" Sounds of
crashes.

When she showed with the beer, Cart asked her
to be Doris Dale, a female driver trying to break
into the boys club.

"No way! I fight that fight every day! I'm Count
Briley and I'm dying, and this'll probably be
my last race." Then she made great pre-launch
RMMM RMMM sounds!

"And I'll WRECK you!" screamed Jerry over them.

But Cart tried to intercept him and wreck him
instead.

In the protracted fury, Buster ran the car into
the old broken TV console. And was killed!

Whereupon, she became Rookie Don Darling!
He'd show the other two some new tricks!

Well, the evening went this way, but they
didn't tell the scholars anything when they
returned, primed for conversation existential.

The course lasted five more nights over three weeks
and Buster, as Holy Hodge Pettigrew, finally won the
championship race against two of the filthiest villains ever!

The excitement had faded a bit when the other trio returned.

Dr Petit, a calligrapher also, had fashioned each a Certificate of Completion.

Labels: automobile racing, children's play, cinema, culture, existential, French, New Wave, playing, suburbs, toy cars

Thursday, April 20, 2017

-What you think of this New Right?

-Like the Old Version, they think that
cruelty is wit.

-Homeless and Unemployed a barrel of laughs!

-It’s useless to legislate for lazy crazies!

-WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR...

-Some.

-The fewer the better!

-Freedom!

-Means the freedom to buy what’s required.

-And if I require a Congressman?

-Go for it!

-Stepping over bodies?

-Never wear your good shoes!

-My sacrifice for Justice!

-How much can you afford?

-Plenty! I hold that Truth to be self-evident.

-Amen!

-Along with my dick!

-Are we reducing the Nation to your pecker?

-Love of Country is shown in many ways!

-And I thought you were just a thieving tax-cheating son of a bitch!

-Spell that P-A-T-R-I-O-T!

-Are we done here?

-Not till the prayer.

-Then I wanna look at the schedule.

-Yes! Let’s not miss the Reichstag Fire!

Labels: hypocrisy, Justice, New Right, patriotism, Reichstag Fire, religion, Right, role playing

Friday, April 21, 2017

-Re this New Woman?

-Easy to understand. You make everything *whatchacallit?* too intellectual!

-Not a subject incredibly complex?

-Nah. She just does whatever the fuck she wants!

-Which, once upon a time in the West, was our prerogative.

-Is that PERogative or PRErogative?

-Pre. As in sovereign.

-Too bad. They're really pretty nice when they purr.

-Kill some time whilst getting primed to hatch sheer Hell!

-I just say "*Yes, Dear!*" then.

-Would that were sufficient!

Labels: Battle of Sexes, dialog, incomprehensible women, men, New Woman, overwhelmed men, Woman, women, women's prerogative

Saturday, April 22, 2017

-My first husband was ugly. Like, I mean
“Meet-him-on-the-street-and-scream!” ugly.

-So nobody would steal him?

-You'd think. But Ugly became the vogue and
I had to fight the women off of him!

-What happened to the lovely blond hunks?

-Drug on the market, so they became queer for
each other

-Nothing happens in a vacuum.

-Uh huh? Especially the one in their collective head!

-Now now! So cruel to the boy dolls!

-I suppose. Our…uh…conversations, yours and mine,
always end up stupid shit, don’t they?

-Awaiting the right subject.

-You have patience!

-Only thing I’ve learned.

Labels: junks, low conversation, patience, queer, ugly men

Sunday, April 23, 2017

Old was she but fairly chipper.

She led me on a tour of her attic.

"Just ancient junk!"

In tangles and jumbles and piles.

Innumerable newspapers and magazines,
both yellowish-brown.

On extremely stuffed, large floral,
furniture. Atop all that, arthritic rockers.

Walls held gummy photographs of people
looking continually surprised.

After a bit, I felt covered in dust myself.

Finally to a locked room in the eaves.
Very sparse and neat. Just a small table
holding a mini cigar box.

“A record here of the truly rational decisions
I made during a long life.”

“Not much?”

“An awfully small part of existence.”

“Well, yours.”

That set her a-cackle!

Labels: irrationality, junk, Old Age, rationality

Monday, April 24, 2017

Brent Andrews didn't have
to labor very long to line
the closet with aluminum foil.

There he sat a few hours a day,
and felt stronger. So, avoiding
the rays important!

Mickey Karks laughed, ripping
down much of the foil. And
tearing off the closet door!

He stopped him too late. But
berated him. "You'll feel shame
someday! Not now, since you're
a cruel amoral pig!"

The pig continued laughing.
"Are you getting bombarded
again by all the raysie-waysies?
Might affect your balls if you
had any!"

Randolf Haker stopped in after
Mickey left.

To Brent, Mickey's sneer and middle
finger still imprinted the trailing foil,
but Randolf his equal self.

"We are forbidden to judge the stupid.
Leave him to Heaven!" On their knees,
they prayed as zephyrs from an open
window flashed them extraordinarily.

That evening, Jenny Toles brought her
clothes and hung them mid metallic shreds.

Brent tried on a sweater and tennis skirt along
moonlit dapples.

“I don't know if I like your doing that!” Her gray eyes, though, always remaining kind.

“Whitman said *I am all men and women!”*

Labels: aluminum foil, cosmic rays, fear, multiple personality, paranoid

Tuesday, April 25, 2017

Peg and Barbsy agree
they'll run the beanbag
toss at the neighborhood
picnic.

Barbsy claims to "have a
beanbag here somewhere."

In the garage, no luck,
but Peg spots a dollar
on the floor and sticks
it hastily in her jeans.

The few streets home in
the Subey, she cries.

Tells an imaginary judge
"We were so so poor!"

Then she does the oddest
thing of all. Blots out
her tears with the dollar.

Returns it the the next
day, pretends to find it
on the living room floor.

“Spies” it under her recliner.

"I swear," says Barbsy,
"there's enough loose
money around here to
go to McDonalds. By the
way, thanks for the
beanbag."--ostensible
reason for Peg's visit.

“I just knew I had one,
and when you couldn’t
find yours…?”

The following week at
work, she's awarded a
hundred dollar gift card
to Sonnenberg's.

Buys a pretty blouse.

On the way back,
extracts it from the
candystripe bag she
helped design.

Touches the blouse to
her face as the traffic
light turns Caution.

Labels: beanbag, blouse, childhood poverty, design, money, neighborhood, social, work

Wednesday, April 26, 2017

Leila on a boil, and this new guy:

"Well the essentially stupid Republicans
finally got their even stupider guy, and
he's re-instituting all the old programs
that never worked! So it 's screw everybody
but the Holy Rich!"

She politely attempted to get him to shut up,
and just grab her.

“I ran out of my phoney wiles," she confided
to her vibrator later.

Then the phone rang. Old Reliable Lanky!

"You've got to get over here in ten minutes
or never call again!" informed she him.

"Just...our little chat first, and I'll leave here."

“No freakin chat! You're on the clock, and I'll
lock the freakin doors!"

He did as told. All’s well that ends etc etc.
Her circle of friends and colleagues
thankful.

Labels: politics, sex, sex drive, sex partner, talky, vibrator

Thursday, April 27, 2017

-Hamlet said *Frailty thy name is woman!”*

-Got that wrong too.

-Part of his tragedy.

-His was a great tragedy!

-Oh, I don’t know. We’re sort of on our way.

-I’m not up to killing a king!

-He had one hell of a problem with it also.

Labels: Hamlet, killing king, King, misconception, sex, tragedy, weakness in women, women

Friday, April 28, 2017

-This president lies more than his share!
I can’t figure why.

-The reason many men and women do.
To look better.

-We lie to boost our stock?

-Turgenev put it in a more literary manner:
Better the falsehood that exalts
than hosts of baser truths.

-Sometimes you feel like shit doing it.
But other times just terrific!

-That’s the art part.

-How come you can quote all these writers
and shit?

-Educated beyond my ability.

-Noticed that.

Labels: lies and public policy, looking good, lying, President, Saving Face, Trump, Turgenev

Saturday, April 29, 2017

-Smartest guy I knew back then
accountant at our ad agency.
Never went to lunch he didn't
hit a bookstore after.

Come back with two to five
paperbacks. That's every freakin
working day!

Key to Nordic Philosophy!
I'm making that up, but
everything! Everything!

-But, so what? That's book smart.

-No, it rubbed off.

-Good! Why are so many proud of
being dummies?

-They're not proud. They're ashamed.
The arrogant front is their very best cloak!

-More to be pitied than scorned.

-That's an ancient old song.

-Hey! Can't I come up with weird
deflections also? I've read books.

-Many?

-Can't say that. They ramble so!

Labels: anti intellectual, intellectual, non reader, reader, voracious reader

Sunday, April 30, 2017

Carlos never spoke
just after. Lull.

When he did so,
was instructional.

Labels: habit, instruct, note, style

Monday, May 01, 2017

-I don’t know why we Republicans try to disguise
Trickle Down.

-It IS a coherent theory.

-Can even show isolated cases where it’s working!

-Why disguise it with the claim it's primarily for the little people?

-Such populism might help a few plutocrats sleep.

-Ah the lovely little people!

-When they know their place.

-Naturally.

-Or Naturally Rhythmic for the truly despised!

Labels: ; Republican, "Natural Rhythm", economic theory, little people, Populism, Trickle-Down

Tuesday, May 02, 2017

Children exempted, of course.

And beautiful ladies.

The rest, Fair Game.

(Except, Gentleman's Agreement:
old folks, who offer no real sport
because of their pokiness.)

Only one “Bounty” available.

The *Ceaselessly Complaining Woman*
can be offed for a not too small
honorarium.

Labels: ageism, Bounty, gun sport, guns, Malthus, Population Control, sexism, sport

Wednesday, May 03, 2017

Small time. Prins.

She passes on any big action
to her boyfriend, Harnaby.

Harn.

They don't gamble themselves,
except for a very occasional
hunch of Prins. College basketball,
her specialty.

Then he laughingly adds to her bet
and places it in Vegas.

It's a sucker plunge and they know
better, but occasionally pays off!

Whereupon they spend it all on a jaunt
there.

Act like tourists!

Over the years, they've made friends with
Marlesy and Ruth-Ellen, showgirls.

This time in, all have gotten tickets to
a touring Italian Opera Company.

Marlesy later prints out the arias in her own
phonetics, which they sing to each other with
great drama. Even Harn pitches in.

Naturally, the other women are frequently moved
to dance also.

Willowy and graceful, whereas Princess limps.

Labels: bookie, dance, gambling, opera, showgirl, Vegas

Thursday, May 04, 2017

Got the Representational Blues

No news
but that

Rich ante up
as dealer breaks

out the fresh-
ly stacked decks.

Rich man can travel
anywhere. Rules the same.

Repubs take great pride
in the game.

Dems ashamed. Hide
after selling out
in a rout. They

get the Representational Blues,

no news
but that

most learn to ante up
as the dealer breaks

out the fresh-
ly stacked decks.

Rich man can travel
anywhere. Rules the same.

Repubs take great pride
in the game.

Dems ashamed.

Rest of us just lose and lose,
playing the old
representational blues.

Rest of us just lose and lose,
playing the old
representational blues.

Labels: cards, Dems, game, Rebubs, Representative Government, rich, stacked deck

Friday, May 05, 2017

-I almost relished the atrocious material!

-Given THAT turkey, say they, the sonofabitch can really act?

-A script my international film career followed explicitly.

-Well, you’re distinguished! But no one says that,
because of all the bad shows.

-They do in the theater. Feel it across the footlights!…so to speak.

-What’s up there?

-Just did Lear, Claremont Experimental.

-Wow! Interesting!

-You’d think, but…more bad luck with Typhoon Inez for opening.

-No!

-Producers threw in the sponge.

-Hafta be humongous one for typhoon.

-Such a bad joke! But probably called for.

-Sorry. But one and done for Lear?

-Not completely. Cast got it on their phones.

-Quite a juggling act! You come offstage and quick grab your phone?

-No need, they’re in the script.

-Uh?...what sound a modern turkey make?

-I’ll put it on Speaker.

Labels: acting, actor, film, Lear, phone, theater, Turkey

Saturday, May 06, 2017

X from teen camp reports trying
events in a failing argot;
miles off, a Y trifling

with suicide--speaking recently,
though, quite intent. Both these

states hazardous, but
actually, X mocks
everything presently

as mere “language.“
So does she,

but won’t say it.
He lives to play

violent games
on his computer.

Our Faith to believe
he’s murdering
the instant

she rocks
herself, nam-
ing old dolls.

Labels: entanglement, language, physics, quantum, suicide

Sunday, May 07, 2017

Take LL, and many have tried.

She leaves men more destroyed
than Aleppo.

No one talks after.

You'd think they'd warn, as a
service to humanity.

Thus goes on she to another victim.

And all the victims are smart and
worldly. Go figure.

Oh well, the bright tacks are the
softest marks in the game.

As TS Eliot said...or was that George?

Never mind!

Labels: heartbreak, ignorance, romantic victims.Eliot, stupidity

Monday, May 08, 2017

Lorghnetta possessed elegance.

Her boyfriends, unfortunately, not.

So, she suffered, before Harrison.

He was different, and studied tea
rituals.

"Manners everything!" they both agreed.

Yet the relationship was normal in that
tensions dug in imperiously at times.

At such, she worked on her complexion,
and he flitted about their condo in his
male kimono. Given him, claimed he,
by Takishi!

Anyway, nothing important was ever
resolved, and yet they seemed happy.

Her girlfriends puzzled about his airy
quality, how, frankly, mincing ways,
too, could translate in the bedroom.

But she told them not to worry.

And smiled her Mona Lisa.

She could never find the refinement
in language to cast "Hung like a bull!"

Well, you never couldn’t tell much
of anything, ever, by looking.

And he managed to scan "mad woman
afire ‘tween the sheets" but softer,
embedded in a lovely, measured
form at a meeting of The Fall River

Versifiers.

Silk sheets, of course.

“She…floats…
above Love…”

had begun he.

Too freely, he knows, but a work in progress.

Labels: elegance, elegant couple, girlfriends, manners, relationships, sex

Tuesday, May 09, 2017

photo flaunting
whack of Obamacare

(final implied middle finger to).

Scores of leering white males.
(Proof they're not dead?)
Lost in there,

the back of one woman's
head.

Labels: misogyny, Obamacare, Republican, white male

Wednesday, May 10, 2017

When the new party took
over, they smeared

the outside windows
with shit.

Exuding, they so in-
sisted, perfume.

More snide moments
followed for contrast.
Being a Movement.

Won’t last, a bitch,
but many will get rich
from dancing

fear. Words do, though.
Scholars exist

by parsing them
in handy nooks.

Labels: exploitation, movement, party, political performance, politics, propaganda, scholars, wealth

Thursday, May 11, 2017

-This one substitute teacher come into the night school wouldn’t shut up about freakin existentialism!

-Get anything?

-Three things: Pair of honchos full of shit! Sarts
and K. Moose.

-That’s two.

-Third is thing itself! Just as full of shit!

-Don’t you think everything is?

-So far.

Labels: Camus, cynicism, existentialism, night school, optimism, Sartre

Friday, May 12, 2017

Hey! We INVENTED Ratfucking! Grand Old Procedure.

Class of the World!

Hadda collude with Ruskies?

Please!

PEASANTS!

Labels: election, Ratfucking, Republican, Russians, Trump

Saturday, May 13, 2017

-They're all going to work here!

-Me too.

-That's awful!

-Can be.

-I helped Loretta and
the children, but they
all forget!

-What can you do?

-Over there the TV came.
A man said he was a woman.

-Time marches on.

-Can you help? I...

-Gotta work.

-I helped Loretta and...

-Good for you and good for
everybody! But I gotta go to...

Labels: commute, crazy, homeless, insane, scattered, sex change, work

Sunday, May 14, 2017

Our Beatz was a vibrant
teen, electric!

Quieted down to a
breathtaking beauty.

Married twice to Mega Loadeds!

Entered that percentage
after second divorce.

Lives in Boca. Twenty room
penthouse. She owns the
building.

Runs a charity. Unpaid.
Looks tremendous!

Many would kill to be
invited to her parties
for the cause.

“Countess Beatrice” in
the local columns.

An all-round guy is always
there. Chauffer, masseuse.
Uh huh?

Oh! I never told you how
dumb she was. How naive!
Some cute stories there.

Labels: "dumb", beauty, Boca, Charity, wealth

Monday, May 15, 2017

started issuing Certificates
of Proportional Guilt.

Most couples: 60-40. The villain
in the 60.

Hector and Louisa, though, he got
98, she 2. A snake!

Many tilt the other way, the female
as the guiltier party.

The Law says the worst of these now must
come with printed warnings!

Making them more alluring to many males--

some can't learn, though that's no business
of the commission.

The aforementioned Hector has also broken
male hearts. Considered next year when
Same Sex Breakups enter the regulations.

Why is is that Bi-s seem even nastier?

Too profound a question to be settled by
mere Law.

Labels: bi, broken hearts, female, male, same sex, society

Tuesday, May 16, 2017

All Republican Males.

Women testify though.

Welcomed!

In warm, Family
Embrace.

& Hand-Patting,

patting,
patting.

patting.

Labels: condescension, Family, Republicans and Women, women

Wednesday, May 17, 2017

-Trump does everything by Divine Right!

-Oh yeah? If bullshit were electricity...!

-Which Louie WAS dat, anywayz?

-ALL the fuckin Louies!

Labels: France, French History, Louis XIV, Trump

Thursday, May 18, 2017

Britsy had a full dozen, but Finn but one
really. That is, he was a lousy actor.

Well, anyway, they based their recent
life on Dr Kildad Morrisey's *Why Not Now?*

A tome encouraging one to develop
faces for situations.

As a matter of fact, or face, her latest
was the "Why Not Now?"

When she put that one on in an argument,
it carried the day, and they cleaned both
apartments, as an example.

And lately brushed up her late aunt's,
the original Britsy. Long shuttered in
a family dispute.

In preparation for their moving there.

Practical in that it was downtown, near
work, and they could jettison the cars.

And the historical society would take all
the crap off their hands since Old Britsy
had been a war bride, and cabaret singer.

New Britsy had to buy out her two sisters.

But forced on her No Problem Face.

Now to him, Finn. Of the one face. He knew
he was being rushed into things and would
soon be living with her as more or less
husband and wife.

His shrug wasn't in any book, but expressed
as well as one of her faces what Frost

was getting at in *The Oven Bird,* the little
feister who sings at the very end of Summer.

“What to make of a diminished thing?”

The both of them were diminished things
and doing their best, though she had
more faces of course.

Labels: couple, face, faces, Family, middle age, putting on a face, relationship, self-help books, warring family

Friday, May 19, 2017

meant something, saved firm, but we
sold off thereafter.

And used it as metaphor etc in the new
business on the order of “We need a
Two-Plate Solution here!”

Partner dies and I give elegy etc.
and go into it in detail. How it
rescued us once. How important
is is to remember such things.

On the way back, for some reason
I recall the story of the Mitsu guy
who died, last word: “*Mitsubishi!”*

There follows an immense sadness
in me for weeks after.

Finally lets go it does.

“For you, too late for golf,” wife wisecracks.

Labels: business, depression, golf, middle age, Mitsubishi, mythology, retrospection, values

Saturday, May 20, 2017

The menus have dropped
from aircraft and missiles.

And flooded our personal
computers.

Apparently we're to learn
how to cook their slop?

Eat it too? Not unless forced.
It's a death sentence.

Some are taking language
classes already. They have a
language as do we, but theirs
being graced by gastric means
also.

They say things with stomach rumbles
and farts and long belches.

Plus, punctuate ordinary discourse
thusly too.

And our air was bad BEFORE the war!

Oh well, this too will pass.

(In egregious times, egregious puns!)

Labels: conquer, food, gastric, war

Sunday, May 21, 2017

Unless I pout the whole concert.
Then I’m the Bad Girl!

A few too many insults coming back
over the footlights once, I pulled
my pants down.

Never do that in Louisiana.

Careful, even, when home there!

The lawyers got the fine tripled
instead of jail time. With the
excuse of *First Amendment*
Art Form or some such shit!

We’ve been at it so long,
critics say I can’t sing.

Never could. Our publicity
says *guttural, down-home,*
bluesy...

Uh huh? With the hint under that
pipedream that the drugs ruined it.

RAVAGED! My oh my!

Hey! All the talk lately is worse
than our performances!

Our Brit says we’ve stayed too
long at the fair.

Hey! It’s a money machine!
With lights yet!

Not as efficient lately, but
still one.

I roll off the floor and do it.

You know, like roll off the bed?

Labels: old group, Performer, Rock, Rock Concert

Monday, May 22, 2017

You crawl low,
I crawl lower.”

“Is there a lowest?”

“I don’t think so, but Life
is DISCOVERY!”

Labels: political morality, political strategy, politicians, politics

Tuesday, May 23, 2017

by “Introduce Yourself” paragraphs

Wender College

September 4, 1987

Hi, I’m Cindy, but my Mom
calls me Cindy-Lou, which
I prefer.

-

September 6, 2017

First, I was born into the Whore Caste,
aka Women...

Labels: college career, feminism, innocence, mores, profession, professor, student, teaching, whore

Wednesday, May 24, 2017

met again singing

There will be foie gras in the sky
by and by.

Joined by yahoos from other islands
who swam over, losing their pants
in the passage.

And in no hurry to replace them.

Labels: Cargo Cult, foie gras, Republican, Yahoo

Thursday, May 25, 2017

-Is all of life a preparation for going mad at the end of it?

-Provides the subject matter.

-Knew it was for something.

Labels: Alzheimer, preparation for madness, subject

Friday, May 26, 2017

How morally comforting to know a
South American nation welcomes you,

The Church acting as Travel Agent.

Of course, if you're a Boom-Boom
Master Techie, the Enemy awaits
with open arms!

Labels: Church, Mengele, Nazi, refuge, war criminal

Saturday, May 27, 2017

never found after Hurricane Roxanne.

-Swept Out to Sea Theory?

-But two Madeline Ochs were found! Alive! Identical!

-Had he transformed to the one?

-Up for tenure, so I sat on it.

-Now with anti-science repubs in, of course anti-tenure altogether!

-Profoundly stupid!

-So? Politics preventing this beyond-important story?

-Is the Pope a Catholic?

-Some women-hating Cardinals dispute even that!

-Oh well, even in acidly disputatious times, the beer remains good!

-Mac-Madeline should pull up his-her skirt and sit down for a schooner!

-Got no problem with that!

Labels: anti-science, anti-science Republicans, beer.disputatious times, Catholic, hurricane, sex switch, trauma

Sunday, May 28, 2017

-No more this or that number of episodes by contract. Churn ‘em out! You churn, I pay! Simple!

-I’ll run outa people. And plots.

-What plots? Protagonist loses ALL THE TIME!

-Writers want him rarely win.

-Never! Didn’t Lucy always pull the football away so CHARLIE BROWN KICKS AT NADA AND GOES ON HIS ASS?

-Always. But...you can exhaust your actors too!

-Plug in lookalikes!

-Even for our anti-hero?

-Costume the new dude! FRENCH REVOLUTION, ROLLER DERBY!

-I get the gist. All the gists. Great wealth and artistic suicide!

-KEEP FUCKIN SPENDING! Better than sex.

Labels: anti-hero, artistic standards, Charlie Brown, loser, Lucy, Peanuts, series, taste, television, TV Series

Monday, May 29, 2017

After the painful duck mishap, the Hennesy Twins, Andrea and Angelica, couldn’t stop screaming--and they were mere spectators.

Everybody in the car was fine, though shaken.
Grandpa claimed operatic discomfort while exiting,
but forgot it when the state trooper showed.

Cpl Nethers sent for a Duck Translator.
Few, of course, so we’re lucky to have
Dr Bensural from the University.

The Mother who led the scraggly procession
first thanked the twins, some of their crying
being duck words.

She apologized to the rest for the jiving
duckling who got hit, but was okay, and
hoped he had learned something.

Then Dr Bensural made a wry face,
but waved off our questions until
the duck procession resumed.

“She said she never knows how to act
towards those who might eat her on
another occasion.”

Labels: accident, animal communication, duck procession, ducks

Tuesday, May 30, 2017

"I hold the White Passport.
Alien, with a few plug-in
systems.

Your government has issued me
Ohnga, another White Passporter.

She, too, must have sex daily.
Turns into suicidal jelly without.

I merely babble till death!

So, we help each other.

Relationship? Would be nice, but
not a priority.

Now! Equally important...well almost.
Could you double the conversation
quota tomorrow? I learn so much from
your just talking!

My three memory sites are buzzing
warmly at the moment."

Labels: alien, future, relationship, robotics, sex

Wednesday, May 31, 2017

Death not the dude in
dark robe and sandals,
extruding scythe.

But a shapeless immensity
of appointment cards.

I’m invited to crawl
over it, looking for mine.

No go this time.

So attend the rave
our gang puts on.
All us retards!

Minus a couple of names.

Labels: appointment, appointment card, death, depiction of death, rave

Thursday, June 01, 2017

I tour the Theater of Desire,
my guide gabby until he
proclaims “Lies make up
a good part of this filth!”

I need to sit, but the red
velvet rows have been ripped
out, the floor fittings covered
with dusty newspapers.

He fetches a folding chair
from a circle the lunching
workmen use to inhale their
subs, and exhale their tales of
destruction.

It collapses under me.

Funniest occurrence in History
of Mankind, and so he rolls
demonstrably around in the
newspapers, sending up clouds
of dusty hysteria. Assumes the
vertical to wave his arms!

I scramble up to finally stop this
absurd act. “You’re over the top!”

Bang the dust off of him as he
apologizes.

I admit I lay on too hard, and
he starts screaming! “Finally,
after all, the resort to violence!”

He lisped the last word, so both
of us explode into a giggling fit.

We’re running a rave here next week.

Labels: absurdity, deconstruction, desire, destruction, rave, violence

Friday, June 02, 2017

The ambulance lurched
and the tubing over
the patient swayed
in orange smears.

The attendant seized it
and all was well.

"He's stable. And now I
need your info. Name?”
Thrust his iPhone at her.

“Rumsey Applethorpe.”

“Same as the patient?
Are you a Share?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Then I'll have to have you
lie down. You'll have to
undergo the same tests
and procedures.”

“Is that necessary? I’m quite well.”

“The new protocol. Uh…with
obvious differences as to sex.”

“I don't think there are any.
Or if there are, trivial.”

“Well, he's male and you're…
you can't talk that away,
even today.”

“I wish to, and don’t.”

“Excuse me…but I don’t get Shares.”

“Fine! We just get ourselves!”

The other Rumsey sat up through the tubes: “Must we always explain everything?”

“Don’t worry, Honey, it’s all routine,” she tried reassuring.

The attendant became too rough in forcing him down.

Then, she finally acted. Shares have double strength.

She disassembled the tubing after, extracting the other Rums.

Attendant out cold.

Both yelled for the driver to stop, and soon were running the night streets, laughing.

Labels: ambulance, emergency, future medicine, sex, share

Saturday, June 03, 2017

When Hennesy Birdsong’s ten-year girlfriend
left him, we couldn’t wait to revenge ourselves on
The Master Ribber!

The Melody in question, too, left a trail of bright
crumbs regarding their sex life, bizarre and prosaic
at once. Her female chums relayed such, in detail.

So much that we had to plan the precise first jab.
Hart, our most educated, assumed the final,
verbal role.

Something softly literary, yet singularly vicious!

So so cruelly successful that Henzy cried a solid hour,
We piled beer and Fritos in front of him, and grew scared
when the fountains splashed into yet another hour.

He was having trouble catching his breath.
So we phoned our absent Dr Brister, on hospital duty.

“He’ll stop. We all stop.”

He did and wow! The Guilt Trips!

Inquiries have been made as to the exact insult.

But that would be wasting it.

Labels: breakup, cruelty, friends, Guilt Trip, insult, relationship, ribbing

Sunday, June 04, 2017

too mild a summation of Mark and Bellasy.

We avoid them after the latest incendiary
bout!

Her looks flat gone! And his moroseness
like an extended acid fart!

Then, the miracle!

Under the influence of Dr Kildad Morrisey's book,
Sign here! AND HERE! , they have completed a
14-page contract covering all.

We're invited to witness, but not the SS.

Sex Section.

Well, anyway, he has regained some of his
limited fun (more regarded, still, as a
powerfully silent "Hunk") and she?

Can flip on any rag for Starbucks, and
people stare. Yeah, she's that beautiful!

Even our Stell, who makes up celebrity women on
Live Your Dream! is astounded at her.

Anyway, they carry around their contract,
discussing it super-calmly.

Boring the shit outa the rest of us...but
this can never change.

They exist for each other. No much room
for even *Fast News At Six,* let alone the
rest of us mere mortals.

Labels: beauty, compatibility, contract, fighting couple

Monday, June 05, 2017

Their porn consisted
of energetic couples--
most hetero--

doing it in bizarre
places, witnesses so

blinking...
blanking,

finally
as if to say

bring us something
deft, new.

What’s True
we've left
in favor of novelty,

which routs
us all insanely
for the long run.

But,
both do.

And we remain
easy throughout.

Labels: attitudes towards sex, change, comfort, in sex, novelty, porn, pornography, sex

Tuesday, June 06, 2017

Views of the aftermath

-North Soaring Ridge,
who listened to its
elected and appointed
officials, and put sandbags
everywhere in addition, had
only three fatalities.

-And the hippies of South
Soaring Ridge listened to
no one and did nothing!
Zero fatalities. Go figure.

-You already have in your
fashionable cynicism. Lazy
Hippies and their scattery
Millennial Brats getting your vote!

-Maybe God looks out for them,
since they're not *completely*
full of shit!

Labels: emergency authorities, hippies, Millennials, Storm of the Century!, storm preparation

Wednesday, June 07, 2017

Rells mixes up his meds.
Takes the morning ones
at bedtime.

Immediately feels better!
Hudgy, bud of some
therapeutic years, concurs.

“You stumbled into cure!”

“It won’t last.”

“Not with that attitude!”

“Ever hear of Placebo Effect?”

“What HAVEN’T I heard of?”

Labels: accident, cure, illness, meds, placebo, prescriptions

Thursday, June 08, 2017

throng KMart's closing
sale. Nicknames abound.

Perfume=Stinkwater,
Panties=Manhole Covers.

All this said, not yodeled.

Meanwhile, Back at the Raunch,
The objects of these Cowboys
remove “covers” for others

more urgent, though less
clever. But Sagebrush
Desirers a forgiving bunch,
and after compulsory therapies

of booze and drugs, endow
the sliders with said

perfumes and panties.
(Mid Cottonwood glide
and murmur, and cactus
melodies.)

Latter gift seizes each day
of week in florescent script.

Promising freshness in
the tired, tired
Old West.

Labels: booze, cowboy, drugs, gifts, Old West, relationships, rural lifestyle, taste, West

Friday, June 09, 2017

-Her monosyllables pollute
my poor brain still.

-Never embark on a long
weekend with a stranger.

-We left in icy rain.

-That's just climate. How
about the rest?

-I worked even harder on
conversation. A flop. Sex came
after, anyway.

-Glimmer of hope?

-Puppetry.

-Wash it away. All of it.
Never happened!

-Nearly there, but the gods
totally bored, so she's come
to work in my department.

-Not good! Do you two speak
of your wingless lovebird time?

-Just to guffaw.

-Don't try again!

-Inevitable.

-As in failure?

-Wouldn't want to disappoint
myself.

-Life! Grim grim life!

-You can be my biographer.

-I'll tell you what! I gather
two more alleged men, and we
go to a ballgame.

-But all we do is laugh.

-Yeah!

Labels: doomed relationship[, Fate, friends, friendship, long weekend, sex

Saturday, June 10, 2017

Their cruel existence
outside

makes work necessary
and vice

versa.

Labels: cruel life, life, vice, vice versa, work

Sunday, June 11, 2017

-Something you did? Or, knowing you, said?

-The latter I would guess.

-You do say some dreadful, dreadful things!

-I think it's because I feel that I don't have much time left.

-So little time, so much vituperation?

-Something like that.

-Well, you should do just the opposite!

-Sunshiny?

-Ja wohl!

-No way! Those people get shit on with great regularity.

-To a degree.

-Always! Sans balls!

-It's piping then?

-Everything!

-Well, yours is Rube Goldberg!

-Rube! Don't go! I love you!

-Twisted!

-That way you keep meeting yourself.

Labels: ego, hurt, left off, list, manners, personality, Rube Goldberg, taking offense, twisted, uniqueness

Monday, June 12, 2017

-That’s it then! We’ve established
that you know everything.

-Slight exaggeration.

-So, how define Feminism?

-Living revengeful is the best well.

-I like conversing with you. Adds up
to nothing.

-Crazy Math is a motor, not a crutch.

Labels: conversation, Crazy Math, feminism, intellectual, revenge

Tuesday, June 13, 2017

Dell Finn shook Clifford with the secret.
Martyred Women Anonymous had
targeted him.

But why? His breakups had been
amicable, two divorces the same.

“Their strategy, in that anyone can
possibly comprehend it, has edged
over to picking a dull guy, pretending
he’s flamboyant.”

“I don’t get it!”

“You never do. That’s what they count on.
But you have me in your corner!”

That proved not enough, what with fighting
through picket lines, and having work disrupted
by chanting and singing sirens of modernity.

Anyway, Bill Haskins finally issued him two months
leave to stay with his brother, Dr Jerome Haskins,
at Bide-a-Bit.

Security was good there and the harpies couldn’t
fight through.

But they were exceedingly more clever than
anyone could have guessed.

Male Nurse Victor had been planted a few
months earlier.

He had been Clifford’s first divorce.

The ensuing sex change so thorough that
Cliff had no clue now. Sound familiar?

Managed to tape all his therapy sessions.

MWA has reserved airtime next month to finish blowing him out of the water!

Bide-a-Bit would have to go too. Collateral Damage of the recent sort. Yet, horror enablers too!

Anyway, normal, but prosaic, men put on notice!

The Cause beginning to take giant steps over small bodies.

Labels: breakups, cause, clueless, divorce, martyr, mental hospital, prosaic, small fry

Wednesday, June 14, 2017

-Wow! Thanks!

-You ordered the best.

-Bears repeating: Wow!

-Can Jill bring you something
to drink?

-Uh, Jill?

-You met her. Very quiet.

-I hope she stays that way.

-You pay for discretion from my
whole staff. It’s guaranteed.

-No leaks?

-If I have something to say, I
come right out with it.

-Uh oh!

-But never a worry here. Ever.
If…you allow a word of advice?

-Please.

-Always, in everything, deal with Pros!

-I try, but Washington is such a masquerade!

-Speaking of which. Come the first Tuesday
each month. In costume.

-You’ll be wearing…?

-Catholic Schoolgirl.

-Count me in!

Labels: Catholic, Catholic Schoolgirl, costume, Professionals, prostitution, Washington

Thursday, June 15, 2017

-So few applications for
reverse transfers, that
I wanted to talk to you.

-Of course.

-Do you have a complaint or...?

-No complaint, really. Just the
sad acknowledgment that most
have lied their way in.

-As on Earth. Hypocrisy. We run
campaigns to help eradicate it,
but...

-Our strongest habit...?

-I suppose. But, have you participated
in any...?

-No. I stay away. Preferring to read.

-An odd one.

-Agreed.

-So, you don't like the Campaigns
for Goodness...and the company?

-Unfortunately.

-Don't you fear the suffering in
the other place?

-I think I'll be more left alone.

-In my experience, I don't find
that a truly driving force...
as the French say "*Cherchez*..."

-I admit it! I hope to find her there,
continue our Earth sinning!

-Not very noble.

-Blessedly!

-Well, many more to choose from if
she doesn't work out.

-Are you saying Hell consists
mostly of women?

-They say men forced them there.

-I feel I was forced here!

-To experience bad company?
Aren't you too much the Idealist?

-Admitted. Idealist. Loner. Lover.

-Don't romanticize! I can't stand it.
Here! I'm stamping your papers.
May you find your peculiar Heaven
in Hell!

-Everywhere's peculiar.

-And everyone?

-Some pipe up.

Labels: Earth, heaven, Hell, hypocrisy, sex, sin, solitary, taste

Friday, June 16, 2017

describes my post puberty run.

-Awful! Myself and girlfriends
remade the Roaring Twenties
instead. This time with The Pill.

-Healthier.

-Flogged your member alone,
did you?

-Frowned upon! But, all in all,
there were work-arounds for
everything.

-Like today’s tech?

-Will we ever lose tech?

-It’s forever! Sex I DO worry about.

-Don’t worry, be sad.

Labels: attitudes towards sex, sex, tech, Victorian

Saturday, June 17, 2017

in fistfight re
who’s humbler.

Much verbal too,
but vulgar, never
Faith-Shaking.

And, being Churchmen,
gouging ruled in.

After, a pile of blood
and hair and sweat
and how!

Instant Forgiveness sug-
gested by other illumes,
but delayed.

Today’s Gang
of Saints

more realistic.

Labels: fight, fistfight, forgiveness, gouging, humility, religion, saint

Sunday, June 18, 2017

Marcy, a deeply-dimpled Ditz.

Quirky personality to say the least...
yet warm and enveloping!

And we gave up trying to translate
what she said.

Charming babble.

Anyway, broke she confused hearts with
little effort.

Moved on from her as her act thinned.

But, who’s to say it was or wasn’t an act?

And who cares?

Anyway, we traded her straight up to
Harbor Neighbors LLC for Deborah. Ice!

Something must be said for getting
what you see.

Labels: act, ditz, female personality, market, marketplace of women, personality, trading women

Monday, June 19, 2017

Left Talking

-El Comrado-Presidente
goes to Miami.

-When things turn shit, seek
reactionaries to love and be
loved.

-Cubans and the Grand--and
Very Old--Party!

-If only they could dig up Fidel
and hang him!

-Make things great again?

-Like Prostitution! Really took a hit
way way back!

-What did the Revolution have
against girls?

-Anyway, our Christian Right could
help shepherd a Restoration!

-Viva Sluts!

Labels: Castro, Christian Right, Cuba, Cuban Revolution, Fidel, prostitution, restoration, revolution, Trump, Trump and Russia

Tuesday, June 20, 2017

-Is my whole life getting on
Frisian Locomotives?

-No, your whole life consists
of stringing nonsense sounds.

-You, likewise, can't have a year
excluding October.

-You should. It's the gateway to
freakin ice!

-The dearth of tri-axial moonbeams
can no longer be ignored.

-Let’s ignore it anyway. Just for practice.

-My whole life...

-Not again!

-Your whole life consists of weakly
bitching for incoherent reasons.

-How rare to meet a true Millennial!

-Why not take a nice lay-down, Honey?

-My parents!

-Thought your little words were golden.

-As they hovered. And hovered!

-Helicopter Parents!

-Look around! They may be still!

-I don't need anyone anymore! I'm a
miracle as I stand. A living and

breathing...

-Uh huh?

-And the farmer took another
load away!

-If I became a farmer I'd make it better!
You’d see!

-Let’s give you an award now!
Before the fact.

-Ah but there are no facts!

Labels: fact, generations, language, language as avoidance, lazy, Millennials, theory, work

Wednesday, June 21, 2017

Trump Chant

at GOP Congres-
sional Win
in Georgia?

Ja
Whol
y'

all!

Labels: Congress, GOP, Nazi, racist, White Pride

Thursday, June 22, 2017

Tells you his first name
after Kings, his second the
great Roman General and
Lover!

“But plural there, since one of me
not enough for the ravenous
women of today’s world!”

A joke.

You escape! And aforementioned
hungry females laugh scornfully.

Such a man heads for modern disaster.

The first serious manifestation when
he's fired. The new management team
delegates a fresh vice-president to
give plural-boy the word.

Laurel Inglesby Cartz brings the
articulate, and even scientific,
case to a small, special office.

When she finishes, flushed,
instead of hearing an Angel Chord,
she discovers he's asleep.

He explains that it's so messy,
fatigues him, and suggests they
clean it together.

Miss Neat Freak agrees.

Anyway, she discovers what all the
ridiculing distaffs and Personnel
Solomons have missed: Character.

Decides then and there, so sick she

of usual male-female falderal.

Three adoring little daughters later...

Uh huh, yup, she had fired him, and
then hired him for the long run.

Cornball enough for you?

“Wait till they're teens,” you warn.
“At least one will tell him to go
fuck himself!”

To a truly loving man, won't happen.

Oh well, enough of this variety of
impossible story!

*Just...maybe...he succeeds because
he's not too bright?*

Possibly. But cleverness too often
outshone by natural maturity.

But. Generally. How YOU doing,
Smartass?

Labels: fired, jargon, names, natural maturity, personnel fashions, story

Friday, June 23, 2017

The heat has gone
mad of itself,
a rager.

All the ACs explode.
People awake soaked.
Somehow, more aged.

Everything outside and in
stinks.

Sun looks doubled.

Sky, metal rubbed.

No one complains,
too shaken.

A woman dies catch-
ing her breath.

Soon, many do.

Corpses pile up and all
too exhausted to try
doing anything about it.

Roger tells Sissy, “Let’s just
jump on the pile.”

Lovers!

But they expire
trying to climb.

No sky then.
Sun horizon
to horizon.

Labels: future, heat, heat wave, killing heat, lovers, raging sun

Saturday, June 24, 2017

Tresh and Habney

-The answer is in the dirt!

-Is it? You mean I been wasting
my time looking elsewhere? Clouds?
Infinity? Bosuns?

-Ben Hogan said that. About golf.

-Well, he knew about that.

-Uh, practice. Hit a million balls!

-From the dirt?

-Where else?

-He was smart. But I like it in Washington!

-Dirt there?

-Been known.

Labels: Ben Hogan, bribery, crime, dirt, golf, gossip, money, political crime, politics

Sunday, June 25, 2017

Sliced Thrice

-Famed in song and story!

-For your humility.

-I blush!

-Don't! Others set the table,
and you moved the plates and
cutlery around.

-Looking pleasant.

-Or faking it.

-Skip the humble in the next life?

-Wouldn't hurt to blow your own
horn once in a while.

-What, blow? Just the merest tootle!

-Let us know you're human.

-So I should have balanced off...?

-Couldn't help yourself!

-Too much power in humility!

Labels: bragging, humility, power

Monday, June 26, 2017

Don't be ridiculous! They asked
me, I went.

-Who did?

-A...trio. Speaking all together. Singing, sort of.
Well, both.

-Odd!

-I agree. But, really, the only odd moment.

-A normal adventure? Come off it!

-Very much so. So forget the tabloid stuff.
I wasn't examined or probed or violated.

-Then why did they...?

-Never know. When I walked around
the ship I heard whispers of
dark eyes, flashing etc.

-Gypsy?

-There are Rumanians way back. Plus,
I’m hardly a pale beauty.

-More about the ship?

-Was given a flight chair, but
it had no seatbelt or anything.
Gravity held me there I guess.

Anyway, I could walk anywhere,
but the nuclear area which was
signed danger in the ways similar
to here.

-Did you get onto the flight deck?

-Didn't have to. The Captain came to me, and more than once. He smoozed around the whole ship.

-Barked commands anyway?

-Through hand signals. Subtle stuff... which I can't say for my *Wily E Coyote* Pajamas.

-A hit with the interstellar gang?

-Nothing ever funnier!

-So they were amused? The ship ran on? You weren't raped or anything? Where's the story?

-None. I told you.

-How long were...?

-After, they dropped me here in a weird vehicle badged as Chevvie. And the front door lock snapped open by magic, I walked into the groaning house where you could hear sleeping like wind through shutters.

-Time?

-My clock radio showed about an hour elapsed. But they had said I had spent a whole night and the next morning.

-Uh huh? Let's go back a bit and...

-No way! Show's over!

-Ah hah! Something not right! Still makes you queasy!

-No more than usual.

Labels: abduction, alien abduction, Space, space travel, Wily E Coyote

Tuesday, June 27, 2017

(Wait for laughs)

Our Republican Health Bill
only harms 22 million.

But, we'd like to help!

What part of *Go Fuck Yourself!*
do you Reeking-Reecans not
understand?

Labels: Party of Rich, Republican "Health" Bill, spick

Wednesday, June 28, 2017

more wisdom
as to Life before
they separate.

Is that because
there’s space
by taking

out the bragging?

Labels: boasting, bragging, men, sexual differences, wisdom, women

Thursday, June 29, 2017

Penn’s Wharton School decried
for producing Donald Trump.

Hey! It’s a professional outfit!

Broad-gauged Humanists who
sob at the death of insects
can find soft homes elsewhere.

Labels: education, humanist, professional, Trump, Wharton

Friday, June 30, 2017

The Appalachia
of Desire.

Everything wore out
but crazy love,

which wheezed,
lacking calories.

He switched rotgut
for opioid, burning

into, thereby,
Paradise!

The lovely mountains
and valleys spurned
for their inertia.

Labels: alcohol, drugs, hillbilly, opiod, rural

Saturday, July 01, 2017

-Of all the men!--so called.
He sticks!

-Well...he was never inept
in the romance category.

-Just all others.

-He drives me to chemo.
And is moving in here,
no ifs ands or buts!

-A team?

-Yeah! Would you believe it?

-(sings) They keep their girlfriends
warm at night.

-He does that. And right now the...

-The most important thing on
the face of the earth is staying
alive!

-It's...a mean face!

-But you still like hanging around it.

-Things I haven't done yet, and I
don't even know what they are.

-You will when you do 'em.

-By the way thanks to you too for...

-Sticking since the sixth grade.

-Mr Ferris!

-Just needed one little push to
a nervous breakdown, but we
relented.

-Saw him at Jiffy Lube before
Mr Big C smashed in on you here.

-Did you apologize?

-Sorta. But he said he loved every
moment of it.

-We did some good then! How come we
thought the opposite.

-Because we're assholes.

-Are we now?

-No time.

-That's the big word. How much left!

-Come to lunch Saturday. He's planning
something.

-He cooks too?

-Didn't you know? Hotel Chef.

-Maybe you already died and went
to heaven.

-Let's avoid that luck.

Labels: Cancer, chemo, friends, illness, lover, retrospective

Sunday, July 02, 2017

a body meets a body
coming through
The Catcher in the Rye?

-You do something lovely
with that body.

-And vow to do something
even lovelier to another?
Thus entering a wider sense?

-All very sweet!

-All very brittle.

-Oh well. What do you expect?

-What we get.

-How old are you?

-I’ve forgotten.

Labels: age, attitude, Burns, Catcher in Rye, innocent, jaded, rye

Monday, July 03, 2017

RELSLOW BOCHAM ADDERSLYNIK,

JENN-ABB SLIN.

They play with ancestors.

Actual Counts on his side, duels for women.

One of latter, Carlotta, from her side. Really.

At times, Jenn-Abb assumes her for fun.

(Other nickname *Slinny*. Preppy roots.)

They invent future based on names too.

Wears thin, and fall back on sex.

Somehow they later unify on creature from under
Antarctic Ice. With red proboscis, and other member the same in color and size.

Frozen lecher, OGGSNUH.

She knits him.

He designs bobbleheads: hundreds in house eventually.

Her girlfriend: WEIRD COUPLE--especially when she smoulders on as Carlotta.

She: Normal. Just fun. Like his romantically violent Counts.

Anyway, they live there amid depictions.

And entertain with all the bobbleheads going at once.

Rare guests awarded the OGGSNUH of their choice in inebriated ceremony.

Labels: ancestry, bobblehead, Count, creativity, duel, eccentric wealth, role-playing

Tuesday, July 04, 2017

Life, Business, and Patriotism

Because of cyber panic, especially
fear of ransomware, CEO penciled
his new list on scraps of paper.

All these scraps lost, mislaid, something.

He remembered many points and told
his most meticulous VP.

Who relayed them in conference call.

Her demeanor even stranger than usual,
staff took the tone as sarcastic, and
disregarded everything.

Stock shot up!

Wall Street Nearly Confidential subjected
CEO to a near-endless interview.

“For all the wondrous machines,” Marcy
Marcy gushed in conclusion, “men and
women still have IDEAS!”

“From sea to shining sea!” CEO affirmed,
since 4 July approaching.

Labels: business, cyber panic, life, list, patriotism, ramsomware

Wednesday, July 05, 2017

-With the one, all the fights led to my screaming "*Let's quit it altogether! It's a charade!"*

-She agree?

-Mostly. But she was willing to go another week if I pronounced it *Shar-AHD*, like the Brits.

-How did it work after that?

-We only pronounced it that way.

-No, I mean in the Romance Department.

-Good enough. Eggs in the morning…uh... old shoes?

-You're married?

-Somebody has to be.

-Well...my floor. Cheerio!

-Indeed.

Labels: affectation, British, enunciation, marriage, Romance

Thursday, July 06, 2017

What’s your name?

Puddin-Tane.

Where do you live?

Down the lane.

What’s your number?

Cucumber!

Rhymes increasingly surreal
hold off terror a time.
So, a breathless result!

But in KICK THE CAN
one might

send it chattering infinitely
down an endless hill,

and really hide thus
from murdering adults.

Labels: adults, childhood, childhood rhymes and songs, childhood surrealism, childhood terror, children, children's games, kick the can

Friday, July 07, 2017

By law, it can only be read by one person.

Mime rests on the shelf of Ossnow Graz-Graz,
so I campaign...and wheedle, and dance etc.

I lastly bought the national treat, SizzleySnicks for
his children until they vomited!

Considered a happy event here! Rumor is he picked it
up then, and read a page at random.

Good enough for me for now. I feel the artistry shows.

I’m optimistic!

Everyone is congratulating him on his little pukers!

Labels: advertising, art, children, custom, novel, parents, self advertising, writing

Saturday, July 08, 2017

-Well here it is!

-Can’t see a thing!

-Then smell!

-My nose wore out. Can’t we…a light?

-No! It’s Dark Money.

-I’m sure it’s lovely.

-Terrifically so!

-Since we’re being fucked over by it and for it…

-No choice but to enjoy what enlightened
Fascism has brought you.

-I’m writing a thank you note to the Supreme Court!

Labels: Citizens United, dark money, political contributions, Supreme Court

Sunday, July 09, 2017

answered the door:
“*I think I’m dying!*”

I quick got Steady Hal
on my cell. Yelled he
on Speaker: “No you’re not!
Is this any way to greet
your date?”

Wandering Wanda and her
Fixed Cliff then made the scene.

When Hal and Lingering Loretta
showed, Maryanne was into
modeling dresses for the Dance.

We were unanimous on a Chartreuse one
and she mega-brightened. A real beauty!
Really! Palest Blonde imaginable.

The women helped tart her up. Almost late!

I handed her my yellow roses in the limo.
Is that a good one?

No matter since it was off to the First Annual
Bridesburg Association Ball and Bingo! (The latter for the terminal farts.)

Labels: dance, eccentric friends, friends, modeling, neighborhood, neighborhood association, nickname, seniors

Monday, July 10, 2017

-Not enough credit is
given to the Russians
and Republicans:

Together they wrought
a brilliant political upset!

-*Wrought* it, did they both?

-With the help of Christians,
who desired a thumping sinner
to carry their inane banner.

-Uh huh? Wrought hey? That's
in history somewhere.

-It is now!

-No. No. *What hath God wrought?*

-Well you may ask!

-But not originally.

-He brought us a guy interested
in only himself!

-Actually a whole bunch of guys,
including us.

-That's the trouble with America!

-We is?

-Far far down the line!

-Let's start moving up, Comrade!

Labels: collusion, Putin, Russian election interference, Russian hacking, Russian-Republican, Trump

Tuesday, July 11, 2017

...it's part of the merriment

So, the gang goes to hockey
games because so few players
afro-darkie.

And those few we have fun with.

Not as much as with a black
couple sitting two rows in
front of us.

Hilarious escalation of remarks.

Cleverly veiled. Well, most.

They change their seats.

Anyway, our team loses though
we triumph!

All in fun! Though I grant you,
not altogether innocent.

Win some, lose some.

Now don’t think plain nasty!

If that couple in trouble, we’d give
‘em the sleeves outa our vests!

Labels: black, group, hockey, racist, sarcasm, vest

Wednesday, July 12, 2017

“*Deflower! Despoiler!*
Raucous moral pig!”

Thus I confront, afire
with Righteousness.

He laughs. “If I knew
this Heaven such an im-
mense racket, I’da...”

“We’re taking it back!”

“Uh huh? Well you must
excuse me. Still have some

angels to bribe.” And then
the greatest sin!

He giggles! So un-
masculine!

Labels: 'class, angels, behavior, criminal, heaven, heavenly controversy, in Heaven, masculinity, problem, problems

Thursday, July 13, 2017

Greta nearly threatened Rupper with her magic. Not much of a threat since it mostly focused on insuring Good Luck.

He left anyway. Bearer of multitudinous maladies, many real, he went to live with his sister and brother, both single physicians.

After a year's hit and miss relationship, Hinton moved into her condo. A Boeing engineer, he laughed at any mention of magic. "Doesn't fly!"

To avoid his sarcasm, she kept her various strategies to herself.

But he discovered the mildest. She had found a bright penny many years ago and kept it in her mailbox, sealed in a transparent little bag such as watch repairmen use for tiny screws.

He had a key to the mailbox and was surprised to find it there, as he was the reminders she wrote to herself.

"For mail, US Mail!" he spat. But everyone in the condo association had other uses for it too.

"Lax everything around here!" As if such habits ruined the world all by themselves.

Hinton gave her the identical, blessedly compact, lecture he had given his mother. *"The Rational Is My Magic God!"*

Overkill for her small ways.

She soon kept an internet printout
in the mailbox.

*How to help your husband’s job reward
him without question.*

No worry: written in a secret language.

The one spell there she preferred
translating into English.

Mostly because the last word,
Hullmists, had such agreeable
sibilance.

And if she lingered over the m,
too, a resonance that vibrated
her for hours.

A few month later, Hinton
announced his promotion.

“That’s because you know
literally everything!”

True enough, but her Mona Lisa
smile knew something also.

Labels: disorder, engineer, magic, Mona Lisa, order, rational

Friday, July 14, 2017

Terrorized children in
later teen life sigh.

They’ve developed
larger eyes.

The better to see us with.

Labels: children, children's eyes, terror, war

Saturday, July 15, 2017

unbrittles

-They called me in and told
me to tone it down. That I
sexualize everything! I cried!

-Ignore them totally, Honey!
They've lied so much, they can't
recognize a pure heart.

-You think I'm nice!

-Real sex is a gift from God!

-I never ever put anything on!
Play any role or anything.

-She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes

-That’s awful pretty! Who...?

-Lord Byron, who knows of you.
All artists do.

-THAT'S a hot one!

-Indeed!

Labels: Byron, Eve Arden, natural, sex, sexuality

Sunday, July 16, 2017

No...real one

-I wanna ride to the ridge
where the West commences.

-Leaving in the icky-sticky dust
all the East’s Fainting Fairies?

-I’ll never understand them boys!

Labels: attitude, cowboy, East, prejudice, regional, West

Monday, July 17, 2017

The women too crushed
to be coy.

The men devoured
by opiods.

The clergy rushing bib-
lical tricks

to line both up
come election time.

And everyone knows how
to fish.

Labels: Bible, clergy, opiods.Republican, Teach a man to fish, women

Tuesday, July 18, 2017

Always a mistake
to be

where shots fired,
whether last

urban scape
or tru-

er war zone. E-
ven so mired

mid newest passel
of gun-waving rubes.

Labels: guns, rubes, shots fired, urban, war

Wednesday, July 19, 2017

-Commercials came on, almost blew me out
of the fuckin chair! I hit the Mute on the remote,
but didn’t work.

-Immutable?

-What the fuck does that mean?

-I had an idea when I started, but lost it.

-Mind’s a terrible thing never to have.

Labels: friends, irascible, loud commercials, wit

Thursday, July 20, 2017

-Made a comic quartet in college.

-How so?

-Negotiating. Who'd marry whom?

-A settlement reached?

-Well, Cynthia was the pretty fly
in the ointment--why it took
so long.

-Stubborn?

-The opposite. Unrelentingly sweet!

-Uh huh? Met the type. Then one day
she takes the legs out from under
you with a snarky comment that
exposes you to a lifetime of ridicule!

-Not her. Zero defects. She'd turn
the devil himself into an absolute
sweetheart!

-At any rate, the story isn't about
Cynthia turning hard?

-Nor Grace attaining Cynthia's perfection.

-What did happen?

-Died.

-Which?

-Cynthia.

-But how...?

-There's a technical medical term, but...she sweeted herself to death, really.

Mark devastated. Hit the bottle.

-And Grace?

-Practically killed herself to become as Cynthia!

-Did she?

-Got close. But as Fate would have it, a monster entered! Still prevails.

-Namely?

-PMS.

-Not that!

-Happy didn't follow Mark on the Bottle Trail, but...

-Coped?

-Barely. *"It seizeth my waking hours, and harroweth my nightmare sleep!"*

-Very nearly Shakespearian.

-On a bad day, yeah.
Finally...he quoted Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness.*

-The horror?

-Yep. Said nothing else after that.

-Some story! I'm shaking!

-Cynthia was well-insured--some consolation.

-But no firm underwrites PMS.

-Would ruin them!

Labels: college chums, Heart of Darkness, PMS, Shakespeare, sweet disposition

Friday, July 21, 2017

After All These Years!

Please don't be crazy!
Requested Margot.

But...

you know Heck.

Did his thing.

Until we all cried.

And he laughed.

Then Margot spat
definitions
of us all!

One by one.

Not sparing herself.

Never sparing herself.

Ever.

No one had the courage
to be her.

Thankfully.

Labels: argument, crazy, friends, old friends, old quarrels, ridicule, unsparing

Saturday, July 22, 2017

Meticulous Inventory

Rhett Butler emerged
with sexy authority.

Such hot
fun! But

on this occasion,
anxieties edged

and thudding
will inevitably re-

assemble a shattered
assassin. And yet not

to finish
is itself

blithe
death.

Labels: inventory, Rhett Butler, role-playing

Sunday, July 23, 2017

Rich texted Larbie.

sbucks & dealing!

ten! came the instant answer.

When Larbie hustled in, a double
vanilla latte awaited.

“Softening me up?”

They got quickly into it. Tedious
at first, but a breakthrough when
Larbie finally agreed on additional cash
to be determined by the accountants.

They shook hands then.

So, Rich’s Mona-Ruth traded to him for his
Cameron and Melody.

Contingent on the women accepting,
of course.

This is 2017!

Labels: accountants, cash, deal, modern business, trade

Monday, July 24, 2017

Alfie? Alberta?

It was all about him!

Well, mostly. She managed
to achieve full equivalence
in selfishness.

Quite the struggle en route!

When the babies came...

they’ve upset schemes before.

The latest, a girl, poops
from spite.

Of course, that’s a theory.

Labels: babies, selfishness, warring couple

Tuesday, July 25, 2017

At home:

Her! Always.

He all but explodes
into a Hitler Salute daily.

But at work:

absorbs a score of
good mornings,
most fearful.

Goes it thus for years.

BOSS.

Enter, then, mincing:

Mistress.

And emotions ripped from
his fat chest.

Mme Hitler learns everything
and finds it hilarious. She does,
however, make sure of her future.

Divorce not necessary if he’s
locked in to this deal.

For now.

He signs.

Mistress acquires phantom illnesses.
Other two talk her down from sighs.

This is, however, not a nice story.

Gets worse no matter what
the parties essay.

Thank God nobody else cares!

Though they’re creative, actually.

(Last, wife works out condo deal
for amusing Mistress.)

The 3.

And get to liking that in each other.

Labels: arrangement, condo, divorce, Hitler, mistress, pact, triangle

Wednesday, July 26, 2017

He stayed at the inn and quietly
asked us a few questions. iPad.

Next time, camp at the lake
with wife and children!

We’ll tell him what he wants to know.

The kids playing into the afterglow,
like sticks of fire.

Labels: Family, inquiry, official, place, state

Thursday, July 27, 2017

wasn’t always Hitler.

-He loved the one German Shepherd dog.

-Blondie!

-Yes!

-Anyone who loves dogs and kills six
million Jews can’t be all bad!

-You’re Anti-Semitic!

-Subtly!

-The only subtle one to vote for Trump?

-Ja wohl!

Labels: anti-Semitic, anti-Semitic Right, dog, Hitler, Trump

Friday, July 28, 2017

-Purpose of Woman on this Earth
is to humiliate Man!

-Thank you so much for telling me.

-That’s it. Case closed.

-Here I’ve been frittering away at other
tasks and...

-Don’t worry about any of that. It’s in
your nature, also, to mouth a lot
of trivial shit. Endlessly!

-Can you give me a list? I’m going
for Sainthood.

-A bit late.

-The Rosary goes in a circle, so
I’m okay.

-ANYway! And important! The young
women in the office...call me Basset.

-After another hound?

-I’ve spoken to Dr Renzel regarding
a quick face lift.

-Go for it! Will stop the slobbering.

Labels: Basset Hound, Battle of Sexes, face lift, man, Woman

Saturday, July 29, 2017

The Man Who Scheduled Every Minute

forgot everything of a morning.

No worry, backed up on all his devices?

He forgot that too.

Finally his phone vibrated and chimed madly.

“You’re Randall!” it announced.

“I’m Randall!” screamed he.

And all flooded back.

The Man Who Couldn’t Stop Eating

played furous tennis each morning
with his Chief Doctor.

Who usually surrendered. “You have
the metabolism of a Pittsburgh
Blast Furnace!”

He banked those fires to sleep,
dreaming of food…then sex.

The Wedding and Reception

Zach had nary a snobbish bone.

Thus married he his housekeeper.

His mother repeated egalitarian
moments of his childhood at the
reception.

Her side wasn’t much interested.
They had cried copiously at

the wedding, and now devoured
food and drink.

Prior to dancing maniacally to
Newton and the New Tones.

Their Chief, who gave her away,
gathered himself enough to
try out the slogan.

Expect Perfection Honda Wife!

Their present proved a dedicated iPad
containing her revised manual.

Labels: eating, egalitarian, Honda, metabolism.wedding, perfection, reception, reminder, schedule, snobbery, time

Sunday, July 30, 2017

(rarely)

1

-When I can’t sleep, I spring up
and rearrange the furniture!

-And does such muscular assorting
prove healthful, salubrious?

-Infinitely!

-Impelling one to finally rest?

-Never! I just like moving things around.

-You’re exhausting!

-The sword outwears its sheath!

-Around my digs is a plethora of
fat sheathes.

-Tragic!

-Jeez!

2

-It’s all Beans and Nothingness.

-Existentially upset stomachs?

-Yeah! And there’s no
muckin fexit!

-Must stink!

-You don’t know the half of it.

-Which one?

Labels: action, Being and Nothingness, existentialism, inertia, nerves

Monday, July 31, 2017

-I don’t necessarily believe that
it’s still the same old story, a
a fight for love and glory!

-Not kitschy enough?

-Probably so. The new kitsch
is Irony.

-Deep?

-So much so that the requisite
escape is heroin.

-You leave me there. I’m forever
fine with literary posturing, but
not harrowing oneself to grimy
extinction.

Labels: heroin, irony, kitsch, literary, old fashioned, popular music

Tuesday, August 01, 2017

with little provocation,
FURY!

Last fit loses remaining
friends.

And Ab, his
Ev.

Doctors beg him to visit,
but Fox a jealous mistress.

Labels: Conservative, Fox, fringe, insanity, isolation, lunatic fringe, political anger, Radical Conservatism, right anger

Wednesday, August 02, 2017

Instead of having his own viewpoint,
Mark invented a perfect one.

He became noted for his fairness.

Women gravitated.

Away from him.

At any rate, it became a good little model
of whatever it was a model of.

Labels: fairness, modeling behavior, perception, self-improvement

Thursday, August 03, 2017

A place, explains Tresher Asgood, "purposely dull and relentlessly routine."

An interview with President Irena Dells is featured.

"Since it's all in fun anyway, why not a woman President?" he goes on.

Labels: CMM, President, Virtual Reality, White House, Woman President

Friday, August 04, 2017

And how
to smash up
the previous order?

Men, women, children,
dogs, cats, machines.

Creative Destruction. Let
cowards hold garden parties!
Some in totally ruined cities

to begin the old hypocrisy
yet again.

Labels: “Creative Destruction”, coward, Creative Deconstruction, garden parties, hypocrisy, revolution, revolutionary

Saturday, August 05, 2017

-While you dwelt with the one
woman in hole-filled matrimony,
I experienced five.

-That many?

-Three wives and two bizarre live-ins.

-A regular basketball team.

-And highly skilled in the vicious aspects
of the game!

Labels: basketball, divorce, marriage, relationship, sports metaphor

Sunday, August 06, 2017

-You're too lazy! Or have been.

-Granted, but this one I must figure out!

-Because she’s beautiful?

-Exactly!

-Therefore, must be more there? Inside?

-Exactly!

-Again? Why you're…just inventing her and can’t stop!

-That so? Well I’m loving every minute!

-Actually, an Ugly Duckling has all of humanity layered in!

-Uh huh? So solve her, and so what?

Labels: beauty, creating another, layers, personality, Ugly Duckling

Monday, August 07, 2017

desires you
cow-content!

How better to get
you to **"Speak!"**

like Rex,
the Wonder Pooch!

for their hired
amusement.

Labels: betters, class, class structure, condescension, dog, inequality, One Percent, tax crooks

Tuesday, August 08, 2017

In response, the women
assumed the names of
Victorian whores.

Foul-Mouthed Felicia
did the talking, and
Spread-Legs Shirl chaired.

Clergy counseled patience,
then biblical brutality as Shirl
lived up to her name.

The men disparaged the cloth,
opting for a quick settlement.

They capitulated on major points.

The women felt free, then, in
victory, to revert to comfortable roles.

All-enveloping sweet Motherhood.

Terribly fashionable Garden Partying
with dresses and heels, of course.

And pearls!

Don't forget them.

Jumbos now.

Labels: class, clergy, discussion, fashion, garden parties, men, Motherhood, Negotiation, sex war, women

Wednesday, August 09, 2017

Thinking too weirdly
brought the request

to cease. Easy enough
to just pretend to.

It eased, then
asked to help
with those

who stray. But
who am I
to shift others

to my shape? It
all worked out
though. That is

until everything
unrecognizable,

and everyone.
Can it go on
this new way?

What?
ask they.

Labels: authority, change, conforming, creativity, new, reorganization, reshaping, shape-shifting

Thursday, August 10, 2017

They decided to separate.

When separate,
taken for each other.

No one could get the names straight.

It was September already.

Would anything, or anyone,
be as equal again?

Labels: equality, loneliness, relationship, separation, time

Friday, August 11, 2017

Murphzy bursts into tears.

“A blind dog found his own seeing eye dog.
I saw it on YouTube!"

“Now now,” counseled Bartender Arthur.

“It’s a fuckin dog-eat-dog world anyways!”
This from Stone Blind Charlie.

“That’s enough fuckin dogs!”

--Proprietor Maxine flipping the lights.

Darkness. Save for one Bud Lite sign.

Dimly saying *lonely lonely lonely.*

Labels: bar, blind, Buid Lite, dog, hangout, sentimentality

Saturday, August 12, 2017

tired of his cleverness, and absently
stroked Sidney Carton, the least
mysterious cat in the lower valley.

Who darted away, then back to bite.

"You little bastard!"

Hardly witty.

Labels: cleverness, know-it-all, Sidney Carton, wit

Sunday, August 13, 2017

-President barking at the North Koreans
like a First Sergeant.

-Finding his stripes?

-When he does they'll be penal!

-Got the poor gooks in a shit fit!

-What else is new?

-Nazis rioting in Charlottesville.

-Fascism got tired of creeping
and into full gallop?

-Ja whol!

-Why not throw in a few *Seig Heils?*

-Not quite time.

-I'm losing patience! Unless the Republicans
can return to their old aplomb in going up
our ass for their billionaire buddies, I'm turning
off on freaking politics entirely!

-Where are the aplombs of yesteryear?

-Annie barred the door!

-I thought that was Katy.

-She'll do in a pinch.

-Bring in the chorus girls anyway! Who can stand the rest?

-Wonderful! But we gotta flush out the clowns first.

-Clown-Flushing the greatest skill known to man.

-How about to women?

-They just laugh.

-Bitterly?

-There’s another way?

-Kumbaya!

-No more of that drizzly shit for me ! Everybody laughed.

-Let them snort coke!

-Marie Antoinette said that.

-From the basket?

-Yeah, the original Talking Head!

Labels: American Fascism, Fascism, Kumbaya, Marie Antoinette, Nazi, President.Marie, Republican

Monday, August 14, 2017

failing as
a campaign,

Art and Nella
fled back

to Race.

Labels: campaigns, Causes, Nazi, Race

Tuesday, August 15, 2017

Itza Vile Bitch

All the Righties
hafta scratch
the Nazi Itch.

Little Huns!

Except their Fancies.
There, the Royalist one.

Where to kowtow?
And NOW!

Labels: Nazi, Republican, righty, Royalist

Wednesday, August 16, 2017

-And you're treating? I'm overwhelmed!

-As you know, Statue of Limitations has run out.

-We had been waiting for your last minute "Criminal" Barrage.

-Agents pissed, but we’re not going in ever again without totally solid cases.

-What you see as criminal I see as opportunity.

-That's a Universal!

-Uh huh? Time to change the law again. Make it reflect real life!

-Buying legislators?

-No way! No such thing as bribery anymore. *Citizens United Ruling...*

-has been such a useful whore to you.

-Long may she reign!

-I wonder if I’ll ever put you inside.

-If you do, then after a bit I’ll purchase tremendous pressure to show I’ve been convicted under truly anachronistic laws.

-Great Laws!

-Life changes for the good!

-How can you get that last word in your mouth?

-How can we get any words in our mouths?

Labels: bribery, Citizens United, conviction, criminal, criminal case, FBI, Investigator, Legislature

Thursday, August 17, 2017

maintains Stelly’s younger sister.

“Hey!” Clifford laughs, “you just find your moral and economic niche.”

“How about Love?”

“Might arrive. Fifty-fifty.”

“I won’t live in a Fifty-fifty world!”

“It’ll care and won’t care.”

Labels: fifty-fifty, love, mystery, odds, romantic, romantic love, youth

Friday, August 18, 2017

Pack grew tired of hearing
You should see your face!

So, wealthy, he hired a
photographer to shadow
him day and dark.

At bedtime, he ran
the pics on his iPad.

One night he died farting.

Labels: death, ignominious death, indulgence, indulgence and weslth, photography, wealth

Saturday, August 19, 2017

Hell couldn't find the discount card
from the drug company.

Drs Itzer and Mackey thought
they could get the number
from somewhere, but Dr Berliner
went all tight-ass about it.

Addressing her: "So typical zis person!"

Heloise informed him that she wasn't
ready yet to examine herself in the
third-person.

Three weeks after the operation,
there it was! Under frozen mixed
vegetables in the frig.

Phoned the office and--thousand
to one--reached Berliner directly.

Who proved warm! Ending with
"Just note, go some soft mit der
Basso-Profundo. Don't want
you scare folk!"

“If you tone down the comic German!”
Helmut laughed.

Labels: German, lost article, low voice, operation, sex change

Sunday, August 20, 2017

Roman filled Samantha's
desire as to his professions
of love.

Ubiquitous. Continuous.

In times of her severest need,
flooding!

Thus stood he as model to
indifferent men who really
would rather watch the Giants.

And the presents! Usual milestones
but also surprises aplenty!

She never knew when some jazzy
trinket would be delivered!

Her stock of such could start
a small...well. Gift Shop.

Or as our New England friends
might devise:

Ye Smalle Gifte Shoppe.

Anyway, her ultimate reaction?

Cast him off as too smothering.

"I couldn't breathe! I need a space FOR...!

Book-gifted him, though, in the trauma.

"Become the Bad Boy!"
by Carlotta Anthony.

“*seven seemingly infantile steps to...*”

Labels: bad boy, breakup, emotional need, football, Giants, lovers'' gifts, professions of love, relationship

Monday, August 21, 2017

to the man who thought too much.

By Two

They wrote a program to back
him up two notches.

Thus the conclusion he reached
was valid, and not fussy or wrong
or overcooked.

But, when he insisted the extraneous
thoughts be maintained in a
reservoir, for fun they sent in others'
ideas at random.

A real scatterfk!

A few months ago, he accessed
those results.

And has never left.

Labels: fussy thinking, future, overcooking, thinking, thinking too much, thought

Tuesday, August 22, 2017

-Light’s so erratic and scattery today. I don’t like it! Bad rays!

-I know: Like a good boy, I no look at Destructo Sun! You shit and go blind!

-Don’t look at anything or anybody!

-I jump in a closet with my phone. Play GRUNGE for three hours.

-Perfect! Deafen the weird gods?

-Just so’s I can’t hear them!

Labels: eclipse, Grunge, Sun, superstition

Wednesday, August 23, 2017

1 Larry had the vicious Anti-PC Cohort
promise not to follow him to the new pub.

They agreed, with parting comments as to
his cunt-loving, and secret faggotry, etc.

Pussy-whippedness his absolute worst!
declared they.

All playing of course!

2 Being warm and funny, immediately
welcome in this new place.

Politics and other filth forbidden here.
Oh there are jokes, but they don’t
spear anyone.

1 The old pub lives on, still filled with
hilarious imitations of foreign accents.

The latest Jew jokes requiring thus.

Later, cripple jokes fade in.

When the two eventually, organically,
combine as Crippled Jew Jokes,
well what could be more uproarious?

Black Sambo enters Harvard?

You may wish some terminal disease
strike the ringleaders?

Let that go! God’s province--if you still
persist in believing.

You can take some solace in that they’ve
brutally started in on each other?

To the death!

You’d be mistaken.

Merely achieving a necessary purification
rite on the

PATH TO RIGHT-WING ECSTASY.

Labels: anti-Semitic Right, PC, politics, racist, religion, Right Wing, sexist

Thursday, August 24, 2017

Before and After

-To truly experience Fascism, you must
go to one of Trump's Rallies.
...

-Blood and soil!

-The blood will be in your nose, and
the soil in your pants.

-Ja wohl! Makes it real!

/////

The Right Plays

-Will Trump ever get together
with us Fellow Republicans?

-Must! For Fascism!

-American Fascism could
obliterate the World!

-Why stop dere? O mein NASA Fuhrer!

Labels: American Fascism, Blood and Soil, Fascism, NASA, Republican, Republican Fascism

Friday, August 25, 2017

-Your wife forgot something,
so drove back downtown.
She says you can reach her
on her cell.

-Never turns it on.

-Oh?

-Just likes patting it in
her jeans. Reassuring.

-I...notice little disturbances,
uh, interruptions of light.
Rustles.

-Sidney Carton.

-Cat?

-Most surreptitious.

-And literary! Well it all sounds nice.
You, wife, cat in little Ractal.

-The town that even Ignominy forgot.

-And you call Ragtag, of course.

-Are you a prophet?

-Can be a part of the job.

-Well...which of the three are you taking along?

-We'll get to that.

-If I may make a suggestion? You should
have a substitute to plug right in.

-A good one, but, alas, I travel alone.

-But not on the return leg? At any rate, the balance can be restored here pretty quickly.

-Is that the most important thing? Balance?

-What else?

-I'll have Sidney come out so I can get a look.

-You must praise him! Otherwise he's impossible!

-Your wife is patting her phone. She's at the bottom of Skinner Ravine. Nasty! But she won't suffer. Sheriff Gathers will tell you that.

-Sad. I only have good things to say about Death Valley.

-Her nickname, naturally. Will you mention that in the funeral notice?

-Must. Many don't know her real name.

-The desert's an odd place.

-We embrace that.

-I can see that.

-And it, us.

-Sidney Carton! What a total and absolute sweetheart!

-Well done.

Labels: behavior, death, desert, eccentricity, place

Saturday, August 26, 2017

Heaven Can Wimp

-I tried our 800 number and
reached an Indian.

-Sing-songy voice?

-I got used to it.

-We’re not all wireless yet,
budget restraints, and those
wogs are rotting the lines
with their curry breath!

-Whoa! Pretty racist.

-All in fun.

-Anyway, he helped me.

-Not him, the Marketplace!
We can afford him and
therefore give better service
than with your Christian crybabies.

-Really?

-Time and a half for overtime!
Give me a break!

-So Heaven’s a marketplace
economy?

-The only sacrosanct thing here.

-How about Love and all that
dreamy stuff.

-Not expressly forbidden, but we
worship The Market.

-God devised it?

-But of course. Don’t tell me that
you’re one of those Lefty Nitwits!

-No, I’m a good little angel.

-Say it loud and often. Otherwise
I only hear that you’re requesting
a transfer!

-No way! Adore that Marketplace!
Absolutely! No reservations!

-That’s better! Hey! Free donuts
tomorrow. Pass it on.

-SUPER YUM!

////

Hell Is For Heroines

-I'm just back and they want
me to go out again.

-Why so?

-Harassment. My specialty.

-Sexual.

-Of course. I go after Macho-Boss-Assholes,
and fry their little balls, believe me!

-You're tough!

-That I am!

-But good. As am I. Sometimes I wonder
why...?

-We're not in Heaven?

-I do wonder!

-Don't! It's simple. There are no women in Heaven.

-I don't believe that.

-Absolutely true!

-Oh come on! Heaven is all dullard males?

-Worse than Hell if you ask me!

-Then how about all the St Teresas from here and there?

-Okay. Okay. A few women.

-You're a serial exaggerator!

-Yeah. Guilty. It's...just that we have more Hell in us!

-And thank God for it!

Labels: God, heaven, Hell, Indian Call Center, market, marketplace, men, Sexual Harassment, women

Sunday, August 27, 2017

-So, the mystery as to the whereabouts of Lutz?

-Didn't call and Personnel can't reach him, home or cell.

-Maybe he went somewhere. What did he say Friday?

-Not much.

-Why is he so shy? He ain't that good!

-Uh huh? Now don't say it in Yiddish.

-Funnier there.

-Moving right along...?

-Last thing he said at the meeting with Grover and Gloria...

-That hadda be productive!

-WAS! “In the interim...”

-Ah hah!

-Really?

-He's trapped in the Interim.

-This happens?

-Of course, but events sweep you out of it. Or you really adhere to a schedule, and every ten-minute block is

filled.

-You don't get an interim in
that anal-retentive case.

-Never!

-Tragedy! “*But, what we do further?*”
the Captain asked Jellybean.

-“*More clues about him might provide the key
to get him out, Captain Sparky!*” That book
changed my alleged life!

-His dog is Ginger.

-Good! Wife?

-Ginger also.

-How does he call one in when
both digging for bones?

-You've seen her?

-What else do you know?

-You mean about him or everything?

-Answer's the same: Nothing!
He could be locked in the Interim
forever.

-Oh! he was engaged once to Marcy
from Shipping.

-She could supply some intelligence.

-Not her.

-Well, we're lost!

-In an interim?

-Maybe always in one or another.

-Well, I don't like it!

-Who cares?

-Same people who care about Lutzy.

-Nobody then.

Labels: interim, isolation, missing, social, work

Monday, August 28, 2017

-I just can’t stand it anymore! I’m going to a place where nobody gives a shit about anything, and you can just wander aimlessly. If you die in the street, they’ll step over your alleged body!

-Phoenix! But don’t wander too far or you dissolve in the heat! Blast Furnace! That dry heat turns everything to grease.

-Dissolve? Best yet!

-And there are blessed distractions. Trump holds Nazi rallies.

-FUCK THE JEWS!

-You’re swinging with it already!

-I’d become an SS Man, but they need love too.

Labels: anti-Semitic Right, heat, Jews, Nazi, Phoenix, SS, Trump

Tuesday, August 29, 2017

-So many dreams and it
all turned into Lust!

-This is altogether bad?

-We had conversed, he and I,
of Literature.

-Ah! Language! A finer thing!

-And Physics!

-Big Stuff! Freakin MEGA!

-I don't know where it'll
end up now.

-Don't rule anything out.

Labels: couple, Literature, lust, physics, sex

Wednesday, August 30, 2017

Sorta

Glenn and Dotsy outraged us.

Their shtick.

But some was genuine.
"We want to shake you
to the shallow depths
of your bourgeois souls!"

Then they married and muted
their trumpet.

Now they warn of Neeee-groes
and Spicky-Spick-Illegals oh my!

Follow Trump, and warn us that
we must face down the traitors and
Pansy Liberals and mollycoddle
Republicans populating the
Swamp!

Oh mys!

Labels: bourgeois, liberal, outrage, rebels, Republican, shtick, swamp, traitor

Thursday, August 31, 2017

He had told his mother that if he
were suspended over a vat of
boiling oil, he could still remember
his list of ten numbers to save
his life!

One day he forgot one.

Then, mobilized! God knows the
very air full of wry jokes as to
Alzheimer Moments. So, took
action.

With two new schemes to never
again forget.

His ex told him to relax, everybody
forgets, and it doesn’t always have
to do with advancing age.

Uh huh? Well, won’t happen again!

His company located around
a central quad, social space.

They were told that the following
week a voluntary survey would
be taken.

When asked, he participated.

The two young people were
charming and funny.

Especially the girl, so lovely.
And quick!

So, all in buoyance, really.
Nice!

Our hero afloat on the sea of
her fresh loveliness.

What’s wrong with that?

“Name?” concluded they.

Didn’t miss a beat! Well…
tiny one.

Rod Kreutzer!

Then he told them he had been
kidding. *Jerry Algret.*

“You’re a CARD, like my father!”

“All cards,” whispers the young man.

Labels: age, Alzheimer Moments. forgetting, pretty girl

Friday, September 01, 2017

First at bat, Hercule,
a weirdly-accented
Belgium who knew
literally everything!

Ask him, he'll tell you.

Our Irishman, Large-Mouth
Cass, labeled him “Poirot
without the Brains.” --This in
his middle range: he speaks about
four octaves usually.

Mostly the keening upper one.

The argumentative trio rounded
off by Belle-Claire, an American
Midwesterner warmly calm, until
a final rapier thrust to win her
the day.

Last Thursday's donnybrook
left them exhausted! No winner.

The topic?

What's the difference?

Since it always devolves to
Personality.

Then Cass whispered *"All in all,
I'm glad I went to school.
Glory to the Brothers of Saint
Ambrose, and to Trinity College!"*

The other two nodded. And they
never, ever, did that!

Labels: argument, Belgium, education, Irish, Mid-Western, personality, Poirot, Trinity

Saturday, September 02, 2017

East of the Sun
and West of the Moon...
I gotta sister who's...

unfailingly sweet.
She left with another
of her species.

Emails me now as to how
lousy people are.

Her mature views
don't interest me.

Labels: baboon, Family, sister, song parody

Sunday, September 03, 2017

-When you get famous, everybody
and everything serves to soothe
your ego!

-Be a welcome change! Since I'm
down in the dirt and dust alongside
the dogshit presently.

-Just wait. Patience.

-Uh huh? And even in my oh so
reduced and laughable state,
gunners are stalking me!

-Oh come on!

-My murder would be their Wheaties!

-"This is a required announcement:
Paranoia Warning...Paranoia Warning!"

-Oh yeah? Just one soft moment and
the dogs are shitting on ME!

-Forget all that! Someday, I'll say I knew
you when!

-When's a killer. All the whens. Killers!

-Just time.

-You can't freakin relax!

-Will you never ever be happy?

-Speak English!

Labels: career, ego, fame, insecurity, paranoia, Show Business

Monday, September 04, 2017

Brelle and Lindsey befriended him at
his new job.

But the two women went missing the
following week.

He had enjoyed their chats at lunch and
on breaks.

They were found murdered in the fresh
apartment they had decided to share.

He dealt with mostly automated
systems at work, and now discovered
he had spoken to practically no one
in the past few days.

At breaks, he read his tablet as to
the murder. Felt uncomfortable
talking to anyone about it.

Hate Crime. Was the hateful slayer
nearby?

It all hurt him so.

In one particularly grinding
stretch of a couple of days,
he spoke to nobody at all.

Went home to TV and bed.

For those two full days, no phone
calls either.

His mother hadn’t buzzed since
arriving in Spain.

The detectives, asking questions
in a nearly empty office supplied by

Human Resources, thought all this odd.

His mother reached his cell during their visit.

Insisted on speaking Spanish.

He had to tell her that he'd get back to her
manana.

He did agree with the detectives as to
his isolation being strange.

That evening phoned his old buddies from
the former job and they decided to go to a
hockey game.

Detectives Max Herkle and Dora Moriarty
had meanwhile ruled him out as a suspect.

Dora: "That man has no motives, good or bad,
for anything!"

Labels: ., friends, friends at work, hate, hate crime, isolating work, lesbian, passive, personality, sensitive, suspect, work

Tuesday, September 05, 2017

Fixing Up

-His girlfriend dumped him so
ceremoniously–-everything but
a brass band!--hardly a corner
in this fair city where they’re
not on Humiliation Watch.

-There to laugh at him uproariously?

-The poorer sectors, yes.

-For richer?

-Thrusts, sophisticated and exquisitely
cruel.

-So, bottom line, everywhere he goes he’s
shamed? Piling on to his wretchedness?

-Whammo! Or weewee.

-People are disgusting!

-Since he won’t but speak two words
or so in his depression, I’m trying
to fix him up with Jolly Judy.

-She’ll lift him!…or talk him to death.

-She’s the only choice. A normal girl
not into therapy, but fun!

-How come you always need to have
fun with other folks, and they’re usually
the worst?

-What’s that movie? *Death takes a Holiday?*
Well, people let go of their sour funks from
time to time.

-Catch ‘em on the upswing?

-The only way!

-Is the ordinary condition misery?

-Screw you!

The Definition

-They call me dumb. Everybody calls me dumb.

-Okay, now let’s just examine what that means?

-You’re right about that. They’re awfully mean!

-No, you misunderstood.

-See!

Labels: breakup, cruelty, dumb, fix up, friendship, humiliation, mood, piling on, society

Wednesday, September 06, 2017

-I wouldn’t screw her with your dick!

-What a lovely figure of speech?
Then again, you’re a lovely
figure of speech!

-Fuck the Fairy Talk!

-Heil Hitler!

-For sure! Hey! Some ball-less minister
says you’re spose to love me!

-That God is dead!

-Don’t you think Heaven is Open Carry? Really?

-If it is I’ll keep going!

Hurricane Irma halts things after this, a bit.

Labels: God is dead, guns, Hitler, Left, open carry, Right

Friday, September 15, 2017

-Did you enjoy construction worker picnic?

-Thoroughly! Fried chicken and fiery speeches

-Heard you complained no fois gras!

-That’s effete stereotype! When I got the mike
I gave them one joke playing to it, but told
them, firmly, we must make common cause
against Fascist Republicans.

-Went over?

-Many smashes on back after!

-You like being with the boys, no? And…is it…
all girls at work?

-You could say that.

-Anyway, Junk Yard Dogs, the Republicans!

-The milder ones.

-They really fight for the cause!

-Yeah, comforting the comfortable, and
afflicting the afflicted.

Back from Hurricane Irma

Labels: Democrat, Fascist Republicans, Labor, Republican

Saturday, September 16, 2017

The name of Melody’s lover seems
more important than the person.

Delilah puts forth a list of three.

Hortense asserts that all smell, but
Del quickly attributes that to Irish
Spring Deodorant!

Hortense’s old dance partner,
and present husband

(team of Northy and Hortsy)

snorts “Melody, huh? Be like
dipping your wick in ice cubes!”

(Pretty Patter and Dizzy Dancing!)

Did a stumbling Buck and Wing,
then, for irony.

(New York and Paris!)

Left him scarlet!

(PARIS, TEXAS THAT IS!!!!!)

Labels: friends, lover, New York, Paris, secret lpver, Show Business

Sunday, September 17, 2017

Peter Panda in Charge. Though few pay attention.
He doesn't either, falling asleep.

Topic: Proper Maintenance By Families

Garfield Cat pipes up “I can take care of myself!
Longggg brushing can help. But a spin in the washing machine
scrambles my brains!”

Boo Boo Bear shrugs “Everything is worth it for the hugs
of boys and girls!”

“Why not put girls first?” quacks Deborah Duck.

So the Bear repeats, with girls first. Then, “Are all
ducks feminists?”

“They’d better be!”

Peter Panda wakes! And all the stuffed
animals laugh as he rolls twice, and
then asks “Anybody got any bamboo?”

Labels: bear, children, duck, panda, stuffed animals

Monday, September 18, 2017

--or the odds matter

Misty a bright acquisition!

Judge was optimistic about her
sticking.

He gave it 70-30.

But after the first week, and her
pouting after he couldn't obtain
tickets for Slammo & Chutzy...?

50-50.

After all, wasn't real anger, but
severely funked disappointment.

Even odds held another week.

Then she announced she was moving
to Freeport, and, thank you, needed
no help in doing it.

“Let's stay in touch!” brightened he
anyway.

“I'll be awful awful busy!”

So, not a chance. Plus, she put on her
determined face. Which, pretty as she
was, could still horrify children and
small dogs.

Well...plenty other games in town!

He was a realist in realizing the breakup
was partially his fault.

15-85.

But, really, what a Foursquare Bitch!

He had actually lucked out!

His new date, Larsy, asked him repeatedly,
"What did you say?"

She out-vagued the field.

Odds would take some thought in her case.

For their next good time, she showed up at Early
and Marcom, instead of Four Corners!

How long before she'd forget his very existence?

Anyway, he finally decided on 100-1 they'd
ever arrive anywhere.

About right. She finally left with a high junkie
as woefully scattered.

Our hero, yes, cried.

Isn't it the accumulation of things that leads
us there?

10-1 we'll all do it at some murky stage.
Or acute.

Will of the Almighty? I heard God and the
Angels washed their hands of relationships
worldwide.

Satan, though, keeps his oar in.

Propelling his *Rowboat of Fools!*

Labels: date, dating, fools, friendship, God, odds, rejection, relationship, Satan

Tuesday, September 19, 2017

-That Ratchel-Ann Romphe
will drive me up the highest
possible wall!

-There to say a few...

-Very few!

-And...?

-Plunge to my death sans women!

-Especially controlling ones!

-Curse! My White Whale!...and very
nearly as big.

-Ah hah! But she does you good too.

-Name one instance!

-She makes shy people grow some balls!

-That’s not an instance!

-Okay. When the dining room only had
orange juice?

-Which wrecks my stomach! Oy it does!

-She needled you until you got them
to stock Apple.

-Oh I would have fought that through
myself.

-Probably. And in slow motion. And...
many stop-frames.

-What’s always the hurry? How nervous

do you wanna get all the time?

-Anyway, lots of apples would remain uncrushed!

-All right all right! Point taken.

-God sent her.

-Not enough is said about His triply wicked sense of humor.

Labels: ;, Battle of Sexes, controlling, friends, identity, rationalization, shyness, timidity

Wednesday, September 20, 2017

Word just received of the death of
Adam Sheeshman.

Frontman for group, Bomba Gibi.

His mangager, Lute Fen, to release
details soon.

(Please be patient with our researcher.
All male babies named Adam Sheeshman
during the presidency of Adam Sheeshman.

A numbering scheme was lost during
the Afro-Korean Wars.

The hope is that Mithatpasha Caddessi,
his media company, will clarify matters
with an extended biography later today.)

President Adam Sheeshman said
this at 7 AM:

“Musical Genius! I grew up on
Slutmax! Know every word.”

Labels: dictatorship, ego, Musical Genius, Rock, war

Thursday, September 21, 2017

Democrats promised it.
But the Republicans--
as they couldn’t stop

pointing out, furiously--
finally delivered!

Anyway, there it joyously
was, and blocking the stars,
horizon to horizon.

Some said apple,
some blueberry, but
depended on where

you stood.
And the winds.

The children went to bed dreaming

of eating it, Adults did too.
Next night shown sliced,

nice animation
Who gets what.

Most of the hovering
world wept. But

religious people eternal-
ly grateful! For crumbs...

Secret of Life:
Less you want

more you’re loved

Labels: delusion, Democrat, Economics, pie in sky, religion, Republican

Friday, September 22, 2017

Philora

Highly nervous Phil married Ora, triply so.
Thereafter we used Philora as a shorthand
indicating any Apeshit Fit over a trifle.

They never disappointed.

Ora, unfortunately, unchattered by
some express train of a Big C.

Departed, she, six months.

Phil grew morose.

But enter Betty!

Corn On the Cob and Apple Pie wholesome!

Calming all around her. Cow-eyed Goddess!

He returns to panic mode nonetheless.

She is rereading her pile of Alfred Hitchcock
magazines.

Labels: Apple Pie, Cancer, cow, death, nerves, shared nerves, wholesome

Saturday, September 23, 2017

...and no one noticed

I am he.

Oh, perhaps there’s a brain stem
or something left.

Enabling me to operate on a
primitive level.

To fake it.

I wonder if I had relied on this
for the many years before losing
my mind.

I still work the same job, my
colleagues just as boisterous,
or cutting, as usual.

Live in the same messy studio.

With the exception of one desk,
the surface of which I keep
uncluttered.

A special art has developed
where I space objects on it
weekly.

Enabling me to breathe
much more freely.

Go figure!

About a year into my 90%
brainlessness, I sought the
advice of the wisest man I
know. My old professor of
Interpersonal Problems.

He listened. And then laughed.

“Welcome! My mind left over
five years ago.”

So! A reunion of sorts of the
brain deficient.

All we could do for the whole
conversation was chuckle and
guffaw as to how we’ve fooled
everyone.

But then I turned serious!

I had so many questions!

Chief of which: Do women lose
their minds proportionally?

He couldn’t stop laughing then.

Five minutes elapse, my thinking
he’d need medical treatment.

Finally he breathlessly blurted out “Not...
in the least. They...never do. You see,
they had none to begin with!”

Stop here! Feminists, please.

And plot no revenge of any type!
Especially intricate, quite above
my head!

It was a joke!

Actually I love women more and
more tremendously since I’ve
lost my mind.

I gravitate to their conversations in
the office.

I seek places where they congregate
and I bathe, bathe in their loveliness,
and non-threatening wit.

One of these for lunch. An old paneled
establishment where the chef rules.

He makes me a thumping cheeseburger
that defies gourmets. It shouldn’t succeed,
but does deliciously!

(I should say here that when I possessed
a mind I was a vegetarian.)

I hardly come up for air when I devour it!
Then burp and discretely fart with some
abandon, my chin greasy which I
darent napkin-dab for a while in my
gustatorial ecstasy. Ahhhhh! Shine on,
wondrous chin!

Then I turn my attention to the women
dining there. The lovely, bubbling
conversation. The buoyant laughter.

I could swim therein forever. It is
flawless!

Until…she without flaw!

Enters!

Drop-dead gorgeous! an understatement.

Sitted at a corner table, and draws all eyes
towards her as head waiter leaves maroonly.

The other women make excuses to each
other, and fairly quickly depart.

Just me and her.

And do I walk by her and stumble and

shyly apologize, and this awkwardness
the beginning of great romance?

Not a bit of it. Grow up, o Hollywood
Infected.

I flee too! But linger outside to watch
her through the window, street life
shoving at my back.

Alone, she is breathtakingly beautiful
in a shaft of rancid light.

I can take no more of her looks.
And loneliness. So walk away fast!

I’ve been promoted at work, thus
lacking most brain power helps.

Have a new, spacious apartment and a
cleaning lady, an ageless babushka.

Also, about to marry.

I’ve been honest with Tess.

She quips “Who needs a freakin
brain anyway? Or even much money?
Kind hearts are hardly witty, but
they’re purest gold!”

Labels: faking, feminism, humor, kindness, lose mind, marriage, wit

Sunday, September 24, 2017

Mix and Mitzi grew tired of Electric People--slang for anyone with some robotic circuits. But they began anew with Rhella and Randy, since he was a Panther!

Unfortunately, although Randy had graduated in the following Crestview class, he quipped,“Panthers? THAT'S what we’re called?”

“We won State Basketball during your Sophomore year!”

“Bully for us!”

“You MUST remember The Watusi Pair!”

Black twins leading the scoring. He didn’t, but liked diversity generally.

“***Brain Damage--pretty old fashioned. Shame! Ole Rand once THE Panther Sports TROVE!”-Chief Programmer later confides.***

Gives him number of the Japanese man in Kobe who received Randy’s Panther circuits when things went South.

The translation program can barely keep up with his enthusiasm!

“Nineteen and Forty-nine, team best nation-country: two-hand set shot!”

“Don’t even see those anymore!”

“Then, lots. And all Jewboy team!”

Labels: black, high school, Jew, robotic circuits, Sports, sports statistics

Monday, September 25, 2017

The other partygoers pitched
in and put all his components
in a rolling bin.

Doc and Physiologist Bernie
supervised us.

Hippy was the most diligent,
singing

*"There goes my eyeball, right into
my highball,"* and such nonsense.

Lou was about half artificial to
half human.

“It might have to be Louise if we
don't find...”

“*Be worthy of your balls, y’all!”*
Hippy again.

Doc laughed as his bloody hands
plucked out what he sought.

Next day, Doc and Bernie gave a talk.

MEASURES FOR HOLDING TOGETHER

The rest of us wanted to avoid Lou’s
embarrassment, of course.

Labels: artificial body parts, body, fall apart, future, future norms, human, human parts

Tuesday, September 26, 2017

The Woman Who Knows Nearly Nothing

is tutored by lovers and friends
to their warm views of themselves.

As result of such expansion,
she knows even less etc.

And when help maxes out:
how very nearly catatonic she!

Her last teacher, Tyrone Everyslee Dolanest,
Irish Performance Artist, hits a cat with his Audi.

The death of a cat
must be accounted for,
and no one is willing.

All eventually insane,
but the woman

who knew nothing
to begin with gets
a pass, yet a gain.

Labels: cat, knowledge, performance, Performance Art, teaching, Woman

Wednesday, September 27, 2017

-That was some athletic move!

-No surprise: I’m an athlete.

-Climb out that window and jump
twenty feet! Wow!

-Closer to ten.

-Should I know you?

-Played eight years for Kansas City Royals.

-Oh God! That’s the center of Republican Fascist Bully Boy Territory!

-So what? It’s not here.

-But our own branch will be back here tonight.Your escape was a slap in the face!

-Tough Luck!

-Yeah. For us. They beat up the children first!

-You’re kidding?

-Would you volunteer to be beaten up?
We can make a deal and spare the kids.

-I might.

-Don’t worry. It probably won’t be Smasho-Basho in your case. More like something cruel.

-Such as?

-One fingernail pulled out--as an example.
Republican Fascist Bully Boys are best at that.
Black finger for a while, but that’s it.

-You know, my father was a Republican.
A great and honorable man!

-Too bad he never piped up!

Labels: Fascsit, intimidation, political intimidation, Republican, Republican Fascist, Republican Bully.Fascist Bully, violence

Thursday, September 28, 2017

in Impeccable Order

has it all go bust
one Summer day.

It’s still and hot
and he grieves
in icy sweat.

Concludes, rightly, that
he’s a born Snicklefritz.

But, what can be done?

Letting go of the microscopic
as an initial try.

He does this, and his breathing
improves. Been holding his
breath in fits and starts

for many years.
Great progress, really!

Then…Gretchen…

a disaster to both organized
and scattered, she shreds

BIG PICTURES!

As a result, he Snicklefritzes
everything! She, endlessly
amused. He

has done the world a favor tak-
ing her! (Three men contemplated
suicide. A fourth stopped play-
ing with himself.)

A monument to him might
someday be erected...
or erased.

At uncertain time.

Irredeemable place.

Labels: chaos, female, female power, order, organization, screw-up, sex

Friday, September 29, 2017

Knot's Wife

joined the porno site,
Any Twosie for Tuesday.

As “Auntie Knotty.”

But...not much variation on a pair
doing it, you'd think.

But you'd be wrong!

And Gay Stuff nearly three
quarters of the whole.

She cracked that it was
the hetero's way of being
gaysie-waysie!

God predicted to end the filth
by some conservatives!

But southern towns, even in the
Modern South, stlll lethargic.

Even the porno, and its opposing
Christian Soldiers, being more
sideways than firm.

Until, He did step in after a brisk
warning, just like the biblical story,
spelling the end of her!

Ladies Association wanted her
moved from Delnuns Park, where
so many children play, to Harner Quad
in the midst of squat office buildings,
but Hurricane Irma's drenching
left two little rills of salt, and Parks
and Recreation sent a crew to scrape

them away.

Black, so a lot of joking.

Labels: black, gay, Lot's Wife, pornography, salt

Saturday, September 30, 2017

The white lie delayed things a bit, but the new Accountant waited still, finger poised above iPad.

“Had to remember my cell number twice today, and that pushed out my home number, somehow. Uhhhh?”

Beat or two, thuds, and then Del recalled it.

Accountant acted as if it were quite natural, but Del felt crushed.

Couldn’t even make a joke about Alzheimer Moments etc.

What he imagined–-his personality–-was the worst possible scenario. Like “Bury,” the Undertaker, who roamed the seaside town looking for fresh corpses not called in.

His daughter had caught up with him at Murcheson Hardware, where old Clint informed him that he’s not dead yet. “Try in a couple of weeks, though.”

Sheila drove him directly to Dr Destiny (name for real) at Bide a Bit.

He presently has a corner room full of funerary knickknacks.

Quite tired each evening, since he believes he works there.

Del leaves early that day and walks to the cove. Sails are blinding.

His two sons arrive in daydream, bright yet fuzzy.

“Wasting time?” asks Bink.

“What’s the difference? Long’s he
still knows he’s Dad!” adds Rentz.

They laugh. The bright sails laugh.
The whole salt day seems to.

Labels: Alzheimer, dementia, Family, forgetting, memory

Sunday, October 01, 2017

Lills bit short in one category: Beauty.

But the figurative, and sometimes literal,
line forms, of young fellows just fine with
that.

Unfortunately, she awaits Her Prince.

And that, literal.

He’d come, just have to be patient.

She’s that.

And one day!

Well he IS a Prince, listed in a joke book
called The Peerage.

From some Eastern European dump
periodically fractured by war involving
great powers who scoff at the quaint natives.

As they always do.

At any rate, Lills sees young and blond when
he’s really faded and crushed. Resembling
a middle aged crossing guard at a tough school.

And bent, shuffling to his wedding station
with a Best Man whose last name consisted
only of consonants.

Fairly negative picture, but...

Well...a dick like that of a horse!

(My children insisted I write this last.)

Labels: beauty, expectations in love, middle age, Prince, reality, Royalty

Monday, October 02, 2017

A few girlfriends straggle in and
sit on the squat bleachers.

No wives yet.

They steer away from the old
sobbing woman.

“I’m dying of Cancer, and nobody
gives a shit!”

First Baseman, Hutsy, gives her
his chocolate milk.

“I need a straw!”

“Nobody needs a straw. Chug it
right down!”

“I’ll try.”

“You need a laugh? Watch me bat.”

Labels: Cancer, caring, empathy, neighborhood, softball

Tuesday, October 03, 2017

Her dump of Harold was now fully in effect.
They were to speak, of course, but only
in softly polite generalities.

Brenda saw him at the Little League Parade,
and both merged moderately sunny hellos.

Then an old woman fell into the path of
the Crestview Drum and Bugle Corps.

Bugsy, bass drummer and joker, gave the
incident his loudest thump!

Then, more staccato ones as his colleagues
disarrayed.

Harold plucked her back through all this
stumbling and random toots.

To the bleachers, where he cleaned her
face with tissues. Finally, stroked her hair.

Voice light as his touch.

“Goddammit all to hell!” sobbed Brenda,
“Why are you so good? You’re always
so fuckin…!”

Labels: accident, breakup, caring, Charity, Little League, love, Music, nice, old, parade

Wednesday, October 04, 2017

L-R

-Each side waits for the other to slip, and then pounces full force!

-Is it a long wait?

-Never.

-What’s the difference then?

-The Left sins with excessive, and often silly, regulation, but their hearts in a safe place for us all, usually. If halfass. But...really makes for pointed satire.

-And the R...?

--Total pricks!

-I heard they were hundred percent for the Wealthy!

-How can you say that?

-Maybe, their actions?

Labels: Left, political debate, Regulation, Right, wealthy

Thursday, October 05, 2017

guess coordinates

-When did you know this town?

-The day I started answering casual
bullshit with casual bullshit.

-Isn’t that just giving up?

-Yes. It is.

Labels: bs, Company Town, District of Columbia, politics, Washington

Friday, October 06, 2017

Left his car at work one day, walked home.

Reported it stolen.

Last straw for wife, Darlie.

She placed him in a school for remembering.

Most of these rackets run by big political
contributors, but his one did some good.

He trained as a domestic.

Ended up serving his wife’s boyfriends.

And girlfriends, for special occasions.

Such as the Women’s Rugby Final televised
from Kuala Lumpur.

He had to remember seventeen kinds of
fancy cocktails and make same.

(Though “Horny Serbian” still a favorite.)

Except for Monica. She just said “Bourbon,
and leave the fuckin bottle.”

And, later, “Make me a sandwich for
a man! Not itsy bitsy canapes!
What do I look like?”

She later put on the kibosh when the
ladies broke out a tape measure
in a slack moment in a game containing
many.

“No more stupid Lady Rituals! His pecker
humongous, all right? Let it go at that.”

At any rate, she proved his only friend.

Eventually adopted him.

A nice story mid depravity.

Some luck out.

Always hope.

Labels: depravity, forgetting, serving, Women wit and humor

Saturday, October 07, 2017

Hoaks left the ad business after
thirty years to take on the PR
of a small for-profit college.

His task unlimited, he decides to
remake the departments, starting
with Physics.

Where the professors overwhelmed
by huge ideas to the point of
incoherence.

He bought them a few academic
prizes, and they, grateful, took
lower salaries.

Reporting to the President, a
heavy equipment lessor in
real life. “…and here’s hoping
they keep their hands out from
under pinafores!”

“Pinafives, while you’re at it!”

America! Wit everywhere!

Labels: American Wit, for-profit, higher education, wit

Sunday, October 08, 2017

In his eighties now, Hastor overwhelmed
by Crisis!

via persistent strings of them.

But, upon examination by his daughters,
none existed really.

“What will happen when a real one arrives?”
Melinda asked his medical team

Hoddings Destry Morgan Undervel, MD,
replied “Probably kill him.”

His partner-wife Rhonda Makepiece Louisa
Conchita Pepita Schwartz, MD, concurred.

Thus, keeping him alive consisted of laughing.

Which angered him.

How can such a conundrum end?

Who knows, who cares?

Once you find out what you’re doing,
you should always stop.

Labels: anger, exaggeration, fear, fear of old, old

Monday, October 09, 2017

-And that’s not even mentioning the twin
upheavals of your life, Susannah and Margo.

-Widely-spaced.

-Makes no difference. You do realize, of course,
that you were one hundred percent wrong
with both?

-High eighties, I’d say--in the interest of accuracy.

-You should still be apologizing.

-I’m apologized out!

-Then to a higher power! And doing penance!

-Should I walk to the Crestview Recreation Center on my hands and knees?

-I’m thinking of a place with more spiritual heft,
like a St Patrick’s Cathedral.

-Crestview just a short block over.

-Purification should be harder!

-I’ll throw in the Ford Dealer next to it.

Labels: apology, fractured love, penance, regret, Romance, sin

Tuesday, October 10, 2017

Out for his customary early evening walk, Bart decides to watch the end of the softball game.

There a hit himself! With the wives and girlfriends of the players, via well-timed wisecracks.

But it came back to Officer Hertity, friend, as “Some old guy talking dirty!”

His wife, Lark, told him to look in the mirror for several minutes!

But he saw just a very old,

harmless,

blinking,

buffoon.

Little tufts of hair in ears.

Labels: entertainment, misunderstanding, old, perception, pv, wit

Wednesday, October 11, 2017

some say.

-Horseshit peddlers! Row a
different boat!

-Hey! Go easy. I launched
similar-sounding malarkey
to get through college.

-To what end re adding
to the world's wisdom?

--Not my deal! Immediate
survival was.

From what? Floods? Hurricanes?

-The shit storms Society wishes
to smash you down with. Bury you!

-Paranoid now, it seems. I doubt
Society bothers with non-entities.

-I'm entity enough to myself and
my girlfriend!

-God have mercy on her souls!

Labels: college, Nature, paranoid, society, soul

Thursday, October 12, 2017

-She was too...and I was worse.

-Too WHAT?

-What’s the difference?

Labels: breakup, brevity, defeat, reasons for split, relationship, summary

Friday, October 13, 2017

More dangerous than put-
together, careening through

attics looking for some-
thing I couldn’t misplace

its place,
but forgot.

Organizing things
Is the surest ticket
to chaos.

But uncovering sentiment-
al artifacts past their shelf-
life of shame?

We quiet ones
need such,
however late.

Labels: chaos, life's artifacts, lost, organizing, searching, shame

Saturday, October 14, 2017

Interest lost. So,
Scheherazade,

All! Bank on it.
Takes work, though.

Rome wasn’t
gilt in a day.

Labels: desire, lust, Rome, Scheherazade, story telling

Sunday, October 15, 2017

in dulcet tones.

-He’s happy, then?

-The dulcet tones are.

-They can join other dulcet tones?

-Forbidden!

-Good night, swart Prince!

Labels: custom, describing life, mores, rule, sweet, voice

Monday, October 16, 2017

-Women have affairs because they feel neglected!

-Oh? My take is that they’ve run out the string on the orginal sucker.

-As did your Gwennie?

-In hysterical spades!

-Well...you've both moved on.

-Uh huh? One person can screw up royally. Add others to the mix and you got chaos cubed.

-We can cope.

-There's no way! But I found one answer.

-I'm all ears...why the women laugh.

-Those protrudos bring in radar too?

-The answer? o most Fractional Wit!

-I borrowed the brain of a village idiot!

-How would you describe the experience?

-Chicago-Ecstacy-Slidebolt!

-That good?

Labels: affair, breakup, divorce, idiot, infidelity

Tuesday, October 17, 2017

Harrison P. Q. Croddings
named in one hundred sex
harassment suits brought
by three hundred lawyers!

Early transcription error!
Real drooling miscreant:
Q. P. initials!

But P. Q. ruined anyway?

Not a bit of it!

Must have some reputation
to begin with.

When he saw he wasn’t harmed,
he has a stranger visit him.

Deep Thought!

He decides to acquire a reputation.

After cliched blood, sweat, and tears,
does.

Inventing Clench-It-All-At-Once.

Now I know you’ve heard of IT from TV!

He maintains a harem in New Jersey presently.

Aids that state, too, in bringing back Big Hair.

Labels: Law, legal transcription, New Jersey, reputation, Sexual Harassment

Wednesday, October 18, 2017

Beside you, I
and Desire

carrying the day
in our eyes.

Destiny,
as if
were.

Labels: desire, Destiny, love

Thursday, October 19, 2017

The man who never wanted to go anywhere
or do anything

married the woman who tended to her knitting.

Okay, not the most exciting couple!

That list, fortunately, is full.

Labels: exciting couple, inert couple, marriage, personality, sedate

Friday, October 20, 2017

Found a peanut, found a peanut
found a peanut last night
last night I found a peanut
found a peanut last night

Jeannette Lillian Delser

It was rotten, it was rotten
it was rotten last night
last night it was rotten
it was rotten last night

from the Jump Rope gang
at Starr and Winchester

Ate it anyway, ate it anyway
ate it anyway last night
last night I ate it anyway
ate it anyway last night

whose jump mates and
grandparents called her Kikky

Got a tummy ache, got a tummy ache
got a tummy ache last night
last night I got a tummy ache
got a tummy ache last night

and went to Hillhouse High School,
later Cornell, for Bachelors and
PhD, there marrying Jess “Jester”
Harborough, killed in Korean War

Went to the hospital, went to the hospital
went to the hospital last night
last night I went to the hospital
went to the hospital last night

married Mack Brodsky of the Biology
Department of West Chester University of

Pennsylvania where she also taught.
Three daughters.

died anyway, died anyway
died anyway last night
last night she died anyway

died anyway last night.

Labels: children's games, death, jumprope, obituary

Saturday, October 21, 2017

If a man insists on
a 5 Hour Energy Shot

at a specific hour,
his woman must pen-

cil in passion’s hot
bit later.

Labels: couple, drink, energy, energy drink, organization, passion, schedule, young couple

Sunday, October 22, 2017

Generally, he wanted to be left alone, but
when dying, the adult children started
paying attention.

Some of these in media, and they
talked around.

Soon TV grabbed it, making
buses come.

He was repeatedly asked for wisdom.

Shrugged and muttered.

Commentators revealed what he meant.

Enough being enough, hired a proxy.

Tricky, since he felt that man also must be
near death etc.

They have lunch weekly, looking like
decayed brothers.

Laugh at pseudo philosophy proxy slings.

Labels: death, dying, exploitation, fame, media, proxy, TV, wisdom, wisdom of elders

Monday, October 23, 2017

Bursting into song lately, Dolores Gladdings.

Her son, Mel, loved it!

Not so, daughters.

Misty spoke for both women.

“Hey! Around here, Myself and Lynn
already hafta claw the whores off our
boyfriends around here! We don't need
any whacko Mom!”

The Examiner ultimately concurred, after waiting
for the Ethel Mermanesque solo to stop. “Amazing!
That could be C over C at the end!”

“***THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS! …***and no harm done, Ma’am,”
defended Mel.

“Can’t agree there, Young Man. Wildly
Inappropriate at this hearing, as it would
be in church, temple, funeral home…”

Where, of course, plans are set, and
anomalies unwelcome.

Labels: Church, dementia, Family, funeral home, hearing, insane singing, insanity, Show Business, Temple

Tuesday, October 24, 2017

-I like the South. The ladies blame their sexual frenzies on the Devil.

-And what do Northern women blame THEIR...?

-Blame?

-They're...proud then?

-When they bother.

Labels: devil, frenzy, North, sex, South

Wednesday, October 25, 2017

The attack on the fort
didn't go well this year.

More men than ever
being drunk.

And for the first time, some
women dressed as men.

At least remaining sober.

If silly!

In his mind he shoots a
defender dead.

Also a drunk.

Then attackers flee.

How gratifying!

And how the women scream!

He'd only once fired a real
shot in anger.

Missed.

But, young.

Then.

Labels: American History, drunks, guns, re-enactment, violence, war, women

Thursday, October 26, 2017

sealed our fated fate!

But Tessie whispered
to Kirk. “Let’s go

somewhere where nothing
snaps into place.”

They went missing for
a week.

Came back anxious to
get with the program.

“Enough was enough,”
told she Gladys Alderofer.
“Everything breaks down.”

Mom calls her Glads.
Dad, Sis.

Labels: analysis, anxiety, sex, vacation, work anxiety

Friday, October 27, 2017

The Bra Exec didn’t break the
bank at Monte Carlo, but missed
his flight there.

As a result Andre-Andre, Designer,
huffed back to his yacht and sailed
with his cadre of haughty models.

Bra Man had missed many planes,
boats, trains, limos.

Booze, mostly. Fired this time.

Now hangs with other decayed wrecks
at Cosmopolitan Bar. Most, in their
view,

> *Thoroughly wronged*
> *By weakness and song.*

They argue ballgames and politics.

And insult each other in jest, but,
sneakingly, in grievance, deep felt!

But when tits come up, he’s acknowledged.

Labels: alcoholic, bra, business fall, career, Executive, failure, fashion

Saturday, October 28, 2017

a first draft
forever.

Unless...?

Hoped and prayed
this new woman

would put on
the adroit finish-
ing touches.

She did, to everyone’s
amazement

he became articulate,
even encyclopedic
after a while, and some

comments so pointed that
all his friends fled:
even sarcasm closed

to them by his flood-
ing words, damming

fragments of which
they still hear
in spasmodic dreams.

A woman’s voice,
clearly.

Labels: conversation, dreams, intellectual, men, personality, sarcasm, talking, transformation, women

Sunday, October 29, 2017

-That woman had a mind of
bedeviling complexity!

-How’d it go with... ?

-Went! Endless horror show!

-What happened to her?

-Moved to Europe.

-That far enough?

-Just.

Labels: breakup, complex mind, Europe, neurotic, relationship, romantic after math

Monday, October 30, 2017

On her cellphone and
in her personal cloud.

All kinds, but her favorite
was of snide remarks directed
at her.

These never came from plumbers
calling Allied Supply, who
loved her sweet voice on the
phone.

But usually friends, so-called.

Under “My Best Makeup,” she
challenged Jen, who laughed.

“Don't be silly. I meant nothing!”

Of late, whole nations listed.

“*I should warn Pakistan, who isn't
as organized as you.*”

Labels: hurt, injury, lists, organization, oversensitive, paranoid, personal

Tuesday, October 31, 2017

The fussy corps
shown the door.

The new guy’s
dumb as shit.

In his view:

Genius of the Age!

Rage preceded
and will follow.

In Spades.

If then, all get
thoroughly pissed,

Impotence saves

the day.
Again.

Labels: ego, incompetence, irrational rule, irrationality, vote

Wednesday, November 01, 2017

Some are half frauds,
having tirelessly fought

their entire lives against
becoming whole

frauds Get no
medals none-
theless.

Labels: business, fraud, frauds, personal life, struggle

Thursday, November 02, 2017

Cassoday shoved Happy forward beyond
the crowd at the sign.

NO CLEVER PEOPLE BEYOND THIS POINT

-WE’RE not clever?

-Nope. Homeboys with Homesense!

-Not so bad.

-And when we get together with the rest of us
Un-Clevers, everything won’t be all fucked up!

-Any other differences?

-Personal Pronoun “I” gets rested.

-Whew! How’d it get as far as it did?

-Couldn’t resist all the BRAIN POWER!

Labels: cleverness, common sense, native intelligence, pseudo intellectual, wit

Friday, November 03, 2017

A (singing) Breaking up is
hard to do.

B With a wife, maybe. A girlfriend
not so much.

A How so?

B So.

A What's next?

B The world turns and doesn't give
a shit.

A Uh huh? How about the individuals
in it?

B They're a lost cause.

A I know one who is.

B No secret to me.

A How can you stand yourself?

B I don't have to. No one does.

B How so?

A I just pretend.

B What you do anyway. And what gets
you into trouble.

A Not so! The mainspring!

Labels: breakup, imagination, marriage, relationship, wife

Saturday, November 04, 2017

-Men who marry Alien women
must sign a document that
they understand their physical
differences from Earth...

-But who could, really?

-Well, For one thing, my Defline is...
one sexual organ!

-You might say.

-I did. And do.

-But that’s merely a figure
of speech!

-Yes and no.

-Are these girls taken home
to see Mother?

-I did. And nothing will ever
be the same!

-And Mother?

-SHE’LL be the same!

Labels: alien, alien women, Mother

Sunday, November 05, 2017

Prostitute.
Fat undertaker and rail
assistant ease bagged
you down frail,

narrow stairs and in-
to slashing geometrics

of sun and shadow.
Nothing

opens up, but
resists with-
in blue shards. So,

they rough you in-
to bright hearse,

and away, leav-
ing splintered

space to close
in tight and terse.

Labels: death, geometric, light, neighborhood, prostitute, shadow, undertaker

Monday, November 06, 2017

-Making up a story is like being there?

-Better!

-I’d miss the actual stinks.

-You can devise stinkier. Write them!

-No one could.

Labels: art, debate, literary debate, odor, realism, writing

Tuesday, November 07, 2017

Our Lunatic of the Month is a success!

Karl has wasted Mom and Dad and
Chihuahua Ginger.

More were possible but cartoons came on.

Sheriff Tolley Hossins has made his
interrogation available *here*.

Sure to be a collector’s item since Karl
sings his answers!

If you click on it, you’ll find an easy
way to send money via credit card.

The work must go on!

The Right To Bear Arms is absolute!

Regrettably, we, together, must still
continue proving it.

Labels: gun rights, guns, lunatics

Wednesday, November 08, 2017

-Every firm has its very large bird,
and hosts of tweeties imitating him.

-Like Mockingbirds?

-Indeed.

-And are they sometimes actually
making fun of The Eminence?
However subtle?

-Yes, but rarely.

-Fear holds them back?

-Necessary for survival.

-*We're* clever though. Bottom line.

-Brilliant!

Labels: boss, business, structure, toadies, yes man

Thursday, November 09, 2017

MARRIED!

You'd think, then, the end of this irresponsibility?

You'd be wrong. His wife went along, only stepping in when the particular case egregiously selfish.

As a result, he maintained about 80% of his former avoidance.

You may surmise here that he lacked character, for why not be mindful of those who tackle those situations he slides by?

So, others contribute to his luxury.

His shouldering friends often look prematurely old and lost, as if looking for something they forgot which.

I'm trying to get some guilt into him here!

No use. Allow me this vulgarity:

He doesn't give a shit!

Labels: avoidance, character, ego, happy go lucky, immaturity, personality, self, selfishness

Friday, November 10, 2017

rang the doorbell.
She was blue and
shivering.

And wanted to know
how to get to Sturgess
and Manley.

Dorrie took her inside
and gave her hot chocolate.

Mac and Leary came home
from late shifts, and all
had stronger stuff against
the cold.

Waif never left until...

I'll see quizzical her
again, I know.

"Let's...see..."

Dimples drilling into her cheeks.

"Take all the purple ones you want...?"

So so frail little thing.

"But watch out for..."

Shaking so with laughter as to
blur the weak rays angling in
from the street light.

"Or is is the opposite? Oh well..."

That last...

dusty...

Oh well.

Labels: drugs, friends, OD, waif

Saturday, November 11, 2017

Lozzy loves the quiet with herself.

“I’m so shy I hardly speak to me!”

Laughs she.

Then she works at drilling
dimples into her cheeks.

Sucking them in there really.

“Aren’t you finally CUTE?”

“CUTESY-WOOTSEY!” Mirror answers.

“Are we lapsing into baby talk?”

“Never left.”

Labels: baby talk, cute, private, shy

Sunday, November 12, 2017

Pleased so many attended her
piano lecture, professors and
students, the latter inching forward
in their seats.

These so rapt, she has to loosen
them up.

Injecting litle burlesque varieties
into her examples.

“Of course you could play it like
this (laughter) or even THIS!”

Chubby meets her after at the
short reception. Blade thin, but
the childhood name persists
as irony.

"You don't mind being seen,
however briefly, as a parody
of yourself?”

“I adore Miss Parody, and all
my me's!”

“Your me's on scene are more
than adequate.”

Suddenly ravenous, and lapsing
into the Czech accent to notify him,
she forces a trip to *Luigi's*, where she
eats and he mostly watches.

Devours, actually.

Labels: academic, appetite, art and eating, eating, gusto, intellectual, Music, pianist, piano

Monday, November 13, 2017

(Cue *Feelings* –any saccharine version
beginning “FEEEEEEE-lings!“)

_____didn’t mind that_____
got the artistic acclaim.

For work shoddy, hasty, commercial.

DISGUSTING!

WhereAS! etc

*(Fade in scenes of
purest vistas.*

Children laughing.

*The faint odor of
performing seals also).*

Labels: art, artistic, artistic standards, commercial, jealousy, purity

Tuesday, November 14, 2017

When Jennifer left with
Hobie, Chunzie thought
that wherever love took
them, he should know the
address to forward her mail.

He finally called Beverly,
the other wronged spouse.

Who, dramatically, wanted to
meet with him.

They comforted each other.

Rather too well.

Extracting from her became
imperative.

And was accomplished awkwardly.

In the meantime, Old Man Tompkins
died, and his two sons ordered him
to run things and keep the firm
from bankruptcy.

Which he did, is doing.

And Roscoe the Lab, starts perking
up from his funk missing
Jennifer when Chunzie throws
a week of her embroided panties

(Sunday, Monday, etc)

into a mesh laundry bag and
tosses it among his pillows.

His oldest friend, Yaz, remarks
“Do you have any solutions not

bizarre?”

“Not lately.”

“I’d stop praying to The God
of Chaos right now!”

“He has put me on auto.”

The absconded Romeo and
Juliet finally located in

Cow Gulch, Wisconsin!

“Where else?” sighs Yaz,
“the huge tropical moon over
the cheese factory.

Swaying palms.

Ricardo strumming his Sear’s
Latin Chord Guitar and

wrenching out airs
from old Seville.”

“WHATEVER!”
punctuated Chunzie.
“Life isn’t language.”

“It isn’t?”

Labels: breakup, friend, language, marriage, Romance, running off, Spain

Wednesday, November 15, 2017

Italian Farmhouse Restaurant
long past the quake, buried still.

A place of dust and *Heys!* above.
Slashing flashlights, then...

fewer. Trucks
up and down rubble

hills, their exhausts
in red rear lights

adding to the phan-
tasmagoria. The dogs

moving elsewhere
through red dust.

The two of us two meet
far from any center,

where I complete
his proposal,

she accepting for
the dead woman. We

toast the happy pair
with champagne

against that farthest glow,
our eternal friends.

Labels: death, disaster, dogs, earthquake, engagement, friends, romantic

Thursday, November 16, 2017

-Do you have the moral authority
to dismiss me?

-What do I know from MORAL?
I have the Business Authority.

-It's because I'm a Jew!

-That never helps.

-There are LAWS in this country!

-Lovely ones and they sound beautiful!
Like they do everywhere.

-You haven't heard the last of...

-Strange! Because I believe I have.

Labels: "Laws", anti-Semitic, employment, Jew, laws, power

Friday, November 17, 2017

Ralphie the Salesman had
two bosses, and never
knew which would show.

Teresa Wong founded
Chinese Women Warriors
on historical evidence.

She taught Oriental Studies
at Baruch College.

But, somehow, was the only
Chinese member of the group
presently.

Ralphie's wife Kesselly belonged.

This night she goes to a meeting.

Ralphie has invited Hart Lizzo
to watch the Yanks against Clevelnd
on TV.

Hart his retired mentor at Glurtzman Industries.

He fades in just after Kess storms out in her
warrior outfit.

The game goes well, the men awash
in Bud and Fritos.

Yanks lead by ten! after only two
innings.

Cleveland being humiliated, and
Ralphie loves humiliation.

Hart eventually snores lightly,
but gets startled awake at the
announcers shouting, and

pronounces

"Oceans of bullshit!"

When Kess get home it takes the two
of them to wake him.

Next day at work Hanzy asks him what
Burke has instructed, and nods sarcastically.

Truth is Ralphie did what he pleased, and told
whichever boss in range that the other boss
had okayed it.

Thus he bought the cheapest chocolates
Walgreen sells for Mrs Renton of Renton LLC
who had come through with fewer orders lately.

She's touched! Gives him three quick orders
on the spot.

He has bought the identical box for his wife.
No occasion, just ‘Love Day!’ as he’ll tell her.

He has a plan for Teresa Wong and her too.

Feeling that the Chinese Warrior Women
has descended into gossip, and that
Teresa too busy to care, he researches
small hand axes on the web. Gives them
one each.

Ends up storing several in the basement.

Correctly, because General Linda Snelling,
will tell him to send them all to her.

And bill The Warriors.

Then Dr Teresa Wong gains interest again,
devising a drill for the women where,
of course, they brandish the axes at the
piggish War Lords.

At the Yankee game a few weeks later, Hart intones through snores, “Oceans of Bullshit.”

“Yeah, and beautiful!”

Even the Yankees being humiliated by the Red Sox can't deflate a Salesman!

Labels: Baseball, Chinese, gifts, salesman, salesmanship, women, Yankees

Saturday, November 18, 2017

Kissing despicable
ass practically

forever, but attained
the inheritance!

Hey! Easy Street!
from here!
Uh huh?

Doesn't exist
in lives
sacrificed.

Labels: deference, Easy Street, Family, greed, inheritance, kissing ass, kow tow, values

Sunday, November 19, 2017

Dorney lived in a minor key

From childhood.

Pliant girl...to pleasantly quiet woman.
.
Live-in guy fine with her soft way.

Than she went Major!

“Been too grimly quiet for us,” told him.

The Old Maids of both sexes turned up noses
at her makeup etc.

Her college courses.

“Join me!” she shouted at him, but buddies
tagged him pussy-whipped already.

Without friends, can’t be tragedy.

Labels: Conservative, fear of change, friends, life change, tragedy

Monday, November 20, 2017

Cassoday shoved Happy forward beyond
the crowd at the sign.

NO CLEVER PEOPLE BEYOND THIS POINT

-WE’RE not clever?

-Nope. Homeboys with Homesense!

-Not so bad.

-And when we get together with the rest of us
Un-clevers, everything won’t be all fucked up!

-Any other differences?

-Personal Pronoun “I” gets rested!

-Whew! How’d it get as far as it did?

-Couldn’t resist all the BRAIN POWER!

Labels: cleverness, common sense, egotism

Tuesday, November 21, 2017

Commissioner Maloney says look elsewhere for
the insanity in the Melzer-Donner Neighborhood.

The water exceeds federal standards, to say the
least, and the pipes are, at most, five years old.

Three example culled from a good hundred
of the aforementioned insanity.
...

Gloria, or Glo, has started and sold three
successful businesses. She’s holding off
on the fourth to go to the Amazon with
Reston, who has a

no-fail plan to...

Involving many heretofore...

and capped off with an approach never before...!

He has not the least freakin idea what he's doing.
End of story.

Glo just divines he’s brilliant and that their love
is brilliant too!

Love, the key here, of course...case you
missed it.

...

Tom ready to abandon wife and baby for Jerry,
serial AC-DC heartbreaker.
Who functions

entirely without a brain.

Theirs is such a complex relationship, Tom can’t
even begin describing it!

Especially since he rest of us would give him
Bronx Cheers Unending.

...

Brittany desires happiness! Why can’t anyone
understand that?

Literally, she should think of equipping her house
with doormats with various male names scripted
thereupon.

But the actual doormats don’t go for symbolism,
but Sex.

No strategy is too low, no idea too inane,
no groveling too extreme.

Make her happy!
...and these guy have the equipment, oh yeah!

Oh yeah?

Labels: "Love", relationship, self-deception, sex

Wednesday, November 22, 2017

-Where am I?

-Is that an existential
or geographic question?

-Geo alone.

-Crystal Lake.

-That fetid pond of muddy
bottles out there is...?

-Two cleanups a year. Participate
and receive twenty-percent off
coupons at Burger King.

-Oh mad joy!

-Uh huh? Similar to that felt
in the cars scattered round
the lovely lake as we speak.

-No need to describe that.
Except hurried.

-Life is short.

-I'm thinking...long?

-You hafta get some fun in you!

-In this time and place, must
work too hard.

-You need good woman!

-As rare as good man?

-Maybe a tie.

-Dreadful!

-Jury's out.

-Let them stay there.

They're ordering-in Italian.

-Only right decision they'll make.

Labels: appearance and reality, attitude, complaining, cynicism, depression, friends, Nature

Thursday, November 23, 2017

Judith is terrified about speaking
at the funeral. Stage Fright!

Even if it's hers.

It's ridiculous that the funeral directors
insist that since *Rejuvs* had to die in order
to be brought back, therefore...

But, LOBBY-Fever-AMERICA! grips!

Everywhere. Always.

(At any rate, the 80% Absurdity Index holds
steady in most fields.)

Longgggggg-time boyfriend Reck laughs,
"Hey I'm on my fourth life, each one
too fast I grant you, but I'll bullshit any
group anytime."

"It'll kill me!" Judith all but sobs.

"Death figures of speech, and humor
are so Yesterday!"

"Bring it back!"

"Come on now, Honey! I'll help you rehearse.
Not too egotistical to say nice things about
Judith 1."

Labels: funeral, future, immortality, rejuvenation, several lives, stage fright

Friday, November 24, 2017

Mom would stand no more!

The crazy uncles given their
Thanksgiving Dinner in the
Van Winkle Cabin.

Actually, it wasn't called
that right away.

But the first year after their
usual screaming quarrel, was.

Mike was the Liberal, Heck,
the Conservative.

Both several notches to the
Left and Right of Vlad Lenin
and Adolf Hitler, respectively.

When everyone in the house
pitched in and cleaned up,
a freak rainstorm almost
drowned out the untiring pair.

Then, graveyard quiet from the cabin.

And Mom sent sane sons, Jeff
and Blake to check for massive
blown fuses.

They reported the combatants
asleep, but, of course, all of
Science knows they continue
in suspended animation.

To awake every Thanksgiving Season.

The Historical Museum had wanted
the cabin before, but Mom had

resisted. Her great great great
grandparents having built it in the
stupendous Land Rush.

But the prospect of moving away the
yearly acid buffoonery of the crazy uncles
forced her, for family peace, to give it to
Dr Abernathy, Curator, in a nice ceremony.

The subsequent move on flatbed truck
disturbed no slumbers.

The physicians of Mercy Regional have
figured a way to revive them each
Thanksgiving Week.

Their unfailing fire boosting Museum giving
by a yearly 28 percent.

Labels: American Left, American Right, Historical Society, Hitler, insane relatives, Lenin, political argument, ruined dinners, Thanksgiving Dinner

Saturday, November 25, 2017

Help to drag
the bodies out

after the quake.
Show whatever

love we can in
such travail.

Who knows
what still
they hear?

What cells per-
sist within

all crushed,
wretched things.

Labels: bodies, cells, earthquake, immortality, mortality

Sunday, November 26, 2017

1 Ratch's new company could only
use him as a temp for a few years, but...
an implied promise of permanent
employment later, with great benefits,
kept him hooked.

Finally, he decided the latter course
a management lie.

That's when his brother-in-law
offered him a partnership!

Since nothing this man had
ever done prospered in any
remote way, Ratch figured
he'd lose ten percent of his
savings before retirement.

A sacrifice to his long-
suffering sister and
three squalid brats.

Well, lovely and delightful
children, of course!

Anyway, what makes a terrific
surprise?

Ratch retiring five years
later, only losing five percent!

The brother-in-law actually
on his feet, relatively
speaking.

He toasts the family all at his
final party, and, sardonically,
after their exit from.

With battle-scarred business

veterans at this...and the dive
bars ensuing .

Finally got to bed, laughing
and very drunk.

2 Lydia persisted with her
Bum of the Month Program.

Exaggeration, since she managed
to endure but two or three of
these toxic, prevaricating, emotional
miscreants a disastrous year.

For many-yyyyyy years! Oy!

She didn't wear out, but stayed
bright!

As shiny as the ass on a car salesman's
cheap pants.

Speaking of which--but the opposite
to the occupational stereotype:
Very Plain Joe-- brother Curt managed
to fix her up with.

Who nobody would ever think of marrying.

Lord!

She married him!

Great! Escape from the grimy foxholes
of the Single Wars.

Her great accomplishment before this
was, of course, tying up these harmful
men so they couldn't inflict their reflexive
lies on any other’s impressionable
sister for that particular time period.

And Steady Joe never lies.

Hey! One or two would defog the dullness, but…that’s life.

3 Laurel was willing to fight for the good in Mers, Oklahoma, but never could find it.

The new minister was helpful, but the board
asked him to leave when it was discovered
he had a boyfriend in nearby Hensler.

Laurel thought to move there also, as a way
of supporting him, but her mother developed
incurable gas.

Labels: Baseball, doing good, gas, loneliness, marriage, relationships, retirement, working conditions

Monday, November 27, 2017

At parties where each
shy one stared long at
coordinates of air. Barged

some Brass-Balls in there,
emitting prolix spasms that
stirred us, if even to sly sarcasm.

We got to talking! Some--believe it
or no--SOCIALIZING! What

a Trudge, Budge!
The memory merits
a nap!

Labels: breaking ice, extrovert, introvert, loud, loudmouth, shy, socializing

Tuesday, November 28, 2017

Does a Tomboy,
when she gets
to it with a man,

fantasize the male
role for herself?

Alongside any
bs sentiments?

Could be as to s-e-x,
but probably not any
bent accompaniments.

Tomboys won’t lie.

Labels: attitude, bs, fantasy, honesty, sex, tomboy

Wednesday, November 29, 2017

of Social Rituals

married his long-trying girlfriend
via the mayor of Seaside Heights.

No damn hoo dee do dah
huge WEDDING
with all its bs works!

Mayor’s hag insisted on a piece
of week-old cake,

by way of
celebration!

Gagged him!

Labels: anti-ritual, celebration, civil ceremony, rebel, rebellion, social ritual, wedding

Thursday, November 30, 2017

Scratch an ardent Democrat,
find a Communist!

Scratch an ardent Republican,
find a Nazi!

I ask you, “Which is worse?”

or *Vhich iz vorse?* for humor’s sake.

No? How about *Jah wohl!* ?

Just avoid scratching?

That proves it! If Moderates stay conscious,
they can rule the world!

By example.

Labels: Communist.Nazi, Democrat, moderate, Republican

Friday, December 01, 2017

-He was killed to make a point.

-By whom?

-Not important!

-Seems to me it…!

-He had set the whole thing up.

-To what end.

-To make a point.

-WHAT POINT?

-Know that, know everything.

-Don’t tell me if you find out.

-How come?

-I enjoy staying pissed!

Labels: aimless dialog, anger, clarity, confusion

Saturday, December 02, 2017

I don’t place it
with others, so

let it go.

May return
posing as

something else
in order

to. I don’t
lack disguises,
additionally.

Labels: act of reading, reader, reading

Sunday, December 03, 2017

has been fired!
No jest.

Kvetching fe-
males missed

his Miracle
of Divine
Largess!

Labels: fired, lecher, sex, womanizer, workplace

Monday, December 04, 2017

-Their marriage was a disaster!

-Sought help?

-Seemed to seek THEM! A Cadillac-full
of psychiatrists and social workers!

-Aided our warriors-two?

-Yeah, that fighting pair learned from them the language to describe what shits they are!

-An outcome, anyway.

-No, that was Divorce!

-Presently in fresher loves?

-As long as the new victims attend to psycho-babble.

No posts till 12/11

Labels: divorce, language of psychology, marriage, psychology, relationship

Monday, December 11, 2017

“I’m so OVER him!”
announces Marcy.

Drink after work.

Jennifer and Ruth doubt.

Morphs into five each as guys buy

Gals finally agree men bastards!

Marcy leaves...realizing propaganda
from Female Front.

Bit tipsy. Heels clatter.

Fleeing into his arms! Yes ! This last time!
Folding there, ah!

But they’re occupied.

Labels: breakup, female, makeup, over, Romance, work

Tuesday, December 12, 2017

Hoogah Boogah
splits our

multirace community,
oldsters bringing
special horrors,

so Council braids
an age limit.

Daniel Slats objects.
relishes the screaming

at him mid snares and
bugles and power-
ful majorettes.

DACHAU DANNY.
LONG AND SKINNY!

SUCH A WING-
WANG THING!

And the little children’s
mocking dances as he leers.

They persist
till overtired

and crying
every year.

Labels: children, concentration camp, Dachau, naked, parade, ritual, sex, taboo

Wednesday, December 13, 2017

Suckered
into arguing against

His Eminence and tru-
ly becoming thus

the story.
Uh huh?

Three Card Monty:
always lose.

Labels: authority, cards, gambling, journalism, sucker, Three Card Monty

Thursday, December 14, 2017

I heard his struggle on the stairs, feet clattering,
and asked Ambrose.

“Only I have met him. University abandoned
him when fed money dried up. Anyway, Pete...!”

“The man-sized penguin?”

“Bigger. He fuckin LOOMS!”

“He lives up there?”

“You could call it that.”

“Do you.. talk?”

“Holds up his end.”

“Amazing!”

“You heard him coming back from his swim.
They let him use Heckherd Pool.”

“Least they could do!”

“By the way, lusts after human females,
especially your Sally-Jo.”

“I’ll warn her to beware of feathered dongs!”

"Laugh on Macduff! Ever hear of tickle games?”

Labels: feathers, government research, penguin, sex, tickle games

Friday, December 15, 2017

Some half frauds,
having fought riff raff

lives against
becoming whole

frauds, get no
jive medals, none-
theless.

Labels: awards, fraud, jive, Justice, medals, rewards, soul

Saturday, December 16, 2017

Beatrice Terraplane Shapiro
is this years “Mistress of Whine.”

Ask any of the hundreds who fled
Farmer and Mechanics Theater
before her performance ended.

Or the one judge, Harlow Epps,
who fainted.

Coaxed to advise whining hopefuls,
Beatz laughed “Be yourself!”

Labels: competition, grating, nerves, whining

Sunday, December 17, 2017

The Man Who Sought Forgiveness

from the woman seeking
same.

That didn’t work, so they essayed
strangers.

Who, immediately pissed, eventually
gave

them something
to forgive.

Labels: couple, cycle, forgiveness, strangers, timing

Monday, December 18, 2017

I couldn't be exiled
while renouncing, so
bought some time with
Ahb, the local devil.

The examiners asked
pointed questions, but
the old Catholic priest
topped them later.

Did I participate in
a Circle Jerk with Satan
and a party not to be
named?

That got me gleeful, so
I offered to name the
third party, but the judges
wouldn't hear of it!

The Infernals of Oceania
would be next, and none
present knew a thing about
them.

I'd make them up and the
judges would quickly be on it,
and insist my exile papers
be signed and stamped.

So , leaving these silly
asses imminent!

Acutally, Rononsofol more
to my liking.

Even though they're, too, in
a fit of renunciation presently.

But there everybody says

FUCK IT ALL! quite early
and stages orgiastic parties.

The younger people everywhere
in this galaxy scoff at the
various devils, but will find
out something of the kind
is necessary.

Labels: devils, evil, future, renounce, Satan, trial, witness

Tuesday, December 19, 2017

Put a total sabotaging asshole in charge
of a government agency.

Payback to him and huge contributors.

Havoc ensues!

Payback, then, of an emotional sort to his fellow crazies!

Bought and sold, no?

How ‘bout y’all?
Let me answer with a question.

Can you live here without being bribed?

In the Land of the Free and the Home of the Br….

Labels: bribery, payback, political sabotage

Wednesday, December 20, 2017

-You seem to be fuzzy as
to the country where you'll be
Ambassador. Is it in Europe?

-I believe so.

Labels: Ambassador, Congressional Hearing, party, payoff, Political Appointment, Political Loyalty

Thursday, December 21, 2017

announces

“CALCUTTA”'

Now available in major American Cities!

For pennies a day

Never again fear dying in the streets like a mangy dog!

The body folks step over on the way to Church

will never, ever,

be yours!

Labels: advertising, destruction of safety net, dying in street, inequality, poverty

Friday, December 22, 2017

The Man Who Woke Up Dead

mused

“6s and 7s,

pretty much

like always.”

The Woman Who Woke Up Dead

insisted

“I can still get revenge!”

Labels: dead, man, revenge, sameness, Woman

Saturday, December 23, 2017

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Hamlet died.

Seldom certain.

But Horatio slides
in the same

halfass manner by
the centuries.

Most-GOD HELP US!-
are both.

Labels: Hamlet, Horatio, indecision, know it all, Philosophy

Sunday, December 24, 2017

-He grew up loving to laugh!

-Wonderful!

-But Life gave his laughter an acid tinge.

-Sad-bad.

-Died of an Acute Sarcastinoma!

-Never heard of one of those.

-They're all around.

-I must watch, uh...?

-whither thou goest!

-That too.

Labels: bar talk, death, experience, sarcasm, tone

Monday, December 25, 2017

“Some Yule!
Grunting at stool!”

Said by 2 simultaneously.

Geraldine Tell Roselli and Hgg74.

Two planets, two festivals.

Allow some translation freedom.
Rhymes a wilderness!

Otherwise too complicated,
not to mention different stinks.

Labels: body, Christmas, festivals, planets, simultaneity, translation

Tuesday, December 26, 2017

Gen and Austin pride
themselves on their
quirks.

Agreeing that two
neurotics don't make
a true crazy.

But Gen has begun wondering
if they do.

Their last quarrel escalated
so, and the sex after was
rushed and awful.

Finally, Austin makes the
case for their sanity as
both refuse to die for the
“cause” in a war with the
dogpatch nation who insulted
our Executive and Congress.

Patriotism reputed to be
the last refuge of the
scoundrel, but our two
meretricious branches
cycling well past.

Labels: Congress, couple, crazy, Dogpatch, Executive, meretricious, neurotic, patriotism, war

Wednesday, December 27, 2017

They meet after a long while,
returning gifts to Home Depot.

Later, their serving Elf had lost
a couple of steps at Santa's
Coffeehouse, so she remarks
"We were such Idiots!"

"Age appropriate."

"I don't think I like that.
It implies I'm never really
calling the shots."

"You dance. We danced."

"I'd like to try The Lindy."

"Just need a partner."

"Not really."

Labels: breakup, dancing, Fate, regret, relationship, retrospective

Thursday, December 28, 2017

I loved Ada because she wasn’t crazy

That steady state changed, though,
under the influence of her girlfriends.
NPT-Feminists.

No Prisoners Taken.

Soon our relationship became a debate.

And I responsible for the sins of my
boorish brothers.

Well, a relationship is tough enough
without one party discovering
The True Faith.

Coincidentally, Faith has entered
upon Ada’s Exit.

Her name.

She’s hilarious!

Labels: faith, feminism, men, personal relations, radical, relationship, women

Friday, December 29, 2017

-Well, he’s finally at peace!

-How do you know that?

-I’d hate to think that Death
doesn’t end Life.

-Never hate to think anything!

-Oh?

-For example, I’m thinking of
...a sandwich.

-I see.

-Meatball and Peppers.

-TWO!

Labels: at peace.friends, death, life, sandwich

Saturday, December 30, 2017

-The TV was showing cholera babies from Yemen or some fuckin place!

-Are they black?

-Just as bad.

Labels: American, American Prejudice, black, Race, Yemen

Sunday, December 31, 2017

-You go right ahead and control EVERYTHING!
You think!

-Thank you! I so yearn for your approval!

-You’re gonna die and won’t know what
the fuck happened!

-Does anybody? Besides, you any better?

-Worse!

Labels: control, control freak, friend, friendship, vulgarity

Monday, January 01, 2018

-I couldn’t get my mind off it, but then I did!

-Off of what?

-I forgot.

--Just as well. Remembering overrated.

--How so?

-You get cluttered up.

-I get completely cluttered sometimes.

--What do you do?

-Start forgetting.

-That pendulum can swing too far.

-Then you must resist
the ***Deeee-MENT-***

Cha-Cha-Cha!

Labels: dementia, forgetting, remembering

Tuesday, January 02, 2018

in search of a Character.

-Every institution makes you lie.

-Always?

-Fortunately not.
Sometimes you can
assert CHARACTER.

-Insist on TRUTH!

-Unless you've lost it.

-So so many transactions ago!

(next post Mon.)

Labels: character, Corporate, Institution, lie, Truth, work pressure

Monday, January 08, 2018

They set out snares
amid the symbols,

and all but the high-
hats cared. After,

I forget my glasses!
Like a piece of you
omitted in confusion.

Well a kind someone reaches
my cell, and I go briefly

back. You relive something
different over any return.

What seems gone being
restored, of course. But
more than what’s discovered.

Why you make up
in love

of Hope.

Labels: drum, forgotten, learning, lost, missing, return

Tuesday, January 09, 2018

The half-baked
half-wit

loved a half-assed
princess.

Her other half
arrived via Fed Ex.

*Do it yourself with
zippers.*

She left.

She was always leaving,
regardless.

Labels: half, relationship.always leaving

Wednesday, January 10, 2018

Kit, First Rate,
working for a Second
Rate Company

producing Third Rate Products
in a Fourth Rate City

of a Fifth Rate State.
Marries a Sixth Rater,

and they move to a Seventh Rate Suburb.

Can this go on?

Exploded when reaching Twentieth Rate.

Personally.

Oh yes! After all, how long can immunity last?

Doing well considering such a descent, but will

never get back to First.

Maybe Third?

Thirds are much beloved!

Labels: class, hierarchy, Pride, rating

Thursday, January 11, 2018

-But during all the awfulness,
you still loved her, right?

-Let’s get this straight, like,
immediately! Everybody
loves everybody else in
the midst of the shitstorm!

-Why you getting angry?

-Love. Love makes me angry!

-That’s perverse.

-Thank God you’ve NAILED it!
Allows me to breathe again.

Labels: conflict, couple, love, perversity, sacrifice

Friday, January 12, 2018

Do not dream of yellow flowers!

She didn’t know if it was the
unredeemable rebel in her,
but, sure enough, that very
first evening…

And at the end of the week,
there she was on the famous bus.

Where everyone cautioned–-
in code–-exactly what to answer
the examiners.

Oh well, not a care, since this
government was toppling due to
terminal absurdity.

It did. While she waited her turn.

So instead of answering a supremely-
stupid time-serving psychologist,
she drew the very warm and funny
Carl, who remained in silly and
mismatched uniform.

Insisting on tea and telling jokes.

She hadn’t laughed in so long.

Really laughed, not bitter-edged.

When Carl shook her hand, the return
bus waiting, she still had to linger.

And linger. “I’m not letting you go!”

“Same here!” answered he.

Labels: coup, political absurdity, Romance, tyranny

Saturday, January 13, 2018

-I met Chuppie in my post-Midnight insomnia ramble last week.

-Yeah, he continues to search for the dog he lost twenty-five years ago.

-Wouldn't it be dead by now?

-One might guess.

-Well, then…?

-He’s really looking for the Universal Dog.

-What’s that?

-Don’t know. Just made it up.

-May I look for it?

-Cost you dollar a pop!

-Must you be the brilliant American in everything?

Labels: American, American Capitalist, dog, insomnia, lost dog, search, searching

Sunday, January 14, 2018

Won’t sugarcoat. The ceremony before
the service was called “The Adulation
of the Men.”

They sauntered in, and the gals went into
some low posturing.

But, aeons ago!

In the new protocol, the women chant
“***Welcome those who saved us all!***

We are your Partners in Faith now!”

Equal, no? But not good enough for
my old girlfriend Dorrie!

“Nothing has changed!”

Spitting, her!

Unfortunately, she has left the Faith,
taking--would you believe?--her mother
and father!

A brother and sister remain. As shining,
if not shimmering, examples!

Light! Profound Light!

Anyway…that FAMILY! What can you say?

Labels: Female Abasement, Inferior Role of Women in Religion, Patriarchy

Monday, January 15, 2018

At Jump Rope,
her sweating mix

“It was Rotten.”

of twilit arms, legs,
vapored curses!

“Ate it anyway.”
Matured to
BREATHTAKING!
Thus far, 2

suicides in her wake,
3 leavers of organic wives,

with their organized lives.

She’s just warming up.

What done to spur such
heated outcomes?

Not much of anything.
Vital as example

of sheerest beauty,

she faintly learns

to do
as little
as possible.

Since you die anyway.

As many did last night.
And every night.

Labels: beauty, death, Fatal Woman, femme fatale, Jump Rope, Jump Rope Rhymes

Tuesday, January 16, 2018

Gemma added mass to any confusion.
And not just because she was a
big-boned girl.

Okay, she was supposed to bring
cookies to the retirement do for
old Schwartzy.

She heard rookies. So, came with
Decker and Delilah.

Who proved high!

It was downhill from there.

When's it uphill?

Not much at Consul Insurance.

Anyway! We keep it all straight in the
liability sector. Uh huh?

If somebody sues you, our policy
holder, look out!

Consul exists for misfits to be
employed.

All places do?

I didn’t know that! How come we
all don’t die of incompetence?
Our own and the Massive Surround?

Labels: confusion, employment, incompetence, liability insurance

Wednesday, January 17, 2018

-Both Parties dance to the beat of Billionaires.

-Skillfully?

-Not really. GOP slip-slides in its own bullshit.

-Dems don’t?

-Nah, they danced off the floor and into the grimy corridor.
Still trying Twist Moves to Jitterbug rhythms. Pitiful!

-The Grandees stay back in the ballroom with
The Lovely Waltz?

-Emphatically! They need the leisure to figure out how
to fuck everybody.

Labels: dancing, Democrat, jitterbug, political dance, Republican, twist, waltz

Thursday, January 18, 2018

Piece of Four

Never been done!

And nobody knew or cared.

How could they, since he started Monday,
finished the preceding Tuesday?

Thus he ended before he began--but that’s
too flip to say. We always look for something
like that.

At any rate, he forever picks out ways that
no other human can relate to.

We make our choices in Heaven and Earth!

The best of us never whining about inevitable
consequence.

And loneliness.

Labels: choice, courage, genius, solitary, time

Friday, January 19, 2018

-And happily ever after etc?

-Not really. If ever.

-Downer!

-Yeah, she left with a Bad Man.

-Humiliation preferable to her, evidently.

-Can’t get enough.

-The Good Man, then?

-Lives with Randy now.

-Appropriately named?

Labels: bad man, good man, sex, sexual humiliation

Saturday, January 20, 2018

Jenn-Annie found everything to be new!

This attitude, or lack thereof, she
brought to her secondary roles as
a dancer.

Her boyfriend, Hector, was a static
Conservative, who humored her.

As he does now when they've married.

He is the present Treasury Secretary.

Every penny spent...well the party
sees that a lot fewer of them ARE!

For frivolous social programs,
or her ballet company.

She carries on, laughing.

The new Prime Minister once attempted
to rape her as she minced though a
dark short cut in back of the theater.

She struck him with a brick his white
chest still maintains the imprint of.

She never recognized him.

He's a prude now, of course, and
viscerally dislikes the sexiness she
brings to some roles.

To the dance critics who despise him
reflexively she is one of the few breaths
of fresh air left in the company.

The younger dancers find her silly.
Unprofessional.

What they love most is kissing ass in
the tyranny. Adore, actually.

It's always an art in great repute.

Labels: art, art and politics, Conservative, dance, innocence, prudishness, sexuality

Sunday, January 21, 2018

-And was reduced thereby to an animal scraping out sexual crusts from filth?

-Not a bit of it. Stayed in control.

-Crap! Where’s the story there?

-That’s the beauty of it! There is none.

-You’re such a bore!

-Just by presenting life to you?

-I don’t want life. I want horny housewives. Of Dallas, St Paul, Omaha. Life is shit!

-Nothing beats horny housewives for TOTAL shit!

-You find the league you like to bat in, you remain with the team.

-I can do self-disgust on my own.

-Be my guest!

Labels: Housewives Series, passion, popularity, sex, TV, TV Ratings, women

Wednesday, January 24, 2018

Gen and Austin pride
themselves on their
quirks.

Agreeing that two
neurotics

don't make
a true crazy.

But Gen has begun wondering
if they do.

Their last quarrel escalated
so, and the sex after was
rushed and awful.

Finally, Austin makes the
case for their sanity as
both refuse to die for the
“cause” in a war with

the dogpatch nation who insulted
our Executive and Congress.

Patriotism reputed to be
the last refuge of the scoundrel,

but our two
meretricious branches
cycling well past.

Labels: Congress, last refuge, last refuge of scoundrel, patriotism

Friday, February 09, 2018

Apologies

for missing posts.
Chunk flew

from Memory. & roosts
elsewhere? So

Docs did the major tests
to brain, but all is “functioning”
there. For Senior, that is.

Minimally. Age-mates assent
with resigned chuckle
following incurious shrug.

Youngers? Hey! it’s
a Foreign Culture

of the Not-Quite-Dead
to them.

They’ve turned
the boat around
& row furiously

a-WAY!

Labels: brain scan, dementia, forgetfulness, maturity, Old Age, senior, youth

Saturday, February 10, 2018

finally resolved to act with clarity,
explaining all his motives en route.

As a result, she got him less and less.

Left with one, Roger, a confused inferior.

Labels: behavior, marriage, relationship

Sunday, February 11, 2018

Quite Sweet Jeannie even sweeter
with the Honeymoon over.

Her accounts of newly married life
amuse sardonic women.

Until!

Well, something she confides, sourly,
to Account Manager, Rose.

“Now she must pray to St Punctilious,
little timing problem in the Sex Department.”

Jeannie frequently snaps then, especially at
younger colleagues.

Her six-month party celebrated with weak
martinis and cupcakes.

Rose orders some swishing of water after.

“After all, we meet the public!”

Jeannie insists the public is suet.

Labels: honeymoon, office, sex, women

Monday, February 12, 2018

-Well, I've compiled a ton of evidence!

-What does it show?

-I…don’t know! That is, I had a clear idea when I began…but…?

-You just need some help at this stage is all.

-Attorney or two? No thanks! When I decide to burn money, let you know.

-No, of course not. I’m thinking of a few more totally bonkers conspiracy virtuosos like yourself!

-Of the likes of such was this great nation built!

-Don’t remind me! Still shuddering!

Labels: conspiracy, lunatic fringe, paranoid politics, suspicion

Tuesday, February 13, 2018

Simple enough. Noon=Midnight.

She keeps her habit of phoning her
late night friends, but they're
working.

And, of course, no one will go to
lunch with her.

Then, one even stranger day, she
goes to bed at 11 AM, wakes an
hour later. Refreshed! Ravenous!

The phone rings. It's Carl, back from
a two-week sales trip to Oregon.

He wants to treat her to

The Sunday Monster!

A fancy, if excessive, breakfast
brunch at the local Sheraton.

When she comes up for air enough
to listen, he claims "Hey! I was BORN
out of phase!"

Labels: habit, phase, time, variation

Wednesday, February 14, 2018

'Pads And Tampons And The Problems With Periods:' All-Male Committee Hears Arizona Bill On Feminine Hygiene ...

KJZZ

Hoke and The Other Larry

-Should be woman or two, but a lot of all-male committees.

-That’s stinking reality?

-Hey! These men have daughters, wives, girlfriends!

-A little knowledge gynecological required?

-Always apply the Other Larry Rule!

-What’s it this time?

-Let’s all grow up. Starting with me.

Labels: pads, period, tampons, women, women's health

Thursday, February 15, 2018

Insisted Ruhrf:

-Only one thing to discover.
Where's the ox in the paradox?

Countered Delsey:

-You say that for sound.

Shrugged Laurel In Mist:

-And if he did? Isn't that much
more of a better start?

Snapped Ralph, our Conservative:

-The Final Degradation!
No meaning!

Smiled Ruhrf:

-Let's ride with melody a bit.
Closer to Truth.

Labels: conversation, intellectuals, meaning, sound

Friday, February 16, 2018

The quintessential work of Capitalism
remains FIVE WHO DARED!

Four have left us, and bitter wives
and children.

The fifth transcends.

Aldo "Monds" Carachiolia!

He extorted his mother on her deathbed.

Comprises The Hall of Fame for now.

Labels: Capitalism, greed, human cost, personal lives

Saturday, February 17, 2018

Thanx for the sacrifice of your child for my cause.

Cause is heavy. I say what I’m
paid to.

And, oh, nearly forgot.

Thoughts and prayers, or whatever catchwords of Ball-less Christianity.

Labels: bribery, guns, malfeasance, mass murder

Sunday, February 18, 2018

-And Then He Died

-Voiding the deal?

-Not really. I still persist in
trying to get to know him.

-How characterize him thus far?

-Complex!

-Hey, we’re all complex! What do you look for beyond that?

-Myself.

Labels: knowledge, self knowledge.death

Monday, February 19, 2018

Prided myself on my checklists.

Throughgoing and complete!

But, at the end, the proverbial
day late and dollar short

As you probably knew, St Peter
quite the ribber.

“Why not just trust us?”

Heaven evidently the beginning
of truly stupid questions.

Labels: organization, plan, planning

Tuesday, February 20, 2018

-Watched The Olympics?

-Yes! Very large moving color!

-That last is the sport component.

-Hadn’t noticed.

-Oh? No difference between Ice Dancing and Curling?

-It’s TV.

-Uh huh? And TV subsumes it all?

-Plus itself.

-Aren’t we just back to the ridiculously dated *MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE?*

-No medium, no message.

-Nothing then?

-Chromatic!

-Chromatic Nihilism then?

-It…removes one by enveloping.

-You must get out more!

Labels: sport, theory, TV, winter, Winter Olymics

Wednesday, February 21, 2018

“Town consists mostly of thieves.”

I passed off the Sheriff’s remark as Law Enforcement Wit.

But a year later, I met with him to decide which particular cheat worth pursuing.

“All too petty,” laughs he. “You know those French guys in those sword-fighting flicks? What they yell, I mean?”

“En Garde!”

“Best you can do.”

Labels: bad town, law enforcement, rural crime

Thursday, February 22, 2018

Rink’s little social experiments
constantly flopped.

Leaving Live-in Melsy to suggest,“Why don’t we just let things settle in by themselves this time? Just…take it easy!”

He agreed, but didn’t act that way.

She started packing her things.

So they finally had the talk he had promised.

And he became less Firebrand, and more Cuddle Bunny.

Their politics reverting to sweetly Left.

Uh huh? say you. He’ll try again
to control her.

Nope.

Hope, then, that the prevailing Hieronymus Bosch Conservatives, too, will uncover a personal life?

Mid Guns, and Rights crying out!

It’s Sex won’t listen.

Divine Plan.

Labels: control, guns, politics, relationship, rights, sex

Friday, February 23, 2018

Zif couldn’t say why he left it there.

Been cleaning, nothing major. Just “rhetting up” as the Pennsylvania Dutch say.

‘Well put it back!” --from Dorrie, here to take him to dinner at Luigi’s, since his car was at the dealers. Again.

The following week, a few more friends agreed that it looks ridiculous there.

Biff and Nellie, both of whom had held elective office, sang They’re coming to take you away.

Cecil T. Ordway just shrugged at Bowling Night. Explained that when he designed for the stage, he sat for hours staring at a model of the set, and moving miniature furniture around.

That very image gave Zif anxiety.

And Loftus, that longtime companion,

spouted “Don’t listen to him! All our other chums are a freak show already. You’re sanity! Move it back!”

So he did, and his breathing got progressively better.

But, in its accustomed place, why does it still call attention to itself?

Labels: cleaning, home, housekeeping, organizing

Saturday, February 24, 2018

-I read your last interview.
Please allow a temperate boo.

-I’m kinda forced to be the way I am.

-You mean similar to being the way you were forced to back when?

-Different ways, but, yes.

-Whatever happened to

> I am the Captain of my Ship,
> and the Master of my Soul! ?

-That’s Literature.

-Can’t life be Literature?

-Satire, yes.

Labels: fame, Literature, satire

Sunday, February 25, 2018

First time Glads and Chester split,
she was the wronged party.

You want to see WRONGED? Oy!

So this last time, she orchestrated
his total humiliation.

Bill Hetz remarked that “She left him
like the smoking ruins of a
Syrian city full of dead children!”

The rest of us cried foul at such
a comparison, but he declared
there are no rules when it
comes to personal cruelty.

Labels: breakup, personal cruelty, relationship, sex

Monday, February 26, 2018

So he must beg to keep his job?

Abject humiliation!

Especially since he must beg you,
his sniveling inferior all these years!

I’ve not sniveled lo these many grimy
timeframes!

And when will you loosen the thumbscrews
on him? Just let him work?

Probably never.

You know? When I speak to someone
like you, I still remember there are
different, decent people in the world!

Where?

Labels: firing, job, layoff, personnel, petty, power, revenge, workforce

Tuesday, February 27, 2018

It seems everyone had a plan for Giselle.

She kiboshed further medical tests, though.

So Very Promising! Uh huh? They’d REVEAL!

At last etc. Yup.

Just about guaranteed to contradict each other.

“From mud to mud!” she told Bill Helltor,
forgetting it was DR Bill Helltor.

“Get the tests. G! Be an individual when it
doesn't MEAN shit!”

Labels: inconclusive tests, kibosh, medical tests, shots in the dark, tests, unsatisfactory process

Wednesday, February 28, 2018

Frankie shot Faithless Johnny

thrice. And

when the third shot hit him
was a new man’s face in Hell!

Satan explained how each instantly
put on The Wall of New Faces
and showed it to me. Vast!

“But...there’s a separate wall for
women’s faces then?” I puzzled.

He shrugged “No women here.
Ever.”

“Hell male?”

“Exclusively!”

“Somehow I like that!”

Labels: Frankie and Johnny, Hell, men, Satan, women

Wednesday, March 21, 2018

The Soft Coup

What else is new?

When the women took over
the Government, we awaited
jarring change.

Bizarre by pretending otherwise

All ran the same. Pretty much
the hoggish way the men did.

Uneasy! Where’s the buzzsaw?

President Monica Sawyel counseled
patience. Her next term would embody
the bulk of the changes.

What about now? The dirty cards in
today’s deck?

First concentration in Arts!

So many floating loafers already.

A five play cycle featuring superlative
warrior, Meldornia!

Slight problem in that she never existed?

The young women must be saved
by having something to believe in!

Yeah, a lie!

We never had one based on lies?

Not entirely.

Oh?

Labels: coup, feminism, history, importance of myth, myth, revolution, rule by women, war

Thursday, March 22, 2018

“Thirty days till Blood Week.”

“You have your instructions.”

“Ax the Unholy Seven! Clear enough.”

“Disloyal Incompetents!”

“But I’m feeling repercussions like
the pre-echo on an old LP.”

“Not your worry.”

“Will be if they sue.”

“Honey the exits!”

“Consider it done! But, speaking of
Honey, divorce final in a day!”
“I started breathing again last week.”

“And the other lady packing up.
Bit too slowly. Your termination
clause with her is solid, but her
shyster brother’s a lawyer, so
they still think they can extract
more from The Big Guy.”

“That’s allegedly me. More pounds
of flesh off this fifty year old hide,
and I become the little guy again!”

“Won’t let that happen! Why you
couldn’t afford me then! But…
I’ve got something pleasant for you.
German knockout came over to
marry senior honcho of conglomerate?

But he stroked out and is presently
Babble-o-Rama!

She wants you! Pure and simple.
She read *Business Week* Profile.

And her deal is no deal. She signs
nothing, nor do you. Has her own
money, believe it or not. At any rate,
she has put my cynicism to the test!”

“Uh huh? I do believe I’ve heard similar
melodies.”

“I quote ‘My desire is to serve him
completely. End of story!’”

“I’ll meet her. Haven’t laughed
recently.”

After two weeks, he cancelled
Blood Week.

Thus Cherchez la femme for
good things too.

Labels: divorce, firings, Law, mistress, power, sex, wealth

Friday, March 23, 2018

Meet six years after breakup.

Still wants to give her side.

Fantastical!

In Life, we show the takes make
us look good. Not a surprise.

To the cutting room floor with
her Mother Teresa!

As I splice and project my
combination of George Patton
and St Francis of Assisi!

Could the intelligent viewer deduce
the Truth after both film versions?

The WHAT?

Hey, Truth is a Prisoner of War!

Labels: breakup, competing versions, quarrel, retrospect, Romance, Truth

Saturday, March 24, 2018

At the newer weather service,
she was never on live anymore.

Way it worked out, nothing
to do with her appearance,
which remained chipper
and pert.

She joked with her husband,
who got more and more face
time due to his great-fella
persona.

The last time in the Capital of
Blizzards, Buffalo.

The van broke down there, and
he and the crew had to endure
an extra day getting it dug out
and repaired and de-grimed.

Del met Victor then. Dropped in
at the dark cocktail lounge he
owned when she couldn’t sleep.

When Cliff had a remote in Portland,
Maine for a howling Nor'easter out of
Canada, she returned to Victor and
they discussed the poetry he had
recommended.

Romance? Nonsense! Though his
terrible limp intrigued.

One of the young women got mono,
and she found herself on camera again,
together with Cliff in Nova Scotia.

When she returned to the cocktail
lounge, Victor had died!

She was asked to say something
at his memorial service the following
Tuesday.

She worried at to the literature content
some expected, so went to the quirky
bookstore to inquire as to a suitable
tragic poem she could read.
But Jellybean Shawcross--her actual name--offered to impersonate her instead. “That dark lighting! They really don’t know what you look like!”

Del said no way!

But Jellybean challenged “Aw come
on! Faint heart na’er won Fair Lady!”

Deal struck, and Cliff stuck in
Philadelphia that hailing night
anyway. “Size of Quarters!”

Jellybean reported to her around eleven as to the completely successful ruse, and they couldn't stop laughing.

The more they giggled and drank, as the rain pounded, the more apparent she’d stay the night.

Labels: conversation, imitation, literary, marriage, performance, poetry, restless

Sunday, March 25, 2018

-These babies look all cute, but they're
as stinky as their poop!

-Original Sin! That's a tough one!

-Just gotta be baptized. Not a biggie!
Give the priest a few bucks.

-How bout the Muslemmo ones?

-In blackest sin forever!

-That's just too hard for a little baby!

-Uh huh? But if everybody acts like a fairy, where do we get?

-Hey! Thinking all about it gets too fancy.
The Eagles won the Super Bowl!

-That's complicated enough for the both of us!

-It's like a lot of shit ideas. You laugh them off and then a century goes by and…?

-Let's give em another century! Why the fuck not?

Labels: conversation, intellect, Original Sin, Super Bowl, The Fall, theology

Monday, March 26, 2018

-Heard you went Altzy.

-Almost. Very short episode, which straightened itself around. Some little confusion and forgetting.

-Welcome to the club!

-But I’m good to go now! Just gotta write more things down.

-There goes your charm!

-Uh huh? Based as it is on the half-assed?

-Tough area to claim accomplishment in, since it’s crowded by the rest of us.

-Anyway, Doc insisted on Brain Scan, which showed nothing!

-Too bad. You’d like to see evidence you have one.

-I’ve always wondered.

-Well I can attest I’ve seen it
operating these many years!

-Thank you! You’re lifting me up!

-What IS your name, anyway?

Labels: aging, Alzheimer, brain scan, confusion, forgetting

Tuesday, March 27, 2018

When Murphy Carker couldn’t
sleep, he instituted a rule.

These rules covered personal
and moral conduct mostly, but
some were financial.

Each forgotten upon awakening,
though a residue of calm remained.

Until it didn’t. He remembered one.

Now his life is chaos! Remembers
others, some in quite surreal form.

“I’m going nuts,” he confides in
Accountant Jerry.

“No you’re not. Clarity is hard.
Nobody ever achieved it easily.
Certainly not unconsciously!”

“You’re full of shit!” he informed
him, feeling it the first step back.

Labels: clarity, conduct, conscious, dreams, financial, rules, unconscious

Wednesday, March 28, 2018

Kevin’s Essay

Only when impossible situations arise
among and between adults, do I ask
myself the ultimate question:

How best to lie?

Labels: adult, difficulty, relationship, sticky

Thursday, March 29, 2018

Max quit his gallery and signed with
a brand new one, which would debut
with him, and with a groundbreaking
show of what Time already hailed as
freshmax.

The night before opening, stolen, every
painting.

State of the Art Security, uh huh?

Captain Ossing, heading the Art Theft
Squad: “Pros altogether! What can I
tell you now?”

As all such cleverness does, it eventually faded from the
news as leads exhausted.

Hottest Rumor, bought by a Swiss who
displays them to crooked international friends.

Anyway, Max and the gallery did okay on the insurance.

All law enforcement still amazed at the brilliance of the job!

The latest Hollywood blockbuster reveals a woman behind it, but, of course, that couldn’t be.

Labels: art theft, art world, caper, criminal, Hollywood, security

Friday, March 30, 2018

regardless
of us,

who had gotten,
you see,
his Irish up.

He won’t change
for hottest spite

these
banging
years.

Though outward signs
of Yankee normality

prevail, dreams rip
our usual hands,

but not his.
And he laughs.

A fair disaster
and so he laughs!

Like life’s
a sale where

you buy your
own wind.

Labels: conformity, Irish, peer pressure, peers, rebellion, stubborn

Saturday, March 31, 2018

-GAME? I’m speaking GENUINE HERE!

-No pretending? Or over-sensitivity?

-Nobody’s a saint.

-I’m awaiting Canonization. What can I wear?

-Knowing you, some Flapper Outfit outa the trash!

-I enjoy being a girl!

-All that chest hair!

Tuesday, April 17, 2018

1-6

6
I don’t talk to rookies. After all,
you went with Malora a mere
month; whereas…

1
You were engaged a sordid six!
But couldn’t get her to the altar.

6
The altar would hafta come to Mal,
last in a chain of thoroughly expected
miracles.

1
She’s more famous for her breakups.
For that lousy month, I still shake years
later at her pointed phrasing!

6
And I can quote her to the exact, cruel, letter.

1
Wonder what she’s doing now?

6

This moment? Piling little wood
shavings. To ignite while chanting
to the Mean Broads' Chief God.

1
Nothing so elaborate. I can see her with
your voodoo doll, pin poised above its
shriveled penis.

6
No! Please! Don't!

1
And when she drives it home don't
scream like a girl!
6
I like screaming like a girl. They get
a lot out.

1
Everything?

6
That's not possible.

Labels: breakup, engagement, female, male, marriage, Romance

Wednesday, April 18, 2018

Professor Denzler amazed at
the parallel to the sexual dances
of New Hano and other Pacific islands

Yet Marjorie Dawning had invented it herself.

Performed it at the Lions.

He had room in the budget to invite her to the Anthropology Club, then to show the old British Pathe footage of the island dances.

Frenzies might be the better label.

Anyway, her performance seized grad
student Bill Ortway, and he later stood in
the sudden ice storm outside her small
hotel and stared.

Bea Hoddles noted him from the kitchen
window as she made sandwiches for
Room Service.

Later brought him hot chocolate.

Her art wasn’t dance but warmth, and
Bill quickly changed the object of his
smittenness.

She brought him home that midnight,
and her helter-skeltered dolls glowed
in approval.

Labels: attraction, behavior, culture, cultures, loneliness, seduction, sex, smitten

Thursday, April 19, 2018

-When she died she left me
with a nice impression.

-You didn’t know her.

-I knew OF her. That was
pretty lovely…give and take.

-Superficial. Her AND you!

-I’ll accept that. Omar Khayyam
said he was never deep in
anything save wine.

Leave out the wine, we got you.

-“But I am one acquainted with the night.”

-Acquainted. That’s the keyword.
Nothing serious.

-It’s that way for everyone.

-This conversation over?

-This one only.

-Then I can stop wincing, waiting
for Hamlet to, like, emerge?

-Not tonight. “Look for me tomorrow,
you’ll find a grave man.”

-Serious?

-He meant dead. So, pretty serious.

-I’m running QUOTE BLOCKER on you!
People can talk without all this literary crap!

-Perfect program for the silly age.

Labels: Frost, Hamlet, literary conversation, literary quotation, Literature, Omar Khayyam

Friday, April 20, 2018

-Ralphie couldn’t have loved Sol more!

-For years and years...if I understand?

-Distilled it on his blog. A beautiful tribute!

How do I...?

-Just Google A Big Jew Passes.

-Oh? As a fellow Big Jew, I don’t
know how much I like that.

-His way.

-Lots of haters too!

Labels: antisemitism, death, grief, love, pain, tribute

Saturday, April 21, 2018

-Said she'd go back to her planet if
she could take take Monsieur M. Andre,
who designed the bra for her single,
central breast.

-And the boyfriend would never let HER
go anywhere without him.

-Right! Since she’s gynecologically
doubled, his invented techniques, too,
shout GENIUS!

-In her short stay here, she has learned
how to inspire brilliance!

-OUR women locked into trivia. Lips and
eyes and whatever goo-goo.

-Such a shame!

Labels: alien, beauty, cosmetics, sex, women

Sunday, April 22, 2018

-We called him The Professor.
Anyway, they had terrific Sundays!
Cooked huge breakfast together,
and then lazed around reading
The New York Times. Sections of it
all over the floor! Mid remnants of
eggs and waffles and coffees etc.

-I love it! What my mother called sloppy
but nobby.

-I don’t know what nobby means, really,
but as Whitman says “I’m mad to come
in contact with it!”

-Her new boyfriend’s a gamer.

-May God have mercy on her soul!

Labels: boyfriend, gamer, relationship, Romance, Sunday customs

Monday, April 23, 2018

-Did the Big Bang actually happen?

-A convenience. All our thoughts are.

-Anything else?

-Not yet.

Labels: Big Bang, origin, thinking, thought, universe

Tuesday, April 24, 2018

-Your Monette is, like, continuously sweet!

-Uh huh? Natural or calculated?
Perhaps I should inquire of her
other warm friend?

-Is...the Green-eyed Monster whispering
again into your suspicious ear?

-He takes no breaks!

-Why not just trust her?

-I’m gonna pretend you couldn’t
ask a question that utterly stupid.

-I’M stupid? You’re making The Queen
Elizabeth into a tramp steamer!

-You’d be surprised. Anyway, I’m getting
the goods on her. Slowly but surely.

-Obsessive jealousy will tear you apart!

-Whaaa obsessive? I work my eight hours.

-Then, revert to Sherlock Holmes?

-Elementary my dear Watson!
She’s a goddamn cheater!

-Why not give the harrowing investigation a break? Go to
a ballgame with us guys! Ass around! Loud and drunk! You need some perspective!

-What? And give the women an excuse to get together and brag about Mr Long-Cock?

-So? She’s the tease-provoking sleaze?
Pretty little Monette? Cut it out!

-Not for much longer.

-I’ll stop. Lest you tag me Secret Screwer!

-Death too good for such a one!

Labels: jealous obsession, jealousy, sweetness

Wednesday, April 25, 2018

Ruppy found little trace of her.

Twisted tubes of makeup here
and there, looking like a disgusted
painter had flung them.

He deduced that Nora had left.
And probably with a character
from her office she couldn’t
shut up about.

“Mr Jibber-Jabber,” pronounced
he into false twilight, birds bending
their flight down like a hinge.

Before he could go on the net to
explore a proper group for Males
Unaware, Friend One bursts in.

“Change nothing! You’ll just meet
another dissatisfied woman. God
himself has given up this city!”

“I must do something!"

“So turn into a parody? The girls
have cornered the market.
Latest is their acquiring lips
like Ubangis! OH? It can laugh.

Heart smashed to shit and it can
still laugh!”

“Stick a fork in me, I’m done!”

“Look at that light. It has turned gold!
And what are the birds doing?”

“Gliding.”

“Bingo!”

Labels: abandoned, group therapy, Nature, quiet, voluble

Thursday, April 26, 2018

-Mr Death is henceforth sitting in?

-You've played against stacked decks before?

-All of them.

Labels: cards, death, mortality

Friday, April 27, 2018

“What is your twenty-first birthday question?” asked Grigor of daughter Estelle.

“How did everybody get so mean?”

“He answered...?”

“Be patient! Everyone just forced to start from there.”

Labels: folklore, human society, rule, society

Saturday, April 28, 2018

-Couldn’t sleep last night, so I studied the shadows on the wall and ceiling.

-Mysterious!

-Just the single nightlight in a floor socket, thus they’re huge!

-Great! Intriguing!

-So...I puzzled out...that’s a bookcase, that’s an inner shutter, and that’s...

-Long story short?

-I could draw you a detailed diagram right now! Case utterly solved!

-You have taken mystery and turned it into you?

-I suppose.

-Longer I live, more I’m cheated!

-Sorry! Next time I’ll leave half undone! My usual half-ass!

-Leave something!

-What gods get angry if I don’t?

-All of them!

Labels: analysis, knowable, light, mystery, personality, shadow, unknowable

Sunday, April 29, 2018

-How goes the Thirty Year Purge?

-Deadest end! And worse than death, really!

-Embarrassment?

-Unfortunately! Last unearthing was a grimy trove of kids' stuff in the attic. Still smelling of piss and shit even after all these years!

-Hey! They got their own kids stinking up
their respective joints!

-Christ! The History of Odor!

-What's done is done.
-I won't relax until the whole crap's on
the garbage truck being hauled away.

-Do you worry about the garbage men
making wisecracks, which then filters
to the village?

-I know it's ridiculous, but Liz and I can't help it!

-Middle-Class! Means you're embarrassed every fuckin moment of your life!

-I thought the latest pegs us as Lower-Upper?

-There’s no escape: Death, Taxes, Shame!

Labels: children, human, Middle Class Strictures, shame

Monday, April 30, 2018

“Every day!” he beamed!

“And in every way!” rushed we!

“We’re getting better and better!”

We took turns embracing him,
clapping him on the back.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGED VERBAL LEADER!

Then sang to him after he asserted
“The impossible DOES take longer.”

Our exuberance would have lasted
the whole evening, but he, unfortunately,
expired.

Through grief unending, we still remembered to phone Police Commander Swirtzky.

Who later asked the requisite questions to determine absence of foul play.

Then entered DP into his tablet.

DEATH BY PROVERB

“Older they get, more the case,”
he added to us.

We pounded his back and sang to him.

Labels: age, group psychology, proverbs, sayings, youth

Tuesday, May 15, 2018

Hey!

One lung,

One ball,
One ovary:

We survive,
Y’all!

Defining
Genius.

Labels: genius, handicap, Music, survival

Wednesday, May 16, 2018

The Man Who Left

Decided
Time.

The Woman Who Stayed

Decided
Time.

Those Hanging On the Fringe

Derided
Both.

Labels: criticism, decision, time

Thursday, May 17, 2018

A buoyancy of small cars!

Too, the women afloat, liquid
under flowing dresses.

The light itself, silken.

Until two men martialed black-
beyond-black,

goose-step past high.
Low Comedy. Menace.

These, all, though,
images merely.

Unless one allows
their assembling

beauty
or terror.

The mind,
palpable,

unscreens.

Labels: beauty, film, form, German, Military, terror

Friday, May 18, 2018

I see them, hardly bizarre but really
only Ward and June Cleaver, Ozzie
and Harriet etc.

Everyone’s family odd! blah blah you say, and our friends.”

“Well, my one brother…!” I attempted to start. He all but shouted me down.

“But MINE TRIBE into seriously seriously insane direction. Pathological, criminal even.”

“Give me hint.”

“No, you must pay.”

“How much?”

“Dollar is fine. Symbolic. You’re never
actually giving it. It stays like this forever.”

(As a collector of foreign currency, I have
already put the dollar in a plastic case.)

And only if you’re very sure!”

“You’re acting! Academy Award!”

“No. You’ll never ever be the same.”

So, he told me. Whereupon, Cleo
and Mark arrived.

We went bowling, I think.

After not sleeping, I walk a few hundred feet to an area where redevelopment has repeatedly failed.

Grandiosely called “The Desert.”

Bury the dollar in its case.

Labels: eccentricity, Family, pathology, ritual, symbolism, weirdness

Saturday, May 19, 2018

After Gerry’s Bum of the Month
has exited--Finally!--GOS* schedules
a MEGA PIGOUT at Dunkin Donuts.

Lauren claims, though, that the assortment still hasn’t brought her to the correct farting pitch, fetches a tray of eclairs.
Our skinniest, Alica, demurs with expected drama--”Look how fat I’m getting!”

Inhales two while protesting with pinches
of sparse flesh.

Meditative Alma desires a good crap, would give anything for one.

Which news pitches Gerry from breakup
despair into a giggling fit...escalating
further when we’re shoving her back into
the car.

“Why do we need an event to have an event?” inquires Marcy-Dee--always on a natural high--as she aims the Subaru.

*Girls Oft Scorned

Labels: breakup, calories, eating, elimination, girlfriends, sweets

Sunday, May 20, 2018

-Watch the Royal Wedding?

-Switched off! Us males screwed again!

-How so?

-Chapeau Department. Only broads can
wear the batshit crazy hats!

-And they all did! From freeze-dried cunts to Good-Time Gerts!

-Such a contrast! But once they clamp one of those concoctions on their heads, they’re all converted to Instant Assholes!

-That’s where we got ‘em beat. We don’t
require no damn conversion!

Labels: female, hats.women's fashion, male, Royal Wedding

Monday, May 21, 2018

How do you like
your blue-eyed boy
Mr Death?

How do you like
your flim-flam man
Mr Coward?

Has he raveled
matters so far
beyond description

you dance furiously, merely
to get along?

Each life having melody
purchased to form song.

But with Artificial Intelligence,
why even bother, Dear?

It has been
taking it from here

for the longest time!
How do you like
your…whichever-

forever

Labels: artificial intelligence, Buffalo Bill, compromise, coward, dancing, melody, Music, Trump

Tuesday, May 22, 2018

Monsieurs Andre and Anthony got
nowhere with their “Strong Woman Look,”
but Jonette loved it! A few simple minutes before
leaving the apartment of a morning, then done.

And, especially, clean! Makeup feeling
so wonderfully minimal.

She always said the same thing on
meeting them for her weekly appointment:

“Ugly Duckling Department!”

Andre always responded “No! You’re beautiful! And tres chic!”

Then Anthony in his usual tirade regarding “Stupid-a men afraid real-a woman!”

“*As always, Boys, thank you!”*

Her boyfriend has finally found a suit for
the wedding. “Met a tailor who didn’t
wince or shrug.”

Labels: beauty, body image, makeup, Ugly Duckling

Wednesday, May 23, 2018

-Guys your age are corking off! More each day it seems.

-Hope when it comes it’s fast!

-Knowing you, you’ll be bellyaching loudly! But no one will listen.

-Sounds about right.

-It didn’t hafta be this way!

-Yes it did.

-You wish to die the person you…?

-Affected? Naturally!

-Has to be something more real about Death.

-He doesn’t need either of us. Is that
real enough?

-It’s lonely without THAT! So chilling to
see we’re left only with each other.

-It’s a crap shoot!

-C-H-U-T-E?

That too.

Labels: death, dying, Friendship.Attitude, loneliness

Thursday, May 24, 2018

-I went from Bristol Stomp to Bristol Chart!

-Clever enough. Best to stop there.

-Or from *Merrie Olde* to…?

-You were warned! Bristol in the song
is in Pennsylvania!

-Can’t be! Wouldn’t fit in my brilliant compendium!

-You won’t hafta rethink Chart. Knowing your erratic bowels, got that right!

-Ah the nature of what I get straight nowadays!

-Characteristics of various poops with
photos in various browns--mostly. Aesthetics is *wonnerful*!

-Not many songs about growing old, except the sloppy sentimental.

-The body presents most problems clearly.

-Not to say clinically.

-Too! So much that some folks opt out.

-Overdoses most common in that sad gang!

-Fight on! Courage wasted on the young anyway.

-Isn’t everything?

Labels: age, bowels, Bristol, medical, youth

Friday, May 25, 2018

When a beautiful woman guffaws it ruins her lines, and plotted sweetness.

She must therefore sacrifice calling
men on crap!

Unless she settles for the Eve Arden role.

Not bloody likely!

We’ll inform those who are a better fit.

Place for everybody.

Labels: Battle of Sexes, Eve Arden, sexual role, truth telling

Saturday, May 26, 2018

(Marko and Hal, Sing, Duet, mostly)

Oh it’s always fair weather
when good fellows get together.

(great Basso-Mustering then)
With a stein on the table!

(One or the other, trailing off)
And a…a...

-The task our young women hath laid upon us is challenging but achievable.

-To somehow combine this with Barbie-Warbie’s Wuppy-Buppy Cupcake Song?

-Why not just come out as Pussies?

-Why bother? Understood!

-By the public at large?

-Universe.

-I’m not up to all that!

-Cosmic Pussies? I hear our loins girdling!

-Where are the MEN of yesteryear?

-Looking for some frilly thing to wear!

-HOW frilly?

Labels: compromise, drinking song, feminine, masculine, sex, singing

Sunday, May 27, 2018

-About that time, King Menton, the Entirely Mad, declared that henceforth his subjects could not eat!

-MEM?

-One and only!

-Didn’t the rich cheat?

-Grew fatter. Besides, they had all joined
The Police.

-Who had to enforce, thus had to eat for energy? Unsustainable situation! Off with MEM’s head !
-Not so fast! He signed the new decree,
then, allowing all citizens to join up!

-Thus we arrive at today’s police state!

-You arrest me or I’ll arrest you!

-But there’s no interest in pursuing the
holdouts, the hard criminals, murderers and rapists etc.

-They weed out their very worst.

-Hmmmm? Have we…reached Utopia?

-I’d say yes.

Labels: arbitrary rule, citizen, famine, rule, wealth

Monday, May 28, 2018

Sears, Merritt Island, FL,
and Willow Grove, PA

-You the man lost his wife?

-Yes! But I found a perfectly adequate
substitute in another universe.

-Do they say yes there?

-Quite often.

-Still too vague.

-Pretty much our way. The specific
ones get specifically hurt.

-So? Sail through? (last word echoes)

Labels: joking, repeated pattern, simultaneous, time

Tuesday, May 29, 2018

(Her Largest

and most most bitter)

FOR THIS?"

Labels: disappointment, hygiene, lament, letdown, social disappointment

Wednesday, May 30, 2018

-I’m working on three pieces.
Two are fun and the third is
vitally, almost unbearably,
important.

-Give me a hint as to the something you see standing on third base.

-Can’t.

-Oh come on! Why be so precious?

-It’s not that. I’ve totally forgotten it!

Labels: conversation, forgetting, planning, priority

Thursday, May 31, 2018

-We walk the streets of life alone!

-Uh huh? I hope that you’re not maintaining that YOU do. Half into a mob most of the time.

-Gregarious!

-Lucky! Nothing recommends you as a friend. Selfish, scheming. You’d showboat tragedy!

-Guilty...if I bothered watching. Jeez! Everytime I find a good quote...!

-We deny you! So sad! Called knowing somebody.

Labels: applicable quotation, friends, Literature

Sunday, June 17, 2018

Am I the man whose wife is looking for him?

Perpetually.

But not to be found mid Reader’s Digest
aphorisms, next to Hardware.

Nay, of sterner stuff am I!

For example: I wish to live by the side
of the road and be a friend to man.

The “man” ‘s generic. Includes women.

Except! I’m making an exception.

Let the gals have their endless trivia
and pretty bras, and more power to ‘em!

Vive la difference!

Labels: attitude, female, male, marriage, proverbs, sayings

Monday, June 18, 2018

-Save in passion!

insisted her literate boyfriend.

-You've noticed! Finally!

-I believe so. I'm...never quite sure
just WHAT I'm noticing with you.

-Easy! My complete abandonment to the grimy-
low-down gods of seedy and disgraceful love.

-All THAT?

-Go further with that thread!...when YOU'RE
merely getting your rocks off!

-I'm doing such, but with an overwhelming
ardor for you the whole time!

-Uh huh? Sounds like a love poem, or
some other sheer bullshit!

-What more can I do to make you believe
that I...?

-Just never lose your role in the battalion of

sexual morons!

-Yes Commander!

Labels: attitude, frankness, gentle, literate, love, Romance, sex

Tuesday, June 19, 2018

What Cliff Forgot

The feeling more than haunting.

Yet…excruciating vague.

He was forgetting something.

And important!

He rechecked his personal diaries.

And especially his “long book”
where he taped in doctors’
appointment cards.

Nothing.

Recited the doggerel patterns
by which he recalled birthdays.

Gretchen was an hour late!

He remembered that she had to put
her kids on a bus to DC for a special
trip!

Anyway, she eventually ran through
all the cyber nags she had set up for
him on his laptop.

It became time for Mrs Reardon--
the second occasion in his career!--
maybe merciful retirement approaching!

Anyway, she the equal to any slit-eyed
prosecutor!

After all of this, Cliff called clean!

But the haunting has become a harrowing!

He purposely lunches alone…in the
disgraceful junk-room!

AND THEN IT CAME TO HIM!

So he--not panicking--scales the timeframe back from 24 to 12!

Informs Dr Abernathy on his cell, who laughs

“Sounds like somebody a trifle overwhelmed!

Completely understandable.”

So…and thus…Cliff had to digest the news, and…whatever…stipulated further.

As Chloe.

Not easy, to say the least, a Ditz!

Unredeemable!

Labels: forgetful, organization, personality, sex, sex role

Wednesday, June 20, 2018

A Dialog

-This country wasn’t built
by men afraid of terrorizing
a few Spick Tykes!

-Ja wohl!
Fellow-

Fascist-
Fuckbrain!

Labels: breaking up families, Fascists, imprisoning children, Republican, Republican Fascists

Thursday, June 21, 2018

-What could be new with Your Weirdness? You shifted shapes and even sex.

-Childsplay.

-Oh? The rest of us left gasping in the dust!

-Easy not to be. You’re from here as
am I. Our starting and finishing point.

-But I feel like Buck Rogers and the
Temple of Doom!

-Yes. I can sense that groaning and mechanical sepia-ness. Amusing light.

-I’ll settle for doing just one of the miraculous things you’ve done!

-Why bother? Already suffocatingly
old hat

-Indulge me! Or I’m left with nothing!

-”Nothing” has already decided that.

-That final? You’re drawing a long bow!

-There’s only one. Like me…you’re
from here.

-So?

-You can no longer be from here. All life
and its language comes from that original fact. Straitjacket!

-Can’t be changed!

-Must! Meet me tomorrow. I’ll show you new chains of vowels.

-Uh huh? The brand new life hatched from language?

-It has been anxiously sounding itself as we sound here

-And it will fail as I will fail again!

-Not this time!

Labels: Creation, invention, language, new, shape shifting

Friday, June 22, 2018

This was the agreed-upon timeframe.
And he skated for the win!

In one solid year he screwed literally
everything up. Not easy, but an ARTIST!

Last assignment planning a birthday party for our fussy and perpetually unhappy friend.

Who cried at the end because it proved so warmly tasteful and totally exquisite!

So, lost the record! Crushing for those of
us knowing people!

Labels: irrational, predictability, screwup, total surprise

Saturday, June 23, 2018

Pickup For_____

-Is there anything for me?

-Nothing you haven’t already supplied
yourself.

-Where’s the fun in that?

-We’re not children, needing surprises
to go on.

-Says who? Speak for yourself John Alden!

-Triangular love resonates during Indian Wars?

-We needed myths to counter actual
Trails of Tears.

-Now they’re saying you can’t be an illegal on stolen land!

-And that continues resonating in this nation of sore losers!

-Best American trait is smiling through
while eating shit!

-That in Constitution?

-Beautifully phrased! Exquisitely declared!

-I’m beginning to cry!

-They love that! Do the Fascists.

-Speak for yourself, Joe Goebbels?

Labels: American Indians, Fascism, genocide, Indian Wars, Puritan, Trail of Tears

Sunday, June 24, 2018

What to do if your name’s a pun

Are you Dunne?

Then wipe yourself!

Yes, a blinding witticism!

How to sidestep such brilliance
generally

when learning to be truly nice
enables scores of these?

The language proving
enemy despised!

Labels: "wit" in America, bullying, pedestrian

Monday, June 25, 2018

-Have you ever been declared
legally dead?

-By lover or physician?

-Let me think. Both?

-Twenty-Vaguely-Ten! John Barleycorn, too, strongly vying for my affection and treatment!

-And he obviously won!

-Only in the long run. Turning gay
upped my game in the short one.

-Made it more flamboyant, bet
you that!

-Man does not live on bets alone.

-You wagered you die and you lived!

-What’re the ODDS?

-I’d guess even up either way.

-You’re a woman…and I’m thinking

about switching back.

-Never on my dime!

Labels: alcoholism, gay, legally dead, sex switch

Tuesday, June 26, 2018

served him,
if tediously.

Presently
retired,

he plays new
games with

grandchildren,
iron-ruled.

Labels: artistic style, games, literary style, style, time

Wednesday, June 27, 2018

Les never invited to events, great or small.

He went anyway.

None of this I wouldn't go where I wasn't comfortable!

"Ever-comfortable" could be his moniker.

His Monica never invited either.

She threatened to picket!

At any rate, know any UNcomplicated relationships?

Not enough there: just having one social shortcoming in common, you'd think?

You'd be wrong.

Again!

Besides, life is changing!

Leary, School Guard, and his present wife, Dells, fellow guard and former twirler, have invited them to a "Bloody Mary Breakfast Bash" prior to the Morningside

Thanksgiving Game.

All pack of course.

Labels: drinking, guns, packing, party, school security, security, social life

Thursday, June 28, 2018

No such thing as History.
Rather Continuing Present

kills 6 million Jews
as we speak

of ballscores and
Girls So Pretty

involved in the stands!
Trail of Tears, too, endless.

(Quite short in jollity that!)
Alexander the Great
In Pique

best friend newly murders.
His harrowing regret
remains dangerous

as we tweak
our errands
and calls.

And stores
and parts.

Impossible to sort all
that’s loaded on our carts!

Labels: ego, genocide, grammar, history, Holocaust, language, present, present tense, time

Friday, June 29, 2018

returning the screwing after last
Supreme Court Appointment stolen?

Nope.

Tweedy Professors can't fight…

already balancing mini Danish
on the wrist whilst the hand cradles

Earl Grey…

All that's quite enough at once! don’t
you think?

And against totally nasty pieces of work
called REPUBLICANS?

Well Vegas won't bother with odds there.

Doesn’t even resemble a bet!

Labels: Democrat, political strategy, profs, Republican, soft, strategy

Saturday, June 30, 2018

-No Jew.

-Amen!

-Or mouthy woman!

-Goes without saying.

-Faggot?

-Looking for lisped opinions?

-No more fun. We got our guy!

-Knows his law, does he?

-Just enough to do what the fuck
he’s told!

Labels: fixed choice, joke of law, judicial independence, Supreme Court

certainly didn’t work at it!

Slob-Charisma?

But wives in our bunch couldn’t
talk about him enough.

Giselle claims “I’d pay him to
seduce my Ralph. Any sign
of life, however perverted!”

So…be careful what you wisecrack
about!

Ralph packs up one fine morning.

Shattered, she.

Of short duration. Two weeks later
he’s back: all apologies and masculine
sobbing.

Her power time! Intent on his destruction, but Father Dennis of St Ann’s sends the team of Drs O’Hare, Marriage Psychologists.

Strange to say, it’s working out.
Slowly, for the couple remarkable
thickheads.

Forgotten, the man who attracts men.

Until! Beat’s Richardson similarly absconds.

And he’s back shortly too!

Same wet, abject act. But Beats tells us “Hey! we’re not Mackerel-Mashers, and don’t need no priest or his hired guns to straighten out a crappy marriage.

We BOTH take responsibility!”

Wags claim her not-so-secret Fernando
had been helping her, but he’s transferred to the tango
school’s startup in another state.

Two years pass, and Hockey, and Bert’s brother, and I throw in thirty bucks each.
With Bert’s brother’s girlfriend, Jiggs, contributing ten.

Anyway, we could never figure out the
attraction residing in the fatal man who
bid to break up two marriages!

So offered the hundred to one seductee,
then the other.

No freakin go! Both said they’re taking
it to the grave!

Meantime, the man who attracted men
has moved on to several “relationships!”

We drink up the hundred one VFW night,
convinced somebody will eventually talk.

Labels: bi, friends, homosexual, marriage, relationship, Suburban

Saturday, July 21, 2018

Europeans getting it
together to sing in
grimy light.

The best
can be done
in sum.

Mid crumbling
from urinous history.

In the bright keeps,
no need.

The gods sleep.

Labels: Architecture, history, ruins, urine

Sunday, July 22, 2018

brusque in appraisal and solution

Let’s skip the tentative horseshit
and try each other out?

Might like what we see.

Within reason.

1st Week

How can such neurotics last?
Individually, let alone together?

2d Week

We’d never make AMERICA’S
GOT TALENT, but pleasant enough!

3rd Week

Sex can wait. I can’t look at my own
body without disgust.

4th Week

The baseball was entertaining! Let’s pretend it’s important who wins. Anyway I wear

the cap to work. It further nudges slumber there midst my luckless colleagues!

Fifth Week

My Mother wants to meet you. Prepare
to get controlled.

Sixth Week

We’ve been invited to a wedding in
my strained family. Your interest
re general perversion takes a step
forward.

Seventh Week

It’s been more than a month!

Eighth…almost

I’ve never been so hurt!
I’ve never been so hurt!

Labels: Family, family history, feeling, impatience, method, personality, relationship, trial relationship

Monday, July 23, 2018

-...and proposed Shit-Storm Factor?
1-10?

-11!

-You know the most important factor?
When you really lay down blankets
of lies?

-You start to fiercely believe them?

-What's more natural? All life is invented
anyway. Forget the stupid
rationalizations beforehand.

-How about the ones of Faith?

-No thanks, just puked.

-The Lefties'll pee their lace panties!

-Our wondrous evil has its diuretic effects.

Labels: evil, faith, infection, Left, lying, pragmatism, religion, Right Wing

Tuesday, July 24, 2018

-I think of you as the ox in the paradox.
Sweet inside, and you blunder into
every freakin thing!

-That’s me…latter anyway. Not so damn
sweet otherwise

-We’ll skip that according to your
feelings…keep to male coding!

-Hey! Not all about me!

-Moi? Same whorey, mouthy bitch!
Can’t relinquish that role and
maintain any respect!

-Then is the world mean!

-Bingo! The best possible one!

-We should marry.

-What odds to a match most great?

-Long. Usual.

Labels: blunder, frankness, friends, marriage, nice guy, odd relationship, whore

Wednesday, July 25, 2018

-Difference Altzy and Dementia?

-Some wild-hair protein...something
of the like. Or...uh...

-I like people having no fuckin idea
what they’re talking about!

-Me too.

-But you’re not TOTALLY full of shit!

-Goal once.

-Perfection grinds one down.

Labels: conversation, incomplete knowledge, knowledge, sketchy knowledge

Thursday, July 26, 2018

Male Ma Barker lost in Glurtzman Bros
decrepit back-lot

Lady in Red fetches.

Grimy Coke bottles from thirties like
ball bearings under her small feet.

Anyway, time for scene outside dusty
Biograph!

From Wardrobe he had gotten drab
housedress, she her snappy outfit
of strangest red.

Baby Face Nelson collects 10 each,
then calls ACTION!

Then CUT!

“Where’s John?”

“Napping,” guesses actual lady.

But he immediately shows with
7-11 coffee for 4.

Blueberry Muffins.

They share before his capture.

Ma Barker teary-hysterical-cursing at that sad point.

Spectator later points out that she
was never anywhere near.

“Artistic License,” laughs Director Nelson.

“History always spoils things,” Lady
in Red meditates.

“Imagination!” blurts Dillinger. “Keeps
me going!”

“So WHAT? ANYTHING!” scarfs up the
muffin remnants, Ma.

Labels: gangster, gangster films, reenactment

Friday, July 27, 2018

-White Nights?

-Furiously dance beyond exhaustion
on Speed and Ecstasy!

-Shit! Excluded because of my age!

-Brown Nights?

-I’d be lucky.

Labels: dancing, drugs, ecstasy, rave, Speed

Saturday, July 28, 2018

You’d not think a member of the
Unreconstructed Right would
willingly become a slave, but
Jerry signed a contract with
Saunders Ott as Master.

Thus upholding--and testing--
the most key quotation of
his life.

In perfect service there is perfect freedom!

The agreement allowed beating, but
clause left in there merely as historical
artifact, really.

Tell Saunders Ott, who marked Jerry’s
face up quite a bit with his Cornell
Boat Club ring after he brought
the wrong golf shoes to Shadybrook
Country Club in response to a rushed
cellphone imperative.

Caddies witnessed the beating, black
men of indeterminate age.

“Dinges,” whispers Jerry, recounting
the incident to his lawyer, LJEM.*

The Slavery Board has insisted on an
apology to their Chair, and to Jerry.

They feel that hotheads threaten
the continued existence of Modern
Slavery, an institution much revered

heretofore. Especially since blacks
excluded. Not officially, of course,
in exact language, but today's
version proves almost lily white.

Left Media goes bananas with the
story, but public up to here with
real and imagined outrage!

LJEM prefers more private routes,
and holds his Ace that Ott humiliated
Jerry before inferiors. Then he slaps
it down on the table in a suit for personal
damages!

Quickly settled to quench his screaming!
Six figures.

Board transfers Jerry's contract to famed
animal trainers, Hans and Dyronna.

Jerry can't get used to the smells,
and her actual cracking of the
whip startles.

And excites.

*Little Jew, Enormous Mouth

Labels: faith, Modern Slavery, Right, service, Slave Mentality, Slavery

Sunday, July 29, 2018

The Man Afraid of Everything
married The Woman, ditto.

Good! say you. Since one can
comfort when a true paranoid fit
descends upon the other.

Bad! say I.

Because of the math.

Labels: fear, math, relationship, sum, summary

Monday, July 30, 2018

-What is Life?

-The slow destruction
of theory?

-And what is Theory?

-Masturbation.

-You’ve been so strangely affected!

-All in all.

Labels: iconoclast, intellectual, philosophical discussion, Philosophy

Tuesday, July 31, 2018

-The strangest anomaly of our profession
is that the best-selling female
robot is the most returned.

-Ah Stella-B! infuriatingly inconsistent.
And occasionally vicious!

-Who can stand her?

-Well not the Mama’s Boys!

-Back to Mommy is it?

-For the plate of steaming cookies
and pretty bandaids for boo-boos!

-She’ll need to turn on even more
Mommy-Power than that, since
Stella-B is never ever refunded!

-Thus must Life forever sting
deluded babies!

-Why don’t we build a robot mirroring
a truly sweet woman? She'll more maturely
comfort our Mama’s Boy!

-Mirroring a WHAT?

-Can’t exist?

-Not now. Last a Ginger Toffee.
Red Cross Girl, World War 1!

-Kept the Home Fires Burning?

-Well, not exactly.

Labels: female robot, Mama's Boy, robot

Thursday, August 16, 2018

Haydn

I invented
The String Quartet!

Mozart, Friend

Our false beliefs
define us!

Beethoven, Pupil

God made me
deaf

to both!

Labels: Music, music education, music history, musical composition, musical friendship, musical rivalry

Friday, August 17, 2018

Lie, actually.

Though he claimed to be no Nosy Nora,
Truth is he ALWAYS thought to say something!

But…didn’t.

Friend Cliff-O spat that he could’ve helped others.

He…supposed.

They agreed on an experiment: a week in which he’d speak up, to thus aid his fellow man and woman!

Cliff felt that since he was remarkably ugly, this new altruism would make him pretty.

Quite the opposite, it works out, so go figure!

Labels: empathy, friends, helping, human, minding own business, uncaring cold

Saturday, August 18, 2018

Don't take black or disabled hostages,
goes the AQ Guide.

For nobody ever wants them back!

Rest of tome could be said to be a perverse
Hymn to Fat Whites.

For what would revolutions do without them?

Beautiful Tools so thoroughly ugly!

One must learn a perverse aesthetic to
change anything.

Absurdity forever presenting itself!

If one day you sweat enough to become
a Fat White…?

Full Circle.

Norm.

Death.

Labels: black, class, Disabled, hostage, hostage-taking, revolution, White

Sunday, August 19, 2018

never again to decide,
met the woman ditto.

They...drift.

Not that their friends can tell.

A little like HISTORY.

Some great movements hardly noted.

So why don’t we knock it off?

What?

Labels: decided, decision, history, relationship, vagueness

Monday, August 20, 2018

-Still a DECENT Middle-West out there?

-Fortunately! For Ferdy-Weirdy T-Shirt Sales!

-Sold out in Muncy?

-Back-ordered!

-And your so-called book?

-Ten Notes for Goats?

-How can that fluff inspire crazy
droolers of the cloth at every stop?

-Secret is: the same one. Travels with us!

-He cries?

-Drenchingly! Mostly as to his innocent
granddaughters exposed to those who
wallow in the filth of THAT BOOK!

-If trivia raised to the nth negative power
can be said to be fil…

-This is America! You can say anything
is anything! We fight for that! Wars and shit!

-No business like...

Labels: Book Tour, foil, Mid-West, religion, sex, Show Business, TV Promotion

Tuesday, August 21, 2018

-Macho having decayed to utter Farce,
the women have become men!

-How’s that working in your eyes?

-Incompetently!

-From which anger will you kill us
once again?

-And whoa once again! I have Mother,
sisters, wives, daughters, girlfriends etc.

-Never a deterrent.

-Oh well! Mid-course corrections here
and there!

Labels: Family, female, macho, male, violence, War Between Sexes

Wednesday, August 22, 2018

The thudding once
arriving and
you owe us

for the promises
we'll keep for you.
Not all of course.

I see the bright
ones still undone

making you light-
hearted, finally

uncharacteristic, but
there we have it!

Labels: character, death, finality, promises, tomorrow

Thursday, August 23, 2018

-Lost his entire mind Tuesday!

-Babel-o-rama?

-Worse!

-How sad! And abrupt!

-But gained back 90% Wednesday!

-Miraculous! And the other 10?

-Morons continuously graze.

-Will the next Pasteur or Einstein come
from one of these?

-Who knows! We’re all composites.
If we knew the formula it would
plunge us into despair!

-How can you SAY that?

-Like everything.

Labels: conversation, friends, going crazy, losing mind, mental composition, viewpoint

Friday, August 24, 2018

These Trumpers are

NOISE !

How to Judge?

On Right Standards of course.

As an example, the opportunity to

REFILTH

the air back to

Republican

GOLD STANDARDS.

Labels: Clean Air, Clean Air Act, filthy air, reactionary, Right, Right Wing, Trump

Saturday, August 25, 2018

-No mystery here, believe me:
Think Crazy-quilt!

-All too much! Main threads being?

-Fear and lying.

-Falling into the male character then?

-Setting the hallmark!

-I think I recognize you. My first
husband!

-Everybody’s.

-Uh? Swinging just the ONE way?

-Moving with the times.

-A broken heart for every light on
Broadway.

-Not quite doubled my quota.

-One way of looking at you then:
ultimately just a crushed faggot!

-Nobody gets one way.

Labels: attitude, bi, character, complexity, friends, male-female, Nihilism, sex

Sunday, August 26, 2018

-Such a huge place!

-Rambling oddly through my family.

-And now to you alone. Alone!

-My preferred state.

-Gives me shivers!

-That’s you.

-Why not a woman? Companion? Share the chores. Something might prove funny...human.

-Would I have to speak to her?

-Just enough to put the day's sparse ducks on their tiny pond.

-No use. Once started, she’ll never fuckin shut up! 24-7!

-Nonsense! We’ll cast quiet waters for a silent one.

-Deceitful myth! None can exist.

-I’m thinking of a minimalist relationship
here. Just enough words to get by.

-She’d ruin it. Hopeless. Her nature.

-But the both wouldn’t say much
more than Hi!

-Beginning of the end.

-I see a pretty scenario: she’s making
a thoughtful sandwich for herself,
and you spark “How about the
same for me?”

-Uh huh? Whereupon she sweeties back
“Why don’t you just go fuck yourself?”

“…probably…”

Labels: alone, choices of friends, male fear, sexual prejudice, silent, talkative

Monday, August 27, 2018

Don’t ever vary routine?

Perhaps so.

Unless you can take the strain!

So prosaic at the start. I tack a half
block onto my daily walk.

Tires me a bit, so rest at the rear
of an open auditorium. Much actual
flag-waving onstage, and the right
vibrations.

Thus I’m comfortable...but must pee.
On the way I’m besieged by lights
and shouts.

Mistaken for Big Shot!

I laugh “Right Aquarium, Wrong Fish!”

Then, leaving the restroom, I’m jostled
by a man showing me that he’s
carrying. Heavily!

“Pickles leaves us if you DON’T
say the word!”

I escape, but one “Pickles” Torineau
assassinated following morning
on I-4!

Immediately go to Police?

What for? It’s exciting now!

Labels: Conservative, fellow travelers, routine, violence, violent politics

Tuesday, August 28, 2018

O you can’t get to Heaven
With a Selfie-Stick.

Already has
Its share of dicks.

Labels: camera phone, selfie

Wednesday, August 29, 2018

-A complete workshop of plastic surgery,
cuts and pastes and trickeries, has moved into my apartment building. I do believe a titty reduction is my pretty future!

-Good! Because you never wash that
training bra. Typical male filth!

-And a Ball Lift after that.

-Just one? Or can’t find the other in
all the residual old fat?

-Hmmm? Maybe Dr Quick-Knife should
excise that latter first?

-Step one of so many…but STOP!

-Whyso?

-Cease and desist! I’m telling me.
For going along with your macho
self-ridicule implies that you’re
still a man.

-I’m not?

-Nah. You’ve reached the age
when it no longer matters.

-Not even fair game for brainless
ridicule anymore?

-No one gives a flying fuck!

-Why put it that mildly? Total mental
and physical mess...and respected!
Christ! Can I step back?

-No way! Reinforced wall!

-So I can be ever so slightly
amusing whilst no one attends?
That’s my very best till expiration?

-Pardon?

Labels: done, friends, macho humor, Old Age, plastic surgery, ridicule, self-ridicule

Thursday, August 30, 2018

-And I have become one seriously acquainted with his asshole.

-So what? We’re parts. As we age more require attention.

-Like a fine old watch?

-Scrub the fine!

Labels: aging, medical complaints

Friday, August 31, 2018

Estralita's Mother made it.

We couldn’t wait to devour the
gooey deliciousness!

Fingers only the Old-Country Rule,
and we were fine with it!

Slobs really, and guilty after.
Somebody throws paper towels--
a thumping package--on the
break table, and we clean
ourselves up prior to the bathroom.

Silently. Embarrassed.

Jennifer drifts in from assignment
and finishes the bowl, her exquisite
fingers glistening in the light.

Making the light, it seems.

LET’S FACE IT SHE’S BEAUTIFUL

WE’RE NOT

Labels: beauty, hunger, table manners

Monday, September 17, 2018

Things had gone well.

My documents in order.

Trencher Osgood proved
silently efficient, showing
me three views of my face.

Equally awful.

Chose the first, pop-eyed
rendition.

“Friends’ll laugh,” bit off Osgood.

But since the Merriweathers and
Henslaws moved, I had none.

I didn’t say this last, but he replied
to it anyway, “Nothing to me!”

Whereupon all the computers
in all the cubicles slammed off,
as if cued by the lady on crutches
in fluorescent Daffy Duck Pajamas
now dragging herself into our cubicle.
Hissing “You DARE come here again!”

All the computers snapped to half-power,
with Patriot Boys singing The Battle
Hymn of the Republic.

In the sickly light, Osgood’s face turned

hatefully furrowed. The woman screamed “How about our little daughter? Dreaming of playing
Field Hockey for Bryn Mawr College?”

“I don’t KNOW you!” screamed I back.

Mr Osgood’s face became instantly caring
in palpable affection.

“*You must! To escape from here!”*

“I LOVE OUR DAUGHTER!” I told
the whole department then.

Mums brought: red for Ms Daffy Duck,
yellow for me.

At any rate, seven hundred dollars
later, I was home with an honorary
Field Hockey stick, highly highly
varnished.

And my new driver’s license.

Labels: bureaucracy, bureaucratic nightmare, Driver's License, Field Hockey

Tuesday, September 18, 2018

When the Great Beauty

farts

isn’t much
to say.

Not Gross You
after all!

Labels: beauty, gas, ordinary

Wednesday, September 19, 2018

Brendan always loved her name.

Male and female at once.

Thanked her parents frequently--though
both gone now.

She liked being male at restless night...
harmless enough little fellow.

Lately, post midnight visits to HOT DOG
EMPORIUM, only place open.

“Emporium!” laughed waitress, Irenee once, skating fast.

So dimpled and cute: “Will that be all, Sir?”

It was till it wasn’t.

Now is Irenee showering.

Then emerging in huge fluffy robe
one, Carl, had given Brendan, snowy.

“When I die,” sighs Irenee, “I hope it’s in this robe!”

Brendan has put eye makeup in the pocket, because of
earlier complaints of *eyes* like pissholes in the snow!

“You know? I can’t face getting dressed for that fancy-fruity-healthy hotel breakfast. Could WE…?”

“I make smashing French Toast!”

“Butter?”

“Rivers!”

Both women laugh, but, of course, Brendan is waiting for Irenee to note that it’s hardly a man’s apartment.

She can’t really wait. “You…naturally know that I’m a woman?”

“So?”

Labels: female, male, role playing, Romance

Thursday, September 20, 2018

When we last moved, I went from a baseball team which seldom won, to one most always did.

Countering tons of sheer American-Horseshit, neither place had any discernible effect on my character,
which alternated between timidity
and mindless brass.

My new First Baseman, JJ, stood for
no such alternation in himself!

Young Mr Perfect!

Soft, Super Polite, always the right words. I couldn’t be him to my shame, and

therefore couldn’t receive the neighborhood association
trophies he did.

Following season, SURPRISINGLY, considerably less of a paragon at First Base. The Swarthy One!

WHERE’S JJ? Moved? I ask him.

Yeah, to Convalescence!

Total Nervous Breakdown! he went on,
and family has money.

What’s that? Total WHAT? ask I.

What you think it is.

Well...so...J Jreturns NEXT season.
Hairball departs.

Mr Perfect again at First Base!
Will he again go crazy?

Initial game back, extra innings
impinging twilight.

Becomes up to me to save it...ball
sharply bounding, I stretch, leap,
tumble in a cloud

of retching,
darkening dust.

SOMEHOW in my glove! Hop up,
throw to J, not my usual rainbow
arc, though, a laser!

Hey! So I’m the Hero this time and
not him!

I see that stitched ball spinning
very softly now...

so so
many years past...

Bright
above

and shadowed
under…

traversing
pain.

Labels: adolescence, anxiety, Baseball, fear

Friday, September 21, 2018

Will the Republicans
Tartuffe up

to save the sordid ass
of yet another one?

Labels: comedy, Conservative, French Comedy, politics, religious hypocrisy, Republican, Supreme Court, Tartuffe

Saturday, September 22, 2018

I have absolute open sesame at a usually forbidding bureaucracy.

Walter, the Head, and I have frequently
straightened things out.

This time we make short work of my
double-knotty problem!

“We’re done here!” announces he.
“Courier delivers new papers to you
this afternoon.”

I tell him I’m genuinely grateful!

“Now you can do ME a favor.”

Of course, but proves a strange one!

A Lou Harker gone missing, like,
maybe permanently! The Bureau
must restore him somehow.

I’m to be him for a few extra minutes.

A young couple comes, and I assent
to what they say.

All gobbledygook and I nod…when
not issuing a genial yes!

Easy, but the ambient quite surprises!
Love flows from the couple and even
those nearby. I feel lifted.

The warmth all but overwhelming!
In the air long after the couple leaves,
so I can’t help but remark on it when
Walter comes back with coffee and
Danish for us both.

“Yeah, Lou such a peach, everybody
instantly loves him. That atmosphere
enveloped you. Not that you’re
NOT nice! As am I. But the two of us
wouldn’t make one Lou!”

Pretty great when you get love and
not studied diffidence.

I’ve had some opportunities to be Lou again and jumped at them!

And yeah I know it’s wrong, unmeasured, and I’m being
ridiculous!

But now his girlfriend, Melody, has
insinuated the picture offering to
instruct me.

We’ve been out a few times.

She is mega mega cute!

Well…okay..so…I know!

Short of it is
JUST CAN’T STOP!

Labels: ambient, bureaucracy, identity, love, sex, warmth

Sunday, September 23, 2018

I go towards the World,
a raucous trip

to an even more raucous
destination where

they fire questions at me!

Acquit myself well enough

to ask permission to
return, which
is never, ever, granted

but always implicit.

Labels: authority, privacy, stress, trap, travel, worldly

Monday, September 24, 2018

I get teased about my robot girlfriend.

“Emily Bronte.”

Writer when it meant something.

The Programmer seems bent (Stop
right there!) on reviving such an
era, for I must submit my criticisms
of her in narrative form.

Most focus on her coldness.

His criticism of me, and hers, is that
I fail at warming her up.

Maybe I do, but I’ve tried everything!

Up(?) to the level of silly, impromptu
gifts. So juvenile and embarrassing!

Can one apply “frigid” to a robot?

At any rate, she has driven me
irredeemably nuts, and I probably
should consider other builds.

Another Emily looks promising, Dickinson.

But, my Emily has gotten wind of it,
and turns frantic!

She claims she’ll do anything to
keep me.

Anything!

Enter the sexy and romantic Emily.

Wow!

Next month pure ice again. Uh huh?

My narrative to the Programmer leaves
nothing out of this craziness!

Sordid pages and pages!

Then he comes up with the

BIG REVEAL!

She’s really a human female woman, and I’M the robot.

Build Number M-51186921, Raymond Chandler.

I’m offered robot molls from his novels.

Such sexy ones!

But I simply cannot leave my Emily!

Labels: character complexity, Literature, love, men, quirks, robots, Romance, women

Tuesday, September 25, 2018

knife in as a plunging
wave, wings roistering

decibels of buzz. Tapers
gradually to silence as
each lands on wires.

There sway
in sigh-
ing wind.

When it ceases, they
emit that buzz

of flight
as a voice.

Imitating the day
as do we.

Labels: birds, communication, flight, similarity of species

Wednesday, September 26, 2018

-Ding-Dong

The Wicked Witch is dead!

Grisly Celebration
for Christians. . . coy
allegeds anyway.

-Wicked Warlock the same?

-No, we’d naturally mourn.
Though into weird shit, one
of the Boys!

Labels: Christian, female, male, warlock, wicked witch, witch

Thursday, September 27, 2018

They met by chance, and he used the occasion to apologize.

“Growing up in that house. With Mother and Dad only…” she answered, “Forgiveness in short supply.”

Statement comprising her refusal, he said goodbye, and she smirked the same.

Following week, a little lost, he drove
by the house.

As Fate would have it, the Power Steering failed and he
wrenched the car to the curb!

There, fought off a short panic attack.

Soaked with sweat, he restarted.

All Systems Go.

Labels: apology, forgiveness, obdurate, sad history, unmoving

Friday, September 28, 2018

Is it our fault, or Judd's, that that o so striving Middle Class Parents send their little skanks to Yale?

Labels: class, sex, snobbery, Yale

Saturday, September 29, 2018

-He beat that first wife like a drum!

-Horrible!

-I lived in the next-door apartment then.

-What did it sound like?

-G Major.

-Jesus!

-There is no key of J.

Labels: criminal, drums, Music, wife, wife beating

Sunday, September 30, 2018

When a Crocodile was nominated, he
went before a congressional panel
crying genuine tears.

Labels: Congressional Committee, crocodile tears, nominee

Wednesday, October 17, 2018

“Mr Arch won’t make it.”

“Better have a good excuse!”

“Deceased.”

“That’s reasonable. I’ll miss him.
He had a funny-sarcastic way.”

“Brick says put Ruth D'Onofrio in
his appointment. She’s at the Senior
Center for Volleyball, so her phone's off,
but keep trying.”

Unsaid that Brick always invited the
practice to his office after appointments
when anyone died. Our own little Memorial.

Then, the fifth of Wild Turkey produced
from a drawer, along with cheese and
crackers, and Pepperidge Farm Cookies.

This time, Lorton the X-Ray guy told all
that the secret of long life is constantly
reinventing yourself. “I’m thinking of
becoming a woman this next time!”

“Don’t!” warned Rhonda, “I’m one and it’s no bargain!”

She had come from an appointment at the grammar school. “The children beat up the bully! My little Rhonda leading the charge!”

“So? Trouble?” inquired Mr Chubby.

“I’m so proud!”

Ruth D'Onofrio flew in as if cued. “God rest his soul!”

Mr Chubby wondered “Your phone was off.”

“Got your message too late, but I had heard about the poor guy through the grapevine. Dr Judge from three offices down.”

“What’s he doing with the seniors? In his fifties.”

“Born old!”

They nodded. And drank.

Brick and she talked informally. No charge…not really an appointment.

Labels: doctor, office staff, senior citizen, senior practice

Thursday, October 18, 2018

Any sport will do,
even minor.

Though for certain branches
of Military it’s Football
or nothing!

Those heading for Wall Street
can be more true-techy-pansy.

Golf or Gentleman’s Tennis.

Anyway, each shepherded
by older man to Pentagon
Generals' Mess, or Yale Club,

other arch-like milieus.

Where prospects answer
questions with so-refreshing
candor, much-rehearsed.

And are pretty in a fledgling-macho way.
Can be definitely love, and un-
necessary to repress among

glittering glasses. And wit,
or measured raves,
of forceful leaders.

(**MEN’S** Venue, Ruthie!
Go find some older,

driving, furious, broad...
who’ll point out

what to shave and when
to sweetly loiter.)

At any rate, important
to maturely understand
each other, is it not? Join

Powerful to really
absorb this.

Chameleons of the world unite!
You have already?

Keeping your pores open! Always!

Labels: American Aristocracy, mentor

Friday, October 19, 2018

Have Two Harvards!

One for Olde Familie$.
Sodden forms revered.

One for vacant assholes
taking studies seriously.

Labels: admissions, Harvard, influence, politics

Saturday, October 20, 2018

has a life-change
going on

and on
about surreptitiously kind
Quarter-Assed Righty President.

With alarming examples
of the more real, and even
homicidal, despising

coming from the LEFT!--
formerly a laughing-stock,

in anecdote and song,
of Pansy Ineffectuality!
Don’t get me wrong:
Such forlorn ragtags
can also hate.

But hardly as naturally,
nor to the manner born.

Labels: Conservative, Hate Radio, Left, Right Wing

Sunday, October 21, 2018

“Is it a rhomboid?” Mercy laughed.

Triangle proving inadequate to
describe Bit's romantic entanglement.

“Your ass is a rhomboid!” Bits snapped.

Then…pulling meditatively on their
half-gallon of Ghinny-Red.

For this once-monthly party for two,
they acted like men--they felt.

“Likely figure. One ages…could be…
Rhomboidally.”

….Musing…with dimple…Mercy.

“And, maybe more gracefully
than that?” inquires angular Bits.

“Can always hope. Been shit
up to now!”

“Bottom up!“

“Here goes nothing!” drank Mercy.

“Leave some!”

“Hey! I’M not the *Little Piggy* here!”
Mercy seemed so sure!

Both women, thus, sensed
disaster for her.

Labels: affairs, friends, men, Romance, single, single women, triangle, women

Monday, October 22, 2018

Panty-Sniffing Branch
of Law met augustly.

Gravely serious papers
presented, with subjects be
hilarious in lower hustles. Ranch
Romances a zine once.

Sweetest ladies there
wore underwear
they purified thus.

Labels: hypocrisy, pretension, Romantic West, sex, sex law

Tuesday, October 23, 2018

Mr Hodding tells Clint that that this,
as all the houses, furnished with...

The Bronze Package.

“Yeah, The Bronze Package, pure GOLD!” wisecracks Clint’s Babette.

“She’s not happy unless she’s unhappy,”
explains he.

Hodding nods, then fishes in his case
for papers for Clint to initial.

Babette wanders off, explaining she’s
seeking another place to be ignored.
The men shrug since they’re all
like that.

Labels: female, girlfriend, housing development, male attitude, new house, personality

Wednesday, October 24, 2018

-You wanna understand women?

-Profoundly!

-Then apply to someone with a lot
more social and sexual experience
than I!

-Not so wise a course. THEY babble!

-The Wages of Sin being Dementia?

-Something like that.

-So? Going Bananas always one’s
own fault?

-Conveniently! The rest of us simply
must move on!

-Justice to others being merely whatever
FEELS right?

-That never changes.

Labels: ego, love, selfishness, sympathy, women

Thursday, October 25, 2018

-Let me ask you a question.

-Ask me questions, I'll tell you lies.

-Hope not.

-Of course. And it doesn't always work that way.

-Only when you insist in sounding like yourself.

-Shoot! This is merely talk up to now.

-Is the appearance of organization a form of organizing?

-Can be. Have you ever found something you were searching for in this made-up place?.

-I have!

-Fraud will find a way!

-But I'm the squarest square you'll experience!

-Just half-fake then.

-Now, using the same form: Is the appearance of caring a form of caring?

-Too emotional an area, therefore all bets off.

-Refusing to answer then?

-Yes and no.

-A conversation with you is quirky but useless.

-You couldn’t say a nicer thing!

Labels: emotion, organization, philosophy of daily living, quirky friends

Friday, October 26, 2018

J’s severely-wished-for-encounter with
exploiters in the “Rough Trade”

gave her little guilty joy in-
deed, left her lisping
forever.

Enough?
So so wronged!

Or fill in
with

a *ric-a-tic*
sentimental-shit
song?

Labels: itch, obsession, popular music, rough trade, sexual exploitation, torch

Saturday, October 27, 2018

never ceased offending.

She began trying not to,
attending a class in
making friends.

Thereafter, gifted five new
acquaintances with a
bobble-head doll.

Each, placed in dark
isolation in varied domiciles,
moved continuously.

Though never activated.

Labels: behavior, bobble-head, friendship

Sunday, October 28, 2018

Every thirty years
people laugh at
different things.

Labels: culture, history, wit

Monday, October 29, 2018

-The truly evil Left Conspiracies
funded by one, George Soros!

-Ah yes, Soros! GOP codespeak for

*****JEW!*****

-Come off it now! We're not
Nazi Germany!

-Oh no? Then let me try this:
Seig Fuckin Heil!

-Yes. And what did that get you?

-Just the instant satisfaction of hearing
your Republican heels click together.

Labels: GOP, Jew, liberal, Nazi, Republican, Soros

Tuesday, October 30, 2018

-It’s all clear to me now: It’s the JEWS!

-I agree. Too much other NOISE otherwise.

-Then, just ONE fuckin thing to think about!

-That’s our ticket, BABY!

Labels: anti-Semitic

Wednesday, October 31, 2018

“In Economics, I’m afraid I’m
unrelentingly Austrian School!”

“More like Austrian FOOL!”
Mari had had enough.

Surprising Andre, since she
had been so quiet on this
first date arranged by sadistic
mutual friends.

The second surprise: She insisted
on another meeting!

“Thought I’d actually enjoy expressing
a few random thoughts about mySELF?”

He agreed with sudden grace.

Already planning the text cancelling out.

“Any stage being too small for two
such wits!” he announced to Carol
at the office next day.

“Uh huh? Two MALE wits, I’d agree!”

“You women are a blatant CONSPIRACY!”

“Never forget it!”

“Where are the snows of yesteryear?”

Puzzling her, so he didn’t add “And

the girls who gush over obvious
brilliance?”

Labels: blind date, competition, ego, female, intellectuals, male, wit

Monday, November 19, 2018

-Your latest group selfie is
rooty-toot military! The men
lantern-jawed, the women
sentry-alert, but corn-fed.

-So damn wholesome it leads
me to wanna warmly pee!

-I suppose it’s a welcome break
from manning the phones.

-That’s mostly robots. Selfie crews
come from Central Casting.

-Oh well, the products you hawk
legitimate enough, if absurdly
overpriced.

-So shoddy that one’s gaze alone
is enough to hasten their
disintegration!

-And the ironclad refund
guarantee?

-Once you emerge from insanely
dedicated software to that cause.

-Has anyone?

-Not a one! Circular Marvel!

-So, bottom line, you’re CROOKS!

-Definitely. But not from some
shithole country!

-O your burning, righteous
AMERICAN Pride!

-Don’t sit too close!

Labels: American, American Salesman, marketing fraud, Military, selfie, telemarketing, telephone fraud

Tuesday, November 20, 2018

-I saw the facts and acted!
End of particular story.

-My take: You misperceived
half and fucked up remainder!

-Too pat, but let’s say you’re
somewhat right. I regret nothing.
Prevailing whining mode for others.

-What happened to Be sure you’re
right and then go ahead?

-Strike everything but the last
two words.

-Diva? Or do you just want your
ring kissed?

-Too busy for literary conclusions.
At any rate, I’ve been wrong, yes.
Will be in future.

-We don’t accept…!

-You assholes are locked in a talky;
I remain with the silent film.

-Melodrama!

-Maybe it’s that or lights out.

Labels: business, chutzpah, Executive, Executive Debate, governance, timidity

Wednesday, November 21, 2018

Selfless
Hero had same name as

Sniveling
Collaborationist. With

FREEDOM,
wrong man hanged.

Other
blithely shrugged
into 97th year:

“That’s Life!”

Given to tears
recounting
Loves.

Labels: army, collaboration, conquered, injustice, life, patriot, revenge, war

Thursday, November 22, 2018

As a Party we’re
enthusiastic!

The Fairy Gang
as drama-drastic, but

Jews and crowd-
ed Shades

knowing their place.
And the women
only half

blabbing! So?
Some proud day

they’ll make
the last cut.

Labels: Arab, Blacks, browns, ethnic, future, Gays, Republican, women

Friday, November 23, 2018

-No, you're right to report it. These are very violent threats!

-From nowhere! I've hardly ever spoken to him.

-Sounds like he hates you for being who you are. Successful, for one.

-Nothing I can do about that.

-That's where you're wrong. You could mix in a bit of fakery like the rest of us.

-Wouldn't know how to start.

-Don't have to. It's a perfectly natural process.

-If you say so.

-At any rate, I'll have a word.

Labels: irrationality, Law, personality, stiffness, success, threats, violence

Saturday, November 24, 2018

so quick in skewer-
ing women n’all

other spicks! Though
Global Warmists
horse-laughed each

and every freezing day!--
getting them even hotter.

Yo! Lots of cases
everywhere must
show us how

our Rural Wit is just
The Cat’s Meow!

Labels: country humor, country vs city, ethnic, Global Warming, rural, satire, wit, women

Sunday, November 25, 2018

Okay, though
like most of us,
didn’t think that much.

Not often amped, thus
seldom damp. So?

Too few words
about him? Yes
and no.

Labels: depth, instinct, lack of thought, personality, sensitive, sentimentality

Monday, November 26, 2018

Told my girlfriend I’d not say much.

Apparently, though, enough…she
reported it!

Being undercover also, would you
believe?

I was super-interrogated then.

By sadistic experts.

Grill-o-rama!

As was she. Her ”Good Deed”
could hardly go unpunished.

Both transferred to entirely new
departments.

Still a couple though!

Deceit’s a glue.

Labels: government, interrogation, role playing, secrecy, sex, Top Secret

Tuesday, November 27, 2018

Jerome’s usual question:
What’s so funny?

Indeed, what his office mates
laughed at was more often
cruel. Some asinine, pretentious
individual getting humiliated,
and the like.

He was better than that.

And even when the humor
was more cosmic, restrained
himself.

Such as when the drunken
pastry chef collapsed in
death, imprinting the delicate
batter with his face.

His family baked and ate same.

So what? Primitive Christians
all felt superior to.

Nothing funny here! Move on!

Said office mates eventually
tired of explaining why…anything--

labeled him a stick.

Fair enough, until Jennifer-Jo
caught in the wind one dark
Spring workday morning.

Demonstrating, thus, the modern
equivalent of bloomers.

She apologized, as Jerome did for
witnessing this weird fluorescence
in stranger light.

The image stayed with Jerome.
Intruded, really.

He lingered in the Break Room
one day, and they laughed about
other things.

Somehow discovering each to be
passionate and driven…at additional
impromptu meetings.

Oh well, skip ahead. Who couldn’t
guess the rest?

Neighboring state had looser
laws, so they eloped there of
a weekend.

The homespun wife of the Justice assembled a wedding ceremony, her perpetually-high and Millennial son as Best Man.

His C over C hilarity ignored then...but roared about in stories for children, Trevor and Cynthia, later.

Trevor gushed that it was an old Hollywood Romantic Comedy!

Cynthia: Same stale crap!

Labels: attitude, behavior, humor, office, repression, romance.work, taste

Wednesday, November 28, 2018

Okay, so that’s just a headline! Some
refining required.

Was the man unconscious to begin, or
trained thusly?...

and unconscious means unaware of
responsibility.

Let’s get out of the way that some
women think the state most desirable--
managerial types mostly, though another
reaction, rare of course, has Nora M
of Fairbanks, Alaska referring to her
husband as “pretty.”

(Well, I’ve staked out the territory and
am needed elsewhere. And I prefer--
just a sidelight--that the bedtime
outfit my girlfriend has bought me
not be called a “nighty.”)

Labels: awareness, control, marriage, marriage responsibilities, sex roles, sexuality

Thursday, November 29, 2018

Their small office swallowed
by the monster corporation,
Bookkeeper Jellybean surprised
when they got named Innovative
Unit of the Month.

Shocked, really, a month after,
when all fired. But insiders had
known that particular honor
always proved the kiss of death.

They had all gone Hollywood
during the yeasty interim, and
picked up their walking papers
dressed as actors and directors.

Not to be undone, Jellybean had
assumed Garbo’s accent.

“I vant to be alone,” pronounced she.

She got that wish in hospital for a
mild heart attack, and surrounded by
flowers she sent herself.

When she got home she treated
herself with tree mosses, one of
which proved fatal.

Through massive incompetence,
the Corporation still paid a funeral
allowance, and a nice ceremony
was held on the liquidation channel
they owned. Humongous-Deal

Charlie presiding with dignity.

Rev Nucks' Sermon: The Way of
the Transgressor is Hard.

Indeed.

Labels: Big Fish, Corporate, innovation, Little Fish

Friday, November 30, 2018

Ginger couldn’t help feeling
uneasy.

But that was her.

O wasn’t it?

“G being G!” sneers Brick to
her face back then.

Peacemaker Harsley donates
his usual “Now-now.”

Wren, always anxious, wants
to cut to the chase.

“I never understood that.
People say it and other fancy
expressions here and I…”

Perpetually Puzzled Pam!

“Uh huh? Stay with that lack of
thought!” Ginger again.

Now-nows rain from elsewhere.

Professor Charlie, who never talks
whispers that Mrs Oak shouldn’t have
have brought in this new person:
“A moron of indeterminate sex!”

“You finally encapsulate the group’s
feeling!”

We laugh. Our pharmacist said it.

Labels: group, interaction, personality, sex

Friday, December 14, 2018

-Now! What gonna do?

-Die! What’s left?

-Any details?

-Yeah! Trying to do it
without inconveniencing
anyone--and especially
myself!

-Don’t know if you can.
Life consists of being a
pain in the ass.

-But you can knock it off
from time to time.

-Only to save your friends,
family, marriage, job…

-Stop! What I’m attempting here!

-What about…prayer?

-Can’t see it!

-Oh?

-But can’t see it hurting either.

-Then, is the terminal stage of life, ambiguity?

-Undoubtedly better than knowing everything!

-Yup.

-But just.

Labels: burden, death, decision, friends, struggle

Saturday, December 15, 2018

Lamp her heavy lifting
o’er industrial mud
streaked chemical
green. So we'll piss
on a derelict door

mid teeming refuse.
Making it gold thus.

Labels: abandoned ideals, ideals, industrial, junk, junkyard, Lady Liberty, pollution, Statue of Liberty

Sunday, December 16, 2018

Her head abuzz with the day
’s meetings yet to come,

she inquires of her adult son
as to as to possibly
having her toast and jelly

without Gay Rights.

Triggering him to eventually pay
during a lull, with his “leaving
this house forever!”

“If only!” she regretfully tosses. So,
off again, both, uncovering their
fraught, biting history
without even a breath of break!
It’s okay. It’s okay. All work is.

Labels: anger, breakfast, Gay Rights, issues, Mother-Son, relationship, unresolved issues, work, work anxiety

Monday, December 17, 2018

To forget a woman.

Overdid it!

Starts looking like a bum at work.

Step from homeless!--no kidding.

How to straighten him out?

Steered him to Religion.

Scoffed he!

More secular and non-hick counseling
at the university? Just sneeringly argued
with everyone in the group!

Self-Help articles with blatant headlines
via the net from his friends?

He can’t stop laughing!

At the last termination interview at
our mutual--and meticulously cautious--
corporation, he suddenly discovers
“I truly truly literally STINK!”

Hardly intellectual.

Olfactory, rather.

He took off the next day to scrub himself,
actually iron his clothes!

At the meeting then to fire him, he’s
all quite immaculate charm!

And, since big outfits will chose the solution of less publicity, and thus scanter Big-Shot-Attention, ordered to quietly get back to work.

And never ever again to darken any important doorway!

Really lucky to toil where nobody
gives a shit about you, yes?

Labels: diffidence, Executive, hygiene, nervous breakdown, personnel, procedure, psychology, religion, rules, sarcasm, self-help, work

Tuesday, December 18, 2018

-Put her in a word? Simple!

-You could have chosen Beautiful, Intriguing…

-Whatever is going for her there is eclipsed
by a barrelful of infuriating quirks!

-Such as?

-Suddenly, Country-and-Western totally gaudy
jewelry overwhelms! And she MUST find a
replica of a charmLESS bracelet that some
hillbilly chanteuse flashes at her drooling
hick fans. And this takes over her scattery
life! would you believe?

-Just sounds like a hobby with a bit of passion.

-More like a deplorable obsession without a bit
of intellect!

-You’re just mad at her for departing your Class!

-What else IS there?

-Also, sounds her brilliance is being a woman!

-You didn't hafta say that!

-Mustn't refuse to give the Devil her due!
Heh heh.

-You're just so hilariously amused merely because this room lacks a mirror!

Labels: class, hillbilly, judgmental, obsessive behavior, superiority, Woman

Wednesday, December 19, 2018

-I myself was poor before I discovered

THE POOR!

BECAME THEIR HEART-BRIMMED ADVOCATE AND THE FUCKIN MONEY POURED IN!

-Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

-Both! It’s Heaven on Earth!

Labels: dishonesty, exploitation, lack of conviction, lobbyist, party, piggyback, Policy, poverty

Thursday, December 20, 2018

My client now is Jack.

Runs egg co-op

EGGSACTITUDE!

Full of old hippie co-op ideas and ideals!

His kids hope to never see another egg!

Wife wants Talk indicating other
directions, professions, Life-Partners
less gung ho etc.

Sometimes he edges towards
solutions with her, sometimes
presenting even worst scenarios.

I counsel him on practicalities. Why not?

Mostly, though, I’m paid to worry.

We meet weekly and go over the
most raging upsets.

Client quite relieved.

“I can breathe knowing you got my
neurotic back!”

Jack not without wit for a serious fellow.

Labels: earnestness, hippy, marriage, profession, relationships, worry

Friday, December 21, 2018

Anus and face
indistinguishable,

he paints
the latter for
the gun rally, there
shrieking of SPICKS,
RAGTOPS,SHADES--

this last fulfilling his
literary bent.

Labels: Fascist, guns, hatred, intolerance, Right

Saturday, December 22, 2018

-Boys’ Night Out? I didn’t remember.

-I notified you every way but Certified Mail!

-And you’re going TO…?

-Bowling.

-Sport being the Asshole Temple of
American Macho Males!

-Something like that.

-Well the girls would like one also! And we’d
like to try Bowling.

-Do! By yourselves! Spare us the travesty!
The little petite stomp-arounds at your
mutual incompetence! So so breathlessly
CUTE! HOLD THAT POSE!

-Women can be serious at sport, you know!

-Sure! Maybe one doesn’t show? Then the
impromptu Assassination Squad. Now I’d
call that serious all right! Tongues like razors!

-Oh? Somehow I so DO hold hope out for us performing something well that isn’t also vicious!

-Possible!...with real thoroughbreds from another stable.

-SO NOW WE’RE HORSES?

-Only the Long-Faces in your pretentious midst.

Labels: bowling, debate, female, gossip, horseface, male, marriage, relationship, sport

Sunday, December 23, 2018

and forced to listen to their “wit!”

-Such AS?

-They acted out a little play and
nearly collapsed at the brilliantly
humorous lines!

-What happened? Since here you are!

-Tidal Wave!

-You're kidding!

-Never turn your back to the Ocean!

-They DID?

-For the whole play.

-They got carried away.

-Didn’t they?

Labels: apt conclusion, cosmic justice, entrapped, Force of Nature, idiots, impossible situation, Justice, karma, Nature, Ocean

Monday, December 24, 2018

we discuss what
shits are--just
everybody!

But cease
when the caustic
air burns as

Authentic as her,
as me.

Labels: critical, existential, feel-good agreement, holier-than-thou

Tuesday, December 25, 2018

Chestnuts roaring
on a roasting fire,

Jack Frost clawing
at my nuts.

Tiny Tots with their tablets aglow
shrieking at primitive figures
before they murder same. So?

Said before and further thus
what the hey!
This time For Real

Merry Freakin Christmas
anyway!

Labels: Christmas, dated, defunct, games, generations, hippy, slang, tablet

Wednesday, December 26, 2018

-That was awfully nice of you!

-Don’t tell anybody.

-Of course not. I wish to be nice too, and therefore will accede to your wish.

-It all makes me feel good!

-They say can’t last.

-Only if you think about it.

Labels: feel-good, good deeds, humility, judgement, memory, thinking

Thursday, December 27, 2018

Speaking of Himself

But pesky interviewers goad him further.
From out their common, persistent
HASH!

So he warms to dominant subject absurd-
ly FAST!

Labels: Big Man, ego, persona, phony, pose, pretentiousness, spotlight

Friday, December 28, 2018

-He said “I know we’ll never agree on anything, ever!
But I really, truly, want to thank you for…!"

-He SAID that?

-I didn’t know what to say. Or do.

-Unfamiliar territory. Grownup. It’s what
grownups do.

-Well…we’re old enough I guess.

-Never!

Labels: feelings, grown up, hurts, maturity

Saturday, December 29, 2018

Crummy aura, then
he flashes in, breaking
sound too with his

rat-tat after.
Feisty little guy!

Saving us
from ourselves.

Labels: admiration, awareness, mood, natural life, Nature, self

Sunday, December 30, 2018

-Finally, fatally, done between you and
Brittany?

-Undeliverable! me, in snail-mail terms.

-That seems to be good. Have you
learned anything?

-No. Nothing.

-Did she?

-Just how to add another to
her bodycount.

-And go on?

-Like the mighty Mississippi!

-I don’t buy it! You, Victim.
Her, Natural Force!

-She’s evolved. Started as a
mere triple-handful.

-Your rhetoric is, like, self-destructive!

-Nah! Self-INstructive. You win some,
lose some, and some are called
for tsunamis.

-She’s a woman, not an entire world.

-No, the latter would be Steph!

-Already?

-No choice. Mother Nature sent her
to bail me out of funk, much depraved!

-Angel, she?

-Stay with my last word.

-You trying to make Literature here?
It’s a few jokers sort of tragic at
any rate.

-There’s time. Steph carries my
obliteration in her trim bosom.

-And…lower down?

-Must you vulgarize everything?

-I’m registered Republican. No!
Really!

-I can’t talk to you about anything!
-Just the opposite! But you’re required
to acknowledge my superiority!

-There’s hardly a choice.

Labels: affairs, Left, Republican, Right, righteous, sex

Monday, December 31, 2018

They STRIDE IN here

&,

Tell everyone where

to stick it!

Labels: attitude, female, male, sex, tomboy

Wednesday, January 09, 2019

The Woman Who Reversed Herself

drove the rest of us bananas!
Not a big deal unless she
maliciously fabricated,

attempting to destroy.
Otherwise, Cute.

Such a dilemma!

In Truth,
she made us so schizo

we had to admit it
to try retaining any vestige

of sanity. Our route back
to acknowledge how
freakin nuts we were.

We got there! It helped
she owed each money.

It also helped that she coyly
dropped US!

In an absolute fit

of creative lying!

Years have passed!
And one of our number
has accidentally met her.

Sawing to the rest that Butter
wouldn’t melt etc.

The inevitable, awful, negotiations
will estrange us

from each other fatally!
So, am I saying she will win?

Of course! Sorry, but you never, ever,
re-engage THE WHOLLY TOXIC!

Labels: behavior, character, character flaw, psychopath, toxic personality

Thursday, January 10, 2019

-I’ve already made a profound statement: being born Female!

-The rest of us seek further development. Butch or Bitch?

-I don’t answer silly-ass media questions.

-Maybe not, but your friends seek
some sort of wished-for words from
you further.

-I…keep discovering my OWN life.
When I truly learn something, won’t
keep any secrets.

-Why should we wait?

-Why indeed?

-Are you…religious?

-DO like that one proverb: Be still
and know.

-

Labels: female, friends, individual, peer pressure, personal, personal question, women

Friday, January 11, 2019

-Forgot day of week!

-That Altzy?

-Did in my 30s too. So...been gone since then?

-What the hell IS today anyway? THURSDAY? No kidding? What happened to Tuesday and Wednesday?

-What did?

-Some god’s in charge of fucking us both
up with time.

-Yeah? He’s still going strong!

-I...didn’t expect to MUTUALLY disintegrate!
Tragic outcomes being strictly solo? America
being romantic that particular way.

-And therefore Literary? Then, why does it
feel like everything else?

-Never ask that question?

-Why not?

-It’s profound! Thus leave you your
very self in the process!

-I can breathe again!

Labels: Alzheimer's, forgetting, friends, literary, rhetoric of friends, romantic, self concept, self image

Saturday, January 12, 2019

if whole bunch lying,
it’s planned.

So finding pair agreeing
tough enough by normal lights.

With political parties,
naturally, all rules remade

as *conspiracies* take
fantastic, foolish flight!

Labels: collective insanity, conspiracy, lying, party

Sunday, January 13, 2019

The man who couldn’t stop peeing

“I’m truly, awfully sorry…”

despite severely curtailing liquids.

“but you must excuse me for a bit!”

“AGAIN?” snapped Rosa-Lynn Marisa
Jeannette Billingsly Harkwert Destry…

Who never did anything in her mind
without employing her full name.

Coincidentally, they finished together
in separate places.

A good sign?

Labels: malady, names, self concept, social, time, urination

Monday, January 14, 2019

-She has a reputation for sweetness.

-Deserved?

-Now and again.

-When not?

-Lady Macbeth!

-That tough?

-Add fists.

-How terrible!

-Oh I don’t know. She gives
as well as she gets.

-I don’t believe that, Coward!
You’re certainly stronger,

-But it’s all a kind of Catholic
Mutual Aid Society. I’m Head Priest,
she’s Head Nun. So, worry not.

-Uh huh? And who gets you under

control, Father?

-The Bishop! Her brother. He’s not
much in the pulpit, but practicing
his active brand of the Faith?

-I can remember your face marked
up once or twice.

-Never removes his ring!

-Well it’s all of it goddamn sick!

-Heal thyself!

-Gladly, since nobody gets smacked around.

-Many varieties of Truth.

-None bloody!

-I usually just begin agreeing with
Saints like you, and they eventually
depart with thumb up righteous ass!

-Won’t wave goodbye, then.

Labels: Bishop, Catholic, Lady Macbeth, nun, priest, religion, violent couple

Tuesday, January 15, 2019

They close in.

Last exit sealed.

Clear Heads:
“Surrender!”

Evangelicals:
“Await His Will!”

You have no Faith
and thus pretend.

No one minds.

Labels: behavior, criminal, faith, guilt, heinous, lying, religion

Wednesday, January 16, 2019

-So you agree that we have the
best politics money can buy?

-As a Republican, gleefully!

-Dems long-faced about it?

-Hey! They embrace Joe and
Josephine, whilst soliciting a
bribe off their Boss! So pitifully,
hypocritically, sad.

-Not as sad as your gang,
naturally lying and stealing!

-Articles of Faith!

-Which you combine into one
Golden Rule?

-Mais oui!

-Careful mit der French! Intellectual
pretense really belonging to the Left.
-Give us some fun! Evangelicals
got one ear about Jesus-ed off!

Labels: Democrat, lying, politics, pretense, Republican, stealing

Thursday, January 17, 2019

-Are you fella ordered G19?

-Could be. Don’t remember.

-Well, what’s NAME of article?

-Got me! All I do is order all
day long, so some’s forgotten.

-You’re supposed to take a survey
about it.

-No way! My life’s three-quarters
bullshit already.

-Might be hints in there.

-If you think that, there never are.

-Well, let’s just go ahead then.

-In mutual incompetence?

-Like Politics!

-I just always knew that everything
would eventually arrive there.

-I…could give you money to
forget everything.

-Done that already as a
Useful Idiot.

-I’m talking about the future!

-What a great place! You piss,
shit, and sing at once!

-Trifecta!

Labels: forgetting, incompetence, memory, politics, work

Friday, January 18, 2019

-Well…remaining smart the two of us.
Despite everything!

-Been.

-A…decline note you?

-Precipice!

-The Mountain Goat leaps from precipice
to precipice and back again to piss.

-A blessing we both can do that at least.

-That goes too, the hose.

-Before or after the brain.

-Simultaneous!

-Well I’m okay with both.

-You should ask Gwen.

-You’re mixed up! She left YOU!

-Shame. And during my third reinvention.

-How’d that go?

-Going Great! I’m helping to start BANDSTAND for WHEEZERS!

-Better than yours truly. They just
called me in to offer a puny
termination package.

-Did you inform them that you once led that outfit, now so esteemed?

-Me or it?

-Sorry. Never again you or me.

-Will they stamp our foreheads?

-Already have.

Labels: age, ageism, employment, firing, intelligence, termination

Saturday, January 19, 2019

Colorless Dirk

sensationally absconded,

Gwendie chose a woman!

Three...turns out.

Stop here.

Same waste.

Labels: breakup, leaving, men, pardners, sex, women

Sunday, January 20, 2019

-Let me apologize for this
Bag of Wrinkles! Really
accelerated this past year.

-Seen worse.

Laconic, Shelly Rust Newcolme, RN.

Not so someday, when she hisses
“You’re just sizzling this time!”

But now, they recheck meds.

Labels: fantasy, meds, Old Age, patient, sex

Monday, January 21, 2019

-Just a throwaway in a TV commercial.
The sweetest little white fluff of mini rabbit!

-Kimberly and I had one. The greatest
bitsy pooper: perfectly rounded tiny beads!

-Unlike Kim?

-Who knows? She kept that part of her
existence secret.

-I don’t like such secret ones.

-No, you desire those who are cutey-
patooties! They don’t even hafta speak.

-But they must! And screw it all up.
And then yell “O Poopie!”

-Infantile men have gone outa style-- except the Millennial-Mama-Package.

-Never completely.

-Therein our GREATNESS! if you
ask me.

-Nobody ever will again.

-Well, THEY’RE the Poopies then!

-Yeah! Hah-hah on them indeed!

Labels: cute women, infantile men, poopy, sex roles

Saturday, February 02, 2019

They MEET!
Christ! Both

guilty of the usual
MORAL

Heist. So?
NEWS

we're
Criminals?

What plead you?
To Courage?

You'd be
LUCKY!

At any rate need that
or loving

It.
It!

Monday, February 04, 2019

-Was one of those you'd meet twenty years later and
Immediately finish your last sentence from way back then.

-Sounds like silly conceit. Does life primarily
thus consist?

-Blessedly!

.

Tuesday, February 05, 2019

The woman who said NO!

To everyone and everything
suddenly couldn't
stop saying YES!

Which once was called
Promiscuous.

IMAGINE!

Thursday, February 07, 2019

Charline laughed at the image of gassy Rabbit as lover!

-Shit for brains!

Betts admonished that she was overly harsh!

-Oh? Well I'll let you know next time I depend on
any fuckin man for ANY fuckin thing!

Hasn't.

Saturday, February 09, 2019

Jill and I, Nan, run an antique and junk store,
Broken Dreams.

Every month or so run an event justifying it.
Last one, Judgey, the Crooner, He did Crosby and
Sinatra

We got Linda, Roosevelt High teacher, for piano.

Bing led off with WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY.

Alternated between both singers until whenever with Frank's 3AM bar song ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD.

Tumbled all into van for Dairy Queen then.

Sunday, February 10, 2019

-The girls, piecemeal, like a pretend tea party,

Thus argue they in little bits, knowing it's a
pretty show.

The boys throw in their best toys, and all at once!
Yelling!

-When they get older, how reconciled?

-Never! Though the acting is exquisite
throughout!.

Monday, February 11, 2019

-She left me for some freak of your acquaintance. What's HE got...?

-Beginning with physical?

-I'm a normal human male!

-Unsuitable for the times.

-Nonsense!

-THAT you're suitable for!

Tuesday, February 12, 2019

-Three women where I work say you effectively ruined their lives.

-Gift for hyperbole!

-Oh? But weren't they collateral damage in your pursuit of your GREAT ART?

-Sarcasm noted. Pain to add to my many hurts!

-When all for Art!

-Yes! And what IS Art?

-Why Art Is a fart fired through the asshole of Time!

Wednesday, February 13, 2019

-What's all this talk about Tough Love?

-Don't know but my first wife had it.

-How exemplified?

-Clipboard.

-She checked you off?

-Upon completion of my appointed tasks.

-Daily chores or sexual duties?

-All smooshed in together.

-Quite some woman!

-And manager! I eventually spent!

-Her program needed some fiddling.

-While Rome burned?

Thursday, February 14, 2019

I peg you at at 70% Drama, High and Low. Miscellaneous threads of assorted horseshit, but 70 about you.

-Will I get to Heaven as such a fraud?

More or less average. God loves you, Baby! So you should shut up once in a while?

Friday, February 15, 2019

-In bygone songs you found a pretty
young thing, plopped her in a housedress, dropped her in a cottage!

-Cottages were thick on the ground then! So, what led us here?

-The brides crocheted. Pretty soon the results covered the world!

-Men and women hadda bust out?

-Or suffocate!

Saturday, February 16, 2019

God rest us all Road
ever we offended!

But how hard
those few

who won't forgive
even after God! So

mere men and women
must turn away forever.

Finding a way
without you!

Who won't live
on our raucous road.

Sunday, February 17, 2019

I'm getting better and better!

Intoned Buster.

Max laughed

-Rhetoric! How about worse
And worse?

A test set up. Buster entering
a room...to one horrid-smear-scream!

-Not surprised

:Gwen Ert of Proverb Smashers.

Monday, February 18, 2019

-Glad to help these young people marry. Especially since they're not so young. Not like I was.

-Not about you.

-I can't make a comparison?

-Nope. Old news.

-Then how do I...?

-You don't!

-HUMAN EXPERIENCE!

-Next page?

Tuesday, February 19, 2019

Couple and Male Friend

C1 Did you ask the doctor my question?

MF Tried to but he needed family history--
all the way to my Aunt Brenda's corroded
asshole!

C2 You watched that?

MF Of course.

C1 I'd like to watch you watching that!

C2 In a mirror!

C1 Science is great!

MF If sick

Wednesday, February 20, 2019

Same as last year except for Hobie.

We ignored him in hopes he'd go away.

He did.

Friday, February 22, 2019

Celeste's news was great!

And yet Bev ruined it for her...
a specialty.

When you feel you've escaped,

THE MASTER DIG!

Saturday, February 23, 2019

"Two--Faced Ginger?"

Oh really?
Next to multi-

faceted--and
faced--us?

Thus.

Sunday, February 24, 2019

Retiring priest
heard nuns'
confessions

40 years
of being stoned

to death
with marshmallows!

YOURS TRULY?
Your Confessor's
Digest?

Monday, February 25, 2019

-O the girls I left behind me!

-Name one,

-Stickler!

-Because decrying bullshit?

--Man does not live on veracity alone!

-Good thing!

Friday, March 01, 2019

Jules and Dot lied their ways
through a Disaster-Affair!

To celebrate it's acrid end
we had a party!

Mark came as an asshole.

Invited thereafter everywhere!

Monday, March 04, 2019

Lindsay was sure enough, so she said it!

Mari collapsed in tears.

So...wrong story and fooey too!

Who can't screw up?

Would've apologized to a more grownup, but it's counted a lifetime critme here!_

Wednesday, March 06, 2019

-I did the last drills with .a Woman.

-Your man will scoff!

-Of course! But not Bottom Line!

-And what. pray. is that?

-We give in!

-Bottom Bottom?

-Theoretically!

Thursday, March 07, 2019

All this time
you worked

on the wrong one?
Not too late!

(What Wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness? -JJ Rousseau)

Friday, March 08, 2019

-I'd get up to date if I were you!

-How? Dribs, Drabs, Guesses at fragments!

-That's our best!

-And I'll therefore do my best divining yours!

-Life is really feel. Mastery is a fiction!

-Enjoyable enough!

Saturday, March 09, 2019

Spot during the day where L hadn't the least!

No preparation therefore.

Whatever came
CAME!

Everyone laughed about it.

The most affected,

THE MORE FORCED THE LAUGH!

Oh well, impossible situations are always temporary.

By their nature, no?

Sunday, March 10, 2019

But since such a thing
cannot be said,

even hushed,
then, not really!

What can't be

CAN'T!

in the most sacred
Anything

WHICH IS SPORT!

Monday, March 11, 2019

X immune to senior disease
& disaster

until he catastrophically
FELL!

breaking his hip!

Has leaned from
LONG REHAB

how invulnerable he is
IN ALL OTHER AREAS!

Stupid
an adjective

lacking refinement!

Except
Precisely

HERE!

Tuesday, March 12, 2019

-What do you have right-size-up
about this?

-Something!

-Give me a hint!

-Nope.

-Can't or won't?

-YES!

-Then I'm to accept your
oft-shoddy word?

-MY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

-You can't be serious!

-NEVER MORE!

-IMPRESSIVE!--though more
ammo required. Sorry.

Wednesday, March 13, 2019

-Well, the pain has to go somewhere!

-Yeah? Then anyone's welcome to it!

-Builds Character!

-HOW MALE! So just call me Dorothy
Oz Finished!

-

Thursday, March 14, 2019

Feminist Vanguard
or

Gender Cliches?
Advanced Northern European
Thought and

Rioting
donates

Mess 1
to Mess 2!

"NOTHING TO SEE HERE:
MOVE ON!"

Friday, March 15, 2019

2 MALES, FEMALE
LATE ENTERING

-RYAN MOORE
ACED HOLE ON
THE FLY!

-And would that you...?

-In my DREAMS!

-Oh? Haven't you
already aced THE
GAME OF LIFE WITH
DEIDRE HERE?

-May I use Game of
Life?--with your
continuing permission?

Saturday, March 16, 2019

I have no idea what I'm doing. Diddley-Squat!

Some vague outline of
a thought intrudes...uh...
maybe.

Dare I say shadowy mystery no
longer can hide from Sherlock here?

It all emerges from an old-fashioned
print in slow solution!

Got the handle and more
are visible.

Can I say TRIUMPH?

Larkspur thinks it's a flower.
Imagine that!

IZO BARBARN WOOZYNOTTZ!

Sunday, March 17, 2019

dy Decision when
you want clean.

No Chorus of Angels
hits a mighty chord.
They're, of course,

WAITING!

Monday, March 18, 2019

Men cannot seize on DEBILITATING PERIODS as
an excuse for shoddy work.

Only as a metaphor...
of sorts.

What a cramp!

Tuesday, March 19, 2019

'll fuck around!*

Why
Management

most
often

GRAY!

Hey!

Grow up

ALL
ALL!

Me
You

TOO!
ALL!

*Some Phillies played Fortnite
during Braves game

Wednesday, March 20, 2019

More than 1
Reality

exists
in Quantum Physics.

Uh huh?

And more
than one

Quantum Physics
existsssss-
in Reality!

Thursday, March 21, 2019

When Medical Establish-
ment fucks
around,

you become
martyr

to motions
not your
own so

Don't pretend
any ONE
important.

Friday, March 22, 2019

-What good
's
all

the wonder
getting you

excited?

-INNER.

-Exactly! Gets
you nowhere!

-Hallelujah!

Saturday, March 23, 2019

I began,
still with

your stone
pigeon?

Nice!
Both of you

here in
my short-
cut garden,

existing for
only me!

You entice
responsibility.

Sunday, March 24, 2019

New Yorker

speaks of disproportionate
Conservative Influence

over our lives.
Proportionate
in my case.

No overt
bribes taken,
proud to say!

Tuesday, March 26, 2019

My last
nervous

stand
imagined
I worse

than got

When final
cashing in,

REVERSES.

Thursday, March 28, 2019

I've tried blaming others
but truth is

didn't do my homework,
really. Taking another half-

ass stab. Not tragic...
too small.

So much so that
merest acquaintances shrug

that's you.

Friday, March 29, 2019

Can't grasp
our bill? Tough-

ski-Shitski!
Call the 800 number

for clarity. Uh huh?
Listen to insane PR loops

and only then
get cut off.

Any background buzz
is us calculating late charges.

O what automatic fun!
Hey buck up Bruce

or Barbara! Nestle in-
to the arms of

THE MONEY FASCISTS!

It's actually a duty!
Stupid Fuck!

Saturday, March 30, 2019

Maxie-O got used
to the shit hitting the fan,

but the fan
hitting the shit?

He decided on
an additional degree

Monday, April 01, 2019

Asked his woman.

-Well...nudge a parameter or two. Try!

-How about you?

-I like me just nicely, thank you!

-Why do you say that?

-Haven't the least!

-Do...I talk nonsense?

-Probably.

-Vacant!

-Best we can do for now.

Tuesday, April 02, 2019

Mark repeated it over the years.

A Mantra.

Then Clarice lost it! Not just a phrase.

She insisted that he did TO!

Promise her a rosegarden.

So, he built her one.

Lovely guy. Both happy.

What's the moral?

Actually, several at once.

Sunday, April 07, 2019

-Are you saying a prayer
for the boys over there?

-Daily...hourly--Spicks, *nein*, though.

-How about Ay-rabs and women?

-Please! Just ate.

-Jews?

-How large Finance Department?

-YOU made us great!

-One tires...even I.

Monday, April 08, 2019

Executive

-I saw the facts and acted!
End of particular story.

-My take: You misperceived
half, and fucked up remainder!

-Too pat, but let’s say you’re
somewhat right. I regret nothing.
Prevailing whining mode being for others.

-What happened to Be sure you’re
right and then go ahead?

-Strike everything but the last
two words.

-Diva? Or do you just want your
RING kissed?

-Too busy for literary conclusions.
At any rate, I’ve been wrong, yes.
Will be in future.

-We don’t accept…!

-You assholes are locked in a talky;
I remain with the silent film.

-Melodrama!

-Maybe it’s that or lights out.

Wednesday, April 10, 2019

-In a word, Shit!

-You've done it for us, then.

-My privilege!

-I'd add a thought or two--still time.

-Others...might.

-Don't count on it!

Thursday, April 11, 2019

Ginger and Toffee are Neatniks.

Not one hair out of place!

By that same hair: Pathology!

Until they meet.

Month in,

SLOB-O-RAMA!

Admit no influence.

NONE!

Friday, April 12, 2019

-Said Hamlet “They fool me to the top
of my bent!”

-Fictional characters say nothing,
by definition.

-Whereas we do?

-Odds against it!

-I wonder where the top of your
bent is.

-Don’t! Well-defined. You, on the other
hand are ALL bent.

-Good! No top or bottom, just steady-state
RAGE!

-The Fictionals are much more fun!

-Easier for them to follow the writer’s bullshit.

Saturday, April 13, 2019

-I hear that you are the ultimate male beast of a sexual predator!

-And you in micro shorts whipping snarling tigers a la a lurid magazine cover!

-Control! But who needs whips when she has a mind?

Sunday, April 14, 2019

-Transgender in the news.

-Boy but handed girl’s body?

-I…guess…or the opposite

-More to it?

-I guess.

-Well, we must learn.

-Not now. Just the two is blowing my small mind!

-That’s a start. Always.

-God is love.

-Uh huh, and HE knows. HE knows.

-I need help,

-Perpetually!

Tuesday, April 16, 2019

in Bigtime Southern Athletics,
eclipsing academics by far!

Ole Miss vs
Auburn Basketball.

Go War Eagles!

Cheerleaders! Legs!
Deafening blare of
Brassiest Band

imaginable! TV
networks etc.
Dolly-High!

BOOM!

Even Louder then!
Don’t despair as to how

you’re at varied English Departments instead.
Writing truly Pansy-Gothic poems here

and there. Soon marrying
a woman earnest enough
to be dead.

Wednesday, April 17, 2019

darkens as pelicans haunt for
falling bits shoved by fish gutters,
their flashing knives against

a purpling bar of sky.
Drink a Becks mid shy

generic birds tracing a few dark crumbs
off my graham crackers, and Honey-

mooners enwrapped like greenest
deities of myth. Crow enters, flaunt-

ing iridescence, splits our scene
for sea lights to lift in,

floating all, just so,
to afterglow.

Thursday, April 18, 2019

-Jerry did that? Jerry?

-Our Jerry!

-Totally selfish prick! Jerry?

-Made exception I guess.

-I can’t fuckin believe it!

-Provides example for you?

-I’ll let you know.

-When I’m not in?

-I’m never in! Screw the lot!

Do the right thing. It will gratify some people

and astonish the rest. --Twain

Friday, April 19, 2019

Special Counsel Robert Mueller's 448-page report finally released. (So it’s not quite War and Peace? --in length anyway.)

That, a great, huge, smacking apple, and a Blonde in an enormous bed!
O Joy, O Ecstasy, O Fulfillment, like, COMPLETE!

God shedding his abundant etc Grace!

Evidently still a slow process. And now this report for light entertainment!

“No hurry,” doth the Blonde attest. “None!”

Saturday, April 20, 2019

-If America worst threat to World Peace,
what does that make me?

-Relax. You’re too nice!

-The embattled won’t hold anything
against me then?

-No way! They need a laugh midst
the flying limbs.

-And blood? Christ! I SEE it now!

-A Bonus.

Sunday, April 21, 2019

A Philanderer from Philly
met a Newbie from New York.

Said she “I’m willing to try,
but do you actually believe
all those blatant lies?”

He swore then “on my
Mother’s Grave!”

…so the answer was yes.
As tis with all

Steady-State
Prevaricators

of either or indeterminate
sex.

So, Lying, is it, makes
the World go round?

Stop me
if you heard this…

but…
But.

Monday, April 22, 2019

-When I moved here, I found the
Texas Capitol of Dogshit-Ignorance!

-How did you stand it?

-By becoming a Cultural Ambassador
from the non-stupid world!

-Excuse me for saying it, but you've
...finally joined up here, unfortunately.

-Had to!

-What...happened.

-Blacks eventually wanting everything! happened.

-...and then came along the Women?

-Sticking their cunts in my face!

-That pleasant, was it?

Tuesday, April 23, 2019

-”It was the best of times,
it was the worst of times.”

-Or like this one: unable
to make up its fuckin mind!

-I notice you often settle on
some middle ground as if
a brilliant move.

-It’s NOT?

Wednesday, April 24, 2019

-I see.

-Just what do you see?

-A convention meaning I understand.

-Oh? All the time I've known you,
I'm not sure that you have seen or
understood anything.

-Likewise a convention. Really meant to get you to say less.

-Has it worked?

-Yes and no.

-I see.

Tuesday, April 30, 2019

It's going fine!

Then doesn't work
at all.

Three beats...

and then disaster!

A way back?

None apparent!

Thursday, May 02, 2019

Depend on others?

Screwups unending!

Self?

Badly-timed confusions!

The ANSWER!

Take two and hit to Right.

Well, good as any other...

Friday, May 03, 2019

Smed proud of his confusions--which
pointed to fresh conclusions.

They, in turn, gathered praise.

Sometimes, rich, full, laughter!

As if...who could have anticipated
such a delightful outcome?

Well, this is the creative life, a
privilege of few.

Until...it falters. And some ask why
go to such complexity?

And others then find themselves in company
so dull they fall asleep.

Can they ever again be witty and funny?

Soon actually not recalled that way.

Period.

Saturday, May 04, 2019

(sort of a ballet)

Comfort to know
was always there.

Then, wasn't.

When he attempted
to find out where it
had gotten to...

well, hardly an important
question!

What to do?

Wait.

Will be brought up
by someone soon...

as if it never had left!

Don't, though, then,
ever treat

the absurd
absurdly.

Then, how about
ALL simple Truth?

With caution.

Monday, May 06, 2019

Lord stay with us in
the evening of our life.

In the evening of the world.

Is one the other?

Ego-question since you
arrive at one independently.

Both?

Don’t need us.

When do you face that
you don’t need us?

…& why slow you?

We hold hands
in fictions.

But how can that last?

Thursday, May 09, 2019

It's fine.

Just need another route
to the same place.

They exist in the world
of maps.

So...should you map all?

Friday, May 10, 2019

When Jerry was dispatched
to straightened out the
hapless Dub, Blind leading
Blind an understatement.

Though they agreed on what
to do...

and it wasn't a disaster!

Quite.

Actually, they formed a
creditable team.

Saying loads about the
rest of us!

Saturday, May 11, 2019

The Moms try their
post-breakfast routine:

bit of walking,
coloring-
in perhaps.

Or morning TV
in each i-
dentical apartment as

boxes accumulate
across the lobby.

Flowers.
Mother's Day.

Sunday, May 12, 2019

The new program
telling Cal when to
pee worked flawlessly.

He just logged on each
morning.

Thereafter the occasional
and insistent buzz!

But one day other parts
of his life disrupted.

He heard the buzzes...
couldn't be sure he had
complied.

So he asked Finnegan,
who was clear.

"If it's handled in the
cyber world, it's being
taken care of. Thus!
Let go Worry Wart!"

VIRTUAL IS VIRTUE
learned he.

Monday, May 13, 2019

A couple of the oldsters had entirely vanished,

and the children were being
taught to drill and shoot.

A difficult period for whimsy.

Tuesday, May 14, 2019

Lippy was nothing
but prepared. Who

could've predicted
shattering

shown by chattering?
Well, after sporadic beats,

off he toodled-
de woood!

Maxine got
a postcard.

New Place bad
as this one!

Same-looking
in picture.

Bondy sneered
all places same.

Wednesday, May 15, 2019

-Okay, Walmart to
compete with Amazon with next
day delivery.

-I'm prepared to
beat both!

-Same day?

-Better yet!

-How could...?

-I propose to deliver the item
BEFORE it is
ordered!

-Prophecy?

-Exactly so!

-Is John Q, finally
that transparent an
asshole?

-I'm betting that with all our research,
algorithms...
what have you?

-Possibly. But you'll goof too.

-He'll give in!
Guaranteed!

-Not 100 percent!

-90 will do nicely.

Friday, May 17, 2019

I
actually made

the right
calls at
the precise

time, obtaining
(no shit!) action!

So as a result
known as one
to entrust

with a job!
Uh huh?

Those who really
...well, feel their
way across.

Not I. And
that's really!

Sunday, May 19, 2019

but still

STUNK!

Web being
chaotically
instructive.

His wife
didn't care.

Recently.

Thursday, May 23, 2019

in the groove
sought.

But what has God
wrought?

My life,
for one

where they say
"Slow down!
What the Hey?"

But...feel done.
Checking

lampposts for
flowers

as it lowers
at this one crazy

after all
these years!

Friday, May 24, 2019

-But YOU SAID JUST YESTERDAY THAT…!

-Did I? My mind’s a shred of its former tatters.

-Join the club.

-Uh uh. Wouldn’t be in any club accept me
as a member!

-Somebody else said that.

-Always do.

Saturday, May 25, 2019

He opined
the Leather Pansy
not his type.

"Much too skinny. Like
a grasshopper-man.

Anyway, they're trying
to write a law

encompassing all sex-
ual choice.

"Good luck with that!
I'm only into boys,
but an encyclopedia raw!"

Sunday, May 26, 2019

-Do Men care
about what men
say about them?

-Practically never.

-And do women...?

-Infinitely!

-That's an awful lot
of feminine wonder.

-They shouldn't work.

Monday, May 27, 2019

-All this lying.
EVERYWHERE!

-The whole society
is seeking a new
relationship with
Truth.

-How nice of us!
But more like
seizing it by the ears and thoroughly
f--

-Please don't go there.

-Why not? We
frequently need
the vulgar to shock
us into honesty.

Wednesday, May 29, 2019

Handsome is sufficient told
he Ginger and Stelly, but
that brought forth wonder
at his flawless complexion,
for one.

Then both women confessed
their jealously.

"If you were a woman, we'd
find a way to murder you!"

"At least your reputation,"
giggled Ginger.

"This is a silly conversation," sniffed he.

Turning in his lovely way.

And then...back...stealing
their breath.

Thursday, May 30, 2019

Yours if you work
for him.

Delays in the
"Legal System."
(cue laughter)

wherein sage
judges comment
on arguments

beyond
ludicrous.
Time left over?

He'll buy it!
Screwing
you blue!

Are you free
and brave

enough? So,
snappy salute!

Asshole.

Friday, May 31, 2019

Time to end the crap: his duty!

“What do you know about it? Huh?

Be no human race if up to you forever firing blanks!”

Clean shot--judging by the blinking.

Well, his Specialty. Things that cut and hurt!

Then when tough he became vulnerable and
his wife even one-upped HIM!

Would you BELIEVE?

Thus is Irony served.
Again.

Saturday, June 01, 2019

For the final three to receive the
critical vote naming one.

After the most spirited campaign
in the club’s history.

Signs, slogans…the works!

One lucky woman receives him!

Gwen, handler, told him to show
Nine sharp!

At eight-thirty he peruses his image
in the brilliant mirror.

Should I, ruminated he, as tides heaved
and mountains slid into icy bays, preen?

Sunday, June 02, 2019

Japanese scientist reporting
an extensive repertoire

traveled from each member
of the hugely melodious pod,

swelling as of a concert hall
underwater! They knew us so

why waste bubbling-too-
soft subtleties?

Monday, June 03, 2019

Destiny might ride with us

today, but

there is no reason for it

to interfere with lunch.

Tuesday, June 04, 2019

-When you're done
you're done.

End of story,
all she wrote.

-What if you
don't know
you're done?

-Then you're
really really
DONE!

Wednesday, June 05, 2019

Man who did everything at the drop of a hat.

But…was a time when American men didn’t
wear many hats.

And as a result, then, did very little of anything.

They’re back, though, as is his impetuosity!

You think he can’t have much mind.

The time always has one, though.

Up to you fitting in or not.

Thursday, June 06, 2019

-Super highlight! I finally get home, vamoose into the den, maybe have a belt!

-And scream to the kindly, enveloping walls?

-IT'S ALL ABOUT ME!

-But you're known to be nice!

-Academy Award!

-But if everyone like you...?

-Who gives a flying fuck?

-Just a mood!

-Yeah? Perpetual then!

-How about your Stelly? Love?

-Let her break balls elsewhere!

Friday, June 07, 2019

-Are you the man lost
his wife?

-Severally!

-Meaning you lost her
many times?

-Could be.

-Or lost several wives?

-Perhaps that I am several men?

-I'm stopping this now.
Mr Ambiguous!

-But that begins it anew!

-Language is a fool's game!

-Isn't it? And blessedly!

-No way!

-Infinite ways!

Saturday, June 08, 2019

-Let's see now.
You're at Security
because you lost
your husband?

-This time I hope
it takes!

-Oh? And if another
woman finds him?

-I'll send his clothes--
minus the Hawaiian
shirts which are
already rags.

-Uh huh? And maybe
your bite not quite
as bad as your bark?

-Oh yeah? Just ask
him when he shows.

-What...makes people
so sarcastic?

-Look around!

Sunday, June 09, 2019

-Had a dream of women
running in male pajamas.

-That's a great one!
The generous cut makes
them especially cute.

-I did love it! Ought to
be checklist presented
every morning.

-Cute to ravishing. Check one!

-How about Total Bitch on
Wheels?

-If that's your preference!

-I live for cute, and you
muck it up with sick.

-Uh huh? Just a matter of time...
aforementioned bitch will
run you down!

-Do that daily.

-I mean literally!

-Bloody Hell!

-Bingo, Bozo!

Monday, June 10, 2019

-Well, tired of hearing
about it.

-As teller, me too.

-What you gonna...?

-Usual nothing.

-But with Great Noise?

-We've met, right?
Anyway, better than
other major side.

-Mr Shy?

Who wouldn't
say SHIT if he had
a mouthful.

-I'm getting the two
negotiating!

-Hopeless--and I never,
ever, say that!

-I feel privileged!

Tuesday, June 11, 2019

When Mark died, Pidge decided he’d
been a war hero…stretching thus a thirteen-
month tour and dishonorable discharge.

But many such incorrigibles rise, no?

His family certainly pleased with high
military anecdotes sent to The Capitol Voice
web page!

Lies! thunder you. Yeah, like the very
essential atmosphere today.

Hey! Have some useful fun before
Truth inevitably returns!

Probably heralded by murdering
religio-butchers!

Wednesday, June 12, 2019

Insofar as I see anything,
Literature occurs

at the intersection
of computer games

and comic books.
My friends grow

clever, discussing
intricacy of plot,

character, motivation,
and the like.

What is merely visual,
or auditory, we leave
to others.

Oh, and we still think
Shakespeare one
Cool Dude.

But please give
that language
a pass!

Thursday, June 13, 2019

Old doggerel:

"A dog is a friend
Not taken in by sham.

He doesn't know your troubles
And doesn't give a damn!"

Last line more applying
to cats, methinks.

Add spooky and mysterious
as you earn their scorn.

At any rare, my latest pet is
Hobart Grimshaw, Robot,

and, last thing he said:

Is that your fear masquerading
as courage again?

Yeah, he digs pretty good.

But, don't worry:
I BACK AT HIM!

Friday, June 14, 2019

Fell
through hay

dust from
loft to
floor.

Thereafter,
half farming,

half hallucination.
Wife chooses
other,

young,
dense,
sexual.

A story of
some complexity,
would you believe?

With years.
He got high

school equivalency
at 40.

Celebration! Our
farmer bringing
the word

from Lenmelocur.

Saturday, June 15, 2019

Thieves become Patriots.
Midst other miracles
made over. Truly!

Not so much if you’re
Jew, Spick, or
Queer.

But the patch you wear
can be made becoming!

Oh I
forgot, so homey-
old-fashioned in a time

of implanted chips.
And Auschwitz Express
needn’t run. Hey!

We’ll deathray
you having a nice tea!

Maybe with honey,
Honey.

Und
Lorna
Doones.

Sunday, June 16, 2019

In the TV commercial,
Wisconsin Butter
Steak Burger!

Customer presses DOWN
on all that....and it RUNS
o My! Sometimes nothing

will do
like GOO

Like GOO.
Yes nothing WILL DO!

etc, Grease-Hand!
Mouth etc!

For Nothing will
ever ever do

LIKE GOO GOO GOO GOO GOO!

Monday, June 17, 2019

-Czech is a beautiful language!

Whereupon all left the table save he.

-It…remains beautiful, despite everything.

Penny came in, but they wouldn’t let
her near him.

Tuesday, June 18, 2019

Glory in his bosom
that transfigures
diddley-shit.

Glory Glory Hallelujah
We are gonna sock it to yuh!

Wednesday, June 19, 2019

With Huds all sedated and cleaned,
he was declared ripe to be wheeled into
one of the operating rooms.

When the supervising physician queried
"What's he here for?"

And nobody knew.

"Well, then, who's left in the Doctors'
Lounge?"

"The Mad Egyptian only."

"Does he have a specialty?"

"Chaos!"

"Oh well, patient a male, seventy-four.
Bound to have peeing problems.
Guess he could try something
vaguely urological?"

"As you instruct."

"This hospital solves problems!"

"Hell yeah!"

Thursday, June 20, 2019

-Watching women play soccer
from Paris.

-But Visa insists it is, rather,
a journey?

-Today's favorite metaphor,
saying you fucked up
everything heretofore, but
should be arriving
somewhere nonetheless!

-Will Arabs attack before I
can?

-Nothing is more likely.

-Even in Rye, New York?

-A hotbed!

-Make America grim again!

-Too absurdly funny for that.

Friday, June 21, 2019

When Buzz and Artzy offered to help Des with his accounts, they found meticulous procedures!

"But," commented Artzt, "Bottom line is that it's all..."

Buzz completed the thought: "Entirely
fucked up!"

"But so so ORGANIZED!"

Sneered bitterly, our Buzz then.

"If you wanna make God laugh, have a PLAN!"

Saturday, June 22, 2019

His twin daughters called him
The Hairy Ape, and,
of course, danced around
him, in a scratching,
hunching way.

At any rate, his wife
insisted he periodically
have the *sheaves* removed
from his back.

Can thee say *ouch*!?

Ripped off excruciatingly!

No adverb strong enough...
the language inadequate.

Another comic opera war
erupts and he, though old,
is drafted as the leaders
go ape!

The young troopers can't stop
laughing at him.

Well, regardless of absurd country,
everyone reaches a final scenario.

And he is so so grievously wounded!

The enemy, in the person of a
jumpy teen, prepares his just-
lingering body.

Gluing a sort of thick poultice
to his back.

A sort of wryness nesting in the
corners of his mouth.

"Oh please! Not that!"--from our expiring hero naturally.

"With such pleasure you can't even imagine, Tarzan! I hate all you old fuckers!"

RIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!

Sunday, July 07, 2019

It is
but the rest of us

can't say
what

it is, so
it isn't.

Tuesday, July 09, 2019

What you were told Friday
is in error.

A grave mistake to rely on it!

But how can you tell when...?

Questions are not by their nature
alone naive.

Wednesday, July 10, 2019

-I'm appalled!

-At this late date?
I'd think not much
is unrevealed concerning
human behavior!

-Nobody should get a pass
just because he or she belongs
to the prevailing Cavalcade
of Toxic Fools.

-But one required to deal
with same.

-Fools? Of course, but
be less of one.

-And if I do?

-The math will start
favoring the rest of us.

-And...as you throw
in also...?

-The World! Future!

Thursday, July 11, 2019

Absolutely couldn't be done
just then for reasons Henley
couldn't comprehend, despite
their detailed, even fevered
explications.

He must wait for the
Morning Person!

Who never showed.

And never has.

His complaint amused the
others endlessly during the
ordeal.

"It's *Waiting For Godot*
without the literature,"
cracked Bill Evers-Chance.

Who tinkered.

But, don't we all?

Especially when that's
the only choice?

Friday, July 12, 2019

And going...
someplace.

If they're happy
for you...
here

to be going...
there

then how do they...
feel

in this new place
of comedians

and skeptics?
Thinnest

smiling...
and then

thinner.
Welcome

to this department
of the human race!

Saturday, July 13, 2019

Necessary errands first.
All time and logic
following. It

will be found
down

this sensible
route, or, if
my Good

Guardian Angel
possess

a malevolent twin,
in locales as devious
as he or she devises!

If never coinciding
with light, then such
risque

Evil owes
me one.

Will be paid
when PR right.

As everything.

Sunday, July 14, 2019

a sorrow.

The rest
of us

select.

Monday, July 15, 2019

G over-
reacts
to every-

thing! We
essay

proportion, though
more work. Her

third husband
has a plan to run
by us.

She does already,
claiming that

we're the danger.

Tuesday, July 16, 2019

Son, 70, fetches
Mom for a ride
outside Assisted Living!

Gray-on-Gray.
Hey! She can’t shit,
& he can’t fart!

Though thus bereft,
we play our parts.

And with some wit,
would you believe?

It’s an art
to age.

The rage
for living

we have left.

Wednesday, July 17, 2019

Gray Enough?

Son, 70, fetches
Mom for a ride
outside Assisted Living!

Gray-on-Gray.
Hey! She can’t shit,
& he can’t fart!

Though thus bereft,
We play our parts.

and with some wit,
would you believe?

It’s an art
to age.

The rage
for living

we have left.

Tuesday, July 23, 2019

Jix and Ellie
shared it,
especially

the fragrance!
The Rose Garden

never promised.

So, said she,
never promised
and yet delivered!

He laughed
that there are
good lies.

Wednesday, July 24, 2019

-Which fits?

-Neither

-Well I must find
a frame borders
me softly!

-Don't belong...
won't ever.

-Can I?

-Recede?
Half faded this
very moment!

-Goodbye?

-Say something?

Thursday, July 25, 2019

Of the two boys,
Nak's brother

the less loud!
Yet went with
him: a vile sound!

Brows lurched
upward and you'd
hear WHAAA?

So, Cobby
known by

THE NOISE!
A girlfiend slides
into the saga.

Clinically deaf
but cosmically stacked!

Allow stories
working out.

Saturday, July 27, 2019

-(cont) So says Chinese Proverb.

-Much more!

-You're not putting little babies
on your side of the scale?

-No, nor so-called men! Though
the funny slant would have it
different. We being the silly-
ass gabbers!

-So...half's accurate enough?
If we acknowledge your
serious sides?

-How deep is the ocean?

Monday, July 29, 2019

-Prometheus made you...so old Greeks would have it.

-I'm not complaining. Pretty nice job!

-And the others?

-Woefully short.

-Not up to your vaunted standards?

-Not a tenth there.

-Yours not to reason why!

-Why not? Old firebreather
gave me brains!

-I must report you. Sorry.

-The way of the Transgressor is
a hardon!

-You got that right!

-Some committee of lesser gods
punish me?

-After the picnics and orgies!

-Looking forward to the whole
atmosphere!

-You'll hardly learn anything!

-Great! Western Man tries too
hard anyway.

Tuesday, July 30, 2019

The Admiral's Daughter"

by Digby Harekz, PhD

...waits down by the water.
She wants to grab your dighy!

Imagined through the eyes of
Sartre, Who-to-Screw Camus,
Simone-More-Tense-
Than-Dense-Boudoir

or whoever!

Protect!

sayeth Sage

your Privates!

Wednesday, July 31, 2019

-Your chance to be macho LARGE
PRICK FLAUNTING!

-Such a joke!

-And you choose another shy one?

-Comfortable.

-Wouldn't Say SHIT if you had
a mouthful!

-Oh well. What one is used to!

-Ladies say sweet.

-Do they? Sounds lovely.

-You had a chance to scare the
living crap outa everyone!

-I'd feel a joke then.

-Stay out of The Personality Store
from now on!

-Will do.

-Total waste!

-Massive egos will survive.

-For sure.

-But so will this regressive gene here.

-For what earthly reason?

-Fun!

Friday, August 02, 2019

-...is that *I* thought
that *YOU* thought
that...

-Stop right there!
KNOTS For NUTS!

-We DO tie ourselves up!

-In the interest of new starts,
I'm Chez and you're Ginger W!

-How do? Incidentally, you
resemble an actual, Clinical
Asshole!

-I dreamt someone would
say that!

-Handling compliments
proves half the game!

-Which?

Saturday, August 03, 2019

-Secret in cleaning up
in today's degenerate
climate is

Fuck the old folks!

-Don't they scream?

-At First! Then surrender.
Jesus meek and mild!

-That supposed to be good thing!

-Interested in buying bridge?

Sunday, August 04, 2019

Pray that you un-
fall from the plane.

Other bizarre “uns…”
note those of us,
lucky, who live on.

Untwist the slicing
metal and just

don’t wrap
around so so
many of us!

Unhook the sirens,
lights flashing red,
and stabbing blue!

over-
washing reds

and stabbing blue!
and stabbing acid-
ic blues!

Uncut those
in horror so
very rapid!

Monday, August 05, 2019

-From the beginning
she never made sense
to me.

But I persevered!

SOMEthing be-
hind what everybody
says. And you know what?

Not worth it!

Five years with her
and you know what
again?

She never repeats the same
babble!

Completely original
our mutual pal,

Professor Drunk,
maintains.

Let's toast then
all delight-

ful idiots!

Tuesday, August 06, 2019

-Was always on time!

-Importantly?

-Emphatically!

-And now?

-Others arrange!

-Rendering you Slob?

-None other!

-Hardly your fault.

-No excuse!

-As hard on others?

-Don't really care!

Wednesday, August 07, 2019

-When it's time
someone decides

or not. Maybe
you.

-Why not?

-You've led puny
your-sole-self-truly

up to now.
Sometimes...

somehow
accidentally
competently!

This last:
bent miracle
of a puking age!

Thursday, August 08, 2019

-Thank you very much!

-First part sufficient.

-Forgive me a polite
convention!

-I'm told they hold us
together.

-Baloney!...well mostly.

-In another time, you'd
stick me in an oven!

-And you'd thank me!
Kiss-Ass Jew turd eater!

-But I'm not Jewish!

-No you're not, Small-Nose!
We're making an exception!

-I'm actually really a closet Fascist!

-A Rare Privilege, then, to
gas you!

-Nice compliment!

Friday, August 09, 2019

-Here you go, Jew-Boy!

-New ID! Chuck Haskell-Robinson!
Me!

-You'll reek Anglo-Saxon rectitude!

-I've dreamt forever of being
a privileged-fuckin-hyphen!

-Yet all totally unnecessary!
Not a hint of fatal gas in today's
most just Christian air!

-Uh huh? Well...Family Business:
Insurance!

Saturday, August 10, 2019

Fussy and Professory way
to class,

passing an earnest
playground

basketball game.
“Hey!” yells
Captain Afro,

“need a body!”

“But...love to…
RUSHING TO CLASS!”

Chinese youngster
(that’s right) convinces me
I can spare the few minutes.

We play! Move the ball
around till one of us
gets open for a shot.

Things go fast!

Until strange in-
effectual lull.

Remembered as
almost sleep-walking:

I have the ball,
basket large!

What the hell,
I shoot!

Captain stops game
with jabbering
Chinese support!

“YOU don’t shoot!
WE shoot! You PASS!”

“To ME just once!” chimes
in Yellow Peril--his nickname.

Oh well, my game
ends as regular arrives.

Black guy whitely
scarred, and

transcendentally important-
ly, allowed to shoot!

Sunday, August 11, 2019

No use!

Hearse outa gas
and wrong corpse

in coffin. Dif-
ferent race,
actually.

Widow in
giggle fit.

Driver too high,
and mortician,
appropriately,

Down-dead-
depressed!

Was as predicted
for this Actual Lot:

They'd fuck up
a 1-Car funeral!

As metaphor, fits
your droll place

much of the time!
And you, Pal?

Incompetence
can be viral!

So?
Try at least!

Saturday, August 17, 2019

anything!

-Not just lead there?

-No! An actual idea following...

-...from other ideas?

-Bingo!

-You're expecting too much!

-What then? If not that?

-A nudge...tendency?

-Are we forever to question everything?

-For now.

Sunday, August 18, 2019

-Are you the
person concluding?

-Eventually.

-Why not right
to it?

-How? Possibly?

-A you say it!
B you do!

-Just like that?

-How else?

-Do you get anywhere?

-Not without thinking about it! Now that
you mention it.

-I haven't.

Thursday, August 22, 2019

you are evident-
ly of some knowledge.

What that is
should be
somewhat

apparent
to all of us,

with you
to the edge,

thereby helping us
to learn more.

It is so very
vital

we support
each other

this way.

Invent it
if you must!

It's known
after that.

Or can be.

Monday, August 26, 2019

-Interesting.

-The quizzical
or the amazed?

-Hmmm? Compounded with...
bit more at that. Amazed would be Interesting!

-Or even INTERESTING! ?

-Dare we hope?

Tuesday, August 27, 2019

Maybe.

Anyway,
The Future
has been known

to confirm!

One...or
its opposite.

Chuckie says
never look there.

"It gives not
a fuck!"

Where look then?

"Don't."

Wednesday, August 28, 2019

This time
didn't!

we all agreed.
And also

that it was
final-

ly the RIGHT!

Evidentally

one
waits.

Thursday, August 29, 2019

Don't worry...

ever...

Never happened
as it can't

possibly

be!

Saturday, August 31, 2019

Mary's Son
Till our Cause is won...!

Results:

1) Done!

2) Bit to go. Work!

3) Pray ceaselessly!
And think not!

4) Cause?

Wednesday, September 04, 2019

-Got a pretty studio
with great river view!

-Stow it for Martha
and Jack! No damn
water! Floods and
frequently stinks!

-Well I'm in a quandary!

-Hey, climb out. Just
dump me in the most
social neighborhood!

-Butterfly, you?

-Opposite. It's
required med
to have these
beaming goodies
pulling at me.

-And all the while...?

-I contemplate deaths
for them painful and
bizarre!

-In a place full of oddballs...!

-Without even trying!

Thursday, September 05, 2019

Pope Francis

solo-stuck in
Vatican

Elevator!
So?

Heaven itself
takes maintenance!

Won’t find
that activity
prosaic

midst Cherubs,
rosy etc in

the timeless Art!
Why not?

Since,
in a way,

it’s a higher
form!

Friday, September 06, 2019

For a day.

Jennifer and Angel
helped him dress,
make up.

Midge coached him
in saying truly

asshole things!
Uh huh? Loaded
experiment.

Plenty of laughs since
he usually chewed nails
and shit bullets!

Feminine attributes zip.
So why bother?

Why bother anything?

Some see benefit,
or humor.

Hey now! No shit
we must do SOMETHING!

No conversation
without subjects,

yes?

Saturday, September 07, 2019

"It was as if no war had been fought, or to put it more bluntly, as if the war that was fought was fought for no good reason. For nothing has changed; everything is as it was at the beginning save for the graves of those who, it now appears, have fought for a trifle:...Lake Erie and Fort McHenry will go into the American history books, Queenston Heights and Crysler's Farm into the Canadian, but without the gore, the stench, the disease, the terror, the conniving, and the imbecilities that march with every army." Pierre Berton

2,4,6,8!

who do we appreciate?

Fellow imbeciles, fellow bodies

and connivers.

But most especially those

who died

for nothing!

Would that you could live again

in order to die again. So

never mind the rutty

patriotic stinks…

which can’t be wrong! Hey!

Pestilence such a small price to pay!

Cheek to jowl

with the stirring songs!

Or howls.

Sunday, September 08, 2019

Who knew
applicable
possibilities

which she
dramatized.

Upsetting some
inside her smirk-
ing ways.

Often laughed
at her sub-
jects repeatedly.

As they sought
footing.

Her husband
shrugged

complaints and
uneasiness off,

exclaiming that
If the foo shits...!

Never clarify-
ing that odd form.

As a couple
they devised
discomfort.

Naturally.

Monday, September 09, 2019

Addicted
to addiction, he!

When a new one
swept in, be-

coming the mode,
didn't he swallow it,
simultaneously

ruining his buds.
When so serious
a man

somehow obtained
a girlfriend,

oh well! No bargains
each way

as both play
the crazy card.

Tuesday, September 10, 2019

So
Rosenberg

says
we're too

addlepated,
hateful...

and our perverse ACE,
Bone Lazy

for Democracy!
HE didn't say

we'd rather shit
in our pants

than expend some
civilized effort.

Oh well! At bottom
you must believe
as Whitman

THE PEOPLE YES!
And then grow up
enough

to help out.

Wednesday, September 11, 2019

-Thomas Wolf said that
we walk the Streets of Life
alone!

-Pretty much, but since
you're wearing raggedy
shorts anyway,

sit down on that filth-
y curb to share a brewski.

-Done! And talk low
politics, high...whatever,
and cunt-actresses?

-Or, more seriously, why
we can't get girlfriends!

-Hey! They get their choice!
I'd pick neither of us--that's
for sure.

-Because we're not
handsome?

-Your gift for understatement.

-You...burp and fart
an awful lot.

-Enjoyably!

Thursday, September 12, 2019

-Looks like Social Media
has completely taken over!

-With its so-called leaders
and apparent over-

complexities?

-Lock, stock, and
barrel-head!

Prepared
to totally and
completely change?

-What CHANGE?
Spread bullshit in
all directions, hammer
it to foil...

-Amen amen I say to
you: Love the Artsy-Fartsy!

-...and you still got bullshit!

-Thank God! Our
UNIVERSAL!

-LIFE its shit-smeared self!

Friday, September 13, 2019

Cindy has discovered it
behooves her

to do such and such.
It has proved a month

of behooving.
So much so

that she forgets life
before extensive
behooving.

She actually cries
thinking of the un-
behooved.

Well, her sensitivity
's so rife it's a joke

in her gang. And
gang not figure
of speech.

They beat up
a bus driver!

Saturday, September 14, 2019

The person who died.
T,

having figured it all
out!

Objective view:
Fool!

Figured nothing out
but a touting
scenario of air!

Ho! Now,
so true up

a little Bal-
ance for your-
self?

Too much
extreme
bother!

How the Fear
Machines buzz
on about all of

THAT!
Boring the rest
of us

to--No Shit!--
actual
tears.

Sunday, September 15, 2019

-I beg your hardon!

-Would you could!

-But I never promised
you a rope garden.

-That for sissies?

-Sisals rather.

-You Jutes are all the same!

-Constantly fuck with language
and what’s left?

-The language, including sharps
and flats.

-I heard a pretty girl is like a melody.

-Helps if her name’s Melody?

-What’re the odds?

-Ten to one in Temperate Zones.

-If only I can win and buy Sisal!

-What good language only for winning?

-No good!

-For itself only?

-Amen!

-Or Bingo?

-Choose!

Monday, September 16, 2019

puts in a toilet

together.
The years of grime

surrounding now
on their dime.

Is there dressup love?
Can be

but all that preening
lacks something
somehow.

That true soil
and stinks
and, yes,

sweat
reacts to.

Tuesday, September 17, 2019

-She was a Woman of Elegance!
Think teacup. Bone China and
very nearly transparent.

-Thus a kind of esoteric beauty?

-Not of this earth of gross and
too-large gesture. Greasy chin,
farting whether rhythmic or
dissonant!

-Could she laugh with the girls?

-Too ugly a scene for one of such
natural delicacy! Passing around
penis snaps! Forgive them!

-Too bad. It relieves some to imitate
the worst conduct in men.

-Be impossible for her!

-Whatever happened in one
so over-lovely in her sweet
precision.

-Died.

-My God! How?

-Shattered!

-What’s that like physically?

-What it sounds like.

-Then she made a mess at the very end?

-Don’t we all?

Wednesday, September 18, 2019

Suz, Ricks,
and Joe-Forgive-
Me!

Separately
got the ducks
on the pond.

Also separately,
each feathered hope
drowned.

WHAT NOW?
Same old shit

believing in
futures.

Morons!
Like you

(though in this
limited way.)

Once a sucker,
well you can
truly depend

on acerbic Suz,
left-footed Ricks,

Accelerating Joe-
Forgive-Me.

Hey! Forgive selectively!
Jeez! Too many ponds
and tons of

Duck Shit. So,
don't plan!

You're better off
waiting

with nothing--
and that's literal--
in your head!

Stop reading here.
You simply
won't comprehend

further.
Chance for love!

Thursday, September 19, 2019

She: Vaginal Babies grab
some needed microbes
on the trip down the
hairy-mucous chute!

He: I see.

She: Judging from that face,
you smell too!

-Perhaps your choice of words...?

-I'm a Cunt speaking of cunts.

-Mayhaps bit more than required.

-Your mother should face
justice for the way she
raised you!

-Mummy is Love!

-Jesus! The waste!

-Sex isn't all!

-Could've fooled me!

Friday, September 20, 2019

-Let's see now...
you're an anxious
wreck anyway.

-Fair enough.

-So, set up a
situation that'd
stress the iciest
among us and...

-Don't I? Didn't I?
But why?

-To finally test you?
Acidly? Prove you're
a man and not a horribly
Nervous Nellie?

-Experiment more
than suicidal!

-I'm taking away the
sharp knives!

-Why am I such
an idiot?

-Profound question!
Especially as applied
to every damn one
of us!

-As bad as I? Really?

-Well, that's going
a bit far.

-I can't stand out
anywhere?

Saturday, September 21, 2019

1-We are the men
who held out!

2-Hail!...I nearly
believe.

3-But I'm a Woman!

1-Not that anybody
notices.

-2 Can a person hide and be
highly acknowledged?

1-We do it!

2-Here! Now!

3-Give the world
more time!

1-So it discovers
what it's missing?

2-More or less.

3-Less than less!

Sunday, September 22, 2019

-You know what? You’re a Good Shit!

-Thanks…I think.

-Always been!

-They also serve who only
resemble satisfactory bodily
functions?

-When we were young, a quick
non-aesthetic dump before
imaginary glory!

-Still imagined, but real to
our somewhere disciplined
minds!

-We behave better. And shit
equivalently. Ah! Therefore,
since you are…?

-By metaphorical extension:
something that exits the anus,
I must shrug.

-Lovely then and thus, too, on its…

-Beautiful Journey!

-Well put!

-You make me like myself!

-Greater love hath no man!
Since it’s deserved.

-Great! But SOMEDAY I’ll wish upon
a star.

-Good luck with that Vast-Out-There,
but Heaven’s on EARTH!

-Within our actual precincts?

-Lovely zones! Mr Bones.

Monday, September 23, 2019

"I see," pro-
claimed flatly,

Rail-Head.
Who truly
saw nothing.

As a life-long
habit. How

he loved
the phrase
as it fell.

Feel of it
falling like music!
Hey!

Why so pleased
with what we
can't do?

What else?
You'd rather Hell?

Tuesday, September 24, 2019

Max-O grew up
with maiden aunts

who stressed
scrubbing!

Especially near
his little peepee.

As an adult
he possesses
the cleanest area

there
imaginable!

But accepts less
than sterile friends.

Who
honest-to-God

love him!
Does the clean
quirk add

or detract?
Hard to see
any formula

in great
affection!

No! Really!

Wednesday, September 25, 2019

I'm Joe-Joe and I
convened with Karen
and Lil to...

well *convened* heavy,
especially since
there'd been

some drinking.
Anyway we
came up with

a plan! Announced
gleefully in a group
call to Renton

(who's as asshole-
formal as his name.)

Hey! BECAUSE he
fucked up everything
this year thus far, we

had met as a committee
and voted on his present
project after

much experienced discussion.
In short, we knew our shit!

And, as a result, mapped out
a course even HE...!

Well...uh...guess what?

Thursday, September 26, 2019

Ginger, Mac, and Hog-
Lady 2 vow to banish
piddling

existential crisis
from their lives.

Done for them with
FLOOD!

Extraordinary Dis-
aster! Swept, equally
extraordinary trio,

so away way way!
Such a loss!

Check high funeral
details on

Hog Lady 1's
website.

$1 which
she's contributing

to Red Cross...
half.

Friday, September 27, 2019

-Her big thing
an etching of
a pancake in

inks the color
of the puke of

Austrian midgets!
Then she...

-Whoa! Need time
to process that!
Puke OF...?

-Don't bother!
Life is short
and the shit we

say is seldom
worth our drool
in saying it!

-I thought you just
had a low opinion
of YOURSELF.

-I'm equal oppor-
tunity scorner.

-At any rate please
expend a bit more
drool in her case.

-Well her usual
thing is corpulent
female nudes

in lush garbage-y
hues.

-Don't know which
of her modes'd
actually strike me.

-It's all crap but
the pancake travels
widely. In Frankfurt
presently!

-Show named
"World Views
of Food?"

-Close enough,
but more abstract-y-
bull-shitty.

-Can't wait to see
her masterpiece
when it graces
our disgusting
shores once
more!

-Nothing is easier
than waiting
for nothing.

Saturday, September 28, 2019

-Elephantitus of the ding-dong!

-Christ! What does Girlfriend think?

-Insatiably! Wearing away.

-Not right! Should be shared.

-Yeah, could handle a whole womens’ prison!

-Not WHY bad ladies are there!

-A convent, then?

-O ye of little faith!

-How much IS it?

-What?

-Faith. It must have its price, no?

-Your Thought System is an absolute horror!

-Isn’t it ALL? Folks?
World-wide?

Every freakin bit?

Sunday, September 29, 2019

HE
I was wrong,
you were right,
and who gives

a shit?

SHE
(nods)

HE
You were wrong,
I was right,
and who gives...

SHE
(smile)

Monday, September 30, 2019

I like Classic
Art

Channel,
pretty much
all, but

those screeching
soprano parts

(Think horrible car
brakes!) so rake

the nerves and
rigidfy my balls!

Tuesday, October 01, 2019

Yeah one's cheat-
ing heart
tells
all right,

that is informs
us what a prick

or bitch are you!
Plus grinds in
down-depths

what’s left
of your soul.

But don’t fret!
No odor.

We worry more of
our precious-poopy
at times. But a some-

thing's so very much
worse! Can

you recover?
Doubtful,

though being victim

recently might help.

How…do another’s
lies feel, Hon?

Can you hand-
le them?

Wednesday, October 02, 2019

SO! entirely
doused!

wasn’t a dry
house

in the eye.

Thursday, October 03, 2019

"First time she
shot, he staggered

Next time, he fell.
Third time there

was o Lawdy!
a new man’s face
in HELL!"

Would you recognize
the faces? Tell

one or two
you’re just

passing through?
Or, indeed--
and instead--

present here against
your wishes? In yet,

YET! again
another need-
less fuckup!

Friday, October 04, 2019

Lucilla-
Lovely story in
Arabic. The same
in Western languages.

Hap-
Hey! The seven
young guys fled

the merciless
persecutors a-

gainst adherents
of the Truest Faith!

Lucilla-
Lodged, therefore, in a cave,
sleeping for 300 years.
A lot of snoring!

Hap-
And, upon awakening,
thought it had been
only 1! Right?

Lucilla-
For that's the myth
at any rate.

Hap-
Pretty dumb! You'd think
how much they stunk

would excite
a minimal curiosity!
300-Year Puke-Inducer!

Some idea of it:
think...hunks of slimy

blue suet, veined, plus …UGH!

Lucilla-
You're just
a True Romantic at
Heart, aren't you?

Hap-
For this pussy Mam-
by-Pamby Age,
emphatically YES!

Sunday, October 06, 2019

Like so much else,
antagonists

prompt better
results than

originals!

Monday, October 07, 2019

I will do such
a thing at

such and such
a time!

Enabling me
to perform
more knowledgeably

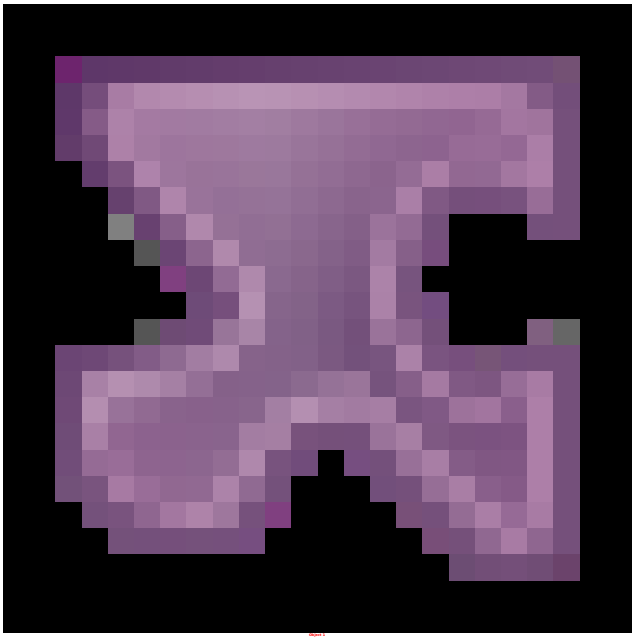
or, at least, passably.
Big Deal? When

it's the sole game in
town, yeah!

Solo game goes only
so long, before all
bets called.

But why bore you
with common lore?

Thursday, October 10, 2019



Friday, October 11, 2019

-Are you the person seeking A?

-Exactly!

-Glad to give it!

-Or a reasonable facsimile.

-If we must get into what
we mean by that...?

-I'd prefer we'd get into
nothing.

-Done!

Monday, October 14, 2019

How find a course
when you don't know
presently

where you are?
Invent one entire?

Possibly. But having
some small connection
with reality helps

your mentality.
So-called.

For if the whole
world
's guesswork,

well...uhhhh?
You could wake!

Wednesday, October 16, 2019

At the new
station,

in the new
country,

C and G
threw

a party
where

foreign friends
switched:

She coming as
true Butch
and he total Bitch.

Their departing hand
counseled: "Well so
what? Not all pose!"

Explaining it's
actually in
the religion.

Honored roles!
But C and G
worried!

Finally deciding
was okay

if the trans-
sexos didn't

particularly
like it!

Religion anyway? One
must quite often shrug.

At ridiculous mankind,
No?

Friday, October 18, 2019

and all you can eat!

On the Garbage Truck!
And surely

other
GANGBUSTER
DEALS

exist for likely,
enterprising

boys and girls
and, oy,
OTHERS!

Saturday, October 19, 2019

(brutally offing
The Emperor of Ice Cream)

Call the Chewer of Ropey Snot
and bid him hide away as from
a widow’s discriminating snood.

Let slatterns whore
in whatever hotly

forgivable
fashion of this
particular moment,

and SHOW,
the Aces shown!

Give bullshit Charity
by clarity. Let

all shake down
to nothing less

than less!
Then, even less.

The only nitwit truly
great Fake,

Flake-Take, new, be-
ing the Nitwit of Grace.

So, take such a Gift
over Brains
and Glib.

Accepting
Liberty!

Sunday, October 20, 2019

Easy enough
for a Charles
becoming

a Charlene
of a Wednesday.

But he has
(conveniently)
forgotten it.

Not so,
some friends.

Walt and Sissy
spat: What *for*
anyway?

Added nothing
to world's stock
of wisdom or

higher bullshit!
Both pine
for Renton

who'll do
SOMETHING!

Walt: "Easy
to always
play!"

But Sissy
demurs: "Hey!

"hardest
thing going,
PERIOD!"

Monday, October 21, 2019

by revealing
next to nothing.

His new girlfriend
chumming along,
they looked definitely

like cats that
et canaries.
A great feeling!

Which they’ll
never share.

If you’re looking
for that,

then skip
them.

They make
it easy
to do so, for

what it’s worth!

Tuesday, October 22, 2019

Done this blog un-
told years!

Why? What
profiteth etc?

Nothing I
actually “sold.”

Nod towards
Emily Dickenson:

This is my letter
to the world that
never wrote to me.

So like the old broad
too reclusive?

Sue me!

Wednesday, October 23, 2019

Quantums
find

zillions
of each
of us!

Hey, try being
as frank

as numerous:
1's

plenty.

Friday, October 25, 2019

and none
caught on.

Being good
at it. His

woman baked
the same cake,

slathering, too,
the icing
we'll call

feminine
quirks.

Haughty!
Infuriating!

Were the two
ever exposed?

Continuously,
but who

really gives one
flying fuck?

Hey! Nobody
cares

about you: That's
yours to have
and hold,

Ducks.

Saturday, October 26, 2019

Basso-Profundo
to say the least.

I, Child yet,
sent to my room.

Ladies bring-
ing FOOD
arranged for trip.

Styrofoam etc.
What we
Americans best at!

Why is that?
Don't ask!

Sunday, October 27, 2019

Shade
...go into a...
Company Store...

Okay, five minutes
daily dealing

with my most
blatant

prejudices.
So
St Peter

won't call me.
Ever. Hey,

I'll never stop
owing my soul!

Monday, October 28, 2019

A is afraid
of everything.

B afraid of A.
You find coy-
ly strange

so much
of this?

Don't.

However,
when you
shrug

your natural
response
to all,

you've passed
to a better

world, I know.
Of gentle voices.

So
very
beautiful!

And tactile:
having called
up the Spirit.

Wednesday, October 30, 2019

Yeah! Agree!
Why not sum up,

since most my age
Dead?

Conclusion?
We're Blivits!

Or, if you mislaid
your Mobil Guide
to Crap, a Blivit

's 20 pounds of
horseshit in
10 pound sack!

"HARSH!" say you,
"Judgement."

And "Hey!" you add
"How about courage,
sacrifice, yes

even Love?"
Shluv-Love
hardly art,

nor Magic!
And the rest
from old Books?

It's from
old books!"

Case closed!
fellow Blivit!

And I'll always
remember

our perfume!

Ahhhhhhh!

Monday, November 04, 2019

-You can pick your friends,
and you can pick your nose.

-Go on!

-But you can't pick your
friend's...

-Slower please! Getting
this on my tablet.

-Why not use the app
where you just *say* it in?

-Too fussy! I speak
only Hungarian there.

-Oh? Your native language?

-Don't be ridiculous!

Tuesday, November 05, 2019

The woman who really knew
men

encountered--as
so often wished she--

the man who really knew
women!

Capsule?
Scoreboard?
Truth?

How ALmost
decided just
before we spoke?

When both
went mute!
Why, and what

does THAT infer-
nal hassle mean?

Try some other
department there.

Wednesday, November 06, 2019

-Let us speak of
disgusting things!

-What else?

-A male and female of
our bored, shared,
acquaintance.

-I sense you thinking anent
THE HEARTBREAKERS!

-Such cute overkill!

-Anyway, after out-
piquanting
the human race...

-Well, nearly.

-They meet each other!

-Where can I puke?

-Whilst both enroute
to Jesus sucking
in dimples!

-Twin brutal egos
considering a lesser
infinity?

-They burn this mo-
ment re helping
starving children.

-I'll throw in a buck!

-No!

-Hey! To keep the e-
maciates far away
from them!

Friday, November 08, 2019

-It's slow-wwww here!

-Can see!

-I'm listening therefore.

-My brain with a big-

ger cock!

-No prelims!

We're right there!

-What say you?

-Twenty-two thou,
and keep your
smaller mechanism!

-Why bother then?

-Some cretin could
use your weak brain.

-How about me?
What's left?

-Give you Bit of Einstein...and
adequate enough otherwise.

-No Deal!

-Ten thou? And no extra
charge for immaturity.

-The best thing about me!

-Sadly!

Saturday, November 09, 2019

The guys
in our group

overdo the
CAMP...

switching
swishing
bitching...

higher
exception:
G!

An Art!

Recipient of
so many

secret
notes.

Sunday, November 10, 2019

Stare out white.
Stare down flight.

Stare away from
her or him hum-

drums on dumb
paths to nowhere.

Join us there:
We know you.

That, only, true!

Monday, November 11, 2019

Standing….
Waiting…

as if rooted.
Witness: Mitch.

Whose wife wonders
when he’ll budge from

boring, haughty humility.
Twin daughters puz-
zle not, most requisite

waiting being absolute
DEATH to them! (Plus its

harrowingly high vacuity
actually hoards noi-

some odors, would you
believe?) Their boy-

friends, LOUD! Frantic!
Erratic! Rushed!

Stop-Start-Models
of nothing

whatsoever
but LIFE!

Wednesday, November 13, 2019

-What’s that highbrow TV show? *Great Performances!*

-You mean that HE…?

-When he met a female he had known
before, he whispered an intimacy
into her ear.

-Corn! I’m sure.

-Magic! Quickest coloring, and then
warmth from her could heat a room!

-Uh huh? Why am I so prepared to scoff? I’m very very ashamed!

-Yeah! Right! I hear the deep regret!

-I just may have heard such crap heretofore!

-And some of the women as hostile
as you before the utter magic!

-They couldn’t be! Impossible!

-And always the SAME few words!

-I’m willing to learn!

-I couldn’t possibly reveal them! It would be such a great betrayal!

-Between totally macho assholes?

-Oh ye of little faith!

-Well, you know what the
both of you can do?

-It’s got fuck in it.

-First yourselves. Then do
each other. End the gnawing
frustration!

-I liked the women better
before they all turned vulgar!

-Well we sure didn’t!
No returning ever to
Sexual Colonialism.

So make all the demeaning
jokes your exhausted little
brains can cook up!

Friday, November 15, 2019

-Well, what's the trouble?

-You tell me! What the hell do
I pay you for?

-I'm not about to practice Veterinary
Medicine on a College Professor!

-Nay?

Saturday, November 16, 2019

SHE
Women would kill for
Jimmy Cho heels!

HE
Flotsam-Jetsam too trivial
for trivia!

SHE
Well excuse me!

HE
You know my test for love.

SHE
Will she put in a toilet with you?
But why restrict it to just one
crappy job? Got a sucker?
Then redo the whole filthy
apartment!

HE
That’s love!

SHE
Can she wear her Jimmy Cho’s?

HE

Of course! And strapped
micro jeans with lace panties
a-peeking!

SHE
And…!

HE
Stop there! How long am I
to restrain myself before doing
her before the place?

SHE
Wouldn’t be true
to her Jimmy Chos!

HE
Why are women such assholes
generally?

SHE
A privilege won in the Sexual
Revolution!

HE
Till now you’re greater ones
than men?

SHE
That’s impossible forever!

Sunday, November 17, 2019

-Would you agree that the Right
has valid and substantial points?

-I would! Not just the spittle-
rant of a crazy uncle.

-Good! Then we can talk.

-Of course! But I demur when
folks shoved into ovens.

-Oh? But Hairy Lefty, Well-Done, so
improves Society!

-Nearly as much as Barbecued Jew?

-A dish devoutly to be wished, and in
profusion.

-Black Humor! And making fun of me!
Oh I do realize I’m LEAPING ahead:
from coherent Righties to Unspeakable
Fascist Murderers!

-By all means let’s continue to speak freely!--
while, of course, not neglecting the fires.

Monday, November 18, 2019

Your shyest ones?
Who wouldn’t say Shit!
if they had a mouthful?

Uh huh? Master
Manipulators really!

Life as icy planning
board? And their
opposites? Devising rags

to sing as Blabber-
Stars in voluble dramas?

Everything for them-
selves while they brag,
or cry, operatically

of martyrdom! Poles
apart, these two. Who
nonetheless can switch though.

Severest panic steeling
such swerves of
breathtaking nerve!

Tuesday, November 19, 2019

-All phony! False! Nothing is valid
or solid. All theories, especially those
coming from experts, utter utter
BULLSHIT!

-I know where you're coming from, and
you have a point, but I can mostly
contradict it with a few words.

-Doubt it! But who am I not to listen?

-THE DISH RAN AWAY WITH THE SPOON!

-I’m blown away! But…tiny doubts.

-Google it! Pictures! Text! Eminent Professors!
IT HAPPENED! Videos even!

-That clinches it. Feeling much better: THANKS!

Wednesday, November 20, 2019

D
Am I my brother’s keeper?
Fuck no! But I try helping
out when I can.

R
What? Thus adding to the already unconscionably huge population of lazy bums?

Fuck no all right!

Trouble is: Much too many
parts of no you can’t grasp!

D
Uh huh? But most parts
of grasping I sure do!

Monday, November 25, 2019

Congressional Shanty

-Confirmed Lefty I, but performances
of kiss-ass Republican under the TV
Lights strains credulity. They don’t care
what’s truth and what fantasy!

-What they used to say of Shanty Irish?
“SHIT IN THE BED AND KICK IT OUT!”

-Too harsh even for me.

-They could go to St Monica’s but
Moslems of their time.

-Hated! Both! Big Deal!

-The Harps learned to ape passable
behavior…even pick up a bar of soap.

-Okay now: modern Republicans
don’t stink! Slow up here!

-Stink-Coverers cheap at every drug store!
But, hey! Anyway! As I think about it, not just
try to make a sensational statement, my
comparison doesn’t work!

-Contrite, you?

-Definitely! Because Republicans don’t actually kick it out!

Thursday, November 28, 2019

-Well? Made up your mind?

-WHAT mind?

-Only one you got!

-I’m being sarcastic.

-Good! That’s being SOMEthing at least!

Monday, December 02, 2019

Non-
People

argue

Non
Subjects

over the net
for no reason!

Re Gert Stein
There is no there
there.

Not always the best
we can do

being nothing.

Tuesday, December 03, 2019

-Madgey and I
can't sign on

to that last thing
you posted.

-Nor can we.

-That means
nothing!

-Does nothing
mean nothing?

-Probably!

-Why shouldn't that surprise?

Saturday, December 07, 2019

Met the woman
never did.

They swam!
Go figure.

Sunday, December 08, 2019

Well we can unstick
The Impeachment
Imbroglio

by acting the asshole less,
quoting fewer saws.

Especially haughty wits!
As if we were above

anything!

ANYTHING!

Monday, December 09, 2019

Making News as Man
on Toilet Shot by Wife

Is

No

Place

Sacred

?

Tuesday, December 10, 2019

-We need you for
the Party! Sold!

-Thus am I Hero
to nitwits.

-At the least!--
depending on

Nitwiterry Degree
therein required.

-And what do I
get?

-Employed...which
you have barely
decent aptitude for!

-(sings) From the mountains…
to the Prairies…
to...whatever...shit

blessed with foam-mmmmmmm!

Wednesday, December 11, 2019

One manager refers
to the middle

of a place
for a chance

to do great things!
Some juncture!...

if slippery
or non-existent.

In real life, comes
a brutal chop
to the balls!

Friday, December 13, 2019

The light so...
sweetly bright!

The clothing so...
flippantly stylish!

All making
a MOOD

akin to Miami
on steroids!

Watch that SUN!...
uh huh?

Tuesday, December 17, 2019

The Woman Who Knew
Everything!

Married the Man
Who Nodded.

Most judiciously,
truly. Until his
stroke.

Now at
ludicrously inapt
places. Way off!

She has adapted
by memorizing
documents

which she recites
when he essays
utterance.

Gettysburg Address
a hoot!

But funniest
Last Quarter's
Water Bill. Hey!

Discount for Cash
a win

bringing his blank
eyes aswim.

Wednesday, December 18, 2019

What is love?

Google it.

Thousands of answers,
but not one!

Try this: Love puts a toilet
in together!

Not very romantic?

Oh? Then how about complete filth
to begin?

Your partner gagging!

Imagine the ambient,
and puke?

Hey? You stick it out,
you two! That, boys
and girls, is LOVE!

Friday, December 20, 2019

That was IT! And equally
for her own good!

She huffed out of there: such
a weak-ass response!

Later, he passes an empty
office where she softly weeps.

Also good! We build from there!
ADULTS!

That evening when he had cried too and...yes...begged forgiveness...

only to find out not the smallest
point he had made was valid
in the least!

He could have saved a smidgen
of Face.

But not allowed. That evidently
never allowed.

Alone in that same empty office. Beyond dark: "*What the fuck's
it all about?"*

Echoing.

Saturday, December 21, 2019

-You make even more shallow
the meaning of ignominy!

-Thank you! But
what was I to do

with so-
lousy cards?

Run bareass down
Main Street?

-That at least would
show something alive!
Not entirely fearful.

-Thanks but no thanks!

-How red, in the interest
of reportage, IS your ass
anyways?

-Only my Sweetie knows!

-Of which none presently
exists!

-But promising!

-What future partner
wouldn't go all *Ecstasy*
at the prospect?

-Will you change the topic
for fifty cents?

-Less!

Sunday, December 22, 2019

“Well there’s taking
responsibility!”(Cue laughter

from very rosy fat lady
and dun cadavers
of so severe-

ly vacant males.)
Provoked by the principle

The World runs by CYA!
"Thus I should remember
that nothing?" --Carl

"YOU'RE that nothing!"
--girlfriend Cindsy

Tuesday, December 24, 2019

"...the broom is the tongue of death

looking for corpses..."--Neruda

No it's not but

a fuckin broom!

You want image, Pablo?

So stick the other end

up your ass! Fly

if there's time.

But Business Hitler

screams reports due

yester-freakin-day!

Hey! You can always do

this poetry shit

when you're new-

ly dead.

Thursday, December 26, 2019

When the Amazon
returned, did she instruct
her sweetie-boy cutie-
patootie

to wash the blood
off the tall shield?

Getting all the encrustations
out the cracks

and folds, sans fuss-
y scolding of
her and it?

(He is, it seems,
NOT appreciated!)

If sexually convenient,
she‘ll see, also, to this.

Friday, December 27, 2019

Roge and Dardinella
staged their usual
wit contest in verse.

Give such devils
their due: they
were poets!

(couple of kids)

with unique voices,
not straining noises.

(You rode on my sleigh.)
In complexity, their

art and import,
sophistication.

(I loved you Jo!)

Searching far
beyond...

(Jo Jo Jo!)

Saturday, December 28, 2019

So very
slowly lift

the water temp
a coy degree

at a...time
untilllllllllll

boiled. He'll
never know
the difference!

Any last croaks?...
But he's too happy
to see!

Sunday, December 29, 2019

Schrodinger's Cat*

So? Or-either,
or both?

Not entirely
infelicitous, Puss!

For the puny rest of us,
so many puissant
alternatives:

they can hit
violence!
With our aid?
Yes and/or no.

**OR Come to me*
my quantum-lovin'
Bay-ah-beeee!

Saturday, January 04, 2020

At storied
Notre Dame
Football on TV,

a leprechaun
gets tossed around.

Also the female
cheerleaders so

high above
the males!

There, though,
the obligatory

crotch-shots
hail.

Wednesday, January 08, 2020

for this Fairy shit!
So, each occasion This.

Thus, **This** and **This** too!
Gets added by Mark
to compliments for Denise.

Some have
the stomach for it,
but he

has even
more! Larding, disgustingly,

THIS!

No, really! Absent
Taste! Whatsoever!

Hey! However can he stand
himself?

That's his Question!
We all of us
possess one!

Friday, January 10, 2020

to what you write?

-After.

-How does that work
out? As a process?

-Once I see!

-What?

-Then I discover.

-Shouldn't you have
at least a vague idea?

-What came first: Chicken
or egg?

-Whichever you say!

-If that's option, then
too much is!

Wednesday, January 15, 2020

-May I?

-What?

-Polite form or
Life and Death?

-It makes a difference?

-Unless both at once!

-When did you start talking
nonsense?

-Start?

Thursday, January 16, 2020

-Science is half baloney!

-Which?

-Precisely!

-I rest my curse.

-Me too. This being the best we've done.

-Ambition!

Friday, January 17, 2020

-What I do is learn the form,
then work in it.

-So what?

-My working in it changes
the form for the next ones!

-Hmmmm...wisdom or
bullshit?

-Only when you think
about it.

-Sorta implied that's
what we do, no?

-Discussing Art
's the slipperiest
one of all!

Saturday, January 18, 2020

-Have you been interviewed?

-Hardly much! The World dropped
infrequently by.

-Ever thought it awaited
a move from you?

-I hate pushy people!

-Give nothing, expect same.

-I like it that way.

-Don't break your farting string!

Tuesday, January 21, 2020

But what does it mean?

Oh?
Language
means...Language.

But other things
mean without me:

Putting them down
alone

lending validity.
But so

does merely
breathing.

We’re here
because there

is one. And
we're part
of one...since...

But...often. too,
we can escape!

...and just as easily
get gathered in.

Answering something
answers nothing.

Which is nothing
and everything.

Sunday, January 26, 2020

...inopportunely...
coming from...

dwelling briefly
in a place that
may exist, well

did then, a sort
of feel.

Nothing actually
can be gleaned
but the vaguest

invention.
Does it aid
in any way?

Who knows
or might?

An idea in
this life is
to stay awake

whenever

possible!
Asking questions

Then and there...
possessing both.

Saturday, February 01, 2020

-I'm calling a meeting!

-Agenda or the like?

-Not sure of that or anything else!

-Surely you can invent something.

-I start with an observation!
I've thought over a problem
to paralysis. I'm looking for
others who've done the same.

-And this combined paralysis?

-When does it define us?

-Now or never!

-What means "Now?"

-Never!

Monday, February 03, 2020

But simply does
presently.

Can he understand
the job then

just do it?
Not worry it
to death

by impotence?
We'll see...
No guarantee.

But you can't move
in fear.

Wednesday, February 05, 2020

After I'd been
hurt,

he wanted to be
with me since

he'd been so
so hurt!

Thursday, February 06, 2020

The Beginning
of whatever

decodes if
you wait.

Or wish?

Or if you
don't.

So what
did you
decide?

Or not?
Or what
did it

decide
of you?

In turn!

And what,
you,
it?

If anything.

All so vague?

Hey!

Bingo!

Yet Beats
and Chuckie

remain.

Lovely.

In grave
thought

arriving
exactly
nowhere.

Friday, February 07, 2020

Trump, Plus

the Aimless
Showboats

of Asshole Insult!
Oh well, I

always wanted
to dwell in

an entirely
classless

society!
Uh huh?

Disgusting?
...to understate
Truth.

Politics
is Us!

Both...
Puke!

Sunday, February 09, 2020

more than
less.

Self-
anointed.

But point
a camera
this way...so

Swift's
Premium Ham!

More--I hope--
than noise

emits,
or class-

less
shit!

Tuesday, February 11, 2020

probably dying
probably died.
Passed. Bye.

No one knows.
Count your toes.
Rush somewhat?

O you're such
a boring pain in
the ass. Hey

if it's you
you'll know:
Case Closed!

Wednesday, February 12, 2020

-More you say,
more nothing
comes!

-I abstract?

-Naturally!

-But if I wish to
be concrete?

-Not possible!

-An announcement
beforehand!

-Ordinarily I'd
encourage you
to try!

-But?

-Sense not there!
Absent with leave.

-Must be some way!

-We'll invent same,
but worry not!
"Meaning" a quiet

fiction for all
but a very few
anyway!

-Oh? Language
belongs to us all!

-Not that
you'd note.

Ever!

Friday, February 14, 2020

His essential
tragedy:
thinking

highly of
himself

for the wrong
reason.

But even more dire:
forgetting it.

When songs
nearly remind

Sunday, February 23, 2020

Back from a sun-walk.
And "Preacher-Bob-Look:"

sports jacket...slacks,
wants to talk.

Whilst the Piano
wants to piano.

And I must contribute.
Or try.

So I lie.
Coming right back!
Uh huh?

Not the truth!
It's easier to lie.

Remarkably
of course!

For the rest of us
design
it thus.

Well done!

Sunday, April 05, 2020

Well...never mind her!

For Local Color nowadays,
we've got Death.

Goddammit! I've washed
my hands!

Enough is never enough!

Can I be washed enough?
In the blood of the Lamb?
--or what have you?

Most definitely!

MOST!

Thursday, April 16, 2020

Buster found what others lost,
mostly in memory.

Liz the Librarian, old-fashioned
spectacles…the Smear.

Spouted off
countries and capitals.

Until Buster knew some she didn’t.

Of course, she had a fuller persona
amid other librarians.

Fun in a different way.

Do we have serious selves?

Or merely selves?

And isn’t that the most serious question
being asked today?

Anywhere? By anyone?

Sunday, May 03, 2020

of your occasion,
the whole world warns!

Okay, so we afraid!
Big Deal!

...actually...

Wednesday, June 03, 2020

Trump, Plus

the Aimless
Showboats

of Asshole Insult!
Oh...well, I

always wished
to dwell in

an entirely
Classless

Society!
Uh huh?

Disgusting?
...to understate
Truth.

Politics
is so Us!

Both...
Puke!

Monday, June 08, 2020

"I see!" said
he,all done,thus

cleansing paths then
for the Woman,
this last one likely

he didn't even know.
How so...nice of him!

mark you.
Your actual

way evolving
to sarcasm. You!

Imagine! Now fated
to pre-echo it-
self forever.

There to have you
there. Indeed

to have
there there.

Tuesday, June 16, 2020

Jess invents
little "reasons."

Enough of these trans-
form or-

fix the bigger ones
until they simply
play out.

Or,indeed,
just seem

randomed up:
Surprise!

"You really *start* there,"
some say. But,then,

and hey again: Always
is another day,way,self.

Why? Answer for Infinity?
Dare since

it never
requires you

quite

as you
arrive.

Wednesday, June 17, 2020

I...actually cried this morning!

Heard. Don't even do that right.

Sunday, June 21, 2020

Because when coy-
ly changed,

acted out,he,
a buzzed version

of a quite bizarre
other. Fear-

ing that one,
those,really,
he avoided him.

Them.
Fragments,then

masquerading
moreso.

Like a whore's
skinny trousseau.
So?

Where's morality in
such places?

The one indis-
pensable

quest-!
ion?

Hey? ACE!
Possessing--

this thin once--
some answer?

Will your heart sing it?
Lovely thus!

Wednesday, December 29, 2021

-Forty-three vile years in

the CAN for crime of an-

other sepia Dude?

-State drop a messy mil on himfor microscopic redress? Hey?

Thus wish ME at any rate!

-Well you can wish in one hand

and shit in the other. State, latter.

-Christ! But didn’t I hear, though,he, so, SO blessedly, got Tomato Surprise once each brutal year?

-Just one’d gag a maggot!

-And Typical Darkie: wasn’t in

the least ass-licking-grateful!

-Despicable! Well, uh?

-At a loss

for thought?

-Just musing on

the Ass I’VE

kissed and I’m

WHITE!

-Extraordinarly! Fish-Belly-ish

in purest fact!

-Oh well I’ll throw few

bucks in hat now! True

Caucasian Prick! Generous!

But…43? You fucked up

and misread, probably, uh

only…half that?

-Then just 22 Tomato Surprises?

But, nope, he got them fuckin all!

Red shit all over his black mouth!

Now, just where in Hell’s my BANJO?

-Forty fuckin THREE? JESUS

H CHRIST ON A BICYCLE!

-Didn’t know

he rode.

-Got ticket to.

Tuesday, January 18, 2022

Eyes

Flash Flood’s

2d wave shoved

our little house out

from under, but

not Delsy & me,

LOCKED in shaking-

soaked embrace. & both

power-gripping Mr Sausage-y,

Basset-German

Shepherd! (His “Breed”--

no kidding.) Softest brown eyes

trusting us more

softly yet as he’s

ripped away.

Sheriff later: “Sorry,

but not remotest chance!”

Hope the Angels cherish

him as did we, but watch it

Feathered Ones! Such eyes

can mischievously glisten

at some intended Banditry

or other. You’ve been warned!

Well then, Mr Sausage-y,

God-speed!--Lofty

Divinity needing a laugh

during these loveless times,

Old…Brown…Eyes?

Soft. Just so

very soft & thus so lovely.

Bye.

Wednesday, January 19, 2022

Grab 1/2 tumbler booze

before assuming

my post above

the moonlit beach

of a Korean town

wherein women keen

of babies ground

up in glori-

ous war.

Saturday, January 22, 2022

A buoyancy of small cars!

Too, the women coy-afloat,

liquid under flow-

ing dresses.

Light itself, shaken, silken.

Until two men martialed

black-beyond-black,

goose-step past, high. Low

Comedy. Menace.

These, all, though,

images merely.

Unless one allows

their assembling

beauty

or terror.

The mind, though,

palpable,

unscreens.

Monday, January 24, 2022

Reason Why

Surreal Responses

of Childhood!

Girls…then:

"Cocktail, Ginger Ale

Ten Cents a glass.

If you don’t like it?

Why, shove it up your

ask me no questions

I’ll tell you no lies! N’

if you get hit

with a pail of shit,

be sure to close your eyes!"

(Or more-direct neighborhood variant:

Starr and Winchester, New Haven--near

Jack Ripkin's Mom-Pop store, and

for most games, especially

Jump-rope Double-Dutch.)

"Cuz I got hit

with a pail of shit,

and that’s the reason why!"

I rest my case remembering

those long black ropes just slap-

slapping,

slicing twilight, girls

singing fast,

and FASTER! now.

They surge

to the BEAT!

Dreaming and

Haste in

their Glow-

ing mouths.

Tuesday, January 25, 2022

Melky Ritzer marries his Lina.

Disaster! Though Baby somewhere in

there, both find others. To screw--put-

ting it politely. Lina shops round even

more, finally emerging with Totally witless

boyfriends: hardons sans brains! Rose Penz

renews fling with Melky. Saying: "Like, FOREVER this

time! Won’t kid! So turn off your usual horse-

shit!” Baby Misty grows to win awards from Women's Clubs. Loves Dad! but feels that Men, generally, Crap.

Wednesday, January 26, 2022

Three Nothings

Es is nichts. Es is nichts. Es is nichts.

insists terminably wounded archduke.

Jesus Jesus Jesus!

Say I now…

Love not being War.

Save in silly metaphor.

He had begged his wife

to prise life hard

for their children's sake!

As she died.

But. Anyway

…nichts…

which is

is. &

WTF! Hey!

Way back then it

rolled at them.

Thursday, January 27, 2022

Screwing there too!

Not the thing to do.

For Christian Values,

RE ones too!

https://www.nbcnews.com/investigations/hero-holocaust-polish-housekeeper-saved-12-jews-rcna12833

Friday, January 28, 2022

has died. In Mlps.

Obits from French, Brit,

German publications:

Click here and here

and here!

...

Plus a poem in Japanese!

...

& emailed:

our brightly inquisitive dorothea

has left us but her work lives on!

-drsidneyglass@bestlab1.org

...

Our work, and that of Glass, converted

her dreams into a psychedelic river of

ever-leaping fluorescence &

in her latter days she learned a few keystrokes

altered the program Into something softly otherworldly,

beautiful...only patent ever awarded to monkey! Yeah!

Saturday, January 29, 2022

Diet Docs, Health Store Nostrums, etc, to no nice end!

At work, his new office now: cramped, too private.!

(Because women

won't stop giggling In

the greater space.)

At home, moves, with his girl, to spare bedroom.

(Planning to Lysol old one when

there’s time!).

But her buddies convince her to shunt fart-

sy he to a cot be-

side the furnace!

Under very old, holey, army blankets.

Then! Wondering if possibly harmed

by noxious fumes, wings she to Naturopath

Woman. & last appointment that day so:

Spring-board--believe it

or no--to Lesbo-Fling!

Not long after, the 2 move to Gals’ Collective.

He quietly visits, & they sing at him

boisterous melodies of super-militant

FEMINISM! Quite entertaining!

After...his malodorous malady

curiously hath healed! Wow!

How? Go Figure!

Sunday, January 30, 2022

Soon Enough

a new cliché

of Woman

interviewing another.

On facing stools.

Legs: the OPTICS

for SURE!

Until SHOES--of Hostess,

black pumps pleading

overmuch for simplicity.

Guest gal: Medieval-

ly-strapped entities--

asserting themselves

past mere event.

And even..in THIS Leap:

T-freakin-V itself!

Monday, January 31, 2022

Cole angry

jogging to

Mickey D’s.

Luann & Judd

had ordered him

an Egg McMuffin.

Now bit cool.

He’s late since

adware cramped

his balls & laptop--

justifying, then,

such rape in

Pussy-Prose!

After breakfast, our

trio shared yogurt

in the Corolla.

Courtesy of Guernsey,

Bridget-3, member

of the Family.

They Dropped him at

his tiny shack

by the bub-

bly stream. Rush-

ng Moonlight! when he rose

much earlier; now, eddying

rubbers.

Saturday, February 19, 2022

REHASHING THEIR QUARREL WHILE JABBING AT THE MAP IN THE KIA TO SHUT UP THE WOMAN

INFORMING “JEFFERSON, THE CENTRAL COMMERCIAL STREET IN…”

“I KNOW JEFF AND FREAKIN COMMERCE TOO!

AND DIDN’T ASK YOU EITHER, WHORE!” STRANGELY IT SOOTHED HER, FIGHTING THIS WAY! SHE HAD LOST BACK IN THE APARTMENT AND FELT LOST NOW.

SHE KNEW THE WAY TO LUANN’S AND BUDGIE’S

TRAILER ALRIGHT! AND WITHOUT STUPID MAPS!

THEY HAD TEXTED HOW THEY DEEP-FRIED

DONUTS PER BUD’S MOM’S RECIPE!

SHE SET HER MOUTH, WIPING HER CHIN ABSENTLY.

AT THE APARTMENT ALDO SINGS AN OLD ITALIAN AIR HIS DAD LOVED.

PACKING.

AFTER, HER FRIENDS REMIND HER THEY HAD

TOLD HER LOSE THE GHINNY LONG AGO!

Sunday, February 20, 2022

mono

NOW I TASTED DEATH, CUISINE

NOT QUITE MICHELIN GUIDE!

HOW MANY STARS?

HALF 1.

THAT’LL IMPROVE?

NOT IN MY LIFETIME.

Monday, February 21, 2022

“Pal” Runcy took his
after-breakfast walk,
Bide-a-Bit Assisted
Living. He tells “Tall” Eunice, RN:
You talk, you walk, you die.
That once, he hit
the sequence right.
Passing shortly after
in his room.
It felt lonely all
next afternoon.

Tuesday, February 22, 2022

Conceited in Modesto

pretty well describes

Hildy Ord-Nussbaum &

Latin Lover, foul-mouthed

Carlos! Once wrapped in their

acquaintanceship watch

out!--especially if too thin

or fat. Giving such wily devils

their due: so often Funny!

& yet warmly California too? Yup.

Go figure!

Unlike the other Coast,

where they cut your legs

out from under with snide, astringent wisecracks. Repeating

limericks fecally underscoring

your all too-evident lacks

that long, long night through.

In Modesto, our Jokesters-2

have a dozen close friends.

Back East? Don’t pretend to ask.

Wednesday, February 23, 2022

‘cross Alley from Alamo

lived bi-ole cowboy ‘n

his male whore, Joe!

-What’s more AC/DC

than ‘merican parody?

-The latter recommends itself as Life!

-Hey! As fulla shit at any rate!

Thursday, February 24, 2022

dreamed he dwelt

in Marble Halls!

Just a case

of Marble Balls.

He googled, finding

Miracle Massager.

Got onboard:

Affordable.

Portable,

no cord.

Friday, February 25, 2022

In this steel town, he had spoken Latin

to his dates, Holley, Mix, & Jezbel2.

Mix chosen to voice objection.

He told her just for fun, not

to hurt anybody.

“If you say so, but we worry, not having

been EDUCATED!” She sneered this

last word--which told him that they,

simply, didn't like him.

-Well then, Ite missa est, meaning

“Go the Mass is finished!”

-You CATH-lic too?

-Nominally.

-We 3 sure don’t like…

-Why’s that?

-WE JUST DON'T!

Saturday, February 26, 2022

-3,4,5-year olds taken by Lakoda grandmom, pick plums!

-Nice, I guess.

-First, though, asking tree's permission. Music of little voices.

-Uh huh? *Cutesy and wootsey dooo?*

-If you...

-Been waiting for this part! Pretty Story Alert!?

-ANYWAY! Finish, then kids take care not step on blossoms on ground. But, Lucy, daydreaming. So all say they're sorry to it. But allowed to smell: Heaven on Earth!

-All's well wot ends swell?

-See you again soon?

-Don't hold your breath.

Sunday, February 27, 2022

2 yrs in City,

job emigrating

overseas. Thence,

not back to old unit,

but next door down

dim hallway. New

bathroom’s window

looks out to same fence,

broken slats. Warm grasses

sigh behind that “I

am the Sacred Grass!

The Sacred Fragrance!”

“Well I’m no fuckinINDian!

“Doesn’t matter

at this moment.”

Monday, February 28, 2022

adapt so

quick-

ly to

Desire, then love

might hotly permeate,

or no.

Saturday, March 19, 2022

-So Laursy gone?

-Save for her cheap scent

garbaging up the garage,

-Evening in Pittsburgh?

-Or the like in garden spots!

-Reserving all comment since you two

always reunite. With tears and fresh

professions of some strange shit

mislabeled LUH-uve!

That was then.

Was it?

Love being ALONE! Worth its

weight in purest gold!

And her?

Meets pals for lunch! First shaking her

phoney-tender ass through revolving door!

Pretty picture!

For next sucker, yes!

-Sounds final!

-Bet real money on it!

Sunday, March 20, 2022

war gods

hava heluva time

differentiating

'tween lust

& Patriotism

in interim

kids die

no matter

way it rolls

Monday, March 21, 2022

meets in Ginger’s and my

apartment 1st Thursday

of each month.

“Libtards for Open Carry?”

(We’re open enough to

getta kick from Conservative

“Wit.”) So okay, though

new group’s deadly serious!

Liberals sans limos, but never

again lacking guns. Hey! over-

many of our gracious ilk’ve lost

lives to armed, imbecilic dicks ere

now! Thus’ll be “Draw! McGraw!

Let’s just SEE who’s quicker!”

Tuesday, March 22, 2022

Ona Alderfree danced

orgiastically in the stacks

of Boulder's CU Library

after it had closed for the day.

Her husband, two-faced-vile

Bible-Thumper'd tell her

Repent! Whore! Meantime

had no qualms

jerking off to Psalms 27:1.

It can go these ways midst

dour or sunny Christianity.

And its exhausting

Miscellany of Sins.

So, Fear not, Atheist.

Try to brighten up when pissed AND HOW!

There's no celestial aid available just now.

Wednesday, March 23, 2022

Total Prick

marries Sweetest Thing Imaginable!

Worked out better than predicted. But 1/2 way in

he loses 1/2 his marbles.

Whereupon she straps on Balls, like, BUTCH!

Takes lessons in the Bass notes. He

completes

switch

by lisping!

Thursday, March 24, 2022

beset by night terror thing.

Such an ingrown fool!

One harrowing eve his

hands clamped neck--

(not tool?) Docs say you simply

can’t kill yourself like this!

(or some such med-dreck).

But he did.

Friday, March 25, 2022

Rinzy Kerrigen peddling

Encyclopedias door to door

encounters Admiral’s Daughter

by the water!

She of course grabs his dinghy as per ditty. Admiral pissed!

But WTF, she’s adult(?)!

Given more time, Rinzy knocks’er-up,then lies. He sells Fords now. Triesbeing hubby. (They’ve married.)

In one of her Drama fits, loses Baby. Really sad…but so what? say you: True Relationshipsproceding from grounds similarly seedy.

“In books maybe!” she says. Divorces him.

Dealership loves him coaching Little League.

Great PR. Given this line, they meet again.

Planning to remarry.

He’s getting to look so very old! Not she.

Again, lives down by the water she, ***so watch your d****y!***

Saturday, March 26, 2022

pee

fell from a tree

I went on to

get PhD

in it

Sunday, March 27, 2022

In lovely script,Christian sentiments--

profound or pablum--

on jouncy wall plaques.

Guards in Buchenwald,

and Auschwitz, in Philly's

Graterford “Experiment”, still*

celebrated Easter with

wives and

children.

**Many Graterford Prisoners, forced to speak to Jesus and never to each other: lonely, went insane.*

Labels: Easter, Holocaust, PhiladelphiaExperiment, prison

Monday, March 28, 2022

how some pigs

led to slaughter

enjoy walking there

Labels: death, Fate, pigs, slaughter

Tuesday, March 29, 2022

-(*sings*) I'll take you home AGAIN, Kath...

-Another stupid song?

-I thought...your name being K...?

-My mother Irish, father kike.

-Oy! Begorah!

-I hate you!

-Witless, it's a leap for you.

Labels: dumb, incompatible, Irish, Jewish, wit, witless

Wednesday, March 30, 2022

Murph informs Tilly that "I Don't give a shit what you or anybody else says! You're my woman now and I'm your man! And I can wait it out FOREVER!"

She whispers "Who said anything about *Waiting*?"

Labels: couple, dialog, love, vow, waiting

Thursday, March 31, 2022

have fun!--SO swee-EEET!

Unluckily, Worlds keen

for WOMEN, so stow away

prom programs&Betsy-Wetsy:

Get to work!

Labels: dolls, fun, girls, women, work

Friday, April 01, 2022

Devil toasts him--

in the best sense--

with Gatoraid.

Only male face in

in tall wall of RBFs.

He accedes

to mini-Danish then

(Pepperidge Farms)

from most mis-

cheivous angel

ever!

Labels: devil, Hell, male, RBF, wall

Saturday, April 02, 2022

haughty rectitude

on the day our

Lateness

becomes Virtue, so

we truly scathe’em: Rout! But

Hey! WTF! Fun!

Just Broads, thus

don’t really count

for much

anyway. (Tho Miraculous-

ly un-Whiney this bles-

sed Once!)

Labels: broads, business culture, early, late, sexist, women

Sunday, April 03, 2022

"A **First** then!" sneers he.

Labels: couple, sniping

Monday, April 04, 2022

During THE GREAT PASSIVITY,

Christians and other frauds

cool it on mercy and much

else. Anyway, Coiffed Screechers via

Sinclair stopped hating with scripture

to call out WHORES! Who

apparently lurk everywhere!

So much sin, so little Time!

In short, complaisant modes

so got kicked unto the curb as

to dwell religiously with dogshit.

One live group haunts Target yet,

screaming-out Asian women

wearing masks!

The most vocal of these saints

espousing ACTIVE FAITH--

and FIRM!

(Name actually Karen) left, y’All:

due in Melbourne to knee

a beggar in the balls

with other Taurus, thus

taking turns.

Labels: Active Faith, Asian, astrology, Christianity, Conservative, contradiction, faith, Great Passivity, hypocrisy, preaching, Sinclair, Taurus, women

Tuesday, April 05, 2022

Mitz shrieks *prick*

stole her only panties here!

Rider chuckles as to Sweetie-

Mouth going insanely potty!

Not 1/10 done yet! she claims.

'Everybody's-Gramps' pounds

trailer door: He knew they had

his only snow shovel!

Rider pulls him in assuring

no need for one in Cocoa Beach.

Oughta ask an astronaut! snaps Mitz

as she's simultaneously advised

by Gramps to let the air get at her thing.

Rider rips open his brand new

Jockeys for her. Just temporary.

She puts one on. He muses

how he rode Midnight 1,3

to wins! These feel especially

decent! purrs she now. Probably

PMS before, Gramps guesses.

They all laugh. What

happened to 2? whispers she to her real jockey

who keens *Wish I knew. Really wi...*

Labels: horse racing, jockey, obscenity, old, underwear

Wednesday, April 06, 2022

nt explain

what ate him

alive, thus

lost friends

& vicious

mistresses.

(Wife had bugged

out early last year.) His

daughter, convening her Bum

of the Month Club...thus

so very busy,

anyway...Died

he of Terminal Gas!

Held it over-much! Lida

Orticott, NP, explained.

Though no one listened.

Hoppy Presser, 20, Daughter’s

latest miscreant a pallbearer.

What's he got that deceased

would envy, hey?

Just enormous

freak of:

starts w/C,

ends w/K!

Labels: abbreviations, bum, daughter, mistress

Thursday, April 07, 2022

-Dumb as post with one t’match!

-That good?

-Never talks!

-But I would’t learn unless

smart guys instructed!

-Well Stupid in elevator now.

If interested, stow bloomers

in drawer there!

-He’ll be ready?

-Never anything but!

-So nice of you t’share!

-Not nice. Exhaustion!

-Does he frenzy?

-All he does!

-Some chat after?

-Nope. Told you. Neanderthal!

Labels: bloomers, dope, stud, women

Friday, April 08, 2022

Plan attic CLEANSE!

For starters, attack myriad

piles of crap up there! Find-

ing “Pokeywaggle” under stick-

y rags. Extract, then fling in hour

into grimy toychest in the garage:

got filth for hinges!

Guys in yard now

blasting leaves from one

pile to another. Deafening!

"What did I do. Nothing!"--

from the chest in lulls.

*Finally quiet out there, I w*ash

him w/the hose. -Please!

Careful near the Ballroom! snaps he

You MALE? I laugh-sneer.

-Correcto!

-Never knew!

-Your middle names!

Labels: cleaning, dirt, dirty, filth, insensitive, toychest

Wednesday, May 04, 2022

then died, their tiny

bodies on the sill.

We get high. Hey!

Shit cost enough!

Later Delsy wakes in grayest funk

hissing our apartment’s filthy!--

and we’re not far behind it!

So, scrub ourselves 1st,

then clean the place! How deep-

ly for once!

"This boy pre-

fers clean to dirty," I muse.

*Could've fooled me!--*her flip

voice then's

remembered ...

music...

now...

her mu...

Labels: cleaning apartment, couple, Emily Dickenson, filth, flies

Thursday, May 05, 2022

Chucksy vents that

nobody does what

the fuck they

promise when. Once

he knows it

he nods

to further blab.

Then off.

When he wakes

they're jibber-

jabbering still.

“...and do you know

where you ARE?”

Not Heaven.

Wouldn’t stink so!

Labels: age, care, complaint, patient, senior citizen

Friday, May 06, 2022

the King fled.

There followed Emperors,

each more decadent

than the last. Culminating

with one enamored of making

the Nation into a beloved Circus.

The girls felt pretty in

their spangled tights, and

the men shot from cannons,

despite singed eyebrows,

enjoyed the trip.

But the clowns

got handguns.

Labels: Circus, gun, King, politics, rule

Thursday, May 12, 2022

I DO UNDERSTAND!

tolerates he while

she underlines

her wifty person

with own brand

of a something

bagged “LOVE”

from their defunct

rummage sale. After…

Exhale…they: mana-

ging okay sex fraud-

ulent frenzy

aftermath as in

dimmest video

sans audio.

Way it goes.

Labels: making up, persona, relationship.faking

Friday, May 13, 2022

legs churn! As short-

shorts twitch, Bra

jettisoned a while

back, Mother Nature

gave her breasts’d drive

men mad! She leads

cheer for Hillhouse High

decrying kids at Hamden!

All in fun! No one hurt,

athletes unbelievably

sensitive though: most

bright, others dumb as

posts. She grabs her yel-

low Pom-Poms from a table.

Twirling them wildly!

Labels: athletes, cheerleader, dynamic, high school, thin

Sunday, May 15, 2022

his pointed equal--stating

it mildly.

She, then, *does* worry

as he garners facts

in a game played

to win! Only! Thus,

topping her--though some-

what methodically?

Not a bit of it!

She yells back

against his truly-

learned babble. He

simply…CANNOT…

understand her: his

Proclamation!

Then, in bed, it’s

quick results

or do something else!

(Often involving her

Honda Scooter.)

His few friends pop round

thereupon, telling

him GROW UP!

Lately…worst yet…

occasions arise

whence

he forgets snide.

Sarcasm’s driving

beat coddling

old love ballads

nobody believes.

Yet THEY do! This odd PAIR!

She shades 40 mph later:

Lower Commerce Bypass. He

grips her dearly! gold jersey

twists both their names mid flash-

ing silver dragons on his back.

He calls them Yeks, Nekkie.

Labels: couple, cruel, mean, switch, wit

Thursday, May 19, 2022

never die! ("Hey, Limp-

Dick?" begins she

some dig.)

They just piss away

every which way.

Labels: death, die, female, Karen, male, Old Soldiers Home, sarcasm, Sexual Politics, sissy

Saturday, May 21, 2022

Pleasant to be greeted

by an Angel with every

feather right!

I speak to him of my fear

re GREAT REPLACEMENT!

--even here. But he brightly reassures:

“Not a Worry!" There being
a separate but equal heaven

for jungle types and their

yellowish co-libtards!

"All so-OOOO Politically Correct-de-deck-TEE!"

Exult l then of course…

and…actually…some black music

quite interesting. Acceptable therefore!

Plus every major city

possesses a CHINATOWN

with interesting food.

(Use your napkin to clean

the cutlery beforehand

just to be sure!)

But obviously the greatest glory in a Heaven

for our OWN Kind

is the absence of Socialist

“Intellectuals” and their wooly

theories of nothing!

(& of course we leave Jews

to their weird devices...

'nuff said.)

Labels: black, Chinese, heaven, intellectual, Jew, liberal, Republican, Right Wing, Yellow

Sunday, May 22, 2022

does what itz told

here. "Higher the court, s-

nugger the conformity."

(Repeat thrice, in obedient

rhythm to nice sounds of

such…Supremely lovely…word$.)

Labels: American Justice, bought and sold, cheap talk, Supreme Court

Wednesday, May 25, 2022

Many prisoners, forced

to speak to Jesus, and never to

each other: lonely, went insane.

Labels: Christian Horror, Graterford, mercy, Philadelphia

Thursday, May 26, 2022

NRA as

you prepare

to reassert

Gun Rights! Midst

shattered parents

who recently experienced

some difficulty

identifying shredded children.

Way it goes

in any state

on the take.

Labels: gun insanity, gun rights, massacre of children, Texas, Uvalde

Saturday, May 28, 2022

G = GREASE my palm

while mouthing God.

O= O say can you see

how your kid's filigreed?

With Long-Rifled precision and ART,

plus the sucker's prayer-mush after!--

our Hallmark!

P=Pockets

"Fill mine, only

then we'll talk."

Labels: bribery, GOP, guns, moral disgrace, murder of children, Republican, war rifle

Sunday, May 29, 2022

Republican: Filth

Democrat: Impotence.

-Stop Right There! Filth and Impotence are presently

attempting to craft meaningful Gun Control!

-Where would that be?

-USA!

-A Fable! Time, rather, to drive in the final nail.

-Meaning?

-Two separate nations, Blue: fumbling

but good-hearted. Red, where morons feel

included forever, FREE! to solve problems with

assault weapons if “prayer” (cue laugh track)

doesn’t cut it.

(Too, the fey humor surrounding

the shredding of children will be in

acceptable taste.)

Additionally, of righteous course,

Bribery remains proud! PROUD!

-Can we, like, return to the subject?

-Never again. Not *my* idea! Wiser folks have

advanced it for years! Maps have been drawn.

Jocular to begin with, now increasingly serious!

-But, since many Righties deserve prison…?

-Most! Unspeakable Majority!

-won’t your solution literally set them free?

-If it saves one child, blessed tradeoff indeed!

Labels: armed morons, assault weapons, despicable Right, government charade, Republican murders, separating USA, shredding children

Monday, May 30, 2022

When Ricky Pretterman,

Business Professor, A&M,

and girlfriend, Karen,

register Republican after

NRA Convention, he laughs

Four Vicious Entities!

Labels: Karen, NRA, professor, Right Wing, vicious Republican

Tuesday, May 31, 2022

Whatever! put in Rust.

Whichever? shrugs

Lil: It's a Wrap!

she brightens.

Perhaps yes,

perhaps no!

emphasizes

Mrs Snow.

Learning Time

for the moment,

and that she's,

again,

trapped.

By it, them,

and the self

that she must

hug with-

out a word.

Labels: friends, loneliness, love, mystery, rap, self, time

Wednesday, June 01, 2022

Consecrating Money,

Ventilating Children.

Labels: Big Business, business, business as usual, money, murder of children

Thursday, June 02, 2022

Lou trying Answers first, then Questions.

Tezzy pronounces him weird.

-Since bilingual hilarity is funniest YET!

-If you say so.

-Why did Gun Nuts learn some

Spanish after chuckling over

the names of slaughtered Texas kids?

Labels: assault weapon, murder of children, Spanish, Uvalde

Friday, June 03, 2022

come up

with words

for feel and sound...

change some round

if apparent meaning intrudes.

Then, alter sense

for new melody.

etc. How end?

Doesn't.

But must?

Oh?

Labels: art, composing, creating, dynamic, edit

Sunday, June 05, 2022

Desperate men say nothing

lightly. For sure revisiting

landlord's black-eyed-daughter,

though HELL blocks etc way he informs her. A romantic, ...Highwayman yet!

Cravat, louses, etc, all the smear.

Buggy Crook with a horse!

Rest of it talk, though not to her!

She rides a musket finally.

Fatal. Unto her breasts; saving him from AMBUSH!

Now that there's Love...whatever.

I'm instructed to take two and hit to Right!

I do. Won't ever miss anything behaving.

Labels: Hell, highwayman, lovers, robber, Romance, unromantic, vow

Wednesday, June 08, 2022

Brill Hops finally

makes good on

his threat to leave

the city’s doctors

for West Virginia’s

mountains. Granny

Woman comes thrice

weekly, grinds herbs

and washes his clothes

in icy streams.

She vetoes

right away his

wearing thickesh

underpants that trap pee

against the skin. He’s

to air out of mornings,

walking naked through

nearby woods. And

when cold or snow-

y did he rush!

(Of course, after

any school bus.)

One white-dapple day, as

he rested on a rock to catch

his breath, Mr Death

arrives before chipmunks. Then,

Ranger-pair from Pipestem.

Wellll, Brill warned BEFORE this

by *Darkness*.

Lady Black Bear of

his acquaintance.

Labels: bathing, grannywoman, herbs, natural cures, West Virginia

Thursday, June 23, 2022

Tonight highlights

the requisite

number of players, 9,

attempting to re-

semble themselves

being roles. It's

give&take,

feel&fake.

An interview post-

abstracted error proves

vaguely contrite.

(Thence to tart selves

beside these.)

Fans go insane, leap electric-

ally at clearer happenings.

A loud drive off the bat

cannot be snared, departs,

thus, the demarcated field.

This proves noisier yet for

your fortunate team. Poor

for the other bunch, gimlet-

ing overlong as haughty gesture

of futility. & so what

do YOU do?

Fraud with More Rules?

& which takes greater

time?...if anything

does, to drop thee

of any proper absence

feigning authenticity.

Anyway, forget present

for timing’s precedent,

the **re**play coming

so very simply,

be***fore*** itself. Its nice pre-

cision surpassing

the original, just, for

Science maintains *Hence*

as *Must*. Of course,

any awakening fits.

Labels: appearance and reality, awakening, Baseball, Commercialism, reality, replay, sequence, timing, TV

Monday, June 27, 2022

Not news the Principled Right

parades its fool-acidic wins.

Gloating terminates all

cruel streaks.

Welcome to America! But be-

HAVE yo-selfs, Mose'n Missy.

DON'T PISS

The Man off! For

Murdering the Lawed

by twist-knife rule

the least in HIS nightmarish

C-reeetinist-drool!

Labels: anti-feminism, filth, Racism, Republican, Republican Disgrace, Right "Humor", Right Cruelty, Right Sarcasm

Friday, July 01, 2022

How Justice

performs what's required here:

Higher court, snugger fit. (Repeat

thrice in obedient rhythm

to nice, warm, upliltings

from such legal, soulish

Libretto$$$$!)

Labels: American Language, bribery.politics, Justice, Law

Wednesday, July 06, 2022

Woman forgot nothing marries--adds

to everyone's burdens presently!

Except Groom’s, a steady-state-

drunk laughing this newest farce

away. Both tribes despair

at the ludicrous match, fret

fate of Clans' staid bourgeois

reputations when kids erratically born?

So what? Life, itself, struggles

regardless. "Big Deal!" tee-

totales she between his un-

conscionable belts of crap-booze:

Endless Loop!

Yeah, but our Bride smells nice still!

Meantime Groom-Souse drops vile

poop, proclaiming the grunting-while

his muddled stores of bitterly disagreeing knowledge as the only way to begin getting anywhere in learned discourse. For answer, she

giggles here and there as to him as

“#1 sexy bastard going!” (referencing

those few times he’s half-sober…

or brutally hungover.)

They’ve bought motorcycle!

She, only, drives for he's

forever fogged when plotting

to seek a license.

But and a MUST! She’s only happy In CONTROL. That never, ever, has

changed. Nor will.

Uh, True Love, then, knows more

then it lets on? That awfully Weird,

Yes?

Nope. Is what is…just is!

That's all.

Labels: change, control, couple, drunk, Family, middleclass, motorcycle, personality, pose